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AN
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
FOR THE PEOPLE.

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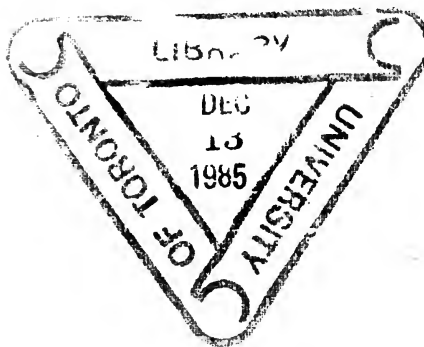
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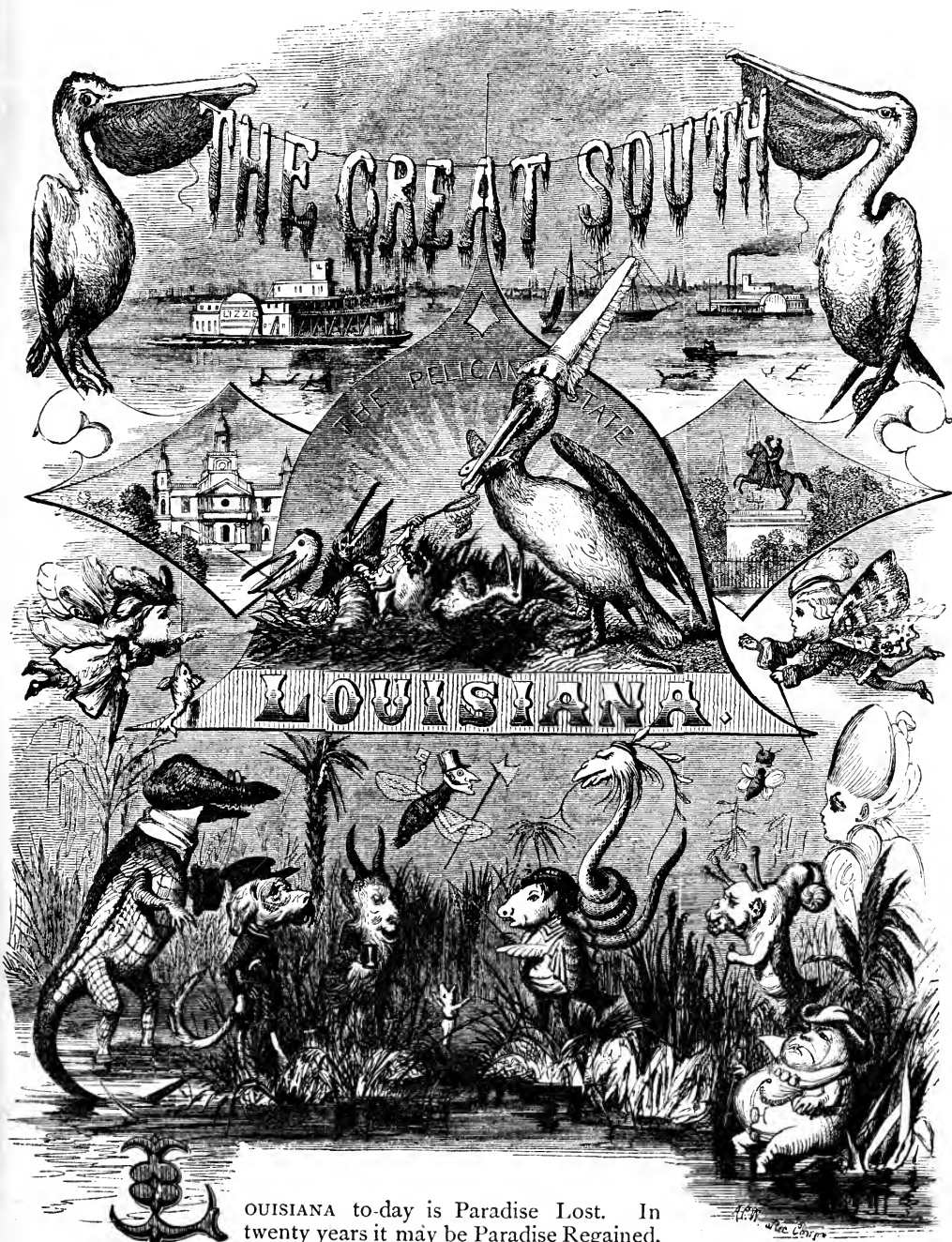
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NO. 1.



LOUISIANA to-day is Paradise Lost. In twenty years it may be Paradise Regained. It has unlimited, faery, enchanting possibilities. Now, upon its bay-

ou-penetrated soil, on its rich uplands and its vast prairies, a gigantic struggle is in progress. It is the battle of race with race, of the picturesque and unjust civilization of the past with the prosaic and leveling civilization of the present. For a century and a half it was coveted by all nations; overrun by the great dominant European powers—the French, the English, the Spaniards. It has been in turn the plaything of monarchs and the bait of adventurers. Its history and tradition are leagued with all that was romantic in the eighteenth century. From its immense limits outsprang the noble sisterhood of south-western States, whose inexhaustible domain affords ample refuge for the poor of all the world. A little more than half a century ago the frontier of Louisiana, with the Spanish internal provinces, extended nineteen hundred miles; the territory boasted a line of sea-coast of five hundred miles on the Pacific Ocean; drew a boundary line seventeen hundred miles along the edge of the British-American dominions; thence followed the Mississippi by a comparative course for fourteen hundred miles; fronted the Mexican Gulf for seven hundred miles, and embraced within its territory nearly a million and a half square miles. Texas was a fragment broken from it. California, Kansas, and the Indian Territory, Missouri and Mississippi, were made from it, and still there was an Empire to spare, watered by five of the finest rivers of the world. Indiana, Arkansas, Iowa, Minnesota, and Nebraska were born out of it. Europe, in John Law's time, went Louisiana-mad. From French Bienville to American Claiborne the administrations were dramatic, diplomatic, bathed in the atmosphere of conspiracy. Superstition cast a weird veil of mystery over the great rivers, and Indian legend peopled every nook and cranny of the Territory with fantastic creations of untutored fancy. The humble roof of the log cabin on the banks of the Mississippi covered all the grace and elegance of the French society of the *Great Monarch's* time. Jesuit and Cavalier carried European thought to the Indians. Frenchman and Spaniard, Canadian and Yankee, intrigued and planned on Louisianian soil with an energy and fierceness displayed nowhere else in our early history. What wonder, after this cosmopolitan record, that even the fragment of Louisiana which has retained the name—this remnant



THE CATHEDRAL ST. LOUIS—NEW ORLEANS.

embracing but a thirtieth of the area of the original Territory,—yet still covering more than thirty millions of acres of upland prairie, alluvial and sea marsh,—what wonder that it is so richly varied, so charming, so unique?

Six o'clock, on Saturday evening, in the good old city of New Orleans. From the tower of the Cathedral St. Louis the tremulous harmony of bells drifts lightly on the cool spring breeze, and hovers like a benediction over the antique buildings, the blossoms and hedges in the square, and the broad and swiftly-flowing river. The bells are calling all in the parish to offer masses for the repose of the soul of the Cathedral's founder, Don Andre Almonaster, once upon a time "perpetual regidor" of New Orleans. Every Saturday eve for three-quarters of a century, the solemn music from the Cathedral belfry has brought the good Andre to mind; and the mellow notes, as we hear them, seem to call up visions of the quaint past. Don Andre gave the Cathedral its dower in 1789, while the colony was under the domination of Charles the Fourth of Spain. The original edifice is gone now, and in its stead, since 1850, has stood a composite structure which is a monument to bad taste. Venerable and imposing was the old Cathedral, with its melange of rustic, Tuscan, and Roman Doric orders of architecture, with its towers crowned with low spires, and its semicircular arched door, with clustered Tuscan columns on either side, at the front; and many a grand pageant had it seen. The new church seems like an impertinent *parvenu*, beside its neighbors. Under the pavement of the Cathedral was buried Father Antonio de Sedella, a Spanish priest, who, in

his time, was one of the celebrities of New Orleans, and the very recollection of whom calls up memories of the Inquisition, of intrigue and mystery. Father Antonio's name is sacred in the Louisianian capital, nevertheless; for although an enraged Spanish Governor once expelled him for presuming to establish the Inquisition too sharply in the colony, he came back, and flourished until 1837, under American rule, dying at the age of ninety, in the odor of sanctity, mourned by the women and worshiped by the children.

Now the sunlight mingles with the breeze bewitchingly; the old square,—the gray and red buildings, with massive walls and encircling balconies, the great door of the new Cathedral—all are lighted up. See! a black-robed woman, with downcast eyes, passes silently over the holy threshold; a blind beggar, with a parti-colored handkerchief wound about his weather-beaten head, hears the rustling of her gown, and stretches out his trembling hand for alms; the market-women hush their chatter as they near the portal; a mulatto lazzaroni is lounging in the shade of an ancient arch, beneath the old Spanish Council House;—this is not an American scene, and one almost persuades himself that he is in Europe, although ten minutes of rapid walking will bring him to streets and squares as generically American as any in Boston, Chicago, or St. Louis. The city of New Orleans is fruitful in surprises. In a morning's promenade, which shall not extend over an hundred acres, one may encounter the civilizations of Paris, of Madrid, of Messina; may stumble upon the semi-barbaric life of the negro and the native Indian; may see the overworked American in his business establishment and in his elegant home; and may find, strangest of all, that each and every foreign type moves in a special current of its own, mingling little with the American, which is dominant; in it, yet not of it—as the Gulf Stream in the Ocean.

But the older colonial landmarks here in the city, as throughout the State and the Mississippi Valley, are fast disappearing. The imprint of French manners and customs will long remain, however; for it was made lasting by two periods of domination. The hatred of Napoleon the Great for the English was the motive which led to the cession of Louisiana to the United States: had he not come upon the stage of European politics, the Valley of the Father of Waters might have been French to-day; and both sides of Canal street would have reminded the European of Paris and Bordeaux. The French

Emperor, fearful lest the cannon of the English fleets might thunder at the gates of New Orleans when he was at war with England, at the beginning of this century, sold the "Earthly Paradise" to the United States. "The English," said the man of destiny, "shall not have the Mississippi, which they covet." And they did not get it. Seventy years ago the tide of crude, hasty American progress rushed in upon these lovely lowlands bordering the river and the Gulf; and it is a wonder that even a few landmarks of French and Spanish rule are left high above the flood. You may compass the perfection of contrast in a brief time here. Yonder is the archbishop's palace: stand upon one side of it, and you seem in a foreign land; stand upon the other, and you catch a glimpse of the rush and hurry of American traffic of to-day along the levee; you see the sharp-featured "river hand," hear his uncouth parlance, and recognize him for your countryman; you see huge piles of cotton bales; you hear the monotonous whistle of the gigantic white steamers arriving and departing; and the irrepressible negro slouches sullenly by with his hands in his pockets, and his cheeks distended with tobacco.

You must know much of the past of New Orleans and Louisiana to thoroughly understand their present. New England sprang from the Puritan mould; Louisiana, from the French and Spanish civilizations of the eighteenth century. The one stands erect, vibrating with life and activity, austere and ambitious, upon its rocky shores; the other lies



ALMS.

prone, its rich vitality dormant and passive, luxurious and unambitious, on the glorious shores of the tropic Gulf. The former was Anglo-Saxon and simple even to Spartan plainness at its outset; the latter was Franco-Spanish, subtle in the graces of the elder societies, self-indulgent and romantic at its beginning. And New Orleans was no more or less the antipodes of Boston in 1773 than it is in 1873. It was a hardy rose indeed which dared to blush in the New England even of Governor Winthrop's time, before June had dowered its beauty on the land; it was an o'er modest Choctaw rose in the Louisiana of De Soto's time which did not shower its petals on the fragrant turf in February. In Louisiana summer lingers long after the rude winter of the North has done its work of devastation; there the sleeping passion of the climate only breaks now and then into the lightning of anger or the terrible tears of the thunder-storm; there is no chronic March horror of deadly wind or transpiercing cold; the sun is kind, and the days are pearls.

Wandering from the ancient Place d'Armes, now dignified with the appellation of "Jackson Square," through the older quarters of the city, one may readily call to mind the curious changeful past of the commonwealth and its cosmopolitan capital; for there is a visible reminder at many a corner, and on many a wall. It requires but little effort of imagination to restore the city to our view as it was in 1723, five years after Bienville, the second French Governor of Louisiana, had undertaken the dubious project of establishing a capital on the treacherous Mississippi's bank. Discouraged and faint almost unto death, after the terrible sufferings which he and his fellow-colonists had undergone at Biloxi, a bleak fort in a wilderness, he had dragged his weary limbs to the only spot which seemed to him advantageous on the river-coast, and there defiantly unfurled the flag of France, and made his last stand! Bienville was a man of vast courage and supreme daring; he had been drifting along the Mississippi, through the stretches of wilderness, since 1699; had vanquished Indian and beast of the forest; was skilled in the lore of the backwoodsman, as became the hardy son of a hardier Canadian father. When he succeeded the brave and courageous Sauvolle as Governor of the colony, which had then become indisputably French, he entered upon a period of harrowing and petty vexations. He had to keep faithful and persistent watch at the entrance of the river from the Gulf; for during many years England, France, and Spain were

at war, and the Spaniards ever kept a jealous eye on French progress in America. The colony languished, and was inhabited by only a few vagabond Canadians, some dubious characters from France, and the Government officers. On the 14th of September, 1712, Louis the Magnificent granted to Anthony Crozat, a merchant prince, the Rothschild of the day, the exclusive privilege, for fifteen years, of trading in all the territory which was so indefinitely bounded and claimed by France as Louisiana. Crozat obtained with his charter the additional privilege of sending a ship once a year for negroes to Africa, and of owning and working all the mines to be discovered in the colony, provided that one-fourth of their proceeds should be reserved for the king. One ship-load of slaves to every two ship-loads of independent colonists: such were the proportions established for emigration to Louisiana more than a century and a half ago. Slavery was well begun.

In 1713 Bienville was displaced to make room for Cadillac, sent from France as Governor; a rude, quarrelsome man, who saw no good in the new colony, and hated and feared Bienville. But Cadillac's daughter loved the quondam Governor whom her father's arrival had degraded; and to save her from a wasted life, the proud Cadillac offered her in marriage to Bienville. The latter did not reciprocate the maid's affection, and Cadillac, burning with rage, and anxious to avenge himself for this humiliation, sent Bienville with a tiny



AT THE HOLY WATER FONT.



IN THE ARCHBISHOP'S GARDEN.

force on a dangerous expedition among the hostile Indians. He went; he returned successful and unharmed. Cadillac's temper soon caused his downfall, and others, equally unsuccessful, succeeded him. Crozat's schemes failed, and he relinquished the colony.

And then? Louisiana the indefinite and unfortunate fell into the clutches of John Law. The regent Duke of Orleans had decided to "foster and preserve the colony," and gave it into the hands of the "Company of the Indies," a commercial oligarchy into which Law had blown the breath of life. The Royal Bank sprang into existence under Law's enchanted wand; the charter of the Mississippi Company was registered at Paris, and the exclusive privilege of trading with Louisiana, during twenty-five years, was granted to that company. France was flooded with rumors that Louisiana was the long-sought Eldorado; dupes were made by millions; princes waited in John Law's ante-rooms in Paris. Then came the revolution, the overturn of Law. Louisiana was no longer represented as a new Atlantis, but as the very mouth of the pit; and it was only colonized by thieves, murderers, beggars, and gypsies, gathered up by force throughout France and expelled from the kingdom.

After the bursting of the Law bubble, Bien-

ville was once more appointed Governor of Louisiana, and in 1718 he chose the spot where now stands the goodly capital as the site of a city, and left a detachment of infantry there to build barracks. Five years thereafter, when the colony, yearly increasing in strength and numbers, had undergone the Pensacola war and a terrible famine, Bienville's favorite town was named as the capital of the territory, and the seat of government was removed from New Biloxi to New Orleans, as the city was called, in honor of the title of the regent of France.

Let us look at the New Orleans of that period, between 1723 and 1730. Imagine a low-lying swamp, overgrown with a dense ragged forest, cut up into a thousand miniature islands by ruts and pools filled with stagnant water. Fancy a small cleared space along the superb river channel, a space often inundated and but badly reclaimed from the circumambient swamp; a space divided into a host of small correct squares, each exactly like its neighbor, and each so ditched within and ditched without, as to render the least wandering after nightfall almost perilous. The ditch which ran along the four sides of every square in the city was filled with a black swamp and refuse composite, which, under the burning sun, sent forth a most deadly odor. Around the city was a huge palisade and a gigantic ditch; tall grasses and reeds grew up to the very doors of the houses, and the hoarse chant of myriads of frogs mingled with the vesper songs of the colonists. Away where the waters of the Mississippi and of Lake Pontchartrain had formed a high ridge of land, was the "Leper's Bluff;" and among the reeds from the city thitherward always lurked a host of criminals. The negro, fresh from the African coast, strode defiantly then along the low shores by the stream; he had not learned the crouching, abject gait which a century of slavery gave him. He was punished if he rebelled;



THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE.



THE SUPREME COURT—NEW ORLEANS.

but he kept his dignity. In the humble dwellings which occupied the much-drained squares there were noble manners and graces ; all the traditions and each *finesse* of the time had not been forgotten in the voyage from France ; and airy gentlemen and stately dames promenaded in this queer, swamp-surrounded, river-endangered fortress, with Parisian grace and ease. There were few churches, and the colonists gathered about great wooden crosses in the open air for the ceremonials of their religion. There were twice as many negroes as white people in the city. Domestic animals were so scarce that he who injured or fatally wounded a horse or a cow was punished with death. Ursuline nuns and Jesuit fathers glided about the streets upon their sacred missions. The principal avenues within the fortified enclosure were named after princes of the royal blood, —Maine, Condé, Conti, Toulouse, and Bourbon ; Chartres street took its name from that of the son of the regent of Orleans, and an avenue was named in honor of Governor Bienville. Along the river for many miles beyond the city, marquises and other noble representatives of aristocratic French families had established plantations, and lived luxurious lives of self-indulgence, without especially contributing to the wealth of the colony. Jews were banished from the bounds of Louisiana. Sundays and holidays were strictly observed, and negroes found working on Sunday were confiscated. No worship save the Catholic was allowed ; white subjects were forbidden to marry or to live in concubinage with slaves, and masters were for-

bidden to force their slaves into any marriage against their will ; the children of a negro slave-husband and a negro free-wife were all free ; if the mother were a slave and the husband free, the children shared the condition of the mother. Slaves were forbidden to gather in crowds, either by day or night, under any pretext, and if found assembled, were punished by the whip, or branded with the mark of the flower-de-luce, or executed. The slaves all wore marks or badges, and were forbidden to sell produce of any kind without the written consent of their masters. The protection and security of slaves in old age was well provided for ; Christian slaves were permitted burial in consecrated ground. The slave who produced a bruise, or the "shedding of blood in the face," on the person of his master, or any of the family to which he appertained, by striking them, was condemned to death ; and the runaway slave, when caught, after the first offence, had his ears cut off, and was branded ; after the second, was ham-strung and again branded ; after the third, was condemned to death. Slaves who had been set free were still bound to show the profoundest respect to their "former masters, their widows and children," under pain of severe penalties. Slave husbands and wives were not permitted to be seized and sold separately when belonging to the same master ; and whenever slaves were appointed by their masters tutors to their children, they "were held and regarded as being thereby set free to all intents and purposes." The Choctaws and Chickasaws, the neighbors to the colonists, were waging destructive war against each other ; hurricanes regularly destroyed all the engineering works erected by the French government at the mouths of the Mississippi ; and expeditions against the Natchez and the Chickasaws ; arrivals of ships from France with loads of troops, provisions, and wives for the colonists ; the building of levees along the river front near New Orleans, and the occasional deposition from and renewal in office of Bienville, were the chief events in those crude days of the beginning.

I like to stand in these old Louisianian byways, and look back on the progress of French civilization in them, now that it has been displaced by a newer one. I like to remember that New Orleans was named after the regent of France ; that the beautiful lake lying between the city and the Gulf was christened after the splendid Pontchartrain, him of the lean and hungry look, and of the "smile of death," him to whom the heart of

Louis the Fourteenth was always open ; and that the other beautiful lake, so near the city, was named in memory of Maurepas, the wily adviser of Louis the Sixteenth and unlucky. I like to remember that Louisiana itself owes its pretentious name to the devotion of its discoverer to the Great Monarch whom the joyous La Salle could not refrain from calling "the most puissant, most high, most invincible and victorious prince." I like to picture to myself Allouez and Father Dablon, Marquette and Joliet, La Salle, Iberville, and Bienville, following in the footsteps of Garay and Leon, Cordova and Narvaez, De Vaca and Friar Mark; and finally tracing and identifying the current of the wild, mysterious Mississippi, which had been but a tradition for ages, until every nook and cranny, from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico, re-echoed to French words of command and prayer, as well as to gayest of French chansons. The French held out vigorously and merrily against the encroaching English and the intriguing Spaniards ; and Bienville himself could not refrain from a Yankee trick, when in early days he was anxious to turn back an English vessel, whose commander, having entered the river, wished to found a British colony thereabouts. We can well afford to feel friendlier towards the French now than did our ancestors when they were encroaching on the northwest ; and we almost forget that Napoleon the Great and Marbois abominated us as much as they admired the growing power of the United States, even when, in 1803, "on the tenth day of Floréal,

in the eleventh year of the French Republic," they ceded to us the tract then understood under the name of Louisiana, in consideration of the sum of sixty millions of francs.

Let us take another picture of New Orleans, from 1792 to 1797, thirty years after the King of France had bestowed upon "his cousin of Spain" the splendid gift of Louisiana, ceding it, "without any exception or reservation whatever, from the pure impulse of his generous heart." That a country should by a simple stroke of the pen strip herself of possessions extending from the mouth of the Mississippi to the St. Lawrence, is almost incomprehensible. Possibly, France had already learned that her people had not in their breasts that eternal hunger for travel, that feverish unrest, which has made the Anglo-Saxon the most successful of colonists, and has given half the world to him and to his descendants. But the French had nobly done the work of pioneering. Sauvolle, grimly defying death at Biloxi ; Bienville, urging the adventurous prow of his ship through the reeds at the Mississippi's mouth, are among the most heroic figures in the early history of our common country.

New Orleans from 1792 to 1797. Its civilization has changed ; it is fitted into the iron groove of Spanish domination, and has become bigoted, narrow, and hostile to all innovations. Along the streets, now lined with low, flat-roofed, balconied houses, out of whose construction peep little hints of Moorish architecture, stalks the lean and haughty Spanish cavalier, with his hand upon his sword ; and the quavering voice of the night watchman, equipped with his traditional spear and lantern, is heard through the night hours proclaiming that all is "serene," although at each corner lurks a fugitive from justice, waiting only until the watchman has passed to commit new crime. Six thousand souls now inhabit the city ; there are hints in the air of a plague, and the Intendant has written home to the Council of State that "some affirm that the yellow fever is to be feared." The priests and friars are half-mad with despair because the mixed population pays so very little attention to its salvation from eternal damnation ; and because the roystering officers and soldiers of the regiment of Louisiana admit that they have not been to mass for three years. The French hover about the few taverns and coffee-houses permitted in the city, and mutter rebellion against the Spaniard, whom they have always disliked. The Spanish and French schools are in perpetual collision ; so are the manners, cus-



THE JACKSON STATUE.



BIENVILLE, THE FOUNDER OF NEW ORLEANS.

toms, diets, and languages of the respective nations. The Ursuline convent has refused to admit Spanish women who desire to become nuns, unless they learn the French language; and the ruling Governor, Baron Carondelet, has such small faith in the loyalty of the colonists that he has had the fortifications constructed with a view not only to protecting himself against attacks from without, but from within. The city has suddenly taken on a wonderful aspect of barrack-yard and camp. On the side fronting the Mississippi are two small forts commanding the road and the river. On their eighteen-feet thick brick-coated parapets, Spanish sentinels are languidly pacing; and cannon look out ominously over the town. Between these two forts, and so arranged as to cross its fires with them, fronting on the main street of the town, is a great battery commanding the river; then there are forts at each of the salient angles of the long square forming the city, and a third a little beyond them,—all armed with eight guns each. From one of these tiny forts to another, noisy dragoons are always clattering; officers are parading to and fro; government officials block the way; and the whole town looks like a Spanish garrison gradually growing, by some mysterious process of transformation, into a French city. For the Spanish civilization did not and

could not take a strong hold there. The race was started, and the Spanish character could not be grafted upon it. Spain did not give to New Orleans so many lasting historic souvenirs as France. Barracks, petty forts, dragoon stables, and many other quaint buildings have disappeared, leaving only the "Principal," next the Cathedral, and its fellow on the other side of the old church; some aged private dwellings, rapidly decaying, and a delicate imprint and suggestion of former Spanish rule scattered throughout various quarters of the city. Spanish society flourishes still; and in some parts of the old town the many-balconied, thick-walled houses for the moment mislead the visitor into the belief that he is in Spain; but echoing from those very balconies he hears the French language, or the curious Creole *patois*.

Or let us take still another picture of New Orleans,—this time under American domination. The Spaniard has gone his ways; Ulloa and O'Reilly, Unzaga, Galvez and Miro, have held their governorships under the Spanish King. Carondelet, Gayoso, Casa Calva, and Salcedo alike have vanished. There have been insurrections on the part of the French; many longings after the old banner; and at last Napoleon the Great has determined to once more possess the grand territory. Spain knows well that it is useless to oppose his wishes; is not sorry, withal, to be rid of a colony so difficult to govern, and so near to the quarrelsome Americans, who have many times threatened to take New Orleans by force if any farther commercial regulations are made by Spaniards at the Mississippi's outlet. Napoleon has three things to gain by the possession of the Territory: the command of the Gulf; the supply of the islands owned by France; and a place of settlement for surplus population. So that, at St. Ildefonso, on the morning of October first, 1800, a treaty of cession is signed, its third article reading as follows: "His Catholic Majesty promises and engages, on his part, to retrocede to the French Republic, six months after the full and entire execution of the conditions and stipulations herein relative to His Royal Highness the Duke of Parma,—the colony or province of Louisiana, with the same extent that it now has in the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it; and such as it should be after the treaties subsequently entered into between Spain and other states." This treaty is kept secret while the French fit out an expedition to sail and take sudden possession of the reacquired Territory; but



AT THE CORNER OF JACKSON SQUARE.

the United States has sharp ears ; and Minister Livingston besets the cabinet of the First Consul at Paris ; fights a good battle of diplomacy ; is dignified as well as aggressive ; wins his cause ; and Napoleon tells his counselors, on Easter Sunday, 1803, his resolve in the following words : " I know the full value of Louisiana, and I have been desirous of repairing the fault of the French negotiator who abandoned it in 1763 ; a few lines of a treaty have restored it to me, and I have scarcely recovered it when I must expect to lose it. (The English were then hurrying their fleets into the Gulf.) But if it escapes from me, it shall one day cost dearer to those who oblige me to strip myself of it than to those to whom I wish to deliver it." And it was forthwith ceded to the United States.

The Spaniard and the Frenchman have gone their ways, and Governor Claiborne has taken up the power let fall by the defunct hybrid government. Half a generation has brought the conflicting national elements into something more of harmony, and has made Louisiana a territory containing fifty thousand souls. The first steamboat has ploughed through the waters of the Mississippi, but more stirring events have also taken

place. Great Britain has sent a hostile force to Louisiana, and fifteen thousand men have besieged it by land and sea, only to be ingloriously beaten off and sent home in disorder, by the raw troops of the river States, the stalwart Kentuckians, the gaunt men of Tennessee, the rough, hard-handed sons of Illinois, the dashing horsemen of Mississippi, and the handsome athletic Creoles of New Orleans. In front of old Almonaster's Cathedral in the square henceforth to commemorate the name of Jackson, is a grand parade, and the victorious troops of the iron, angular, unbending General are drawn up in order of review. Under a triumphal arch, on each side of which are ranged allegorical groups, and backed by glittering avenues of bayonets stretching to the river, the hero of Chalmette passes, and with laurel-crowned head bows low to receive the apostolic benediction of the venerable abbé at the Cathedral door.

Or let us take some pictures from New Orleans of to-day. The hideous nightmare dream of " the war " has passed away, leaving no pictures which we care to bring anew before the country's eyes ; and the Crescent City has grown to giant proportions since the times of Claiborne and Jackson. As fast as the territory itself has shrunk, the city has gained more and more in wealth and population, until, even after the terrible crushing which it and its interests received during the war, it stands among the first commercial ports of the world. The renaissance of commerce since the close of the late struggle has been in many respects astonishing in its



OLD SPANISH HOUSE ON ROYAL STREET.

progress. The discouraged Louisianians have been startled at their own sturdy strength. The work has gone on under the most disheartening and depressing conditions ; but trial seems to have brought out a reserve energy of which its possessors had never suspected themselves.

And first, we must take the gayer pictures. We will not go too deep in our analysis, until, in our quality of loungers, we have passed lightly over the picturesque and unique points of this venerable and varied city.

Step off from Canal street, that avenue of compromises which separates the French and the American cities, some bright February morning, and you are at once in a foreign atmosphere. Three paces from the corner have enchanted you ; the surroundings of a Southern-American commonwealth have vanished ; this might be Toulouse, or Bordeaux, or Marseilles ! The houses are all of stone or solid brick, stuccoed or painted ; the windows descend to the floors of each story, and open, like doors, on to airy, pretty balconies, protected by iron railings ; quaint dormer windows peer from the great roofs ; and the street doors of the houses are massive, and large enough to admit horses and carriage into the stone-paved court-yards, from which half-a-dozen stairways communicate with the interiors. Sometimes, through the portal, you catch a glimpse of a delicious garden, filled with daintiest blossoms, purple and white and red gleaming from the vines clambering over a gray wall ; rose-bushes, with the grass about them strewn with loveliest petals ; symmetrical green bosquets, and luxuriant hedges, arbors, and refuges, trimmed by skillful hands ; banks of verbenas ; bewitching profusion of peach and apple blossoms ; dark green of the magnolia ; in a quiet corner, the rich glow of the orange in its nest among the thick leaves of its parent tree ; the defiant palmetto, the frost-fearing catalpa, and a mass of rich bloom which laps the senses in slumbrous delight, when—suddenly the door closes behind some dark-haired, flashing-eyed, slender Creole girl, clad in black, and your paradise is lost, while Eve remains inside the gate !

From the balconies hang, idly flapping in the lazy breeze, little tin painted placards, announcing "Furnish-

ed apartments to rent." Alas ! in too many of the old mansions you are ushered in by a gray-faced woman clad in deepest black, with little children clinging jealously to her skirts, and you instinctively note by her manners and her speech that she has never rented rooms before the war. You pity her sad heart, and think of the multitudes of these gray-faced women you have seen ; of the numbers of these silent, almost desolate houses. Sometimes, too, a knock at the porter's lodge will bring to your view a bustling Creole dame, fat and fifty, redolent of garlic and new wine, and robust, in voice as in person. Hola ! how cheerily she retails her misfortunes, as if they were blessings. An invalid husband—*voyez-vous ça !* Auguste a Confederate, of course—and is yet ; but the *pauvre garçon* is unable to work, and we are very poor ! All this merrily, and in a high-pitched key, while the hybrid young negress who is the housemaid stands lazily listening to her mistress's French, with her two huge lips nervously polishing the handle of the broom she holds in her broad corded hands.

Here, too, business, as in foreign cities, has usurped only half the domain ; and the shopkeepers live over their shops, and communicate a little of the aroma of home to their commerce. The dainty *salon*, where the ladies' hairdresser holds sway, has its doorway enlivened by the hairdresser's baby, who gambols therein ; the grocer and his wife, the milliner and his daughter, are all behind the counter. Here you pass a little café, with the awning drawn down exactly as in France, and, peering in, can distinguish half-a-dozen bald, rotund old boys drinking their evening absinthe, and playing picquet and vingt-et-un. Here, perhaps, is a touch of Americanism : a lazy negro, recumbent in a two-wheeled cart, with his eyes languidly closed, and his dirty feet sprawled on the sidewalk. No ! for he responds to your question in French, and is



THE NEW URSULINE CONVENT.

willing to do an errand for you. French signs abound; there is a warehouse for wines and brandies from the heart of Southern France; here is a funeral notice, printed in deepest black: "The friends of Jean Baptiste, etc., are respectfully invited to be present at the funeral, which will take place at precisely four o'clock on the ———." The notice is printed on black-edged note-paper, and nailed to a post. Here pass a group of French negroes, the buxom girls dressed with a certain grace, and with gayly-colored handkerchiefs wound about an unpardonable luxuriance of wool; their cavaliers clothed mainly in antiquated garments rapidly approaching the level of rags; and their conversation resounding for half-a-dozen blocks, interspersed with a laughter which ripples like wine, effervesces like champagne. The streets are solidly paved with square blocks of stone, brought all the way, in some cases, from New England, and the surface drainage, which necessitates ugly angles of opening at street corners, is carefully attended to. Turning into a side street leading off from Royal, or Chartres, or Bourgogne, or Dauphin, or Rampart streets, you may glance at odd little shops, where the cobbler sits at his work in the shadow of a grand old Spanish arch, or a nest of curly-headed negro babies is ensconced on a tailor's bench at the window of a fine ancient mansion; you may see in a narrow room, glass-fronted, a long and well-spread table surrounded by twenty Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, all talking at once over their eleven o'clock breakfast; or you may enter more aristocratic restaurants, where the immaculate floors are only surpassed in cleanliness by the immaculate linen of the tables, where a solemn dignity, as befits the refined pleasure of dinner, prevails, and where the waiter gives you the names of the dishes in both languages, and bestows on you a napkin large enough to serve you as a shroud, if this strange melange of French and Southern cooking gives you a fatal indigestion. The French families of position usually dine at four, for the theater begins promptly at seven, Sundays and week days. There is the play-bill, in French, of course; and there are the typical Creole ladies, stopping for a moment to glance at it as they wend their way shop-ward. For it is the shopping hour; from eleven to two the streets of this old quarter are alive with elegantly, yet soberly attired ladies; always in couples, for French etiquette prevails here, and the unmarried lady is never allowed to promenade without her maid or her mother. One sees beautiful faces on the Rue Royale, *Anglicé*, Royal



A BRACE OF OLD SPANISH GOVERNORS.

street; and in the balconies and lodges of the Opera House; sometimes, too, in the cool of the evening, there are fascinating little groups of the daughters of Creoles on the balconies, gayly chatting, while the veil of the superb southern twilight is torn away, and the glory of the white moonlight and the stars is showered over the quiet streets. The Creole ladies are not, as a rule, as highly educated in the education of the schools as the gracious daughters of the American quarter; but they have enviable accomplishments of manners, an indefinable grace, a charming *savoir* in dress, and a piquant and alluring charm in person and conversation, which makes them universal favorites in society, and they are much liked abroad. They are self-possessed, easy in manner in all company, and receive the most courtly attention abroad, as if it were customary and frequent. The French quarter will always furnish many of its most charming belles to the society of New Orleans. One of the chiefest of their charms is the staccato and queerly-colored English, grammatically correct, but French in idea and accent, which many of them speak. At the Saturday matinées, in the opera or comedy season at the French Theater, you will see hundreds of the ladies of this quarter; rarely can a finer grouping of lovely brunettes be found; nowhere a more tastefully-dressed and elegantly-mannered assembly.

It is perhaps an abnormal quiet which reigns in the old French city since the war ended; but it would be difficult to find village streets more tranquil than the main avenues of this foreign quarter after nine at night. The long splendid avenues of Rampart and Esplanade streets, with their rows of trees planted in the center of the driveways, the white-washed trunks giving a fine effect of green and white, with their solid prepossessing two-story verandah-encircled mansions, set down

in the midst of pretty gardens, are peaceful, and the negro nurses stroll on the sidewalks, chattering in quaint French to the little children of their former masters—now their “employers.” There is no attempt on the part of the French or Spanish families to inaugurate style and fashion in public in the city; quiet home society, the making of matches and marrying of daughters, the games and dinner-parties among the “old boys,” and the church, shopping, and calls, in simple and unaffected manner, content the young ladies. The majority of the people in the whole quarter seem to have a total disregard of the outside world, and when one hears them discussing the distracted condition of local politics, one can almost fancy them gossiping on matters entirely foreign to them, instead of subjects so vitally connected with their lives and property. They seem as remote from New York and Washington as if limitless oceans rolled between. The Americans do not come to them, bringing even a faint reflection of the excitements in these United States; they live very much among themselves, and it is astonishing to see how little the ordinary American citizen of New Orleans knows about the French; how illy he appreciates them. It is hard for him to talk five minutes about them without saying, “Well, we have a non-progressive element here, and it will not be converted.” Having said which, he may perhaps paint in glowing colors the virtues and excellences of his French neighbors, but cannot forgive them for taking so little interest in public affairs.

Here we are again at the Archbishop's Palace, once the Convent of the Ursulines, who now have a splendid convent and school further down the river, surrounded by beautiful gardens. This ancient edifice was completed by the French government in 1733, and is the most ancient in Louisiana. Its Tuscan composite architecture and its queer roofs and chimneys, its porter's lodge and its interior garden, make it well worth preserving, even when the tide of progress sets in as far as this nook on Condé street. The Ursuline nuns occupied this convent for nearly a century, and it was only abandoned by them because they were tempted, by the great rise in real estate in that vicinity, to sell. The new convent is richly endowed, and is one of the best seminaries in the South.

Many of the owners of property in the vicinity of the Archbishop's Palace have removed to France, since the war, and spend their rent-rolls there,—doing nothing for the benefit of the metropolis which gave them their

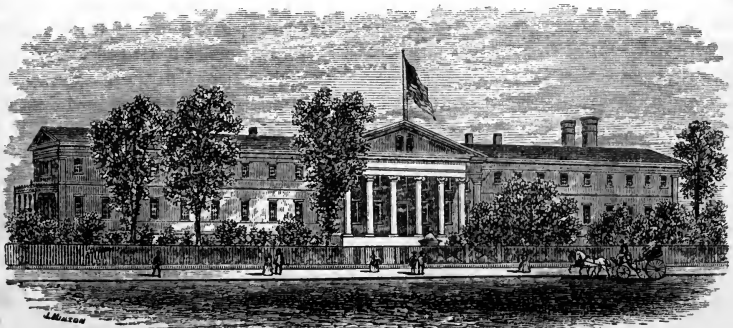


THE ST. LOUIS HOTEL.

fortunes. The rent of these solidly constructed old houses brings them a fortune, which, when translated from dollars into francs, is colossal, and which the Parisian tradesmen tuck away into their strong-boxes. With the downfall of slavery, and the advent of reconstruction, came such radical changes into Louisiana politics and society that those belonging to the *ancien régime* who could flee, fled; and a prominent historian and gentleman of most honorable Creole descent told me that, among his immense acquaintance, he did not know a single person who would not leave the State if he or she had the means. The grooves in which society in Louisiana and New Orleans had run before the late struggle, were so broken that even a residence in the State was distasteful to him and the society he represented; since the war, he said, five hundred years seemed to have passed over the commonwealth. The Italy of Augustus and the Italy of to-day were not more dissimilar than Louisiana before, and Louisiana after the war. There was no longer the spirit to maintain the grand, unbounded hospitality which was once so characteristic of the South. Formerly, the guest would have been presented to planters who would have entertained him for days, in royal style, and who would have sent him forward in their own carriages, commended to the hospitality of their neighbors. Now, these same planters were living upon corn and pork. “Now,” said the gentleman, “all these rich people have vanished from their homes, and I actually know ladies of culture and refinement, whose income was one hundred thousand dollars yearly before the war, who are

washing for their daily bread. The misery, the despair, in hundreds of cases, is beyond belief. Hosts of lovely plantations now remain entirely deserted; the negroes will not remain upon them, but flock into the cities, or work on land which they have purchased for themselves." He did not believe that the free negro did as much work for himself as he formerly did for his master. The conditions of labor for planters at the present time he considered terribly onerous; the negroes were only profitable as field-hands when they worked the lands on shares, after the planters had furnished them the land, tools, horses, mules, and advanced them their food. He said that he would not himself hire a negro for a very small sum monthly; he did not believe it would be profitable. The discouragement of the native Louisianians, he believed, arose in large degree from the difficulty of obtaining capital with which to begin anew. He knew many cases where only ten or twenty thousand dollars were needed to make improvements in water-powers and on lands which would net hundreds of thousands. He had himself written repeatedly, urging people at the North to invest, but they would not; and alleged that they should not alter their determination so long as the present condition of politics prevailed. He said with great emphasis that he did not think the people of the North would believe a statement which gave a faithful transcript of the present condition of affairs in Louisiana. The natives of the State could hardly realize it themselves; and it was not to be expected that strangers, of differing habits of life and thought, should be able. He did not blame the negro for his present incapacity, but always proceeded on the basis that the black man was an inferior being who had been peculiarly unfitted for what he was now called upon to undertake, by ages of special training. The negro was, he thought, by nature kindly, generous, courteous, susceptible of civilization only to a certain degree; somewhat devoid of moral consciousness, and usually, of course, ignorant. Not one out of one hundred, the whole State through, could write his name; and there had been fifty-five in one single Legislature who could neither

read nor write. There was, according to him, scarcely a single man of color in the last Legislature who was competent in any large degree. The Louisiana people were in such terror of the negro government that they would rather accept any other species of despotism. A military dictator would be far preferable to them; they would go anywhere to escape the ignominy to which they were at present subjected. The crisis was demoralizing every one. Nobody worked with any will; every one was in debt. There was not a single piece of property in the city of New Orleans in which he would at present invest, although one could now buy for \$5,000 or \$10,000 property originally worth \$50,000. He said it would not pay to purchase, the taxes were so enormous. The majority of the great plantations had been deserted on account of the excessive taxation. How deep the despair was, only those familiar with its real causes could imagine. Benefit by immigration, he maintained, was impossible under the present régime; white men from more bracing climates became demoralized in Louisiana in a few months, and also mingled in the distracted politics in such a manner as to neglect all proper development of the country. Thousands of Louisianians were fleeing to Texas: (and I could vouch for the correctness of that assertion.) He said that the mass of emigrants became readily discouraged and broken down in the Louisiana climate, because they began by working harder than that climate would permit. The Germans who had come into the State had in some instances been ordered by organizations both of white and colored native workmen not to perform so much daily, as they were setting a dangerous example! Still, he believed that almost any white man would at any time do as much work as three negroes. He hardly thought that in fifty years there would be any negroes in Louisiana.



THE UNITED STATES BRANCH MINT.

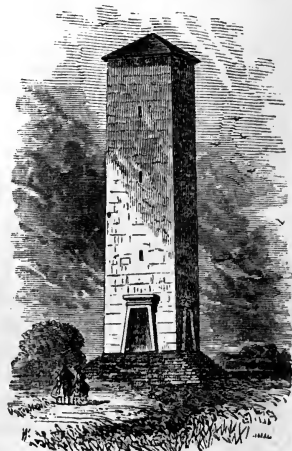
The race was rapidly diminishing. Planters who had owned three or four hundred slaves before the war, had kept a record of their movements, and found that more than half of them had died of want and neglect. The negroes did not know how to care for themselves. The women who still lived on the same plantations where they had been owned as slaves now gave birth to only one child where previously they had three. They would not bear children as of old; and the negro population was rapidly decreasing. All the potatoes, turnips, and cabbages consumed by white people in New Orleans came from the West; gardening, he said, had proved an unprofitable experiment, in the present condition of society.

These are very nearly the exact words of a careful observer who is by no means bitterly partisan; who frankly accepted the results of the war, so far as the abolition of slavery and the consequent ruin of his own and thousands of other fortunes were concerned; who has, indeed, borne with all the evils which have arisen out of reconstruction, without murmuring until now, when he and thousands of his fellows are pushed to the wall. He is the representative of a very large class; his picture of the ruin and dejection prevalent is the absolute truth. It is written on the faces of the citizens; you may read and realize it there.

Ah! these faces—these faces, expressing deeper pain, profounder discontent than that caused by the iron fate of the past few years! One sees them everywhere; on the street, at the theater, in the *salon*, in the cars: and pauses for a moment, struck with the expression of entire despair—of complete helplessness, which has possessed their features. Sometimes the owners of the faces are one-armed and otherwise crippled; sometimes they bear no wounds or marks of wounds, and are in the prime and fullness of life; but the look is there still. Now and then it is subordinated by a noble will, the pain of which it tells having been trampled under the feet of a great energy; but it is always there. The struggle is over, peace has been declared, but a generation has been doomed. The past has given to the future the dower of the present; there seems only a dead level of uninspiring struggle for those who are going out, and but small hope for those coming in. That is what the faces say; that is the burden of their sadness. These are not of the loud-mouthed and bitter opponents of everything tending to reconsolidate the Union; these are not they who will tell you that

some day the South will be united once more and will rise in strength and strike a blow for freedom; but these are the payers of the price. The look is on the faces of the men who wore the swords of generals, who led in measures which were disastrous; on the faces of women who have lost husbands, children, lovers, fortunes, homes, and comfort for evermore. The look is on the faces of the strong fighters, thinkers, and controllers of the Southern mind and heart; and here in Louisiana it will not cheer or brighten, because the wearers know that the great evils of disorganized labor, impoverished society, scattered families, race legislation and compensating tyranny and terrorism, coming, like the Nemesis of old, with power to wither and blast, leave no hope for this generation. Heaven have mercy on such, for their fate is too hard for bewailing—too utterly inevitable not to command the strongest sympathy.

Of course in the French quarter there are multitudes of negroes who speak French and English both, in the quaintest, most outlandish fashion, eliding whole syllables which seem necessary to sense, and breaking into most extravagant exclamations on the smallest pretexts. The French of the negroes is very much like the French of young children—spoken far from plainly, but with a pretty abandon which illy accords with the exteriors of the speakers. The negresses, young and old, wander about the streets bareheaded and barearmed, now tugging their mistresses' children, now carrying huge baskets on their heads and walking under their heavy burdens with all the gravity of queens. Now and then one sees a mulatto girl hardly less fair of skin than the brown maid he saw at Sorrento, or in the vine-covered cottage at the little mountain town near Rome; now a giant matron, black as the tempest, and with features as pronounced in savagery as had any of her Congo ancestors. But the negroes seem somewhat shuffling and disorganized, taken as a whole; and apart from the



THE MONUMENT ON THE CHALMETTE BATTLE-FIELD.



ENTRANCE TO THE U. S. BARRACKS.

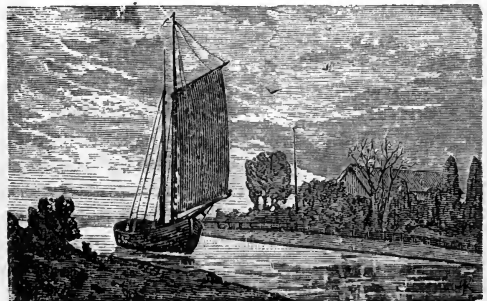
statuesque old house and body servants, who seem to have caught some dignity from their masters, they are by no means inviting. They gather in groups at the street corners just at nightfall, and while they chatter like monkeys, furiously smoke cigarettes, and gesticulate as if enraged. They live without much work, for their wants are few, and two days of labor in a week, added to the fat roosters and turkeys who *will* walk into their clutches, keep them in bed and board, and they find ample amusement in the "heat o' the sun," the passers-by, and tobacco. There are, naturally, families of color noticeable for intelligence and accomplishments; but, as a rule, the negro of the French quarter is thick-headed, light heeled and hearted, improvident, and not too conscientious.

Perhaps one of the most patent proofs of the poverty now so bitterly felt among the hitherto well-to-do families in New Orleans, was in the temporary suspension of the opera last winter. Heretofore the Crescent City has rejoiced in brilliant seasons, both the French and Americans uniting in subscriptions sufficient to bring to their scene artists of unrivaled talent and culture. But this year the expenses were too heavy to be borne, and a comedy company from the Paris theaters took their places upon the lyric stage. The French Opera House is a handsomely arranged building of modern construction, at the corner of Bourbon and Toulouse streets. The interior is elegantly decorated, and during the season of six months the *salle* is nightly visited by hundreds of the regular subscribers, who take tickets for the whole season, and by the city's floating population. Between each act

of the pieces all the men in the theater rise, stalk out, puff cigarettes, and sip iced raspberry water and absinthe in the open air, returning in the same mechanical fashion just as the curtain rises again; while the ladies receive the visits of friends in the *loges* or in the private boxes, which they often occupy four evenings in a week. The New Orleans public, both French and American, possesses excellent theatrical taste, and is severely critical, especially in opera, as it is difficult to find a Creole family of any pretensions in which music is not cultivated in large degree.

Society is no longer what it was before the war, even in the relations of one family to another; there is no pretense at ceremonious society in New Orleans. The older American and French families once constituted a very brilliant coterie, but there is only now and then an effort as of yore in the French quarter. "People," said an excellent authority to me, "are really so poor that they have no taste for comparing poverties." Of course there is a round of informal visiting, as a vast number of families are related by marriage, and the relations of all kinds are as intimate as might be expected in a city where the resident population changes so little.

People very generally speak both prevailing languages in the French quarter of the city; while the majority of the American residents do not affect the French. The Gallic children all speak English, and in the street-plays of the boys, as in their conversation, French and English idioms are strangely mingled. American boys call birds and fishes and animals by corrupted French names, handed down through seventy years of perversion, and a dreadful threat on the part of Young America is, that he will "mal-lerroo" you, which seems to hint that our old French friend *malheureux*, "unhappy," has undergone corruption with other words. When an American boy wishes his comrade



SCENE ON THE NEW BASIN.



THE OLD SPANISH FORT.

to make his kite fly higher, he says, *poussez* / just as the French boy does, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Any stranger who remains in the French quarter of New Orleans over Sunday, will be amazed at the great number of funeral processions. It would seem, indeed, as if folks conveniently made their dying day as near the end of the week as possible, that they may be laid away on the Sabbath. The cemeteries, old and new, rich and poor, are scattered throughout the city, and most of them present an extremely beautiful appearance—the white tombs nestling among the dark green foliage. It would be difficult to dig a grave of the ordinary depth here in the “Louisiana lowlands” without coming to water; and, consequently, burials in sealed tombs above ground are universal. The old French and Spanish cemeteries present long streets of cemented walls, with apertures into which once were thrust the noble and good of the land, as if they were put into ovens to be baked; and the queer inscriptions, dated away back in the middle of the eighteenth century, may still be read. Great numbers of the monuments both in the old and new cemeteries are very imposing; and, as in all Catholic communities, one sees long processions of mourning relatives every day carrying flowers to place on the spot where their loved and lost are entombed; or catches a glimpse of some black-robed figure sitting motionless before a tomb. The St. Louis Cemetery is fine, and many dead are even better housed than they were in life. The St. Patrick, Cypress Grove, Firemen’s, Odd Fellows, and Jewish cemeteries, in the American quarter, are filled with richly-wrought tombs, and traversed by fine, tree-planted avenues.

The St. Louis Hotel is one of the most imposing monuments of the French quarter, as well as one of the finest hotels in the United States. It was originally built to

combine a city exchange, hotel, bank, ball-rooms, and private stores, and is a superb edifice, with a façade composed of Tuscan and Doric orders of architecture. The rotunda, now metamorphosed into a dining-hall, is one of the most beautiful in this country, and the great inner circle of the dome is richly frescoed with allegorical scenes and busts of em-

inent Americans, from the pencils of Canova and Pinoli. The immense ball-room is also superbly decorated. The St. Louis Hotel was very nearly destroyed by fire in 1840, but in less than two years was restored to its original splendor. The old Bank of Louisiana building, at the corner of Royal and Conti streets, is also a noticeable edifice. On the eastern and western sides of Jackson Square are the Pontalba buildings, large and not especially handsome brick structures, erected by the Countess Pontalba, many years ago. Chartres street, and all the avenues contributing to it, are thoroughly French in character; cafés, wholesale stores, pharmacies, shops for articles of luxury, all bear evidence of Gallic taste.

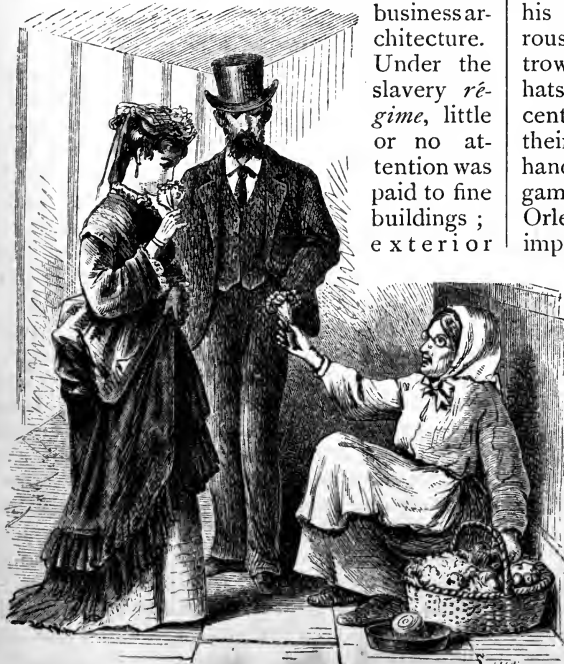
At the corner of Esplanade and Old Levee streets, on what was once Jackson Square, and the site of “Fort St. Charles,” stands the United States Branch Mint, quite an imposing structure, built of brick plastered to imitate granite. It is a center building projecting, of the Ionic order, with two wings; and is surrounded with a profusion of shrubbery, planted in well-kept grounds. About three miles below Esplanade street, and near the outskirts of the town, stand the United States barracks, built in 1834–5, at a cost of \$182,000. They occupy a parallelogram of about three hundred feet on the river by nine hundred in depth, giving ample room for a very handsome parade-ground.

Every street in the old city has its legend, either humorous or tragical; and each old building which pleads to an hundred years has memories of Spanish domination hovering about it. The old families speak of their “ancestor who came with Bienville,” or with such and such Spanish Governors, with bated breath and touching pride; and there is many a name among those of the Creoles there, which has descended untarnished to its present

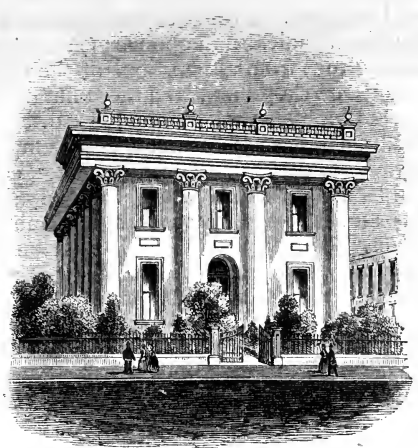
possessors through centuries of valor and adventurous achievement.

Canal street cuts this cosmopolitan capital in twain, and until recently was itself divided into two parts by the canal which gave it its name, and which ran from the river to Lake Pontchartrain. New Orleans is as dependent upon its canals for safety and health as are Amsterdam or Rotterdam; the lowlands are only reclaimed from overflow by most energetic measures, of which we will speak more anon; and it was only when a large number of other canals had been opened that the principal one on Canal street was closed. The wide, fine avenue is bordered by shops of no mean pretensions, and by many handsome residences; it boasts of Christ Church, the Varieties Theater, the noted restaurants of Victor and Moreau, the statue of Henry Clay, and the new Custom House, which is by no means as elegant as it is useful. The buildings on Canal street are not high and crowded together as in New York and Paris; they are usually only two or three stories high, and along the first story runs a porch which serves as a balcony to those dwelling above, and as protection from sun and rain to promenaders below. The banks, insurance offices, and wholesale stores fronting on Canal street are elegant and modern; and since the war there has been a great improvement in the general

tone of business-architecture. Under the slavery régime, little or no attention was paid to fine buildings; exterior



THE FLOWER-WOMAN.



THE OLD LOUISIANA BANK.

decoration, save that which the magnificent foliage of the country gave, was entirely disregarded. But now the citizens begin to take pride in their public edifices. A promenade on Canal street is quite as picturesque as any in the French quarter. There the negro boot-black sits, sprawled in a chair, with his own splay-feet on the blacking-block; the old bouquet-sellers, both black and white, are ranged along the walls at some convenient corner, with baskets filled with breast-knots of violets, and a host of rosebuds and camelias and other rich blossoms. The newsboy, vociferous as his brother of Gotham, yells his yells; the roustabouts from the levée, clad in striped trowsers of miraculous hues, and in coats and hats which seem to have been slept in for a century, tumble homeward to dinner, with their cotton-hooks clenched in their brawny hands; the elegantly-dressed ropers for gambling-houses—one of the curses of New Orleans—haunt each conspicuous corner, and impudently scan passers-by. On the broad raised level, stone-curbed and tree-planted, in the middle of the street, the heroic mule struggles with the convenient car, which in other cities two horses draw; and he whirls the airy vehicle along the well-laid tracks, while his driver watches the passengers, who are required to drop their fare into a little box, glass-faced, fastened near the front platform. There are six of these city railway-lines, all centering on Canal street; one of them, the New Orleans and Carrollton, running six miles into the suburbs, is presided over by General G. T. Beauregard, and is bordered by some of the most beautiful residences

in Louisiana. From twelve to two, the American ladies monopolize Canal street, coming to it from all portions of the city, on errands of shopping; and there hundreds of lovely brunettes may be seen, in carriages, in cars, in couples with mamma, or accompanied by the tall, dark, thin Southern youth, attired in black broadcloth, the jettest of slouch hats, and the most irreproachable of morning-gloves. Then the confectioners' shops are crowded with dainty little women, who have the Italian rage for *confetti*, and the sugared cakes of the pastry-cook vanish like morning dew. The *matinées* at the American theaters, as at the French, begin at noon; and at three or half-past three twice a week, the tide of beauty floods Canal, St. Charles, Carondelet, Rampart, and a host of other streets. At evening, Canal street is very quiet, and hardly seems the main thoroughfare of a city of two hundred thousand people. The population delights in parades in the great avenue; and from Carnival to midsummer there is many a pageant of importance, followed by hundreds of screaming negro urchins, who are always on hand wherever there is noise or disturbance.

The American quarter of New Orleans is vastly superior to the French in width of avenues, in beauty of garden and foliage, and in driveways communicating with the open country; but the driveways of many of the streets are villainously out of repair, the desperate condition of the city's finances accounting therefor. Some of the avenues are grass-grown, and filled with ruts and hollows, even in front of superb mansions, the very gardens surrounding which must have cost

fortunes. In that section not inaptly designated the "Garden City," there is street after street lined with spacious houses set down in the midst of delicious gardens, parks and orchards; orange trees grow in the yards, and roses clamber in

at the windows. Louisiana and Napoleon avenues; Prytania, Plaquemine, Chestnut, and Camp, Jena, Cadiz, Valence, and Bordeaux, and the long and superb St. Charles streets, are the homes of well-to-do Americans, who have



DR. PALMER'S CHURCH.

been able to keep about them some little comfort even after the rude march of war. The city is making its most rapid growth in the direction of Carrollton, a pretty suburb filled with pleasant homes, and within three-quarters of an hour's ride of the central business avenue. Along St. Charles street, near Canal, are the famous St. Charles Hotel, the Academy of Music, and the St. Charles Theater, both well-appointed theatrical edifices; the Masonic, City, and Exposition Halls. Opposite the City Hall,—which is one of the noblest public buildings in New Orleans, and is built in granite and white marble, after the Grecian Ionic order, with a fine portico, and granite pillars sustaining a massy pediment,—is Lafayette Square; on its south-western side the First Presbyterian Church; and at its southern extremity the Odd Fellows' Hall, where the McEnery Legislature held its sessions. On Common street, one of the business thoroughfares of the town, is the University of Louisiana, a handsome edifice flanked by two wings, one of which is now occupied by the dilapidated State Library, and the other by the Law School. Just around the corner, on Dryades street, when the Legislature is in session, you may see the law-making body which is upheld by the executive department of the United States. Around the doorway of the Mechanics' Institute one or two negro policemen, armed with clubs and revolvers, are standing; mounting a staircase covered with old and tobacco-stained matting, you may enter a long hall carpeted with dirtier matting; and there, at clumsy desks, sit the law-makers,—a heterogeneous mass of negroes standing outside the



CHRIST CHURCH.

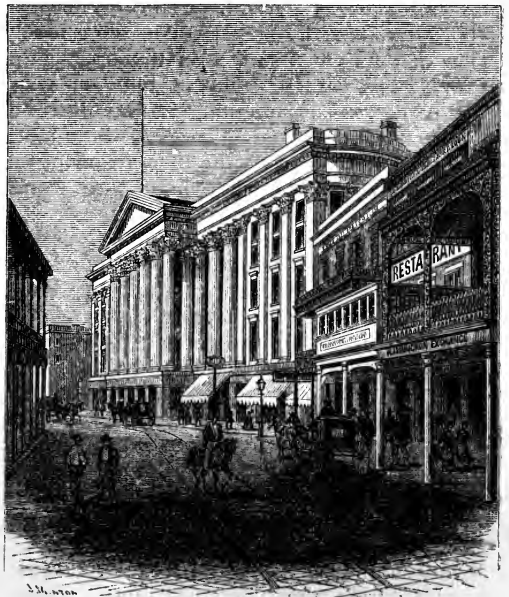
railings, and listening with open mouths to the eloquence of their fellows, who have been dignified with office. Nearly all the honorable representatives are black; and their opposition is instant and determined to anything which is likely to better the present horrible condition of white society in Louisiana. In the Senate-chamber the same scene is repeated; if a colored man is in the chair, he is constantly falling into the profoundest errors with regard to his "rulings" and "decisions," and finds it extremely difficult to follow any bill the moment it becomes the subject of dispute; and there is always the black man who is perpetually hopping up to say, "No, sir; no, sir; I object to that, sir!" and the lean white man, dressed in the extraordinarily new clothes, and with a general mushroom aspect about him, who smiles withering smiles of contempt on the striving negroes, as he endeavors, from a carpet-bag point of view, to show them where they are in error. The scene would be ludicrous were it not so saddening; had it not already been enacted for five weary years, while the State has meantime gone nearer and nearer the verge of ruin, deeper and deeper into the abyss of crushing taxation. Even the Governor, who has to do with this Legislature, must now and then wish that he had better material to work with.

There are one hundred and sixteen churches in New Orleans, and one can hardly hope to peer into them all; but here on Baronne street you may steal for a moment into the shade of the Jesuit Church, and entering the dimly-lighted nave, see the black-robed girls at confessional, and the richly-dressed women making their rounds before the chapels with prayer-book in hand, kneeling beside the market-woman and the serving-girl. The Jesuit Church, St. Augustine's, St. Joseph's, St. Patrick's, and the Mortuary Chapel, are among the finer of the Catholic religious structures; St. Patrick's is a fine Gothic structure.

The Protestant churches are nearly all elegant specimens of modern church architecture, the older edifices having given way. The oldest of the Episcopal organizations in New Orleans, dating back to 1806, is Christ Church, on Canal street, founded by Bishop Chase. It was the germ of Protestantism in the southwest. The present edifice is the third erected by the society. Trinity and St. Paul's are considered the fashionable Episcopal churches. The McGhee Church, of which Rev. Dr. Tudor is pastor, is the principal of the Methodist Episcopal churches South. The Northern *post-bellum* settlers are mainly Congregational or Methodist, and

have gathered at the First Congregational Church, and at the Methodist Episcopal Ames Chapel. The most noted Presbyterian preacher in the city is Rev. Dr. Palmer, pastor of the "First Church," whose eloquence has attained more than a local reputation. The principal Baptist society assembles at the Coliseum Place Church. There are great numbers of colored church organizations, many of which are in a very flourishing condition, having been largely aided by Northern missions.

New Orleans extends from the Mississippi River, whose wayward bend gives authority for the appellation of "Crescent City," to Lake Pontchartrain, lying several feet below the level of the river, and having an outlet on the Gulf. The city is laid out as far as the very borders of the Lake, although the cypress swamps there have not yet been filled up; and the rain-fall, the sewerage of the town, and the surplus water from the Mississippi, are drained into the Lake. The canals, which run from the city to Pontchartrain, are very picturesque. Both the Old and the New Basins are navigable; little and large steamers run through them into the Lake, and thence along the coast; and schooners and barks, laden with lumber and produce, are towed in and out by mules. The city is divided into drainage districts, in each of which large draining machines are at work, pumping vigorously, to keep the city free from



THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

the encroaching river. After a heavy rain the lowlands for miles around would be entirely submerged, were it not for the canals and the drainage system. The talented city engineer, Mr. Bell, now has in construction a superb levée, to extend four miles and a half along the front of Lake Pontchartrain, furnishing a grand driveway and promenade on the shore of as delicious an inland sea as the world can boast. This levée will counteract the action of the lake, which now hinders the perfection of the system for draining the city, and will bring a new location for fine residences into market. Two canals now cut through the ridge of land known as the "Metairie"—lying half-way between the river and the lake—and the levées on the Pontchartrain border are now necessary.

When you are tired of the French quarter and have seen all the antiquities in that section, drive lakeward, along the shell-road which leads from Canal street straight out past the Metairie and Oakland parks, along the New Basin, to the lake. On Sundays this driveway is crowded with teams of every grade, and the charming restaurants, half hidden in foliage, along the way, reëcho to boisterous merriment. But on a week-day you may drive quietly along the dark, gleaming canal-waters' brink, finding a strange mixture of Bois-de-Boulogne and Rotterdam-Park suggestions at every turn. Along the canal the schooners glide lazily; negro-boys fish wearily on the banks; the intense green of the leaves makes strange reflection in the water; and, arrived at the lake, you catch a lovely view of dark canal-surface in the foreground, with a gayly painted sail-boat lying close to the bank; an ornamental gateway just beyond; a flock of goats browsing at the roadside; and, miles away, the blue gleam of the lake-surface, and a white lighthouse standing lonely on a narrow point of land. Or you may go to the levée and watch the dredging machines plunging their long pans into the lake-bed, and bringing up half a ton of earth at every clutch, swinging it around and depositing it on the progressing breakwater. Or you may step into a sail-boat and let a brown, barefooted Creole fisherman sail you away, swift as thought, down the lake to the pier where the railroad from New Orleans terminates; then back again, up the Bayou St. John, until he lands you near the walls of the old Spanish fort; there you will find, set down upon the site of the vanished fort, a lovely summer-house, an orchard, and a rose-garden; from the balcony you can note a long mole running out to sea,—the sun's gold



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

on the rippling water; the oranges in the trees below; the group of sailors tugging at the cable of their schooner; the pretty assemblage of cottages near the levée's end; the dismantled ancient cannon, half-buried under the rampant grasses; the wealth of peach-blossoms in the bent tree near the parapet; and the bevy of barelegged children playing about their mother, as she sits on the sward, cutting rose-stems, and twisting the blushing blossoms into bouquets;—all this in March!

Nay, more; you shall sail home as the day deepens, and, seated in the fragrant dining-room in the restaurant near the canal, look out upon the passing barges and boats, noiselessly gliding toward; hear the shouts of festive parties as they wander on the levée, or along the cypress-girt shore; hear the boatmen singing catches; see a blood-red moon, rising slowly, and casting an enchanted light over every object, even the burnished surface of the water-way, whereon a path of crimson is for a moment traced, then suddenly lost in shade.

If capital could only flow in here and develop all these wonderful lowlands! That thought strikes you at every turn. But the people have given up hoping. "It were far better," said a native Louisianian to me, "that our State be reduced to the condition of a territory, and that Congress assume the debt we have made, for the present, than to allow our actual condition to continue. This stagnation is becoming intolerable."

New Orleans suffers peculiarly, its taxable property being cumbered with two huge debts—that of the city itself, now estimated at about \$22,500,000, and over three-fifths of the State's various liabilities of \$42,000,000. While the city groans under such enormous taxation, it is loaded down with grievous license-burdens on all trades, professions and occupations, amounting to nearly \$1,000,000 annually. Under these burdens it is not astonishing that real-estate in the city has declined more than thirty per cent. in most and more than fifty in many cases. The double public debt of the city is already more than one-fourth of its property assessment, and many times more than the value of all the available property owned by the corporation. The annual expenditures of the city have been increased from \$3,767,000, in 1862, to \$6,961,381 in 1872; and still mount upward. Meantime the streets remain uncared for, and the treasury is empty. Where has the money gone? The city certificates are sold on the street at enormous discounts; the Legislature's sessions cost the people half a million dollars yearly, instead of \$100,000 as in 1860, and this also the city is compelled mainly to pay; therefore, of course, whoever buys property in the city of New Orleans buys with it a share of a great and discouraging public debt.

Here are two or three instances which will show the present status of property: A gentle-



TRINITY CHURCH.



MECHANICS' INSTITUTE—SEAT OF THE KELLOGG LEGISLATURE.

man was, six months ago, offered a loan of \$6,000 on the security of certain real-estate owned by him. He did not then need the money; but recently went to the capitalist, and said, "I will now accept your kind offer." "I would not," said the capitalist, "lend you \$600 on the property now. It is worth nothing as security. No property in the city, in the current condition of politics, is worth anything."

A gentleman who purchased, a short time before the war, a fine wooded estate in a rich section of Louisiana, for \$100 in gold per acre, informed me that he had tried repeatedly to borrow upon the security of that estate, and that he could not get any one to lend a sum *equivalent to \$1 per acre on it.*

Another, a person of influence and good position, took occasion some time since to make a round of inspection among the foreign emigrants, who were preparing to leave in large numbers. On inquiring among the Germans, who were rapidly departing, he found that they were all discouraged at the continuance of the crisis, and had either decided to emigrate to Texas, California or the North, or to return to Germany.

Many people have paid no taxes for eight or ten years. In talking with a collector the other day, he said: "I'd rather do most anything than try to collect taxes. When I present the papers, folks generally pay the city taxes if they have the money, and then refuse to pay the State tax at all. They just

fold up the paper, and hand it back to me, 'n that's all the good it does. I reckon the small dealers and poor folks pay taxes quicker'n the rich ones 'n the big traders do." The opposition to the payment of the sums levied by the present Legislature certainly is a formidable one,* and comprises all the principal commercial men of the city and State. The organization has been so formed that poor and rich alike are to be enabled each to resist as long as the other. Meantime, the debt grows larger and larger; city officials receive no salaries for their labor; every department is in arrears; the discouragement grows deeper and deeper.

Some three years ago a prominent capitalist was addressed by a Louisianian, who represented that a great many rich estates could be purchased in various sections of the commonwealth for at least one-third of their original value; and added, as an inducement to speedy decision, that he did not think property would ever be lower in Louisiana. The capitalist replied that he differed with his much-esteemed friend; that in a few years those estates would, by the various derangements consequent on the then predominant legislation, be reduced to almost no value whatever, and that he was therefore determined to wait. But it is possible that capital may be compelled to wait too long. It will certainly be very loath to fix in Louisiana so long as it is subject to five per cent. taxation, with prospect of a continuous increase. The

bitterest needs of the people of the State will not move it out of currents in which it can run more freely than it may hope to run here under existing legislation. But the present condition of things must not, cannot endure. Whenever people find their burdens utterly unbearable, they throw them aside with a giant effort, and the world is convulsed by the shock of the fall. People here should not be crowded so closely to the wall; they should not be placed at the mercy of irresponsible governing officials, whose main purpose is the acquisition of wealth. There is no rebellious spirit in Louisiana against the United States—no desire to undo the war's legitimate results; but there is a gradual accumulation of indignation against the plunderers, who have been numerous in the State, which bodes something very like the ugly form of revolution. Capital and immigration must be allowed to come in, and the legislators who stand much longer in the way of an influx of those two prime necessities will do so at their extremest peril.

The blood of the commonwealth is thin; it needs thickening. More money, more muscle must be conveyed to the State. If the money be put in circulation, the men who are interested in their homes will find a way out of their political troubles without undoing the proper "results of the war." The negro can defend himself now; he is protected as thoroughly as needs be; let us not utterly exterminate the white man on the Louisiana lowlands.

The Carnival keeps its hold upon the people along the Gulf shore, despite all the trou-

* This article was written in March of the present year.



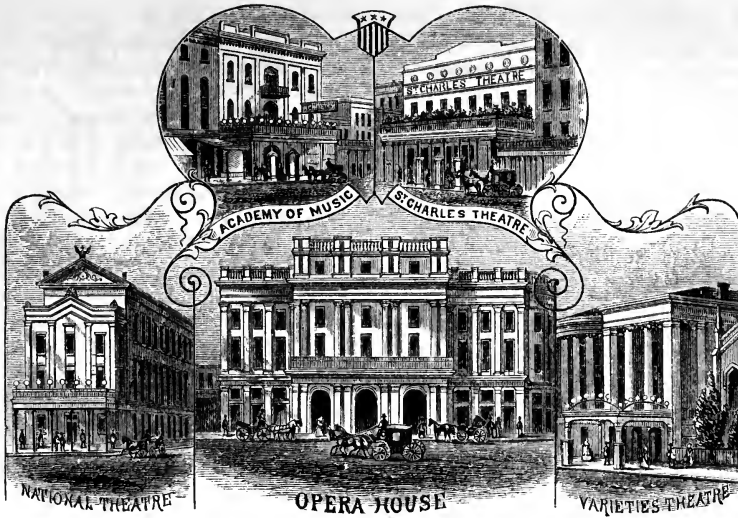
ST. JOSEPH'S



ST. PATRICK'S



JESUIT CHURCH & SCHOOL



THE THEATERS OF NEW ORLEANS.

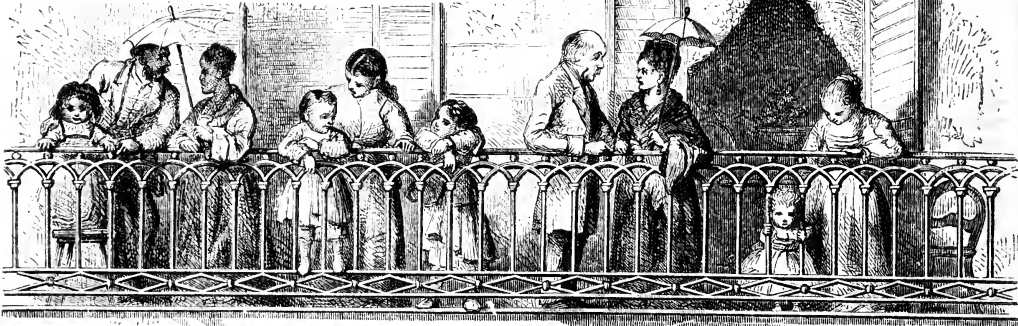
bles, vexations, and sacrifices to which they submit. White and black join in its masquerading, and the Crescent City rivals Naples in the beauty and richness of its displays. Galveston has caught the infection, and every year the King of the Carnival adds a city to the domain loyal to him. The saturnalia practiced before the entry into Lent are the least bit practical, because Americans find it impossible utterly to lay aside business even on *Mardi-Gras*. So into the very heart of the masquerading the device of the advertiser pokes its ugly face, and, being base reality, whose hideous features outline under his domino, puts a host of sweet illusions to flight.

The Carnival in New Orleans was organized in 1827, when a number of young Creole gentlemen, who had recently returned from Paris, organized a street-procession of maskers. It did not create a very profound sensation—was considered the work of some mad wags; and the festival languished until 1837, when a very fine procession paraded, and was succeeded by another still finer in 1839. From two o'clock in the afternoon until sunset of Shrove Tuesday, drum and fife, valve and trumpet, rang in the streets, and hundreds of maskers cut furious antics, and made day hideous. Thereafter, from 1840 to 1852, *Mardi-Gras* festival had a vacillating popularity—such of the townspeople as had the money to spend now and then organizing a very fantastic and richly-dressed rout of mummers. At the old Orleans Theater, balls of princely splendor were given; Europeans even came to join in the New World's

Carnival, and wrote home enthusiastic accounts of it. In 1857 the "Mistick Krewe of Comus," a private organization of New Orleans gentlemen, made their *début*, and gave a luster to the Carnival, which, thanks to their continued efforts, has never since quit-
ted it. In 1857 the "Krewe" appeared in the guise of supernatural and mythological characters, and flooded the town with gods and demons, winding up the festive occasion with a grand ball at the Gaiety Theater, previous to which they appeared in tableaux representing the "Tartarus" of the ancients, and Milton's "Paradise Lost." In 1858 this brilliant coterie of maskers renewed the enchantments of *Mardi-Gras*, by exhibiting the gods and goddesses of high Olympus and of the fretful sea, and again gave a series of brilliant tableaux. In 1859 they pictured the revels of the four great English holidays, May Day, Midsummer Eve, Christmas and Twelfth Night. In 1860 they illustrated American history in a series of superb groups of living statues mounted on moving pedestals. In 1861 they delighted the public with "Scenes from Life"—Childhood, Youth, Manhood and Old Age; and the ball at the Varieties Theater was preceded by a series of grandiose tableaux which exceeded all former efforts. Then came the war; maskers threw aside their masks; and, after the agony of the long struggle, Comus once more reassembled his forces in 1866, and the transformations which Milton attributed to the sly spirit, Comus himself, were the subject of the display. The wondering gazers were shown how Comus,

"Deep-skilled in all his mother's witcheries,
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead."

In 1867 Comus became Epicurean, and blossomed into an ambulant bill of fare, the maskers representing everything in the various courses and *entrées* of a gourmet's dinner, from oysters and sherry to the *omelette brûlée*, and the Kirsch and Curaçoa. A long and stately array of bottles, dishes of meats and vegetables, and desserts, moved through the streets, awakening saturnalian laughter wherever it passed. In 1868 the Krewe presented a procession and tableaux from "Lalla Rookh;" in 1869, the "Five Senses;" and in 1870, the "History of

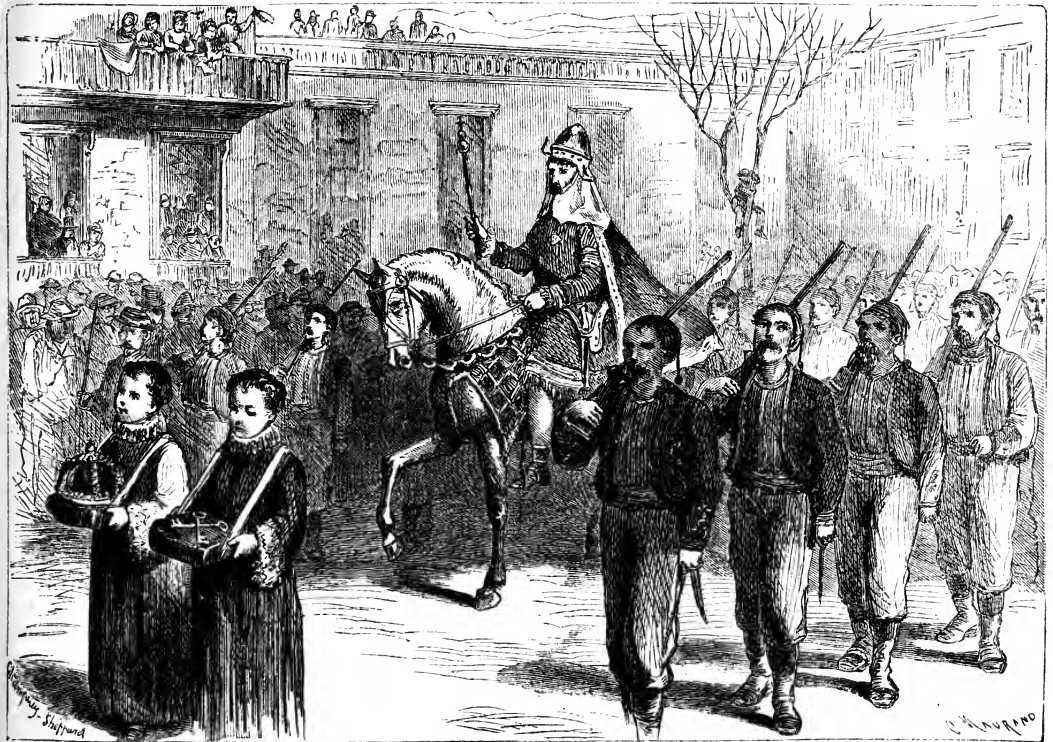


THE CARNIVAL. WATCHING THE PROCESSION.

Louisiana." Old Father Mississippi himself, De Soto and his fellow-discoverers, the soldiers, adventurers, cavaliers, Jesuits, French, Spanish and American governors, were all paraded before the amazed populace. In 1871, King Comus and his train presented picturesque groupings from Spenser's "Faery Queene;" in 1872, from Homer's "Tale of Troy;" and this year detailed the "Darwinian Development of the Species," from earliest beginnings to the gorilla, and thence to man. The Krewe of Comus has always paid the expenses of these displays itself, and has issued invitations only to as many people as could be accommodated within the walls of the theater to witness the tableaux. It is composed of one hundred members, who are

sworn severally to conceal their identity from all outsiders, and who have thus far succeeded admirably in accomplishing this object. The designs for their masks are made in New Orleans, and the costumes are manufactured from them in Paris yearly. In 1870 appeared the "Twelfth-Night Revelers"—who now yearly celebrate the beautiful anniversary of the visit of the wise men of the East to the manger of the Infant Saviour. In 1870 the pageants of this organization were inaugurated by "The Lord of Misrule and his Knights;" in 1871, "Mother Goose's Tea Party" was given; in 1872, a group of crea-

but still robust and warrior-like, made his first appearance on the Mississippi shores in 1872, and issued his proclamations through newspapers and upon placards, commanding all civil and military authorities to show subservience to him, during his stay in "our good city of New Orleans." Therefore, yearly, when the date of the recurrence of Mardi-Gras has been fixed, the mystic King issues his proclamation, and is announced as having arrived at New York, or whatever other port seemeth good. At once thereafter, and daily, the papers teem with reports of his progress through the country, and anecdotes



THE CARNIVAL. ARRIVAL OF THE KING.

tions of artists and poets and visionaries, from lean Don Quixote to fat Falstaff, followed; and in 1873 the birds were represented in a host of fantastic and varied tableaux. The two societies, Comus's Krewe and the Twelfth-Night Revelers, will soon bring the revels of New Orleans up to the level of Italian magnificence.

Another feature has been added to the festivities, one which promises in time to be most attractive of all. It is the coming of Rex, the most puissant King of the Carnival. This amiable dignitary, depicted as a venerable man, with snow-white hair and beard,

of his heroic career, which is supposed to have lasted for many centuries. The court report is usually conceived somewhat in the following terms,—supposed to be an anecdote related at the "palace," by an "old gray-headed sentinel:"

"Another incident, illustrating the King's courageous presence of mind, was related by the veteran. While sojourning at Auch (this was several centuries ago), a wing of the palace took fire, the whole staircase was in flames, and in the highest story was a feeble old woman, apparently cut off from any means of escape. His Majesty offered two

thousand francs to any one who would save her from destruction, but no one presented himself. The King did not stop to deliberate; he wrapped his robes closely about him, called for a wet cloth—which he threw aside—then rushed to his carriage, and drove rapidly to the theater, where he passed the evening listening to the singing of ‘If ever I cease to love.’”

This is published seriously in the journals, next to the news and editorial paragraphs; and yearly, at one o'clock on the appointed day, King Rex, accompanied by Warwick, Earl-Marshall of the Empire, and by the Lord High Admiral, who is always depicted as suffering untold pangs from gout, arrives on Canal street, and surrounded by fantastically dressed cavalry-men and infantry-men, and followed by hundreds of maskers on horse-back and on foot. The parade is continued through all the principal streets of the city; and is gradually becoming one of the important features of the Carnival. Mounted on pedestals extemporized from cotton-floats are dozens of allegorical groups, and the masks, although not so rich and costly as those of Comus and his crew, are quite as varied and mirth-provoking. The costumes of the King and his suite are gorgeous; and the troops of the United States, disguised as privates of Arabian artillery and as Egyptian spahis, do escort-duty to his Majesty. Rumor hath it, even, that on one occasion, the ladies of New Orleans presented a flag to an officer of the troops of King Rex, little suspecting that it was thereafter to grace the Federal barracks. Thus the Carnival has its pleasant waggeries and surprises.

Old Froissart thought the English amused themselves sadly; and indeed, comparing the Carnival in Louisiana with the Carnival in reckless Italy, one might say that the Americans masqueraded grimly. There is but little of that wild luxuriance of fun in the streets of New Orleans which has made Naples and Rome so famous; people go to their sports with an air of pride, but not of all-pervading enjoyment. In the French quarter, when Rex and his train enter the queer old streets, there are shoutings, chaffings, and dancings; the children chant little couplets on Mardi-Gras; and the balconies are crowded with spectators. The negroes make but a sorry show in the masking: their every-day garb is more picturesque than their masquerading.

Carnival culminates at night, after Rex and the “day procession” have retired. Thousands of people assemble in dense lines along the streets included in the published route of

march; Canal street is brilliant with illumination, and swarms of humanity occupy every porch, balcony, house-top, pedestal, carriage and mule-car. Then comes the train of Comus, who appears only at night; and torch-bearers, disguised in *outré* masks, light up the way. At the last Carnival, one hundred figures represented “The Missing Links in Darwin’s Origin of the Species.” After the round through the great city is completed the torch-light on the sky dies away, and the Krewe betake themselves to the Varieties Theater, and present tableaux before the ball opens.

The Varieties Theater, during the hour or two preceding the Mardi-Gras ball, presents one of the loveliest sights in Christendom. From floor to ceiling, the parquet, dress-circle and galleries are one mass of dazzling toilettes—for none but ladies are given seats. White robes, delicate faces, dark, flashing eyes, luxuriant folds of glossy hair, tiny, faultlessly gloved hands,—such is the vision that an humble looker-on of the masculine gender may see through his lorgnon.

Delicious music swells softly on the perfumed air, the tableaux wax and wane like kaleidoscopic effects; then suddenly the curtain rises, and the joyous, grotesque maskers appear upon the ball-room floor. They dance; gradually ladies and their cavaliers leave all parts of the galleries, and come to join them; then,

“No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the rosy hours with flying feet.”

Meantime, the King of the Carnival holds a levée and dancing-party at another hall; and all the theaters and public halls are delivered up to the votaries of Terpsichore; and the fearless, who are willing to usher in Lent with sleepless eyes, stroll home in the glare of the splendid Southern sunrise, yearly swearing that each Mardi-Gras hath verily surpassed its predecessor.

From early morning until nightfall the same quaint, distorted street-cries which one hears in foreign cities ring through the streets of New Orleans; and in the French quarter they are mirth-provoking, under their guise of Creole *patois*. The Sicilian fruit-sellers also make their mellifluous dialect heard loudly; and the streets always resound to the high-pitched voice of some negro or negro who is rehearsing or griefs or joys in the most theatrical manner. Negro-beggars adorn the steps of various banks and public edifices; and they sit for hours together with outstretched open hands, too lazy to close them over the few coins the passers-



THE CARNIVAL. THE BEUF-GRAS.

by bestow. A multitude of youthful darkies, who have no visible aim in existence save to sport in the sun, abound in the American quarter; and they are apparently well fed and happy. The mass of the negroes are recklessly improvident; as in all cities, they are crowded together in ill-built and badly-ventilated cabins, and are ready victims for almost any fell disease. The charges of corruption made against them by the majority of the white native population are rather sweeping; and when they are applied to the legislative conduct of the negroes, are severer than that conduct will justify.

The present condition of the educational system of Louisiana is encouraging, although disfigured by evils which arise from the political disorganization. The State superintendent of education is a mulatto gentleman of evident culture—seems, indeed, quite up to the measure of his task, if he only had the means to perform it. He could not tell me how many schools were in operation in the State at the time of my visit; nor, indeed, how much the increase had been since the war; and explained that there was the greatest difficulty in procuring returns from the interior districts. Even the annual reports are forwarded very tardily; sometimes not at all. The school-tax has heretofore been two mills on the dollar, but it is to be raised to one-fourth of 1 per cent. The State is divid-

ed into six divisions, one of which comprises New Orleans, and there is a superintendent for each division. There are now in Louisiana two hundred and ninety-one thousand youth between the ages of six and twenty-one; and it is fair to presume at least one-half of them to be children of colored parents, since the Louisianian population is very equally divided into white and black. The Legislature appropriates half a million dollars yearly for the use of the schools, of which about seven-eighths is annually expended. There are but few actually mixed schools now in the State. To the *you must!* of the law, the white man has replied, *I will not!* and the mingling of colors has not been insisted upon very severely. Great numbers of private schools have sprung into existence, especially in New Orleans, where the predominant religion is the Catholic; and the Germans have showed their dislike of the mixed schools by establishing special ones for their own children. The Catholic clergy in New Orleans has not gone so far as to forbid the attendance of children of Catholic parents in the public schools; but the organ of that clergy announced the other day that the poverty, and not the will, of Catholic parents, acceded the permission to attend secular schools. Although the commingling of races and religions has not yet been thoroughly accomplished, immense progress has certainly been made since the

war. In 1868, when the real work of school reform in the State was begun, there was no supervision whatever exercised over school-funds, and millions of dollars were uselessly squandered. There were then less than one hundred public schools in the entire State, and it was estimated at the first educational convention ever held in Louisiana, convened in New Orleans in 1872, that there were at that time eleven hundred schools in operation, with nearly one hundred thousand pupils. The old system, or lack of system, had had most painful results. There were no means of obtaining proper reports; there was no certainty that the few teachers who were employed did their duty. The present school-law is pretty well adapted to the condition and wants of the State; as it has been amended so as to strike out some provisions which it was impossible to fulfill in this generation. There is one formidable obstacle still in the way of progress in the interior of the State, and that is, as asserted by the superior officials, that the money appropriated to the different parishes for school-funds has in many cases never been used for schools; and prosecution of officers supposed to have retained the money is of but small avail. Parish boards of school-directors are ostensibly in office in every section of the State; but they do not all perform their duty. The new law provides for the maintenance of a proper normal department; and good teachers are yearly sent out therefrom. New Orleans now has about seventy public schools, and a little more than \$700,000 invested in school-property. The teachers in those schools exclusively attended by white children are all white; in the mixed schools there are some colored teachers. Only one-fourth of the number of school edifices occupied are owned by the city. The superintendent said that it would not do to insist upon mixed schools in remote districts, as the people would in that case refuse to have any school at all. The Louisiana State University is a struggling institution, which needs and merits much aid from richer States; and an agricultural college and a system of industrial schools have been projected. The colored children in the public-schools manifest an earnestness and aptitude which amply demonstrates their inalienable right to be admitted to them. People in all sections have ceased grumbling at the "school-house taxes," and that in itself is a cheering sign.

The city of New Orleans is certain of a glorious commercial future, because it is the

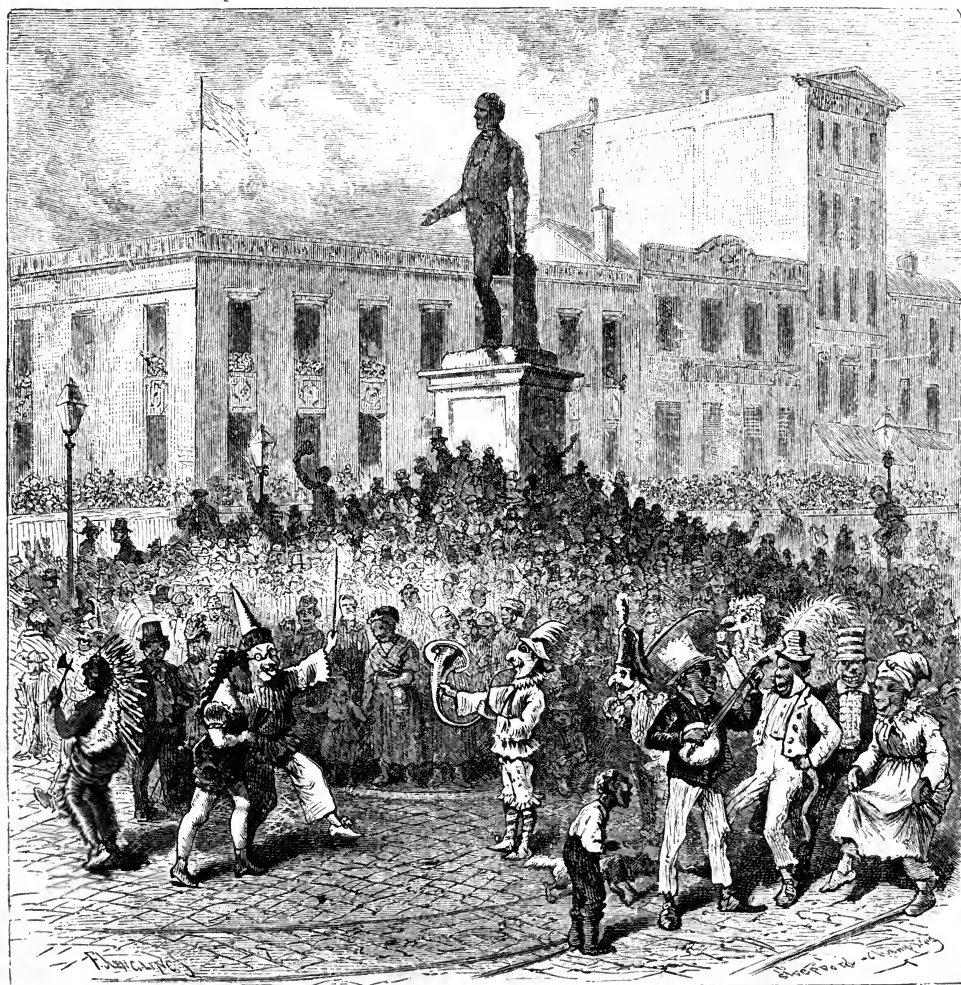
southern gateway of the Continent, and because the commerce of the Gulf States, increasing with astonishing rapidity, is alone sufficient to build up a mighty metropolis. The river yearly brings new treasures, and lays them at the feet of the Crescent Queen; and now, in her sore need, does more than all else to keep her courage at the sticking-point. In a succeeding article we will picture the intense, vari-colored, grotesque, vigorous life along the vast stream. Let us now see what homage Uncle Samuel is paying to the "Father of Waters."

Some bright day, when the surface of the river is burnished like the shield of Achilles, and a light breeze blows inland, set your foot upon the deck of an outgoing steamer, and descend the river. After the town and the spires, the docks and their long lines of masts and smoke-stacks, the convent roofs and plantation vistas, have faded from sight—after you have passed the old battleground where Andrew Jackson corrected the English in 1815,—and the National Cemetery, filled with graves of valiant soldiers,—after you have left all the city and its suburbs behind, and run by Forts Philip and Jackson,—you go slowly down a muddy-colored but broad and strong current, running seaward between low banks, which seem unstable, and illy to protect the plantations in the fertile fields beyond them. The fears that the levées along the Mississippi would not be able to always resist the great body of water bearing and wearing upon them have several times been realized; and among the most disastrous instances of the crevasse are those of May, 1816, when the river broke through, nine miles above New Orleans, destroyed numbers of plantations, and inundated the back part of the city. Gov. Claiborne adopted the expedient of sinking a vessel in the breach, and saved the town. In 1844 the river did much damage along the levée at New Orleans; and the inundations of 1868 and 1871 were severe lessons of the necessity of continually strengthening the levées. When within fifty or sixty miles of the river's mouths, the banks become too low for cultivation; you leave the great sugar plantations behind, and the river broadens, until, on reaching the "Head of the Passes," it separates into several streams, one of which in turn divides again a few miles from its separation from the main river. Beginning at the north and east, these passes, as they are called, are named respectively "Pass à l'Outre," "North-east Pass," the "South Pass," and "South-west Pass." Across the

mouths of these passes, bars of mud are formed, deposited by the river, which, there meeting the salt and consequently heavier water of the Gulf, runs over the top of it, and, being partially checked, the mud is strained through the salt-water, and sinks at once to the bottom. This separation of the fresh from the salt water is maintained in a remarkable degree. When the river is high, the river-water runs far out to sea, and has been seen at fifteen miles from the passes, as sharply defined a line between them as that between oil and water. This is also true with reference to the upper and lower strata. Sometimes, when a steamer is running through a dense pea-soup colored water on top, the paddle-wheels will displace it sufficiently to enable one to see clear Gulf-water rushing up to fill the displacement. The flood-tide runs

up underneath the river-water for a long distance, and, at extraordinary high tides, is distinctly visible as far as New Orleans, one hundred and ten miles above.* The bars change their depth constantly. When the river is high, and consequently brings down most mud, the depth of water decreases with great rapidity; while in a low stage of the river comparatively little deposit occurs. The bars are subject to another and great change, believed to be peculiar to the Mississippi; that is, the formation of "mud-lumps." These are, in the first place, 'cone-shaped elevations of the bottom, often thrown up in

* For these and many other interesting details, the writer gratefully acknowledges his obligations to Major C. W. Howell, Captain of United States Engineers, and to Captain Frank Barr, United States Revenue Marine.



THE CARNIVAL. AT THE CLAY STATUE.

a few hours, so that when, on one day, the pilot finds water for the heaviest ship, on the next he may be grounded with a much lighter draught. Sometimes the lumps disappear as quickly as formed; at others they spread, show themselves above the water, and gradually grow into islands. It is imagined that this is the manner in which the long, narrow banks on either side of the "Passes" have been formed. It is believed that these cone-shaped lumps of mud are started by the action of carburetted hydrogen gas, formed by the decay of vegetable matter contained in the deposits from the river, then that the sub-

was made by Captain Talcot, of the Engineer Corps. To save the commerce of New Orleans it was necessary to deepen the channel; and the plan of dredging with buckets was carried into effect as far as a slight appropriation permitted. No farther work was then undertaken until 1852, when \$75,000 was set aside for the work; and a number of processes for deepening—such as stirring up the river-bottom with suitable machinery, and the establishment of parallel jetties, five miles in length, at the mouth of the South-west Pass—were tried. By 1853 a depth of eighteen feet of water had been obtained in



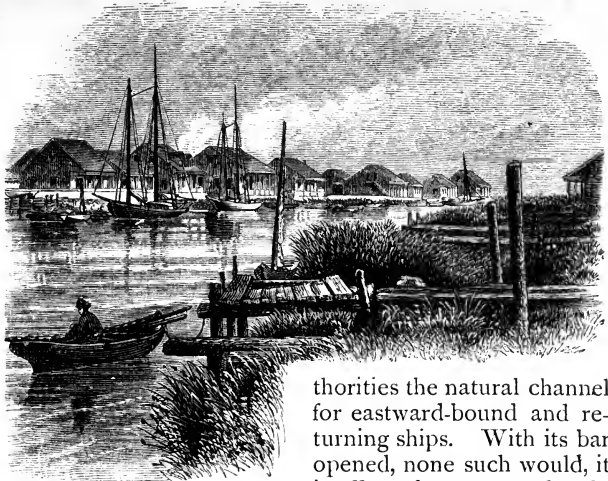
THE CARNIVAL. MASQUERADE AT THE VARIETIES THEATER.

stance of the bar, having been loosened by the action of the gas, forces the matter so loosened upward, until the mud-lump makes its appearance above the water, when, becoming dry, and fed by the forces from below, it gradually gains consistency, and forms another link in the chain, gradually extending the "Delta" into the waters of the Gulf.

The United States Government's attention to the necessity of improvement at the mouths of the Mississippi was first attracted in earnest in 1837, when an extended and elaborate survey of the passes and mouths

the South-west Pass by stirring up the river-bottom; but in 1856 it was found that no trace of the deepening remained. So in that year the sum of \$300,000 was appropriated for opening and keeping open, by contract, ship-channels through the bars at the mouths of the South-west Passes. Contractors went at the work, but unless they labored incessantly, they could not keep the channels open; and they retired discomfited. The plan of dragging harrows and scrapers along the bottom of the channel, seaward, thus aiding the river-flood to carry the stirred-up matter to deep water, was adopted; and a depth of

eighteen feet was maintained upon the bar for one year at a cost of \$60,000. Other efforts, in 1866 and 1867, were equally costly and of small avail; and in 1868, the "Essayons," a steam dredge-boat, constructed by the Atlantic Works, of Boston, was employed upon the bar at Pass à l'Outre. The plan of this boat, which had been recommended by General McAllister, was a powerful steamer with a cutting propeller, which could be lowered into the surface of the mud, when its rapid revolutions would effect the necessary "stirring-up." The "Essayons" has been a complete success, so far as her draught permits; and another steamer, whose cutting propeller can work at greater depth, and which has been named "McAllister," is now engaged upon the work. The principal labor with these new boats has been done at the South-west Pass, which has now become the principal entrance to the Mississippi, and there the United States Government is erecting a superb iron pile light-house, as the marshes offer but an insecure foundation. The improvements at the river's mouth, like those in the Red River, Tone's Bayou, the Tangaraphoa River, the harbor of Galveston and the Mississippi forts, as well as those on the lakes in the rear of New Orleans, are all under the competent direction of Major C. N. Howell, of the Engineer Department. Pass à l'Outre is, however, considered by best au-



PILOT-TOWN, S. W. PASS.

thorities the natural channel for eastward-bound and returning ships. With its bar opened, none such would, it is affirmed, ever go to Southwest Pass, for the reason that they might save several hours coming in. This pass, properly opened, can accommodate three times the number of ships which now annually enter the Mississippi. The effect of the bar-formation at the river's mouths on the commerce of New Orleans is depressing. There are burdensome taxes on the earnings of ships. In 1870 the value of imports at New Orleans amounted to only one-seventh of the exports; but if the port were made as economical as that of New York, by removing all obstacles to free entrance and exit, the imports would soon nearly equal the exports. The Government is at present expending about \$650,000 annually on the necessary river and harbor improvements in

Louisiana and Texas. Twice that amount might be judiciously invested every year. The work on the channel at the Mississippi's outlet must evidently be perpetual.

"The Balize," now a little collection of houses at the North-east Pass, was a famous place in its day—was, indeed, the port of New Orleans; and vessels were often detained there for weeks on the great bar, which had been labored upon to but little advantage before the cession of Louisiana to the United States. The French military and naval establishments at the Balize, which were very extensive, were utterly destroyed by the great hurricanes of September, 1740. Now-a-days, the venerable port is almost desolate; a few damp and discouraged fishermen linger



LIGHT-HOUSE, S. W. PASS.



sadly among the wrecks of departed greatness. "Pilot Town," at the Southwest Pass, is interesting and ambitious. The pilots and fishermen are delightful types, and are nearly all worthy seamen and good navigators. At "Pass à l'Ostre" and "Southwest Pass" the Government maintains a "boarding station" for protection of the revenue, and an inspector is sent up to the port of New Orleans with each vessel arriving.

Steaming back to the Louisianan capital on one of the inward-bound vessels, leaving behind you the low-lying banks; the queer aquatic towns at the mouths of the passes, with their foundations beneath the water; the long lines of pelicans sailing disconsolately about the current; the porpoises disporting above the bars, and the alligators, sullenly supine on the stretches of sand, you will land into the rush and whir of the great commerce "on the levee." If it be at evening, you will hear the hoarse whistles of a dozen steamers, as they back into mid-stream, the negroes on their decks scrambling among the freight and singing rude songs, while the hoarse cries of the captains are heard above the noise of escaping steam.

Let us, in another paper, look at the industrial aspects of New Orleans, Louisiana, and the river regions contributing to their markets, and continue our studies of the people and the peculiarities of this richest of low-land countries.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

NOVEMBER MORNING.

ROARING, the wild south-wester
 Fills the wide heaven with its clamor,
 Ploughing the ocean and smiting
 The land like a ponderous hammer.

Lo, how the vast grey spaces
 Wrestle and roll and thunder,
 Billow piled upon billow,
 Closing and tearing asunder,

As if the deep raged with the anger
 Of hosts of the fabulous kraken !
 And the firm house shudders and trembles,
 Beaten, buffeted, shaken !

Battles the gull with the tempest,
 Struggling and wavering and faltering,
 Soaring and striving and sinking,
 Turning, its high course altering.

Down through the cloudy heaven
 Notes from the wild geese are falling,
 Cries like harsh bell-tones are ringing,
 Echoing, clanging, and calling.

Plunges the schooner landward,
 Swiftly the long seas crossing,
 Close-reefed, seeking the harbor,
 Half lost in the spray she is tossing.

A rift in the roof of vapor !
 And stormy sunshine is streaming
 To color the grey, wild water
 Like chrysoprase, green and gleaming.

Cold and tempestuous ocean,
 Ragged rock, brine-swept, and lonely,
 Grasp of the long, bitter winter,—
 These things to gladden me only !

Love, dost thou wait for me in some rich land
 Where the gold orange hangs in odorous calm ?—
 Where the clear waters kiss the flowery strand,
 Bordered with shining sand and groves of palm ?

And while this bitter morning breaks for me,
 Draws to its close thy warm, delicious day ;
 Lights, colors, perfumes, music, joy, for thee,
 For me the cold, wild sea, the cloudy grey !

Rises the red moon in thy tranquil sky,
 Plashes the fountain with its silver talk,
 And as the evening wind begins to sigh,
 Thy sweet girl's shape steals down the garden walk.

A white robe glimmering through the scented dusk,
 Lingering beneath the starry jasmine sprays,
 Where thy thick-clustered roses breathe of musk,
 A sudden gush of song thy light step stays.

That was the nightingale! O Love of mine,
 Hear'st thou my voice in that pathetic song,
 Sinking in passionate cadences divine,
 Fainting and failing with its rapture strong?

I stretch my arms to thee through all the cold,
 Through all the dark, across the weary space
 Between us, and thy slender form I fold,
 And gaze into the wonder of thy face.

Pure brow, the moonbeam touches, tender eyes,
 Splendid with feeling, delicate smiling mouth,
 And heavy silken hair that darkly lies
 Soft as the twilight clouds in thy sweet South.

O beautiful my Love, in vain I seek
 To hold the heavenly dream that fades from me!
 I needs must wake, with salt spray on my cheek
 Flung from the fury of this northern sea.

FOR PASTIME.

IF anything could make one sure of a destiny that shapes our ends, and against which it is of very little use to contend, it would be the odd and apparently unaccountable freaks that now and then take possession of a man, and lead him to do something altogether outside of his usual routine and contrary to his habits of life. In the case of a man of leisure, whose inclination naturally forms his habits, you might easily suppose them contrary to his inclination, as well. It was a freak of this kind which led Walter Phelps to refuse to join a family party, consisting of his own mother and sisters, his younger brother John, and his cousin, Miss Margaret Sturgis, with her maiden aunt. They were to make the tour of the Northern lakes, and to settle down for a few restful weeks in the Lake Superior region, returning in time for the grand climacteric at Saratoga, and the parting glories of the season at Newport.

He wanted a little outing quite to himself, he said, and said it as one who was in earnest. It was something new for him. He was one of the men fond of being entertained, and accustomed to be made much of; fond, too, of his own woman-kind, and usually quite to be relied on for

escort duty. His mother and sisters had remonstrated at first, but he told them that, with John in attendance, they surely would not need him. And Miss Margaret Sturgis, his cousin, maintained that he was quite right. So they had started for the north-west, and he for the north-east at about the same time. He had provided himself with the multitudinous equipment of an angler, and already he had stopped in two or three different small villages in New Hampshire, failing so far to find a spot which the trout and he were agreed in approving.

At last, one evening, he was staging it through the beautiful Pemigewasset valley, and watching the sunset glory upon the hills and over the tranquil river. They were just entering a little village, and he turned his eyes by chance—still Destiny, you see, was playing him as if he had been a pawn on a chess-board—away from the river, crimson with sunset, to notice on the other side a picturesque old house among the trees. As they came opposite the door, he saw standing in it a girl whose lovely piquant face flashed on his sight for a moment and then vanished, as the stage-driver, after the manner of his tribe, whipped up his tired horses into a wild

spasm of despairing energy in order to drive up in state to the hotel. Mr. Phelps had meant only to spend the night in this little village of Riverside; but it began to look to him like a good trout region. When he was shown into a large comfortable chamber overlooking the river, his conviction strengthened; and by the time he had eaten his neatly-served, well-cooked supper, he was sure that if the trout did not come there it was so much the worse for the trout.

A soft summer moon was rising as he went out on the piazza, and he strolled away in the tempting summer night, and went—but this was of set purpose and not at all to be put down to the account of Destiny—toward the house where he had seen the vision of fresh, young loveliness in the doorway. It was a picturesque old place, a square house, the roof sloping up on each side toward a square erection, which was a sort of large-sized cupola. The trees that overshadowed this New England home were old and stately enough for an English park—haughty-looking trees, though they belonged to plain New England people. I use that word belonged, as if it were not a mockery to talk of transient wayfarers on this planet as owning the solid earth, the waiting hills, the whispering trees, that were here long before they came; that will be here, glowing in the warmth and light of each day's sunshine, long after these brief sojourners are dust. Shall property mock its possessor with its own permanence? There is only one Proprietor, because only one who can outlast his possessions; and when David said, "The earth is the Lord's," he understood the secret of ownership.

But Walter Phelps was not of a speculative turn of mind; he only thought of the trees as indicating an old estate. "Some of our stout New England yeomanry," he mused, "who may very likely have lived here for generations. The old house seems almost as strong as the land it is built on—but that girl looked like an exotic. She must be worth knowing, if one could only find out a way. But she is not the girl, nor are such people as live here the people, to permit any impertinent familiarity."

Just then Destiny took up the cards again, and shuffled them for him.

A horse came tearing along the country road at a frightful pace. It took only a glance to show the looker-on that he was running away. The vehicle, a sort of

Dr.'s sulky, was swaying from side to side, and its occupant had evidently lost all control of the excited horse. Mr. Phelps glanced round. A few rods in front of him the road turned suddenly and sharply, and unless the animal had sense enough to turn with it, there was nothing to prevent him from dashing everything to pieces against a solid stone wall. There was no lack of pluck or of muscle about Walter Phelps. He had been stroke oar of his boat's crew in college—he had reserved force enough, and knew how and where to use it. He walked leisurely toward the horse, with an air as listless and *dégagee* as if he were in a ball-room; but suddenly he had caught the bit with a grip like steel, and the astonished animal stood still in the highway, much surprised, no doubt, at this interruption to his high-footed proceedings.

"Much obliged, I'm sure," came a voice from the interior of the carriage; "I had been calculating the probabilities, and had about concluded that unless I should be saved by a miracle, it would take a better surgeon than I am myself to set my bones. If you'll hold this blood-and-thunder quadruped a moment more, I'll get out and lead him home."

With which words a portly man of a little past fifty descended from the sulky and reached out for the bridle rein.

"Let me keep it," Walter Phelps said politely, "you are somewhat shaken by your adventure. Let me lead the beast home, or drive him, as you please."

"Oh, home is just here, and you will come in and let Bessie thank you."

Could the young beauty be this man's wife? But no; the idea was monstrous. A shuffling sort of farm hand had heard the noise by this time, and came round to the gate.

"Take good care of this beast and rub him down well, for he's been having plenty of exercise," said the master, coolly; and then the horse was led away, and the two men walked up from the front gate to the house together. Already the beauty of Walter Phelps's sunset vision was in the door.

"Well, Miss Bessie," the master of the house said cheerfully, "the new horse has been running away. I stood a fair chance of being dashed to pieces against the stone wall; but when I had just said to myself that I could only be saved by a miracle, this unknown hero caught my horse by the

bit and saved me. It only wanted that I should have been a beautiful and belated damsel, instead of a hoary old country doctor, to have it read like a page out of a novel."

"You are better worth saving than any belated damsel I know of," Bessie said, as she kissed him; "and how I thank the 'miracle' that saved you I have no words strong enough to tell."

"The 'miracle' is Walter Phelps, by name, at your service, and only too glad of so easy an opportunity to earn your thanks. I am staying at the hotel, near by, and I will call to-morrow, if I may, to see whether the adventure has had any more serious consequences than appear at present."

"The more often we see you the better," his host answered with cordial hospitality, and Phelps fancied that Miss Bessie's eyes seconded the invitation.

"Papa is forgetting to tell you that he is Dr. Crandall," she said, as she bade him good night; "the only doctor in the place, and you've done a good many people a service, when you kept *his* bones whole."

So Fate had been, was it kind or unkind—only the future can say which—to Walter Phelps; or let us call it indulgent. He walked back through the moonlight to his hotel, in a mood of mild self-congratulation. She was certainly a girl—they were a family—on whom no impertinent intrusion would have been tolerated. He might have staid in Riverside all summer, angling in vain for the opening which destiny and his own steel-like muscles had made for him to-night. He was born under a lucky star. But just there conscience pricked him, and asked a question he could not evade. Why did he want to know this Bessie Crandall—what could she be to him—why should he seek her? He stood still, and answered the inquiry—answered it all the more defiantly because he knew he was wrong.

"I want to know her just for pastime—and why not? Are men and women like tinder and flint that they cannot meet without falling in love? In this dull place any interest is a blessing. No doubt I shall entertain Miss Crandall, as much as her beauty will please me; and when the summer is over it will be autumn all the same, whether we have amused ourselves or been bored."

Mr. Phelps went down late to breakfast, the next morning, and found himself a hero. Dr. Crandall had driven by, and

stopped to tell the landlord the story of his rescue. Phelps had saved from accident the most popular man in the village, and the village was determined to make much of him. He did not go over to Dr. Crandall's until afternoon—he would not be in haste, or intrusive. The Doctor was not at home—possibly he had counted on this in timing his visit—but Bessie received him with a satisfying welcome.

"I took it lightly last night," she said, "but I never slept all night for thinking how easily he might have been killed; and he is all I have in the world."

Walter Phelps begged her not to humiliate him by too much gratitude for a service which cost him nothing beyond a momentary exertion of strength; but her thanks and praises were very pleasant, nevertheless. He leaned back in his chair and surveyed her critically, from under half closed lids. She was a lady, certainly. His cousin Margaret was no more entirely well-bred—but how different they were—as different as ice and fire, flesh and marble. Bessie was slight and lissome and girlish of figure. She had great, dusky eyes, out of which the child's eagerness had not yet faded, though the woman's longing and passion were in them too. Her hair was dark, with a soft ripple in it. Her features were piquant, rather than regular—the broad, sunny brow, the nose not quite straight, the sensitive, sweet mouth, the clear, dark skin, the rounded cheeks where the color came and went—you could not ask for anything brighter or lovelier, or yet more different from the absolute perfection of Miss Margaret Sturgis, not one line of whose classic face an artist would have ventured to criticise.

Their manners were as unlike as their faces. Both were perfectly refined, but Miss Sturgis had the aplomb and self-possession, the unvarying calmness and repose which come only of careful training and wide social experience. Bessie, on the other hand, was swayed by her impulses, as a butterfly is blown by a summer wind. These impulses, however, being always pure and sweet, the moods of a womanly and gracious soul, the result was quite as charming as the more reasonable deportment of a colder woman. Unconsciously all these comparisons drifted through the young man's mind. Miss Sturgis was the woman whom, aside from his mother and sisters, he had seen most of in his life, and of whom he had almost

unknowingly made a standard of comparison for all other women. Bessie was so curiously unlike her that there was a charm in this new study.

To do him justice, he pursued it faithfully. He pretended to be there for trout-fishing; but the trout had little to fear. There was always a reason for his going to see Bessie Crandall, which would not admit of delay. He sent to town for books and music—and one by one he must take them to her. He had a tenor voice, full of flexibility and sweetness, and he sang to her while she played his accompaniments. If he went fishing, she must go to show him the way. None of these proceedings disturbed Dr. Crandall. The manner in which their acquaintance began had made the Doctor friendly. He was glad to make the return of a cheerful and cordial hospitality. As for Bessie, it never occurred to him that she was in any danger. If it had been suggested, he would have said that he knew Bessie, and she wasn't the girl to fancy every acquaintance a lover, or to lose her heart until somebody asked for it.

In this last, he would have been right; but there are more ways of asking than one. Walter Phelps spoke no word of love, but the songs he sang were tender with some passionate old poet's devotion and longing—the books he gave her were such as a lover would choose—and his daily eagerness to see her, told her more plainly than words how pleasant he found her society. She combined in her nature the fervor of a woman and the honest simplicity of a child. She was too inexperienced to ask herself why he did not *speak* —it was sufficient for her that he *was* . Her heart had been like a tight-closed rosebud when he came; and its petals were opening already to the warmth of this new summer, of which he was the sun.

Meantime, he, poor fellow, was not quite comfortable in his mind. This acquaintance had not been less pleasant than he imagined it would be—but it was growing too serious. Not that Bessie had in the slightest degree thrown herself at his head. She was too delicate a woman—too shy beneath her frankness—for anything like that. To save his life he could not tell whether she really cared for him or not, and he was beginning to long ardently to know. Yet it was a question that he must not ask; and he began to see that from asking it he could find no decent, not to say chivalrous, escape. If he had been

wooing Bessie Crandall for his wife, he could hardly have done more or other than he had been doing for nearly six weeks past. And now his family were imperatively summoning him. They had returned as far as Saratoga; and, in this haunt of the well-dressed, they found one escort for them all an insufficient allowance—he must have caught and eaten trout enough by this time to turn his brain into phosphorus, and, really, they could spare him no longer. He felt that he must go—at once, that is, to-morrow. This afternoon he would pass with Bessie.

As he went toward the house where he had spent so many pleasant hours he felt himself a coward. Could he go away and not tell her the truth? Would any truth, however hard or cruel, be so ignoble as to depart, leaving her, if indeed she cared for him at all, a prey to the vain expectations he had done his best to create? Would—but he paused. Fate must settle it all. Perhaps she did not care; and if so no harm was done. But all the while he was conscious of a wild, miserable longing to see the light of love in her eyes, and to kiss the sweet, sensitive mouth, trembling with its first words of tenderness for him. He went in, and found Bessie in the great, cool parlor, fragrant with flowers. She was a creature of infinite variety; coquettish sometimes, argumentative sometimes, serious sometimes, and never twice the same. This afternoon she was changeful and brilliant, and elusive as the humming-bird that flitted in and out of the rose-tree under her window. Her mood tortured him. If he was brutal, that torture, perhaps, was a slight excuse—but then brutality is so often the resource of a perplexed man. If he only knew whether she cared for him! If not, he might spare himself the confession he had to make—but how could he be sure?

He drew a picture from his pocket, a little miniature painted on ivory—the face of a woman pure and proud and cold—“icily regular, splendidly null,” he had said to himself this very day as he looked at it in his own chamber.

“I believe I have never shown you this,” he said, handing it to Bessie,—“do you think it handsome?”

“Your sister?” she asked, looking at the picture carelessly.

“No, my cousin, Miss Margaret Sturgis, whom I am engaged to marry.”

He had longed to know whether she

cared for him; but in that moment I think he would rather his doubt had remained unsolved.

She turned suddenly white to the very lips. As long as he lives he will never forget that momentary glimpse of her, with all her young warmth and brightness gone—a woman of stone. She was both proud and brave, and she would never lower her flag to the enemy. In a moment the color had come back to cheeks and lips, and her voice did not even tremble as she answered, quietly—

"Yes, she is very handsome; one of those beauties about whom there can be no question. I congratulate you."

He had been shocked when he saw that she suffered; but now her swift composure piqued him, and he showed it in his tone as he replied:

"I am not sure that I am ready to be congratulated. Marriage, at best, is an experiment."

"I think you are disloyal to your cousin," she said, with a little scorn in her tone, "when you receive my congratulations in such doubtful fashion."

"Would to heaven that were my only disloyalty!" he murmured, in so low a voice that Bessie did not feel herself obliged to hear it. She led the conversation in quite other channels; and jested and mocked and sparkled, so that if he had not seen her white face of stone for that one revealing moment, he would have believed that she cared not at all for all the summer that was passed.

Dr. Crandall had returned before he went away, and the parting was general.

The next day he went to his cousin.

A profound student of human nature says that, in marriage, the certainty "She will never love me much," is easier to bear than the fear "I shall love her no more." It must be much the same with lovers. There had always been a vague though possibly mistaken impression in Walter Phelps's mind that his cousin would never be very passionately in love with him; and that had never much troubled him. Passionate love, he thought, was not in the line of her temperament; and he had been well enough satisfied without it. Her grace and beauty had charmed his taste, her preference had flattered his pride; he had looked forward with pleasure to being the envied husband of a much admired woman, whose very coldness was his security, since she was sure never to turn

coquettish or light-minded on his hands.

But now a terrible fear beset him lest he should never be able to love her. He had not guessed how deep an impression Bessie had made on him until he felt how savorless the calm faultless beauty of Margaret Sturgis had become. Involuntarily he was constantly contrasting her with Bessie; as at Riverside he had been trying Bessie by *her* standard. It was like passing from a gallery of paintings, alive with color and glow and brightness, into a hall of sculptured marbles, still and pure and white, and oh! so cold. There are those who like the marbles best—who see in them a noble grace the more sensuous art of painting can never reach—but Walter Phelps was not of these. He missed Bessie's riant little face with its dark beauty, her gay laughter, her sudden moods of half-pathetic tenderness; she was a woman, you perceive, after his own heart, while the homage he had paid to the other for so many years had been but the clear perception of his intellect.

He had never been used to self-control; no experience had taught him to submit patiently to discomforts of mind or body. He was uncomfortable now; and his boyish impulse was to run away from his uneasiness. He had not yet learned that trouble is like the ghost which had tormented a certain worthy family for years. The good wife finally concluded to move, in order to escape him; but when the last load of goods was on the van, a neighbor passed that way, and said, "So you're moving?" "Yes," cried the ghost, lifting from among the beds and cushions a voice of congratulation; "yes, we're *all* going." Walter Phelps had not learned that all maladies which are of the spirit have wings by right of birth, and will fly with us wherever we go. He thought Europe would have resources enough to put out of mind one little, brown, mocking face. He would try it. Miss Sturgis should go with him, if she would. He could take her over to the old Greek marble women, with whom she seemed to belong. What if she should choose to turn into stone there, and live on forever in a white dream of beauty? He laughed at his own conceit, and then went to his cousin.

With an altogether unflattering abruptness, he proposed to her to be married at once, and catch the next steamer for Europe. The mood to go was on him now—he had no patience with waiting—as

for gowns and things, they were plenty there as blackberries in New Hampshire.

Miss Sturgis was a thorough-bred, self-contained woman of the world; but she was neither without heart nor without perception. Whether the New Hampshire in his comparison suggested anything to her I do not know; but, at any rate, she had no mind to be married in an unsentimental haste that did not even pretend to excuse itself by any passionate ardor of love.

She refused his proposal with quiet firmness; and I do not think he was at all sorry to start upon his travels alone.

Europe diverted him, however, less than he had expected. He spoke American French, and it did not open to him any wild delights of a social nature. For vulgar dissipation he had no taste. At that stage in his career he was, no doubt, selfish, ease-loving, good-for-naught—but he was always pure-minded. The balls of the Mabilles only disgusted him—the salons of a society, corresponding to his own in New York, were not open to him. He liked painting and music and sculpture, all of them with mild, good taste—not one of them was capable of giving him an intense emotion. He would have gone home in a year, had not the problem of his life waited at home for his solution. He sought for light on it in all the accustomed directions—he wintered in France to no purpose—he passed the next winter in Rome, with no better success. A summer in Switzerland, and another in northern Europe served him no farther—and at the end of two years he went home, just as puzzled and uncomfortable a man as when he sailed away from New York.

Meantime Miss Sturgis had been thinking. Would a lover who loved her have staid away two years? When he had asked her to go with him, had it not been with a make-the-best-of-it air?

These thoughts were in her mind when he returned to her, and asked her if, at last, she were ready to name the wedding-day.

She looked at him with a curious expression of inquiry, just touched, or at least he thought so, with scorn.

"This is sweetly courteous of you, I am sure," she said, in her cold, clear tones; "but I want to understand you perfectly—do you ask me to be your wife because you love me with a love that would choose me out of all the world; or because, after our understanding in the past, honor constrains you?"

"It is late in the day to ask that question," he said, with what indignant manhood he could summon, "now that you have been my promised wife four years."

She smiled—a smile which promised him no consolation.

"Well, I will change the conditions, then. I am no longer your promised wife. I withdraw every pledge I ever made you. Now, if you seek me, it must be afresh. You have thought me a cold woman; but I tell you that any man would marry me at his peril who could not give me the uttermost love of his heart. It would be a treason I could never forgive—I should be inexorable as death. Do not speak one word more to me of marriage, unless you know, in your soul, that you love me with a devotion that is absolute, exclusive, and for all time."

He had never come so near doing just this thing as at that moment. The keen excitement of her mood had breathed life into this seeming statue. Her eyes shone with a new fire. A brilliant scarlet glowed on her cheeks. There were new tones in her well-bred voice. He had never found her so intoxicating. I think he would have thrown himself at her feet, but that he feared her. Possibly, also, he feared himself. It may be that he had self-knowledge enough to understand that when the excitement of this mood was over, and she had gone back to her old graceful and gracious repose, she would fail to satisfy him, as she did before. With Bessie forever blithe and bonny and beguiling in his memory, dare he swear that he loved Margaret absolutely, exclusively, and for all time?

He rose and bowed courteously.

"You have chosen," he said, "for what reason I am unable even to conjecture, to break the bonds that bound us—to cast doubts upon a feeling you seemed in other days to find satisfactory. Against such caprice I am not skilled or patient enough to contend. I will not torment you with entreaties—you shall be, as you have chosen, mistress of your own future."

He made his exit with dignity, as he thought. Her eyes followed him with a smile half scornful and wholly sad. "So go four years of a lifetime," she said to herself.

The very next afternoon found Mr. Phelps in Riverside. The image of Bessie had taken on new charms, now that to win her seemed possible. One woman had

weighed him in the balance and found him wanting. There would be sweet and full amends in the greeting of this less judicial charmer, who had never seemed disposed even to criticise him. He found a cruel consolation in remembering the swift pallor that had overspread her face when he showed her Miss Sturgis's picture. All through his hurried journey he had been picturing to himself the sweetness of her welcome. How the young cheeks would crimson, the dewy eyes gleam and glow, the sweet mouth tremble! That there would be any difficulty—that she might be estranged, or cold, or dead even, never once occurred to him. Two years had gone by, bringing change and experience to him, as was natural, but she—surely she must be still just that same half-opened rosebud of a girl—like a flower in a picture that

"biddeth fair to blossom soon.

But it never, never blossoms in this picture, and
the moon

Never ceases to be crescent, and the June is always
June!"

He went to see her at about the same hour on which he had seen her first. He knew the household ways. They would be through tea—the Doctor would have gone out—she would be alone. He would have the long twilight, the sweet summer evening, in which to make her happy, to sun himself in her soft joy. He half thought he should find her in the door, as he had seen her stand so often, white-robed and fair. But he saw no one when he drew near the house. For the first time he thought, "what, if she were dead!" and shivered, as he knocked at the door. A new servant answered his summons, and his inquiry whether Miss Bessie was in.

He sent up his card, and then waited for her in the parlor below, his heart beating as no woman had ever made it beat before. She looked at the bit of paste-board, and smiled. He had come again, then—this man who held her heart in the hollow of his hand, that other summer, and played with and pitied it, "with a poor-thing negligence!" She took a sheet of paper, and wrote on it:—

"Do not come to-night—I will tell you why, to-morrow."

This she gave to her maid, with a few words of direction; and then looking a moment in the glass—for who does not adjust his armor before going into battle—she went down stairs.

She was not quite the Bessie Walter Phelps had expected to see; yet he could not have defined the change. Certainly she was not less beautiful. If anything, her sparkling, changeful face had gained in charm. But there was an added self-possession in her manner—a new pride in voice and gesture. This was not a girl for any man to love and ride away. Nor, sincere as was his purpose, did he find it easy to tell her for what he had come. She had some new power over herself and others. She chose, for a while, to keep the conversation on indifferent subjects. She wished to take a fresh sense of this hero, whose star had once ruled her heavens—to see, with her matured powers of perception, what manner of man he was. Would he be able to stir her pulses with any of the old thrill? She thought not—but he might try, if he chose; it would be well that she should be altogether sure of herself.

So at last she let him ask the question for the sake of which he had come. He was too much in earnest, now, for dainty gallantries. He asked her in a few plain words to be his wife; and she answered with a little spice of wickedness, for she was a very human little creature:—

"But your cousin, Miss Margaret Sturgis! I supposed you had married her, long ago."

"No, Bessie, you had made that impossible. I only found out how well I loved you after I had left you. Margaret was too clear-sighted to be deceived, and when she guessed my secret she gave me up. Never fear but I am honorably released. I am yours, now, if you will have me."

"I am afraid Mr. Robert Niles would object," she said, demurely.

"Who is Mr. Robert Niles?"

She answered with deliberate cruelty, bearing in mind the very words with which, two years before, he had turned her to stone:—

"My friend, whom I am engaged to marry."

Walter Phelps was proud. There is pluck and courage in the *jeunesse dorée*. He, too, remembered the old time—the old words. "I congratulate you," he said, as coolly as she had spoken the same words of old.

"Thank you," she answered—"I know Mr. Niles so well that I do not think my marriage will be an experiment."

Just before he left her, his heart softened over her, and conquered his pride.

"I have loved you very dearly," he said.

"I did not guess how well, in that old summer; but I knew afterwards that I had never really cared for any other woman. Is it too much for me to ask, in the name of all I feel for you, whether you *love* this Mr. Niles?"

Her nature, always as exquisitely true as it was exquisitely tender, impelled her to the frank confidence which was all she could give him now. If he were really noble enough to rejoice in her happiness, she would make him sure of it.

"Yes," she said, with grave, sweet seriousness. "I love Robert Niles. I was very near to loving you, two summers ago; but I felt that you treated me ill. You had played with my heart for pastime, but it was a prouder heart than you knew. You had amused yourself with me, careless of what you might make me suffer, while you, yourself, were engaged to another woman. When I knew the truth, it aroused against you my pride and my indignation, and they cured my budding love. Since then I have known and loved Robert Niles, and he satisfies me entirely."

Walter Phelps looked at her in the soft summer dusk—this fair woman who was not for him. He knew that he had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; and that for him there was no place for repentance.

"God bless you for a sweet, true woman, whosever wife you are," he said fervently; and then he went away from her in the twilight, out of the peaceful old house; out of the lilac-bordered yard; out of her life, forever.

Rumor says that sometime after that he tried to win back Margaret Sturgis and failed. She married his younger brother John, who had adored her with single-hearted devotion since that summer when he did escort duty at the Northern Lakes in place of Walter, the absentee. John has never been known to complain that his wife was cold. He prefers his stately white

lily to any other man's ardent rose; and there are those who testify to having seen Mrs. John Phelps in her nursery, and heard her talk sweet, foolish, idle baby-talk as rapturously as any common mother of them all.

So you perceive our trifler wasted no one's day but his own, in his pastime. The two women, neither of whom he quite knew how to love steadfastly, were happy in spite of him; and he—we can afford to pity him, for he is very much alone.

Nor does he enjoy loneliness. Certain platitudes about love are much in fashion, implying that man's need of love is less than woman's; but there are men and men, as there are women and women. Walter Phelps is precisely the kind of man to covet domestic life. Dissipation, as I said, does not attract him, for his nature is refined. He has money enough without looking for it, so he has not the excitement of business. He has no political ambition; nor has he the tastes of a student. A happy home is precisely what he needs; but he threw his chance for that away in his youth. Remembering the past, he has a vague idea what love is; and he is determined not to marry without it. So, ever since, he has been pursuing a hope that has constantly eluded him. He can never, try how he will, feel again the glow at his heart that warmed him when he waited that last day for Bessie, in the old house at Riverside. Society has come, at last, to look with mild contempt upon his patient experiments.

I danced with him, last night—a well-preserved man of forty-five—and I wondered if he, as well as I, heard an all-wise young chit of seventeen, in the insolent pride of youth and beauty, say to the pretty boy of twenty who was holding her fan—

"Just see what airs he gives himself, that old beau!"

SONNETS.

I.

Of other men I know no jealousy,
 Nor of the maid who holds thee close, O close;
 But of the June-red, summer-scented rose,
 And of the orange-streaked sunset sky
 That wins the soul of thee through thy deep eye,
 And of the breeze, by thee beloved, that goes
 O'er thy dear hair and brow; the song that flows
 Into thy heart of hearts where it may die.
 I would I were one moment that sweet show
 Of flower; or breeze beloved that toucheth all;
 Or sky that through the summer eve doth burn.
 I would I were the song thou lovest so,
 At sound of me to have thine eyelid fall:
 But I would then to something human turn!

II.

Love me not, Love, for that I first loved thee,
 Nor love me, Love, for thy sweet pity's sake,
 In knowledge of the mortal pain and ache
 Which is the fruit of love's blood-veined tree.
 Let others for my love give love to me;
 From other souls O gladly will I take,
 This heart-dry, hunger-thirst of love to slake,
 What seas of human pity there may be.
 Nay, nay, I care no more how love may grow,—
 So that I hear thee answer to my call!
 Love me because my piteous tears do flow,
 Or that my love for thee did first befall.
 Love me or late or early, fast or slow;
 But love me, Love, for love is one and all!

III.

We are alike, and yet—O strange and sweet!—
 Each in the other difference discerns.
 So the torn strands the maiden's finger turns
 Opposing ways, when they again do meet
 Clasp into each, as flame clasps into heat.
 So when my hand on my cool bosom burns,
 Each sense is lost in the other. So two urns
 Upon a shelf the self-same lines repeat,
 But various color gives a lovelier grace.
 And each is finer for its complement.
 Therefore it is I did forget thy face
 As deeper into thy deep soul I went:
 Vague in my mind it grew till, in its place,
 One that I know not from my own was sent.

IV.

A night of stars and dreams, of dreams and sleep ;
A waking into another empty day—
But not unlovely all, for then I say :
“To-morrow !” Through the hours that light doth creep
Higher in the heavens, as down the heavenly steep
Sinks the slow sun. Another evening grey,
Made glorious by the morn that comes that way.
Another night, and then To-day doth leap
Upon the world ! O quick the moments fly
That bring that one the hand-maiden and queen
Of moments all ! Swift up the shaking sky
Rushes the sun from out its dolesome den ;
And then the sacred time doth yearn more nigh ;
A long, brief waiting in the dark—and then !

V.

My love for thee doth march like armed men
Toward a queenly city they would take.
Along that army's front the banners shake ;
Across the mountain and the sun-smit plain
It steadfast sweeps as sweeps the steadfast rain.
And now the trumpet makes the still air quake ;
And now the thundering cannon doth awake
Echo on echo, echoing again.
But, lo, the conquest higher than bard had sung !
Instead of answering cannon comes a small
White flag ; the iron gates are open flung,
And flowers before the invaders' footsteps fall.
That city's conquerors feast their foes among,
And their brave flags are trophies on her wall.

VI.

Thy lover, Love, would have some nobler way
To tell his love, his noble love to tell,
Than in these rhymes that ring like silver bell.
O he would lead an army, great and gay,
From conquering to conquer, day by day ;
And when the walls of a proud citadel
At summons of his guns loud echoing fell,
That thunder to his Love should murmuring say :
“Thee only do I love, dear Love of mine !”
And while men cried, “Behold how brave a fight !”
She should read well, O well, each new emprise :
This to her lips, this to my lady's eyes !
And though the world were conquered, line on line,
Still would my love be speechless, day and night.

THE STORY OF A TELESCOPE.

WHEN we trace back the chain of causes which led to the construction of the great Washington telescope, we find it to commence with so small a matter as the accidental breaking of a dinner bell in the year 1843 at the Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. One of the scholars of the Academy, George B. Clark by name, gathered up the fragments of the bell, took them to his home in Cambridgeport, put them into a crucible with some tin, and proceeded to melt them in the kitchen fire. His mother very naturally inquired the cause of such an interference with the culinary arrangements, to which he replied that he was going to make a telescope. Having melted his metals, he cast them into a disc, and commenced grinding them into a slightly concave mirror. His father learning what he was doing, lent a helping hand, and the combined skill of father and son was soon rewarded by the completion of a five-inch reflecting telescope which would show the satellites of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, and other telescopic objects.

Such was the origin of the now well-known firm of *Alvan Clark & Sons*. The father was then a portrait painter in Cambridgeport, and within the limited circle of his acquaintance the accuracy of his portraits and the patience which he devoted to their finish, brought his work into high esteem. He was entirely self-made, having received no higher education than that afforded by the district school of his native place, or by his own reading; but this defect was more than compensated by his natural genius, which was of a much higher order than that of the so-called practical man. It is interesting to notice the early development of those qualities he has since exhibited in the construction of telescopes. At the time of which we speak he was much more widely known as a champion shooter with rifles of his own make than he was as a portrait painter. His success in this apparently unartistic and unscientific pursuit was due to the extreme accuracy with which he cut the bores of his weapons, and figured his balls, and to the precision of his eye-sight.

He now entered with ardor upon the path so curiously opened up by the experiment of his son. He made reflectors of larger size, and began to employ them in scanning the heavens. Among other objects he examined was the great Nebula

of Orion, that celestial mystery which nearly every great telescope of the world has sought to unravel. He confined himself to making a little map of all the small stars he could see in the nebula, and when it was done he exhibited it to Professor Bond, the director of the newly-founded observatory at Cambridge. Surprise was expressed at the number of minute stars Mr. Clark could see with so small an instrument, and the astronomer remarked one in particular which Herschel had not seen with his twenty-foot reflector.

Mr. Clark now began to consider the feasibility of grinding the glasses of a refracting telescope, and suggested the project to his son. "Ah, father, we cannot do it," replied the learned boy. "All the writers say that figuring a lens is an operation of extreme difficulty." But the father was not a man to be stopped by any dictum of so vague a body as that of "writers," and he resolved to make the attempt. A pair of four-inch discs of optical glass were procured, and, after considerable labor, he produced an object glass which seemed to him perfect. He now went to Professor Bond and told him that he had a four-inch glass which he proposed to try alongside of a Munich glass, which Bond considered one of the finest he had ever seen. The proposal was accepted, and the new glass was brought to the observatory, mounted in a wooden tube. Pointing it at a bright star the practiced eye of the astronomer soon detected what seemed to be a very serious defect. The glass did not show the star in its proper shape as a simple lucid point, but added a little tail like that of a minute comet, which seemed to extend upwards from the star. Mr. Clark looked. There was the tail sure enough. Yet he was quite sure the glass had never before shown such an appendage, and that it was not due to any defect in the instrument itself. But he was quite unable to explain it, and the glass was in consequence pronounced a failure.

After considerable thought and experiment the cause of the difficulty was divined. The wooden tube under the cold sky radiated heat from its upper surface, and was warmed by the heat from the ground on its under surface. The result was that inside of the tube was a very thin layer of warm air at the bottom, and an equally thin layer of cold air on top. The tube

was scarcely larger on the inside than the aperture of the object glass. The consequence was that much of the light which traversed the extreme edge of the glass was refracted upwards by these layers of air through which it had to pass, and formed the tail to the star. Mr. Clark found that he could avoid the difficulty by making the tube at least half an inch larger than the glass, and wrapping tin-foil around it when he used it under the open sky. The small radiating power of the tin-foil prevents its cooling so rapidly by radiation to the sky, while it reflects most of the heat which comes from the ground, and thus preserves a more equable temperature than the naked wood.

During several years Mr. Clark devoted his leisure to the making of glasses of gradually increasing size, which he mounted in the simplest manner, and generally sold to private individuals. Some of these are still to be found in the hands of exhibitors on Boston Common. To many of our readers it may seem strange that a maker of telescopes equal to any in Europe, should have worked for ten years without receiving the slightest recognition or encouragement from any official, scientific, or educational quarter, although the time was most favorable for such recognition. The year in which he made his first telescope was marked by the projection or foundation of the Cambridge, Washington, and Cincinnati observatories, and the ten years during which he worked in entire obscurity were those of the revival, or, we might say, the foundation of practical astronomy in the United States. The case strongly illustrates the cause which more than any other now retards the progress of science in America; namely, our total indifference to genius which does not force itself into notice. Even at the present time the highest scientific ability in this country stands hardly a chance of recognition away from the great center of activity. As these lines are written, one of the first mathematicians of the century—fairly the peer of Hansen or Leverrier—has for ten years studied and worked in obscurity in a county district without receiving a fourth of the recognition, reward, or encouragement he would have received in any country of Europe.

We trust that every true lover of the intellectual progress of America will feel mortified to learn that the first scientific recognition of Mr. Clark's genius in the diffi-

cult art he has pursued with such success, came from Europe. The Rev. W. R. Dawes of England, was, at the time referred to, one of the leading amateur astronomers in England, and was celebrated for his performances in the measurement of double stars. He was among the finest and most critical judges of telescopes living, while his personal character and virtues corresponded to his intellect. To him Mr. Clark ventured to write without any introduction, describing his efforts in the construction of telescopes, and stating what he had been able to do in resolving the very difficult triple star of Andromeda. This letter opened a correspondence which lasted as long as Mr. Dawes lived. The latter began by sending Mr. Clark a list of certain difficult celestial objects which he wished him to examine and describe. This was done in a manner so satisfactory to Mr. Dawes, that he made a proposal to purchase Mr. Clark's glass, which the latter accepted, and the glass was sent over to England in the Autumn of 1853. Its performance was so satisfactory that Mr. Dawes soon ordered a second. The reason for sending these orders to America was that there was not, at that time, an establishment in England which could grind a large object glass into accurate shape, so that English astronomers were in this respect entirely dependent upon the two or three German houses who possessed the art. When a thirteen-inch telescope was constructed for the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, it was found necessary to send to Munich for the object glass.

Although England had lost the art of shaping object glasses, the yet more difficult art of casting rough glass of the necessary purity and uniformity was brought to the highest perfection by an English firm, of which we shall have further occasion to speak. Mr. Clark was therefore obliged to import his rough discs to fill the orders of Mr. Dawes. Here he met with a serious obstacle from a piece of machinery operated by the Government for the nominal purpose of "protecting domestic industry," but the real effect of which is to obstruct the higher forms of industry by increasing the cost of all the appliances necessary to their successful prosecution. The Custom-House no sooner found Mr. Clark importing unheard-of lumps of glass of great value than it set upon him as if he were a public enemy. Optical glass not being then recognized in

the tariff, the discs were classified as cut glass, owing to one or two square inches on the edge having been polished to test them; and the enormous duty of 30 per cent. was levied upon them. What was still worse, the duty was based not on the actual value of the discs as optical glass, but upon the guarantee value, which included the large additional sum paid to the founder in consideration of guaranteeing that if the glass did not prove good, new discs would be furnished. Applying to the Collector to know whether he could not secure a drawback upon the duties in consideration of the article being designed for re-exportation, he was humorously informed that if he would pay for the services of a watchman to keep control of the glass during the whole period of the manufacture, so that the watchman could swear that the glass exported was the identical one on which the duty had been paid, a drawback would be allowed. These illegal exactions of the Custom-House became so oppressive that Mr. Clark was obliged to appeal to the courts for relief. He brought suit against the Collector for duties illegally levied, and gained his case, but the costs absorbed the whole amount recovered.

The second glass ordered by Mr. Dawes was almost completed when, one day, as Mr. Clark was carrying it out to test it, it slipped from his hands and was broken to pieces. The product of many months of labor, and of no small pecuniary outlay, lay before his eyes a pile of worthless fragments. He could not even begin his work over again until he had again purchased his glass in England, and again paid the demands of the Custom-House. As soon as he could recover from the shock, he sent another order for the glass, but it was so long in being executed that he made inquiries in New York, to learn whether a pair of discs could not be procured there. In this inquiry he was successful, so that when the discs first ordered at length arrived, he had two pairs on hand. He worked the best objective he could from each pair, and sent them both to Mr. Dawes, who found so much difficulty in making a choice that he kept them both.

Mr. Dawes, we may say, was a sort of telescope fancier, who had the keenest appreciation of the good points of a fine instrument, but was always on the track of improvements in the construction and mounting, so as to gain the greatest convenience in use. The German makers were

more or less wedded to their particular forms of machinery for working the instrument, and deviated from them with great reluctance. But Mr. Clark, not being a trained engineer, Mr. Dawes found in him one who was ready to adopt and incorporate in an instrument any feature he might desire, and who would follow his multiplicity of minute directions with the most scrupulous accuracy. When he wished to introduce improvements, his general course was not to alter the instrument he already had, but to order a new one with the improvements, and then sell the old one. With his high reputation, both as a man of character and a judge of telescopes, he never had any difficulty in disposing of such an instrument. It thus happened that up to the time of his death, in 1867, he had ordered some half dozen object glasses and several complete telescopes from Mr. Clark, which are now scattered in various hands throughout England.

During the period of these transactions with Mr. Dawes, Mr. Clark's reputation was widely extended in his own country, and he was able to turn his entire energies to his new profession with a good prospect of success. About 1859 he procured glass for the construction of the largest refracting telescope yet made. The great pair of refractors made by Merz and Mähler for the observatories at Pulkowa and Cambridge had reigned without rivals for about twenty years. The clear aperture of the object glass of each was about fifteen inches. The discs which Mr. Clark now commenced to work were large enough for a clear aperture of $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and would therefore admit about fifty per cent. more light than the instruments of Cambridge and Pulkowa. This glass was completed in 1862, and was scarcely pointed at the heavens in its temporary tube when a remarkable discovery was made with it. To comprehend the interest of this discovery, we must mention a circumstance in the recent history of astronomy.

It is perhaps half a century since Bessel found, by a comparison of Bradley's observations of Sirius, made between 1750 and 1756, with his own, that the motion of that star exhibited a remarkable peculiarity. It did not move in the heavens in a straight line with a uniform velocity like other fixed stars, but varied its motion in such a way as to indicate that it was revolving around some center very near it. Bessel could not doubt that this force was due to the

attraction of an invisible satellite moving around the bright star. Some years afterwards Dr. C. A. F. Peters, by a careful study and comparison of all the observed right ascensions of Sirius, was able to calculate the orbit of the attracting body. Afterwards Mr. T. H. Safford was led to the same result by a study of all the observed declinations of the star, so that there could no longer remain any reasonable doubt that the satellite really existed, though it continued to elude the most careful search.

On the evening of January 31, 1862, Alvan G. Clark, pointed the newly finished glass at Sirius, probably without any knowledge of the researches to which we have alluded. "Why, father," he exclaimed, "there is a companion!" The father looked. There was the satellite surely—distance about ten seconds. As the news went round the world, every great telescope was pointed at Sirius. Now, when it was known exactly where the companion was, it was found that many telescopes would show it, and measures of its distance and direction flowed in from all quarters. The French Academy of Sciences awarded Mr. Clark the Lalande medal, which is given annually to the maker of the most interesting discovery of the year. It was awarded not simply for the discovery, but also for making the object glass which led to it.

The important question whether the satellite was really the disturbing body which had been predicted, could only be settled by long continued observation. After four years it was found that the observed position and motion of the satellite both corresponded so nearly with those predicted from theory that no serious doubt of the identity of the seen and unseen bodies could be entertained.

Mr. Clark commenced the construction of this telescope for the University of Mississippi; but the outbreak of the civil war necessarily prevented that institution from completing its contract, and the glass was sold to the Chicago Astronomical Society. It was placed in charge of Mr. T. H. Safford, the distinguished astronomer and computer of Cambridge. Very little has, however, been done with it, as the architectural defects of the dome in which it is mounted have interfered with its use.

During all the time of which we have been speaking, while observatories supplied

with large telescopes were springing up all over the country, and while an association of private gentlemen had supplied themselves with the largest refracting telescope ever made, the great telescope of the National Observatory of the country was nothing more than a 9½ glass, mounted with all the ancient inconveniences. This was clearly a state of things which called for improvement, but a remedy was by no means easy. When the war had to be prosecuted; when the national debt was to be paid off; and when Mr. E. B. Washburne, "the watchdog of the treasury," presided over the House Committee on Appropriations, asking Congress to vote money for a telescope seemed, indeed, a hopeless enterprise. However, in the summer of 1867, the writer sought an interview with Mr. Clark, to learn on what conditions he could be induced to undertake a telescope for the Government of not less than two feet clear aperture. He was not at all enthusiastic on the subject. He was willing to undertake the work for forty thousand dollars in gold, but would not make a contract on any other than a gold basis, for fear of a subsequent depreciation of the currency. This condition was very embarrassing, as it was not at all likely that Congress could be induced to authorize a gold contract within the country, and the project seemed so hopeless that no further attempt to carry out the scheme was then made.

In the course of the year following the necessity of some action, if the Observatory was ever to have the telescope, became apparent. Rumors that some one else would order the instrument came in from various quarters, and, especially, from Princeton College, where they had gone so far as to project a building for it. As it did not seem likely that Mr. Clark would be able to undertake more than one instrument of the size desired, and as this was expected to occupy more than four years in its completion, prompt action seemed urgently necessary. Accordingly, in his annual report of 1868, Rear Admiral Sands set forth the wants of the Observatory, and the ability of Mr. Clark to supply it, and asked for four annual appropriations, each of ten thousand dollars in gold, to pay for the telescope. But the words were spoken to the empty air. Secretary Welles had adopted the rule that no estimates for improvements in any branch of the Naval service should be sent to

Congress with his sanction, but that expenditures should be confined to what was necessary to keep the public property in repair, and carry on the necessary operations of the Navy on the most limited scale, unless Congress should see fit to authorize more on its own responsibility. The telescope being clearly an improvement, the estimate for its construction could not reach Congress through the proper official channel at all. If Congress had been aware of this rule adopted by the Secretary of the Navy, and had known that the non-appearance of an item of this kind in his estimate by no means indicated disapproval on his part, its ear might still have been obtained for the project. But the Committee on Appropriations did not know anything of the sort, and no amount of statement or explanation could make them aware of it. They looked to the Secretary of the Navy for all estimates for the Naval Observatory, and knew nothing about any except those he recommended.

The recommendation was renewed the year following, but with no better immediate effect. If we were writing only the official history of the project, we should have but to say that about the close of the following session, in July, 1870, Congress suddenly changed its mind, and authorized the telescope. But to explain how Congress came to change its mind, we must intrude upon a private dinner party, given by one of our most honored citizens, trusting for pardon to the great public importance of a movement which originated over the table. Among the party were Senators Hamlin and Casserly, Mr. J. E. Hilgard, of the Coast Survey, and a young gentleman from New York who had spent the day in examining the sights of Washington. Being called upon for an account of what he had seen, he described his visit to the Observatory, and expressed his surprise at the absence of a large telescope, the largest there not only being much smaller than many at quite unknown observatories, but smaller than Mr. Rutherford's in New York. The Senators listened to this statement with incredulity, and appealed to Mr. Hilgard to know whether the visitor was not mistaken through a failure to find the largest telescope of the Observatory. The latter replied that the statement was entirely correct, the telescope having been procured at a time when the success of large ones was still considered doubtful. "This

ought not to be," said one of the Senators. "Why is so great a deficiency not supplied?" Mr. Hilgard adduced the supposed reluctance of Congress to appropriate money for a telescope. "But it must be done. You have the case properly represented to Congress, and we will see that an appropriation is passed by the Senate, at least."

Mr. Hilgard did not lose a day in following this advice. He called upon the Superintendent of the Observatory, who of course gladly assented to the plan. He then communicated by telegraph with a number of the leading men of science throughout the country, who authorized their signatures to the proper petition. The latter called attention to the wants set forth by the Superintendent of the Observatory in his last two annual reports, and to the ability of the Messrs. Clark to supply this want. It was duly printed, and put in the hands of Senator Hamlin for presentation to the Senate within three or four days of the dinner party. The proposed measure being considered by the Committee on Naval Affairs, and on Appropriations, was adopted in the Senate as an amendment to the Naval Appropriation bill, without opposition. The great difficulty now was to get the amendment through the House of Representatives, or rather through its Committee on Appropriations, as the session and the bill were together in a stage where everything had to be decided by the appropriate committees.

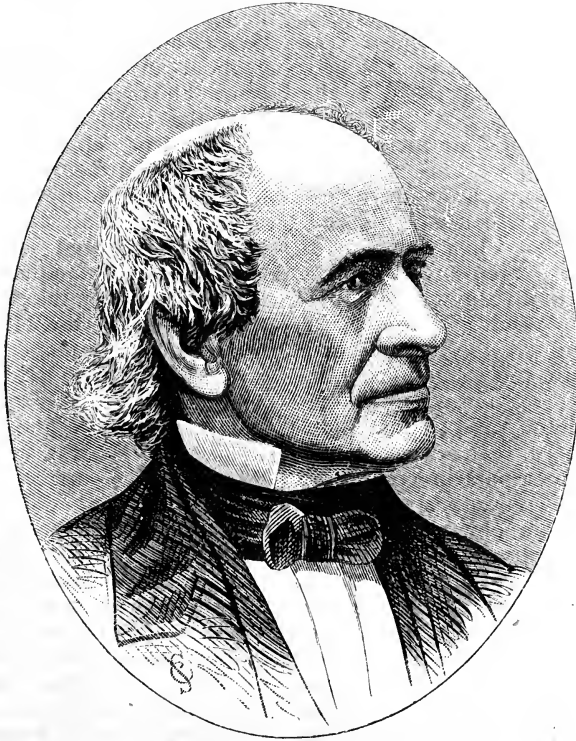
To prevent misapprehension we must say that no government is more ready than our own to appropriate money for scientific objects of the value of which it is fully satisfied, when the case is properly presented and fully understood. The great difficulty (greater, perhaps, than would be supposed outside of Washington,) is to secure such presentation and understanding. It may be safely assumed that a member of Congress never looks at any printed document sent him through the mail, so that personal application is the only way of calling his attention to any subject. After a canvass of the House Appropriation Committee, it was believed that a clear majority was in favor of the measure; we were therefore much surprised to find that it recommended *non-concurrence*. This left the question to the joint committee of conference, which fortunately comprised such men as Drake, of the Senate, and Niblack, of the House. There

the telescope was agreed to, and the clause authorizing its construction speedily became a law. The price was limited to fifty thousand dollars, and ten thousand were appropriated for the first payment.

About the time the bill passed, an occurrence threatened to complicate matters exceedingly, and perhaps endanger the possession of the telescope by the Government. Mr. L. J. McCormick, of reaping-machine fame, had conceived the idea of getting the largest telescope that could be made for an observatory he intended to

McCormick's withdrawal of his claim to it.

Another circumstance which probably facilitated the undertaking was that a rival house had meanwhile arisen in England, in the persons of Thomas Cooke & Sons, of York, who had made a glass of twenty-five inches aperture for R. S. Newall, Esq., of Gateshead, England. This glass was much larger than that of the Chicago telescope; a state of things to which the Clarks were by no means disposed to submit. But for this, it is doubtful whether they could have been induced to under-



ALVAN CLARK.

found, and sent an order to the firm of Alvan Clark & Sons while the appropriation was still pending in Congress. Mr. Clark, however, believed that he could complete a pair of twin instruments almost as quickly as a single one, and in one way the contract with Mr. McCormick facilitated that with the government. It being made on a gold basis, Mr. Clark was quite willing to enter into the government contract on a currency basis, which removed one of the principal difficulties in its way. The question who should have the first telescope was amicably settled by Mr.

take anything larger than twenty-four inches, but they now very readily consented to try twenty-six. While negotiating the contract, the writer contended persistently for some provision which would enable the government to secure a larger telescope than Mr. McCormick, but they would agree to nothing of the sort, the supposed right of that gentleman to a telescope of equal size being guarded as completely as if he had been a party to the negotiations.

As the only establishment in the world to be entrusted with the making of the in-

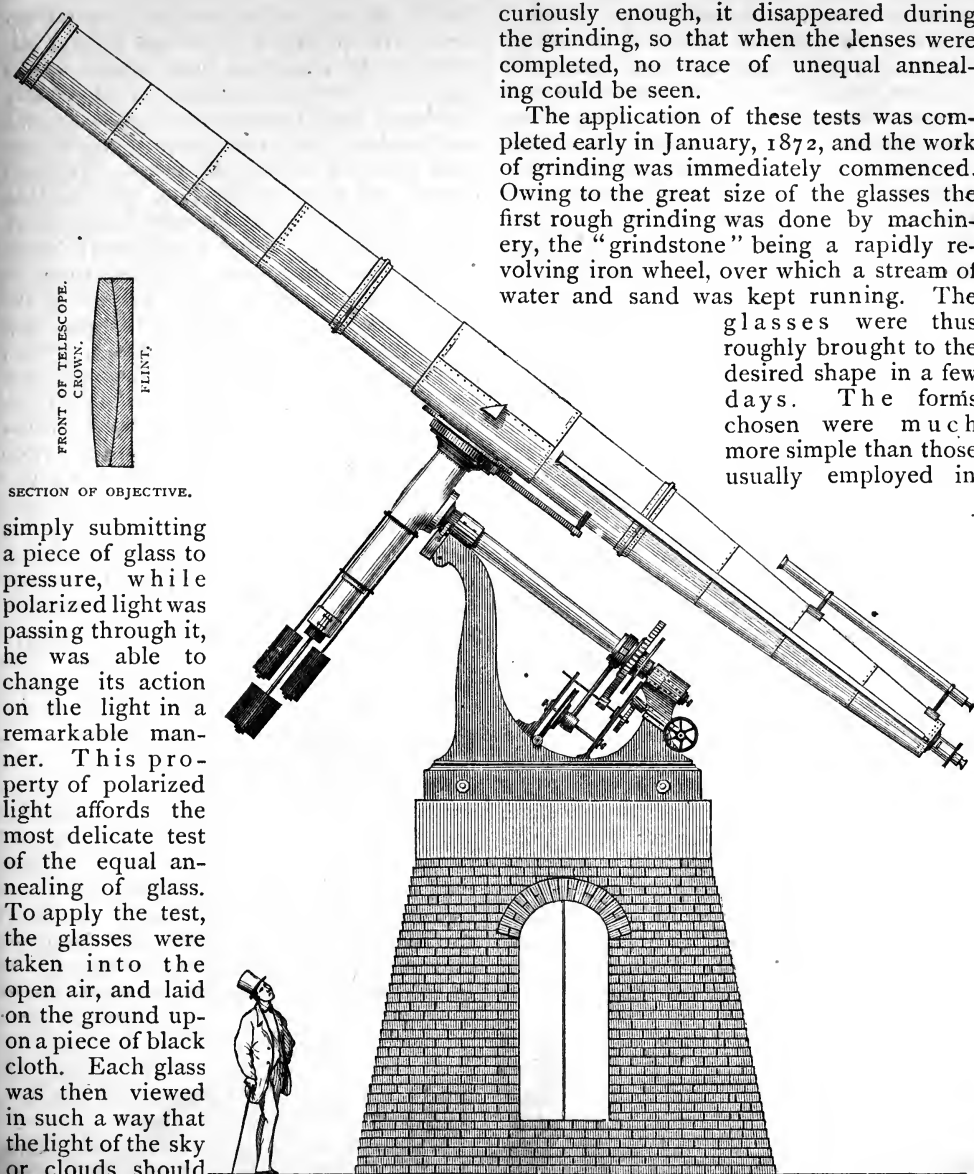
strument was that of the Clarks, so only a single firm could be relied on to furnish glass discs of the necessary size and purity for the lenses, namely, that of Chance & Co., of Birmingham, England, from whom Mr. Clark had procured nearly all his optical glass during the twenty years he had been making telescopes. As soon as the contract with the government was completed, George B. Clark, the same who melted the bell in the kitchen fire twenty-seven years before, crossed the ocean and proceeded to Birmingham to contract with Chance & Co. for the glass. Making discs of the required size proved to be a task of such difficulty, that more than a year elapsed before entire success was reached, a number of trials having failed in the meantime.

To give our readers a clear idea of the subsequent operations, we must describe the construction of an achromatic object glass, or objective, as it is usually termed. Every one knows that when light passes through a refracting surface it is decomposed, or separated into a number of prismatic colors. The result of this is that a lens cannot bring all the rays from a luminous object to the same focus, the focus for red rays being always more distant than that for blue rays, so that there is no distinct image. In consequence, Newton and his contemporaries considered the construction of refracting telescopes which would show an object with entire distinctness to be impossible. But Dollond, an English optician of the last century, conceived the idea of combining two lenses of different kinds of glass and of opposite curvatures, in such a way that each should counteract the effect of the other in decomposing the light, but should leave an outstanding difference in their refracting power, and thus bring all the rays to the same focus. The two sorts of glass thus used are flint and crown glass, of which the former has about double the dispersive or decomposing power of the latter. An accompanying figure shows the section of an objective, as made by the Clarks. It will be seen that the flint glass has only one curved surface, while the crown has two. The effects of the two glasses in dispersing the light are equal and opposite, while the crown, having, by its two curved surfaces, the excess of refracting power, brings all the light to a focus.

The completed discs of flint and crown glass reached Cambridge in December,

1871. By the terms of the contract the first payment of ten thousand dollars was to be made when the glasses were tested and found of proper quality; they were therefore prepared for examination as soon as possible. The tests were made by direct optical examination, and by polarized light. To apply the first, the glass was set up on its edge between firm supports, in the middle of a large, nearly dark room. A lamp was set at one end of the room, so as to shine upon the back surface of the glass at right angles; behind the glass was placed a large lens of short focus, so that the light of the lamp passed through both the lens and the disc, and came to a focus at about an equal distance on the other side. The eye being placed exactly at this focus, that portion of the glass disc backed by the lens appeared as a brilliantly illuminated surface, on which the slightest defects were magnified in a startling degree. The minutest specks, bubbles, and scratches appeared as huge deformities, and any vein of unequal density would appear as a wave on the bright surface. The practiced eye of the elder Clark soon detected such a wave. "If that is in the glass," he exclaimed, "I would not give a penny for it." The apparent defect was soon seen by all. The important question was whether it was in the interior of the glass or on the surface. To settle this its position was marked by pasting a pointed strip of paper on the glass, and the lamp was moved to one side so as to shine through the glass obliquely, and the position of the wave was again examined. If in the interior of the glass, it would seem to move away from the paper point, in consequence of parallax. No such change of position was perceptible, showing that the defect, whatever it might be, did not extend into the interior. Careful examination showed several other lines of the same sort, but the test indicated that they were all on the same surface, and would therefore be removed in the operation of grinding the glass. It was still of interest to learn what they really were, and a careful examination showed that they were only accidental marks of the grinding tool used by Chance & Co., to give an even surface to the glass, which had not been entirely removed by the polisher.

This first test having been successful on both glasses, that by polarized light was applied. Hearers of Professor Tyndall's lectures last winter may remember how, by



THE NEW WASHINGTON TELESCOPE.

curiously enough, it disappeared during the grinding, so that when the lenses were completed, no trace of unequal annealing could be seen.

The application of these tests was completed early in January, 1872, and the work of grinding was immediately commenced. Owing to the great size of the glasses the first rough grinding was done by machinery, the "grindstone" being a rapidly revolving iron wheel, over which a stream of water and sand was kept running. The glasses were thus roughly brought to the desired shape in a few days. The forms chosen were much more simple than those usually employed in

simply submitting a piece of glass to pressure, while polarized light was passing through it, he was able to change its action on the light in a remarkable manner. This property of polarized light affords the most delicate test of the equal annealing of glass. To apply the test, the glasses were taken into the open air, and laid on the ground upon a piece of black cloth. Each glass was then viewed in such a way that the light of the sky or clouds should be reflected from its under surface, and reach the eye after twice traversing its thickness. This light was viewed through a Nicol's prism held in the hand, and turned round and round, the glass also being turned round so that the light should be examined in all directions. The result indicated that the flint glass was perfectly uniform, while in the crown there were very slight circles of strain from the center to the circumference. This defect would not interfere with the usefulness of the glass, and

large glasses, the crown glass being double convex, with an equal curvature on each face; the flint, nearly plane on one side, while the other side was concave, with the same curvature as the crown glass.

The process of grinding and polishing was now carried on in the usual manner. The tools are very simple—round plates of cast iron, about three feet in diameter, hollowed out to suit the curves of the lens. They have somewhat the appearance of huge shallow saucers, or more nearly still,

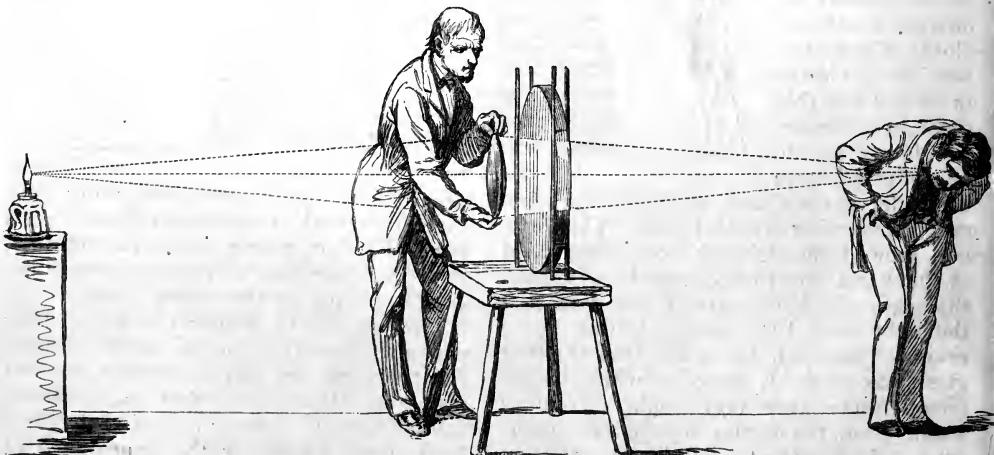
of the shallow iron drinking cups attached to pumps or hydrants in some of our cities. Three of these tools were necessary, one nearly flat, for the inner surface of the flint glass, one convex, for its outer surface, and one concave, for the crown glass. The surface of the tool is covered with coarse emery and water, the glass is laid upon it, and the grinding is carried on by sliding the glass back and forth on the tool. While sliding, the glass is slowly turned round so that the grinding strokes occur successively in every direction on the glass, while, at the same time the operators continually move around in the other direction, so that the strokes are made successively in every direction on the tool. The result of these combined motions is that every inequality, either on the glass or the tool, is gradually worn away, and both are reduced to portions of nearly perfect spheres. When this result is attained, the grinding is continued with emery of continually greater degrees of fineness, until the surface becomes quite smooth.

The next operation is that of polishing. The whole tool is covered with a thin coating of pitch, which is pressed while still warm into the proper shape. It is then covered with a layer of water and the polishing rouge, and the glass is again laid upon it, and kept in motion in the same way as in the fine grinding. Thus each surface of the two glasses is speedily brought to a high polish.

The operations we have thus far described require no extraordinary skill on the part of the workman. With a little patience and practice almost any one can

make himself a better glass than any known before the invention of the achromatic telescope. But, such a glass would by no means serve the purposes of astronomy now, and the chances of a glass of any size turning out exactly right on the first trial are very slight. The skill of the optician is now called into play to rectify the figure. Two formidable difficulties have to be overcome, to find what the defects of the glass are, and where they are situated, and then to remove them without introducing others. To find the defects, the glasses are put together, set up on edge, facing a luminous point at a distance equal to ten or fifteen times the focal length. The image of the point formed in the focus of the glass is then examined with an eye-piece of high power, or the eye is placed exactly in the focus, and the aspect of the glass noted as the light from the point passes through it. By these means the skilled optician can judge where the curves of the glasses are too great, and where too small.

The glasses are now taken back to the tool and the polishing process is recommenced, only pressing upon those parts of the glass where it has to be ground away. The glass is then tried again, and again returned to the polisher. The defects in a small glass can be thus polished away in a few days, but as the size is increased the process becomes more and more tedious, and the difficulties of judging what the defects are, and of handling the glass on the polisher so as to diminish them, increase enormously. It is in this tentative process of gradually working out every defect of



TESTING THE GLASS.

figure, and even in compensating defects in the uniformity of the glass itself by a suitable change of figure, that the Clarks have exhibited their unrivaled skill. So tedious did they expect the process to be in the case of the great telescope that they asked three years for its completion. But the glass was worked into shape with unexpected rapidity. We have said that the operation was commenced in January, 1872. In the month of June following the glass was in such good shape that only an expert could see any defect whatever. Looking through it, we could read a microscopic photograph, illegible to the naked eye, at the distance of some four hundred feet. Had an opportunity offered, we might have read a love-letter over a young lady's shoulder half a mile away. Artificial double stars, one-third of a second apart, were clearly separated. In hands less severely critical than those of makers, it would have passed as optically perfect. Nevertheless, four months more were spent on it, and it was not till October that it was reported finished and the payment then due requested. The influence of temperature on its figure was now quite perceptible. In the evening, while temperature was falling, the defect of spherical aberration was one way, but after it became stationary the defect was slightly in the opposite direction.

The telescope is by no means finished with the glass. The latter must be carried in one end of the tube, as large as a good sized steam boiler, and this tube must admit of being pointed with ease and celerity in any required direction. The observer must be able to tell, at any moment, the direction in which it points with extreme precision. It must admit of being moved by clock work in such a way that as the earth revolves from west to east the telescope shall revolve from east to west with exactly the same velocity, and thus point steadily at the same star. The details of the machinery for attaining these and a multitude of other objects have required a large amount of thought, contrivance, and calculation, and it is only after the expiration of another year that everything is complete.

The construction of a building in which a telescope is to be placed is second in importance only to that of the instrument itself, from the fact that defects in the structure may seriously interfere with the efficiency of the instrument. The sole

object of the building is to protect the instrument and observer against wind and weather; in all other respects its influence is positively injurious. The reason of this is that currents of warm and cold air around a telescope interfere with seeing by keeping the object observed in a state of continual agitation. Any one who has looked at a distant object along a street or wall heated by the sun's rays, or above a hot stove, has noted the agitation produced by irregular refraction of the light while passing through the currents of warm air. In the telescope this agitation is increased in the ratio of the magnifying power. Consequently in large instruments, it can never be entirely avoided, and is greatly increased by any notable difference of temperature between the walls of the building, the air inside the room, and the air outside. Perfect uniformity of temperature around the instrument is therefore necessary: no matter how cold outside, it must be equally cold inside the observing room. Now, when the latter has thick brick or stone walls, and is constructed, in the usual way, on top of a great building, the walls are heated up by the sun's rays in the course of the day and cannot cool off at night as fast as the air, and the required uniformity of temperature becomes impossible. The larger the dome the harder it is to cool, and hence the greater the evil.

Architects are great offenders against astronomy in this respect, everything they like being positively injurious. So, in erecting the dome for the great Washington telescope, no architect was employed, the plans being prepared by a competent engineer and draughtsman under the immediate direction of the astronomer, and the work being executed under the general supervision of the latter. The floor of the dome is on the same level with the ground floor of the main building, and is therefore very easy of access; the walls, above the floor, are of heavy oak timber, covered with thin galvanized iron, while the dome itself is of pine, covered in the same way. Although of forty-one feet interior diameter, it can be turned round by one man in about three minutes, the machinery for this purpose being the simplest possible. Owing to the small amount of material in the structure, it will be easy to secure the requisite equality of temperature, while there is no building below to cause currents of warm air. The only corresponding drawback is that a portion

of the horizon is cut off from the sweep of the telescope, but, as astronomical observations are scarcely ever made near the horizon, this is not a serious matter.

To all the other advantages of this style of building we must add that of economy. The total cost of the tower, dome, and foundation for the instrument, including three rooms for the use of the observers, was about \$14,000, and the price of the instrument itself being about \$48,000, the entire cost of building and telescope will be about \$62,000. One or two thousand more may be expended in completing all the arrangements, but this will be all.

The first question the public always asks about a great telescope is "how does it compare with Lord Rosse's telescope?" The question whether the great Washington telescope will prove to be the most effective yet made is indeed of interest, but the comparison is not to be simply made with the telescope of Lord Rosse. If we seek for the telescope which has, in recent times, been most effective in the discovery of objects invisible with other instruments, we shall find it to be not Lord Rosse's giant reflector, but those of Mr. William Lassell of England. In 1848, Professor Bond, at Cambridge, discovered an eighth satellite of Saturn, and the discovery was made independently by Mr. Lassell only a day or two afterward. This gentleman also discovered the satellite of Neptune and two new satellites of Uranus, and his telescopes are, we believe, the only ones with which the latter bodies have actually been observed. His largest telescope was a reflector of four feet aperture, while Lord Rosse's great reflector is of six feet aperture, and ought, theoretically, to show an object with twice the brilliancy of Mr. Lassell's. But, for some reason, it has never proved so effective as the latter. We have a similar paradox in the case of Herschel's telescopes. His great forty foot reflector was, perhaps, the most celebrated of modern times, yet, he rarely used it; and as nearly all his discoveries and researches, even those which required the greatest telescopic power, were made with a twenty foot reflector, we may judge that he found the latter about as effective as the former.

If we cannot judge the real power of different reflecting telescopes by their size, it must be much more difficult to compare the new Washington telescope, which is a refractor, with these great reflectors. A

comparison of what the two classes of telescopes ought, theoretically, to do is indeed quite easy, and a simple calculation will show that our new refractor is theoretically equivalent to a reflecting telescope of about three feet aperture, which is much less than that of the great reflectors of Rosse and Lassell. Therefore the reflecting telescopes have, theoretically, the advantage, because it is so much more easy to construct a large reflector than a large refractor. But, in practice, the former is subject to several drawbacks, the most serious of which are the difficulties of keeping every part of the great mirror in perfect polish and in proper figure. The slightest distortion of the mirror, even that produced by its own weight, will totally destroy the image of a star in the focus; it must, therefore, be supported by a complicated system of machinery, which is liable, in the course of time, to get out of order. In most great reflectors the observer has to mount to the upper end of the telescope and look down into the mirror, which is a great inconvenience. In the great telescope recently made by Grubb, of Dublin, for the Melbourne Observatory, this difficulty is avoided by the use of a second reflector, which throws the light back through an opening in the center of the first one, so that the observer stands below the latter, and looks up through the opening. Here, however, two reflectors have to be kept in order instead of one, which must increase the difficulties of management.

The result of these drawbacks is that great reflectors have seldom proved efficient in regular and continued use, and it is not at all unlikely that the new Washington glass will show anything ever seen by any other instrument. That it will be capable of doing more steady work in the measurement of minute objects, and in the gauging of the heavens, than any other ever made, the writer does not doubt; it is, however, necessary that its owners, the people of the United States, shall allow their astronomers the uninterrupted use of it. As only an insignificant fraction of the entire people can see it under any circumstances, it is expected that the masses who cannot see it will support the astronomers in their resolution to allow no one else to look through it, especially when they know that its use as a general gazing instrument is entirely incompatible with its use in advancing astronomy. If any are thus disappointed, they must allow

us to console them with the assurance that most of the objects at which the public wish to look, such as the moon, Jupiter

and Saturn, can be commonly seen as well with a small telescope as with a large one.

A SPIRITUAL SONG. XI.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

DAWN, far eastward, on the mountain !
Gray old times are growing young ;
From the flashing color-fountain
I will quaff it deep and long.
Sacred boon to old desire's rogation !
Sweet love in divine transfiguration ! *

Comes at last, our poor earth's native,
All-heaven's one child, simple, kind ;
Blows again, in song creative,
Round the earth a living wind ;
Scattered sparks long driven of joyless weather,
Blows to new and quenchless flames together !

All about, from graves abounding,
Forth springs new-born life and blood.
Endless peace for us firm founding,
Plunges he into life's flood ;
Stands amid, with full hands, gaze caressing—
Waits but for the prayer to give the blessing.

Let his mild looks of invading
Deep into thy spirit go ;
By his blessedness unfading
Thou thyself possessed shalt know ;
Heart and soul and sense, in solemn pleasure
Join, and break into a new-born measure.

Grasp his hands with boldness yearning ,
Stamp his face thy heart upon ;
Turning toward him, ever turning,
Thou, the flower, must face the sun.
Who to him his heart's last fold unfoldeth,
True as wife's his heart forever holdeth.

Ours it is—with us abiding !
Godhead, word at which we quaked,
South and north, in dark earth hiding,
Heavenly germs hath sudden waked !
Let us then in God's full garden labor,
And to every bud and bloom be neighbor !

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.



THE first question asked by a reader finding in the book of an unknown American author three such poems as "Penelope," "Hylas," and "Alectryon," would be, "How came such clean-cut classic work here? In the day of common-place and the land of the practical, what created the spirit, touched to finer issues, that could form conceptions so clear and poetic, and express them in language at once so precise and so elegant?" We select these three pieces as illustrations of Stedman's genius, because their subjects present a severe test of power, in their remoteness from ordinary interest, and in the difficulty, as great in the translated as in the original ones, of keeping within the region of pure poetry and true human feeling, yet apart from modern modes of thought. In so far, like all writings of their class, they are an experiment, just as the imitation by English hexameters of Theocritus's idyllic measure is an experiment. But the qualities that win success in the attempt are the very ones that ensure excellence in the

freer treatment of fresher subjects. The force of poetic abstraction must idealize an alien personality, just as it revives a passage in ancient life. A quick instinct for the beautiful will avoid common associations, whether it is a simple theme from the early past that requires them to be ignored, or a picture of to-day from which they must be discarded. If the fable of the god or the hero touches us as real through its insight into passion and motive, the same penetration carries our sympathy with it when it unfolds the course of some familiar story, presenting beings like ourselves for the actors. And what more is needed for poetic conception beyond ideality, sensitiveness to what is lovely and noble, and the subtle sight below the surface that traces action surely to its springs? When besides we recognize forcible expression of precise ideas, close correspondence of the word with the image, and large control of language, always clear but not colorless in its clearness; and when moreover this flowing dress of thought is

adorned by touches faithfully reproducing minute study of nature in all her aspects, the answer comes readily enough to the question how Stedman, so far as his own nature and gifts consciously guided him, became a poet.

Science, in our day, however, casting changed light on all old wisdom, turns the venerable saying that the poet is born, not made, into a new reading, and adds a note of doubt. It bids us judge genius by the rule that individual qualities and character are of slight account compared with the influences transmitted by a mingled ancestry, and the modifications impressed by circumstances. The time may come, in the approach of the race towards perfection, when the nascent sciences of biology and sociology shall pass from speculation to application. It may be that their exact formulas will some day define the precise quantity, and assign the distinct origin, of each component of every man's mind. They may even go farther, and legislate for wise conjunction of kinds, breeding philosophers or poets as the demand directs. While such a science of eugenesis is forming, instances enough may be cited to support its theories, and Stedman is among them. One of his direct ancestors, the Reverend Aaron Cleveland, was known as a poet in a prosaic time, and among influences that made such a distinction rare. Under a milder creed, and in more propitious days, his cousin, the Reverend Arthur Cleveland Coxe, has shown, as Keble has done in England, how nobly religion may inspire the muse. His mother is enviably distinguished in letters, as a correspondent quick in observing and apt in describing the striking features of Italian life, and as a writer of very feeling and tender verse. So that hereditary tendency may quite fairly be accounted one of the influences that inclined him toward the cultivation of the poetic art.

We are careless of provoking the wrath of the *Quarterly New Englander* in affirming that the atmosphere of the region in which Stedman was born, and in which the earlier years of his life were spent, was not one that breathed kindly over the growth of the delicate blossom of poesy. We do not mean to say that of versification, as of the other arts commonly thought more useful, the machinery has not been assiduously plied in Connecticut. But the product recalls the workshop oftener than the shrine. Neither the weighty argument of

Barlow's "Columbiad," nor the more stirring plea of his "Hasty Pudding," disturbs our position. Brainard's quiet fancies are few and slight, while Percival's trivial elaborations and Sigourney's washy dilutions are many and formidable. Halleck, born in that State, lived and gained his fame elsewhere, returning to silence in his native air. It may well be supposed that Stedman's great-uncle, James Stedman, took good care that those indigenous bards should serve for warnings rather than models, while his pupil was pursuing his studies in the picturesque region about Norwich, to which place he was sent two years after his birth at Hartford in 1833. Indeed Stedman's English proves, by the purity of its selection, and the neatness and conciseness of its turn, that if the literature of his mother tongue made any part of his training,—as it probably did, under the direction of his uncle, who was a scholar and a jurist,—he was guided to the fountains, and not to the manufacturer's rills. And everywhere throughout his verse we catch the traces of early familiarity with nature, the lovely reflections of her subtle secrets of effect in rock and woodland, cloud and water, which are won and treasured only by those fortunate in living far from towns in their youth, while the senses are fresh, and the wonder of the world ever new.

Stedman entered Yale College in 1849, at the too early age of sixteen. A strippling at that point in life, particularly if so delicately organized, both mentally and physically, as he was, is unfairly matched in the race of study against the maturer strength of those even only a few years his seniors. If sympathetic and quick-witted, he is almost certain to become the popular pet instead of the serious rival. He was among the foremost, as might have been expected, both in Greek and in English composition. The Greek training of that date, if the standard of reading was not quite so difficult as at present, was still thorough, under the direction of the accomplished Woolsey, and it is high praise for Stedman that he should have achieved the unusual union of proficiency in that study and distinction as a writer. But there were two things more important for his college standing than either of these. They were mathematics and discipline. The former his quick intellect might easily have managed, unsuited though the study was to his men-

tal constitution. As to the latter, the system of control at Yale twenty-five years ago was in a state of transition from the old rule, more police-like than paternal, to the present liberal plan of confiding in students as men and gentlemen.

Young Stedman fell under its censure, for no very grave error, and quitted college without taking his degree. But Yale has never regarded her errant sons with a step-mother's glance. When honorable toil in a literary career had brought the fulfillment of his earlier promise, the University gladly claimed Stedman again, and enrolled him among its *alumni* of the year 1853, with the degree of Master of Arts.

Still urged by his precocity and ardor of disposition to press early into the battle of life, Stedman put his talent to practical use by undertaking the management of a newspaper at Norwich, at the age of nineteen. A year later, while the law yet declined to regard him as his own master, he married one of the daughters of his native State—and whatever opinions may be held of its poets, there are no better wives than those of Connecticut—and became the owner of the Winsted *Herald*, published in Litchfield County. The time was more stimulating to editorial energy and originality than the place. The last of the hollow pacts between freedom and slavery had lately been signed, and most of the independent editors of the north, following the lead of the great New York anti-slavery journal, were busy in vociferously railing the seal off the bond. The politics of the paper were Whig, but its manager belonged to the coming race of journalists, and did not understand Conservatism to imply the defense of wrong. The spirit and ingenuity with which Stedman conducted his journal, and the novelty of the correct literary tone which he took pains to impart to it, earned him a high reputation throughout the State. But an intellect so clear and a taste so refined as his could not long be contented with the crookedness and wrangles of journalism. The *crambe recotta* of its matter must have disgusted a palate naturally delicate, and skilled already in rare flavors. The pursuit was so exacting and irksome as to give little leisure for higher cultivation. He hesitated to sink the man of letters in the man of a paper, conscious that the two careers are utterly distinct, and can only be brought into one through some rarely

fortunate concurrence of circumstances. His ambition, acting upon the conviction that his powers were devoted to unsuitable work, wasted in a narrow circle, drew him at length to New York. The best social connections, such as those which Stedman enjoyed, unserviceable enough to a young man at the outset in any hard-working profession, can give no aid whatever to the beginner in a literary career. Until he has shown what he is, readers care nothing at all who he is. The field was crowded with aspirants like himself, many of them of more practical ability and larger experience in the ways of town life. His finer qualities were quite as likely at first to tell against him as in his favor in the competition. He was to go through the hard discipline of poverty and hope deferred, that steels the character if strong, and widens the sympathies, if true. How strong and how true these were in his case the result has clearly testified. There are two of his poems, written about this time that are filled with the memory and the feeling of his early struggles. One of these describes, with a fanciful grace and careless dash that yet betray in some touches defiant reaction from bitter sorrow, "the pride and pain that dwell so low in valleys of Bohemia." For that fairy kingdom did once upon a time descend into our very streets, and hold here a brief historic existence. A few of the noble and generous spirits owed allegiance to it—some of their shadowy figures are discernible in the poem—of whom a part carried only its light and grace into the real world where they have made a name, and others went down through folly and evil into early ruin. It could be at best but a pale copy of that joyous Parisian *abandon* which served as an excuse for the loosest recklessness of life. The free, roving, loving, homelessness of the Provençal minstrel—the "dance and song and sunburnt mirth" of that first genuine Bohemian, are hardly reconcilable even in Paris with debts and duns, and the decent restraints of modern ways. When absinthe and the Quartier Latin were represented by lager in the Bowery, and *flâneur* got translated loafer, the glamour soon faded. But whatever of romance youth, and heart, and wit could cast over such heedless days, lives again at its best in this little poem of Stedman's. The other poem, "Flood-tide," bearing the date of 1857, opens with a fine lyric burst, catching something of the lift of

"Locksley Hall," though really with a more human tone, and more definite picturesque point. It is a poem to Action, alive with aspiration, aching with eagerness, and falling slowly back through natural cadences to quiescence in duty, and the abnegation of content with the worth of common deeds. We can hardly err in imagining that much of the author's personal history during this period is to be read in these stanzas.

Twenty years ago the reading public of New York were demanding a new poet, for the credit of letters in the metropolis. The scrannel-pipe of Willis and Morris gave thin and harsh echos to the sounding notes, long silent or seldom heard, of Bryant and Halleck. Longfellow's strain, sweet if not over full, with Whittier's and Lowell's vigorous verse, had preserved the tradition of American poetry, which the sister city affected to guard as her own. A kindly welcome was ready for the three or four youthful poets, who, with Stedman among them, modestly came forward to fill the vacant ranks. The names of Stoddard, Taylor, Aldrich, Boker and Timrod will recall to many of this generation still young, the early promise of those days, since nobly fulfilled. Naturally enough, the influence of Tennyson, then in his prime, was over them all in some degree. Some of Stedman's first published verses, such as "Heliotrope," "The Freshet," "The Ordeal by Fire," though too original to be imitations, unconsciously show traits of the model. In 1859, three poems appeared in the *Tribune*, which might have been written by as many different authors, indicating respectively as they do no common powers of light satire, genial fancy, and clear description, deepened by a certain grim humor. These were "The Diamond Wedding," "The Ballad of Lager Bier," and "Old John Brown." They gained the public attention, and led to the printing, in the following year, of his first volume of Lyric and Idyllic poems. There was enough in it for reputation, but not for the promise of gain, and Stedman, with daily task-work for others to perform, returned to journalism. There is a magnetism in type-metal from which those who have once yielded to it can never escape. He labored steadily and faithfully for some years, at first as a contributor to *The New York World*, and afterwards as its correspondent at Washington through the first campaigns of the war. There were no

better newspaper letters written during the rebellion than those sent by him from the head-quarters of McDowell and McClellan. His quick observation, generalizing power, vivid color in words, and concise aptness prove how essential the poetic faculty is to that most modern product of the press, that historical painter of the instant for the million, the war-correspondent. England gave us the model, and Stedman was one of the few whose near approach to that original ensured the wide circulation of their letters, both here and in Europe.

Towards the close of the war Stedman exchanged arms for the gown, passing a few months of official life in confidential relations with the Attorney General of the government, Edward Bates, a man whose sagacity was quick to distinguish from the adventurers crowding Washington an aid who could understand and value the solid qualities that had won him respect and love throughout a long career at St. Louis. In 1864 Stedman returned to New York. Probably the fatiguing monotony of employment on the daily press seemed tame to him after the exciting life of camps. Whether to escape its demands upon his time, or in the hope of more rapid fortune, he chose the pursuit which seems to those clear of its vortex the most stimulating and exacting of all—that of a stockbroker. But Stedman's slight organization is informed with an excess of nervous force. It may be that the tumult of the Exchange withdraws from it the due quantity of vitality to leave his faculties in a regulated state for calm, mental work. At any rate, he has found leisure and self-poise enough to devote diligent labor to study, poetry, and criticism. His published volumes since the war comprise *Alice of Monmouth and other Poems*, printed in 1864, and *The Blameless Prince*, which appeared five years later. Besides these, many separate poems have been composed in later years, among which are "The Heart of New England," a story of the truest feeling and simplest fidelity to nature, and an address in verse, entitled "Gettysburg," delivered in 1872, before the Society of the Army of the Potomac, at Cleveland. His latest public appearance was at Dartmouth, where he delivered a poem, recently published in this Magazine, remarkable for its contrasted pictures of scholastic and active life, and its noble eulogy on the late Chief Justice. The volume of his collected works which has just issued from the

press of J. R. Osgood & Co., does not include the "Hebrew Pastorals," a series of ten careful idyllic studies upon biblical subjects, from Abraham to Ruth, written in blank verse. To these he has devoted his maturest powers, and those specimens of them which have been already published, give us reason to believe that they will add to the reputation he has already gained.

A fine instinct for unity and proportion limits Stedman to a range of simple themes, and dictates a careful and systematic treatment of them. His accurate construction of plan and faithful finish of detail are equally admirable. He never oversteps the modesty of nature through the morbid choice of a subject, or by strained effects in his manner of dealing with it. His poetic conception has borne no monsters, his contemplation of life avoids its distortions, and he leaves to coarser fancies the congenial work of peopling its dark places with shapes of sensuality and misery. It is not that his men and women are pale ideals, that fail of truth to humanity in doing and suffering. But it is by lifting them above the ordinary lot of man, through some attribute of force or goodness, not lowering them beneath it, that he makes them more interesting than the people we meet in the streets. He will not drag us back to the groveling instincts and blind violence that betray our lower origin, if modern theories are to be accepted, so long as the aspirations they cannot stifle may be caught and transfigured to prophetic images of light and purity. Nor does he lose the richest poetic material by thus shutting out the vague region from the chaos of which the half-human half-diabolic specters that haunt the chambers of the brain for so many modern poets are evoked. The natural sunshine and cloud suffice for his pencil, under which man now rejoices or sorrows, without descending to borrow either gleams or gloom from that formless kingdom out of which he may have emerged. Some quiet nook of scenery, or idyllic passage, or grave historic incident, or tender emotion attracts him, serving as the point from which the grace and harmony of life rather than its discord and wretchedness may be displayed. Stedman's technical execution has the firmness and precision which his true sense of relation would lead us to expect. The frame of his two larger pieces is carefully constructed, the interest in their gradually evolving char-

acters continuous, and the incidents leading to their natural catastrophe well conceived and fitly linked together. Two or three fresh pictures of landscape in the "Blameless Prince" and all the highly finished stanzas in studied variety of measure marking points of rest between the passages of action in "Alice," are very charming. The skillful observance of relation between the parts and the whole is even more true to perfect form, if less evident on the surface, in the arrangement of the more elaborate ones among his minor poems. In "Summer Rain," for instance, and in the "Feast of Harvest," "The Songster," and the Dartmouth Ode, the subject is first firmly sketched, then expanded with ample and congruous illustrations through a wide range of associated thoughts, held still close with the guiding idea, and concluded with a fullness of tone that leaves on the ear as in the mind, a satisfied sense of symmetry. The fruit of deep critical study appears in the selection of language, in strict keeping with the course of his theme—bold and rich where it rises, simple and clear in the level movements. Epithets are sparingly and aptly used, and no redundancy or mere swell of periods disfigures the even fullness, crisp with delicate descriptive ripples. He has the secret too of pathetic tones, hushed to a passing sigh or a tender regret, without wasteful vehemence. Yet these can break into passionate lament; as in the last scenes of the "Prince." There is one group of his minor poems in which Stedman displays a very peculiar power, blending pathos with solemnity, and quickening the vivid mental image with a spiritual thrill, which creates an effect of somber grandeur, breathing through such stanzas as "Spoken at Sea," "The Duke's Exequy," "The Assault by Night," "The Old Admiral," with the sound of a mysterious voice from afar. In these, as in most of his later poems, particularly, the studied effect of measure deserves attention. Stedman's naturally correct ear rarely fails in suggesting the adjustment of the metrical movement of his lines to the burthen of their thought. His various experiments in the musical forms that minister to his art indicate patient research and practice. These have been carried to a still higher point by some among those of his contemporaries we have named, and similar labor should be less neglected than it has been by their younger imitators.

The restrained elegance cultivated by Stedman in the treatment of his carefully selected subjects has brought upon him the charge of a want of humor. A poet may dispense with humor. One of the purest, Wordsworth, wholly wanted its sense, and one of the subtlest, Shelley, rarely originated it, though his translations from the Greek reek with it. But there is sham humor and there is real humor; and those who miss the first in Stedman's poetry overlook his free and skillful use of the last. We grant he is not found setting the village-wag's paragraphs a-jingling. He never puffs a character out of shape to raise a laugh. Yet of the true humor, akin to pathos, which pervades the feelings and mellow sympathy, he has ready control. And all our classic humorists, from Irving and Cozzens to Warner and Harte, who understand the temperate use of that power, and employ it as tint in a picture or tone in a harmony, not exaggerating it as the sole element for daubs and chuckles of style, would recognize Stedman's moderation as true art. The crowd of hilarious jackpuddings who have of late diffused printed buffoonery far beyond its permitted range of the comic almanac seem to feel no distinction between the ludicrous and the humorous. Their faculty grows out of a sense of disproportion, and extorts a grin by the shock of incongruity and contradiction. Their conception of the fair harmonious visage of humanity is that of a face reflected in a tablespoon. They are whimseyists, not humorists. Stedman has learned a better lesson from the masters. Even Falstaff's moral nature, though gross as a mountain, is symmetrically enormous; and Rabelais' colossal fun is wreaked on the whole proportioned man, not in caricature of a part.

Stedman has been criticised too from another point for the limited order of his subjects, and his fastidious delicacy in managing them. He is said to have no broad sympathy with humanity. They are careless readers of "Alice of Monmouth" who suggest the censure. There is a view of humanity, broad in a certain sense, which he has never introduced into his art. It is not within the range of this sketch to discuss the limitations of poetry in this respect, or to point out that certain phases of life may require the freedom and discursive sweep from highest to lowest of prose to represent them fully. We can hardly fancy Smollett or Flaubert turned

into verse. Of recent American life especially there are some aspects that have been painted by two prose writers at least, with a realism that yields in nothing to Defoe's, and shown by the lightest, firmest touches to be but another face worn under new disguises by our common nature. But the poets who have ventured into this field have fared worse. They have dwelt on circumstance and accident only. The trick of language, the local color, yield all the material they work with, to a trivial result. These versifiers have found their subjects in the mere accessories of prairie and mine, not in the men who chance to be hunters or gold diggers. They have stopped short with describing that strange population as if its only interesting point were to have instruments of cruelty in its tents, and to be clothed with cursing as with a garment. If Stedman had followed them in this direction, it can only be said he would have done no less than they have done, and would have done it far otherwise. There has been heard besides of late the hoarse note of a yet lower and broader chant, extolling sheer physical manhood, in a mode to which Stedman's pure poetic conscience would never permit him to stoop. He has left to one notorious swan of the sewers the task of rivaling the auctioneer's pomp of diction in celebrating the pugilist's thews. There are few who will reproach him for declining to sing the instincts of a beast. He can paint boldly and firmly the bare figure of humanity yielding to evil passion. But Greek study from nude life is a different thing from such voluntary exposure as the law punishes.

That severe taste which lends the charm of purity to Stedman's poetic performance has also guided his preference and shaped his method in prose writing. His natural justness of perception making him intellectually impartial, joined with kindness of heart that recognizes the effort and seeks for the merit in all serious work, qualifies him for a critical arbiter. He has been too rigorous with himself to fail in understanding and encouraging the processes of others' minds. Stedman is a born critic, and all his study and practice have tended to sharpen and refine his judicial faculty. His college instruction was not wasted, for it formed his mind while plastic to the conviction, rarely intelligible in its full force to self-made men, that there are standards of comparison in literary

work, imperative canons of art, lines traced by experience short of which or beyond which excellence cannot exist. Most of his prose writing has been of a critical description, and it is all faithfully and generously done. The later fame of *Putnam's Magazine* in this department is due in a great degree to his skillful management, and the pages of many of our best periodicals have been distinguished by his reviews and æsthetic essays during the past ten years. It is not easy to overrate the value of the service he has thus rendered to literature. To convince young authors that fixed principles and proved methods in literary art existed long before American independence declared the right of everybody to compose and print—to point out the discipline that must be applied, and sound the note that must be accorded with, if anything permanently good is to come out of the chorus of national babblement—this is no light or popular function, and it is one to which Stedman has bent all his force and all his conscience. No critical essay of the same length in the English language published during the past decade is finer than his study on Theocritus, contributed last year to *The Atlantic Monthly*. In its process of bringing the Greek idyllic face to face with the English laureate, analyzing the substance of poetic stuff common to both, tracing their different methods of working with it, disengaging what is human, what is antique, what is modern, detecting imitations and noting

variations for the better, it is a model of patient comparison, acute discrimination, and liberal judgment. It attests his qualifications for the work of translating Theocritus, as yet incomplete, and gives us the right to expect unusual excellence in that performance. Equally thorough and spirited is his critical monograph on Landor's works and genius, introducing the series of papers on the Victorian poets, to be written by him for SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. We know of no American writer who could have treated the subject with such a glow of enthusiasm, lighting up an analysis so ingenious and clear, and proved to be just by reasons so direct and full. Considering these latest evidences of Stedman's peculiar capacity, and reflecting on his qualities of mind and the range of his studies, we are almost disposed to hope that his future work will be that of the critic rather than the poet. The function of the one is not more important than that of the other, and scarcely more dignified. Were it not that his latest productions attest a growing mastery over the poetic arts, and embody in higher forms his maturing experience of life, we should be tempted, in the interest of letters, to urge upon him our conviction that he has already achieved a reputation assuring his welcome among the "turba seniorum poetarum," and that his riper powers may be worthily dedicated to the high and difficult art of criticism.

ALPENGLOW.

I.

— Yes, that's what I said ;
 The grass has been greening above his head
 Two summers and more, yet I scarce know why ;
 There was that in his smile that *could* not die,
 For it *has* not died. In this Autumn ray
 (Ah, me ! the third since he went away !)
 'Tis palpable as the Alpenglow
 That clings to the footless slopes of snow,
 As if to lighten, through evengloom,
 Some loitering mountain-climber home ;
 Or rather, turn to the sunset hills
 Yonder, and mark how the shadow fills
 All of their sadden'd faces : one—
 The ambered peak that is next the sun—

Holds yet to its breast, as I to mine,
 A glint of the still remembered shine;
 —Well, that is the way
 With the smile I was telling you of to-day.

II.

 — Have you watched a bird
 Ever poise itself, when something stirred
 Its spirit to song?—A quiver of throat,—
 The croon of a tremulous, trial note,—
 The catch with crowding rapture crowned,—
 Then,—floods where the swooning soul was drowned!
 Even so, I have often sat apart,
 And marked the flutter about his heart
 Thrill to his lips, as with a hum
 Of voiceless music it seemed to come
 And ripple around his mouth, with shy,
 Impassionate answers of the eye,
 While an overflush of marvellous grace
 Would master, a-sudden, all his face,
 Till the delicate nostril curved and swelled,
 And the glance an eloquent sparkle held,
 And a sense of song would come and go,
 Such as dreamers watched by Ariel know.
 —Well, that was the way
 With the smile I was telling you of to-day.

III.

 — And because I said
 The grass has been greening above his head
 Two summers and o'er, shall I think, therefore,
 That smile can never be kindled more?
 That the grave could hold it, that cannot hold
 Captive one straggling gleam of gold?
 That it's prisoned away in ashen'd clay,
 As they tell us the sunbeams are to-day,
 'Neath fathoms of blacken'd strata?—No!
 Where perished a heavenly essence so?
 When clouds have gathered betwixt the star
 And the vision that watches it blazing far
 In limitless ether,— shall my eye
 Drop earthward, and lips that are faithless, sigh,
 "Ah, me! for the mist, the murk, the rain!
 I never shall find my star again;"
 While to spirits that come and go, its shrine
 Is clearer than ever it was to mine?
 —Well, that is the way
 With the smile I was telling you of to-day.

KATHERINE EARLE.

BY MISS ADELINE TRAFTON.



"ARE THEY SO VERY LARGE?" SHE REPEATED.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE HEROINE MAKES AN AWKWARD
LITTLE BOW.

THERE stood upon Poplar street in Boston, twenty years ago, or more, one of those great wooden mansions in which our forefathers of Pre-Revolutionary times delighted; the embodied conception to their minds of an elegant house. Progress and so-called necessity, and, above all, the restless spirit of Young America, are now fast sweeping them from sight. This has been gone for years, and a brick school-house reared in its place, where, most appropriately, ideas of progress, utility and irreverence for the old and useless are implanted in the minds of the rising generation.

The street is still narrow, the expansion of mind which has gradually enlarged the borders, the pharisaical spirit of greed and gain, which has made wide the phylacteries in other parts of the city, having done little or nothing here. It was at that time a line between affluence upon one hand and respectable poverty, looking towards squalor, upon the other. Block after block—with this one exception—of brick or stone houses filled the street; chrysalides, from which the old inhabitants have

long since winged their way to airier and more elegant quarters.

The Earle house, of which we speak, stood upon the right hand, where the street bends to fall towards the glimmer of water lined off with masts, faintly perceptible between the dull rows of ugly houses at their termination. Its face was turned away from the street, and its old eyes stared across the narrow strip of yard upon a blank brick wall. There had been gardens about it once, in the far-off time when the family was rich and held its own; then, too, green meadows stretched away from the garden wall down to the water's edge. In those days, when his Majesty's troops were quartered in the town, Gen. Gates had more than once honored the house with his presence. The wine-glass could still be shown which he had drained, and, smiling down now from among the portraits upon the walls, was a fair Delphine Earle, with powdered hair and in shining brocade, into whose ears he had whispered stately compliments. Ah, how the beautiful garden blossomed with gold lace and scarlet uniforms—a gorgeous century plant, nipped later by New England frosts! But times changed; wealth and power slipped away from the family. The town grew in-

to a city; meadows and gardens disappeared; but the old house, dingy, forlorn—a wreck of its former self, remained.

It was a cozy, old-fashioned room, where the Earle family were assembled one winter evening, twenty-five years ago. The faded, heavy hangings over the windows, the carved straight-backed chairs, the massive round center-table, with lion's claws for its support, the wide tarnished frames upon the walls, enclosing dim old portraits, even the soft confusion of warm, worn colors under one's feet, told of substantial wealth and comfort—but, alas! of wealth and comfort of a former generation.

A low fire snapped and flamed upon the hearth. Before it, in one of the high-backed chairs, sat the mother of the family. The face, although delicate, was still strong in its outline. The hair, brown and smooth, was put away under a head-dress in the form of a turban of lace, which yet suggested a widow's cap. Her eyes rested thoughtfully upon the fire; her thin, shapely hands held a little note as they lay crossed in her lap. Curled into a graceful heap upon the sofa in one corner, her arms under her head, her face turned with eager expectation towards her mother, was Delphine, the eldest of the three children, who, indeed, had outgrown childhood, was eighteen and a beauty. Jack, five years younger, bent over his lessons at the center table, where Katey, almost eight, nestled close to his side, her head hidden in a book so large that she seemed to have vanished behind a folding screen.

"You can go if you care to," the mother said at length, fingering the note in her hand; "but—" Delphine sat upright to clap her hands softly. Jack raised his face. "I hate parties," he said, sententiously.

"How can you say so?" returned Delphine, whose face flamed and shone at the vision of the words had called up—the rare bit of color in a dull life. "You would like to go, Katey?"

A pair of great dark eyes in the midst of a pale, absorbed face, a mass of dark hair hastily thrust back from a low, wide forehead, emerged from the covers of the book. "To go where?" and the child gave a bewildered glance from one to the other.

"Why, to Janie Home's party, of course," Delphine explained, impatiently. The bright, fresh nature, with its keen enjoyment of the present, had many a trial in Katey's slow traveling home from a

thousand miles away, where her thoughts seemed always wandering.

"I don't know;" and one little brown elbow rested upon the book-cover, and one little brown cheek disappeared in the palm of her hand as Katey proceeded to consider the subject. But Delphine had already forgotten her question. "I shall have to wear the green pongee," she was saying, with a sigh, "and those dreadful slippers! I only need a cap and bells," she added, with a shrug of her shoulders.

A warm color which was no reflection from the fire rose in Madam Earle's face. Pride is the last to die. "Perhaps you had better stay at home," she said.

But every mortification and pain had its bright side to light-hearted Delphine. "I shall not mind, though, in the evening," she went on; "and perhaps the slippers will be too small by another year, and so fall to Katey. Poor Katey! I'll try and dance them out before that;" and she laughed. No care could rest upon Delphine; no trouble shadow her face for long. The slippers were one of those seeming blessings which prove almost a curse. For a little time, several years before, an old actress had rented a room in the house and one day, in looking over her treasures had come upon these relics of past times, the rather tawdry magnificence of which had struck Delphine's fancy. They were of gray kid, profusely ornamented with gay silk embroidery, somewhat faded, and tarnished gold braid; and when they were presented to the child her joy was full. She could not rest content until she had displayed them upon her feet, a world too large though they were; and one summer day she prevailed upon her mother to allow her to wear them to church. Poor Delphine! it was an experiment; ending as do so many among older and wiser people. Hardly had the great black gate swung to behind her before she became conscious of attracting an amount of attention upon which she had not reckoned. Stares met her, and whispered words, with suppressed laughter, followed her all the way. As she turned into Brattle Street and approached the church where the Earles had worshipped since its foundation, every eye of the gathering crowd seemed bent in surprise and amusement upon her shoes. She might better have been shod with her naked feet. Too proud to turn back, she hastened on until the pew-door made a shelter and a refuge. Then, during the first

prayer, while the congregation bowed, with anything but a prayerful spirit in her angry heart, she slipped out of the church and ran home through the deserted streets. Since that day the slippers had shone with diminished lustre, and only by gas-light, upon the rare occasions when some of the school-children entertained their friends. Even then they were regarded doubtfully by the girls, and would have won many a taunt and jeer from the boys, who go straight to the mark in such matters, but for Delphine's beauty, which made every boy a courtier; and courtiers are smooth-tongued.

Katey sat quite still, lost in thought, though Delphine's voice, grown merry now, still went on. "What is it, kitten?" whispered Jack, struck at last by the strange attitude and absorbed face. "Don't you want to go to the party?"

She turned her eyes gravely upon him without speaking. Then she stealthily pushed her little foot out from under the short gown. There was a yawning rent upon one side of her shoe. "I have no others;" and the dark eyes displayed a depth of despair which touched Jack's heart. He thrust his freckled fingers into the red-brown hair hanging over his forehead, and stared at the page before him. Poor Jack! What wild impossible schemes were conjured up in his brain at that moment as he felt the weight of that hardest of all poverty to bear—the poverty which goes hand and hand with pride—good, honest pride, too, which is not to be scoffed and sneered at.

"I'll have them mended!" he whispered in sudden inspiration, coming down from a vision of dainty pink satin slippers to the practical and possible. I'll take them to old Crinkle the first thing in the morning."

"Will you?" Katey nestled nearer to him. Dear old Jack! He made many a crooked way straight to the little feet. "Then I can go," and her face shone; "but I never saw a party in my life. What is it like?" she added curiously, as though it had been some strange kind of an animal, for instance.

"Like—oh, like—like—" but, failing in a simile, Jack came to a pause. He was bashful to a painful degree, and shrank always from notice. The party, from which there was no escape if Delphine were really going, was anything but a pleasure in anticipation, and yet he could not check Katey's eager interest.

"Why they just swell round, you know, and show their fine clothes," he said at last.

"But we have n't any fine clothes!"

This was too true to be denied, and Jack was silenced for a moment; but a certain pain in the dark eyes made him go on hiding his own forebodings, and holding up only what was bright and pleasant before the child.

"And they play plays."

"Do they?" exclaimed Katey eagerly. Then, after a moment's pause, "though I don't know any plays."

"And then there's the supper," Jack went on, almost persuading himself, as Katey's face brightened more and more. "That is best of all—ice cream and oranges and things, you know. Heigho!" he sighed, "I wish it was over," forgetting his part suddenly; but the sigh was lost upon Katey, who bent forward with clasped hands and upturned, glowing face, picturing it out in her mind, herself too insignificant a part of the bright vision to disturb her fancy. She drew a long, trembling breath. "I am sure I shall like it," she said softly, returning to her book, from which, however, she soon emerged again. "Will Dacre Home be there?"

"I suppose so," Jack answered rather gruffly. He was deep in his lessons again by this time and did not care to be disturbed.

"He's an awful boy," whispered the child solemnly.

"That's so;" and Jack allowed his thoughts to wander again from the page before him. "Do you know," he went on in a burst of confidence, "I believe he'll be hung yet."

Katey's eyes opened round and horrified at the scene conjured up by his prophecy. "Then they'd bring home his head," she added after a moment.

"Bring home his head?" repeated Jack.

"Yes; I read somewhere about Sir Thomas More; how they brought home his head to his family. I think," she added circumstantially, "that it was tied up in a napkin."

"He wasn't hung at all," said Jack, from the depth of superior wisdom, "he was beheaded."

"O!" Katey replied humbly. From Jack's final judgments she never appealed.

Jack was true to his promise, and carried the little shoe to be mended the next morning before breakfast. When he ran

up the street after school at night, swinging it triumphantly by the string, a tiny figure, wrapped in a queer, old-fashioned cloak, waited for him between the heavy gate and one of the high posts surmounted by great black wooden balls. Dusky shadows were softening the staring red walls all around. Ghostly figures hastened down the street where the gaslights were beginning to glimmer faintly. A cart, mysteriously full, had creaked over the snow-covered pavements, and paused before the brilliantly-illuminated house over the way. Heavily-laden baskets were being lifted out and carried in, from which, to Katey's mind, the wonderful party was to be evolved. It was very cold out there in the wide crack between the gate and the post; but a warm thrill shot through the little body as the lights flamed out into the street, bringing one sudden, evanescent glimpse of glory before the shades were drawn.

"It is still damp and a good deal drawn in on one side," said Jack, displaying the little shoe, which looked as though a bite had been taken out of it, "but you won't care."

Care? The little wet, half-worn shoe shone like Cinderella's slipper in her eyes, as the great gate closed after them with a dull thud, and they hastened into the house.

"Come in; let me see if you are quite nice," called Madam Earle, an hour later, as she stood framed in the parlor door, while the children descended the stairs, a kind of halo about their young heads cast by the candle carried in black Chloe's hand.

Delphine danced forward into the fire-light, and gave a sweeping curtsy. The folds of the old green pongee—scant and not overbright—fluttered out as she bent to the floor. But against the dead green of her gown, her neck and arms shone pure white, and the merry brown eyes raised to her mother's face held a charm beyond pearls and diamonds. She thrust out her foot ruefully. It was encased in one of the fantastic slippers. A shadow crossed Madam Earle's face. She felt more keenly than they each thorn which poverty made to pierce the pride of her children.

"But I don't mind," Delphine said brightly. "I would sooner dance in my bare feet than sit in a corner in satin slippers." But Delphine would never sit in a corner, of that her mother was sure.

Then Katey crept out of the shadows and stood timidly awaiting inspection.

"O Katey," laughed Delphine, "I can see nothing but your eyes and the great flowers on your gown!"

"Are they so very large?" and Katey looked anxiously down upon the old-fashioned brocade in which she was arrayed. It was covered with impossible roses, and had come down in various shapes and styles from a former generation, being made over at last for Delphine in a fashion quite gone by, since which time it had descended to Katey.

"Are they so very large?" she repeated, as a moment of silence followed her question.

"Well, no," burst out Jack; "if you call them sunflowers, kitten, they are small."

Katey's eyes had turned imploringly to him. She gave a quick little gasp of pain which he did not notice. Her mother's arm drew her forward.

"It is a very handsome piece of silk," she said, stroking it with her hand. "I have heard my mother say that when this gown was brought from England there was not another in the colony that could compare with it. It would almost stand alone."

"But it will never stand quite alone," laughed Delphine, to whom this consolation had been administered many times. "Unfortunately, some one of us will always have to stand in it."

"Never mind," whispered Jack in Katey's ear, as the heavy gate swung after them and they emerged into the street, "nobody will notice you, and you look nice enough, anyway; not handsome, of course, like Delphine."

"O no," assented Katey, who was quite content to be thus estimated, and began to be cheered even so soon by Jack's equivocal praise. The little heart had been full of anxiety a moment before; but if Jack was satisfied it must be that she was equal to the occasion. Jack would know; he had been to parties before. Poor Jack! whose heart was heavy enough on his own account at that moment.

"Why do you say so?" exclaimed Delphine, sharply. She had caught his words, low though they were. "You know we look as though we had come out of the ark. But what do I care?" and she ran up the steps. Carriages were crowding the narrow street; white-robed little forms were being lifted out and borne in tenderly. A gentleman brushed them as they stood in the doorway; he carried a dainty figure

in his arms. "Here, Pet, your flowers," as he set her down, and the little gloved hands received a miniature bouquet as the door was flung wide open. A soft, warm air, sweet with the scent of flowers, a blaze of light, the sound of music—all poured out to meet them. Katey, shivering with excitement, overcome with awe, stood still. "What are you waiting for?" It was Delphine's voice which roused her. Delphine's hand pulled her forward. She found herself mounting the stairs, led into a room musical with the tinkle of tiny belles transformed beyond all recognition—her schoolmates though many of them were.

"Is this the party?" she gasped.

"Don't be silly," Delphine replied. "This is the dressing-room, don't you see? Nothing but children!" she said aloud, as the maid who had been fitting dainty slippers to tiny feet came to meet them.

"Yes, Miss," the girl replied, obsequiously; everybody gave pretty Delphine her due of honor and respect; "but it is early yet; and indeed there are some young ladies and gentlemen down stairs."

"I know it is early," Delphine replied, carelessly shaking out the clinging folds of the green pongee and drawing on her gloves; "but we are neighbors."

Katey, in the meantime, had removed her cloak, not without some hesitation and a throb of terror as to the result.

"O what a funny dress!" exclaimed a little miss in white lace and pink satin ribbons, staring at the brocade gown.

"Such flowers! Why Katey Earle!" added a school acquaintance, slipping out of a white opera cloak and drawing near.

"Jack says they are not as big as sun-flowers," Katey ventured, deprecatingly.

"Of course not, you little goose;" and Delphine joined in the laugh which followed the words. "Come, it is time to go down." And, glad of any change, Katey followed her with tingling cheeks and a heavy, anxious heart.

CHAPTER II.

KATEY FINDS A FRIEND.

JACK was waiting for them just outside the dressing-room door. He had become all at once very stiff and red-faced and queer, and not like Jack at all. His hands seemed to have swollen, and protruded, very red and more freckled than ever, to an unusual length beyond the sleeves of his jacket; and why did he

look so choked and strange about the neck? Katey, grown suddenly observant through painful experience, gave him a quick, searching glance from head to foot, mentally comparing him with the fine young gentlemen gathered at the head of the stairs. There was a difference, but in what it lay she could not tell; certainly boys' clothes were all alike, just jackets and trousers, she thought enviously. But boys' clothes are not all alike, as poor Jack had found, to his sorrow, in that long ten minutes of waiting, the torments of which Katey fortunately did not know. She drew in a deep breath of comfort; she could bear the flaming brocade even, which refused to stand alone, if she were quite sure that Jack was not hurt.

"I will find you a seat somewhere," said Delphine, when they had crossed the room and presented themselves to the little hostess, who received her guests with the assurance of years in society. A hush, then a low titter had followed them. Jack's face flamed, and the hands hanging awkwardly at his side clenched themselves for an instant. Delphine raised her head proudly, but her face grew white; only Katey, bewildered by the bright scene, heard nothing.

"There," and Delphine tucked the child into a corner, "you can sit here until they begin to play," which Katey was only too glad to do. The first moment of confusion and bewilderment was past, and the room seemed suddenly full of strange, unfriendly eyes searching her out. She shrank as far from sight as possible. Jack lingered awkwardly beside her for a few moments, then the crowd swallowed him up. Delphine too disappeared; but, secure in her corner, Katey for the time was happy, in that pitiful, unnatural happiness for a child—the being permitted to look on while others play.

"They were forming a contra-dance in the next room. One of the young ladies belonging to the house, busily pairing off the little people, paused before Katey at last. "Will you have a partner, little girl?"

"I—I don't know," stammered Katey. She did not understand the question; but this might be one of the plays of which Jack had told her.

"Can you dance?" The girl spoke impatiently. What a stupid, little old-fashioned child it was, to be sure!

"I don't know," Katey answered with grave consideration, "I never tried."

The girl stared, laughed and went on.

"I almost think I could," the child continued to herself, leaning out from her corner to watch the dancers. She was growing accustomed to the scene, and now a desire to participate in it seized upon her. With a glowing, eager face and shining eyes she followed the strange movements, while the music, rising and falling, beat its own time in her heart. There was a little stir, and the crowd about her pressed back; the green pongee fluttered before her eyes, as Delphine, flushed and radiant, chassèd down the room. Her hands were crossed in those of an old-young man, with a bald spot on the top of his head, and a murmur of admiration followed the twinkle of the bespangled slippers. Katey's glance was full of breathless delight; she gloried in Delphine's beauty; she shared her triumph. In her eagerness she did not notice the approach of a set of young fops of her own age who had been watching her for some time from across the room. A sudden pinch, causing her to utter a half suppressed cry as she grasped her arm, called them first to her notice.

"Hallo, granny!" She looked up; her eyes full of the tears the pain had brought, to find a face made horrible by contortions, close to her own. Dacre Home, upon the edge of the group, laughed a cruel, mocking laugh; "O, come on," he said superciliously, "don't torment the child." There was a spark of feeling somewhere in the boy which had been touched by the child's tears.

"Jimminy, what shoes!" exclaimed another, as they moved away. The little foot had been thrust out in her excitement, displaying the marks of old Crinkle's skill to all beholders. A sob rose in her throat as she hastily drew it under her gown. The pain in her arm stung her still; but it was nothing to the pain that cruel taunt had awakened in her heart. O, where was Jack! If he would only take her home! Why did she ever come? The glamour was all gone. It was not fairydom any longer, as, shrinking back out of sight, she wiped her eyes stealthily.

Delphine sought her out at last, "What, still here! Why don't you go and play with the others?"

The child had choked back her tears at Delphine's approach. A certain sensitive pride made her hide her bitter experience. Jack was somewhere happy. Delphine, too, flamed upon her like a star; it was

only herself who was miserable; nobody should know; she could bear it for a little time; they would go home presently. "I would rather stay here," she said, "besides I can see everything."

"Well, you are the oddest little thing," Delphine replied. To her, seeing was but a small part of the evening's pleasure. Conscious of thus having done her duty in looking after Katey, she sailed away again upon the arm of the old-young man, if one could be said to sail under such scant canvas. But even this little exchange of words created a diversion and made the child less miserable. Then by leaning forward she discovered that she could hide her shoes with the skirt of her gown. This, too, was a comfort; and her heart grew more light. Then when the plays really began, and one and another saw that she did not join in them, tiny fans and laced-edged handkerchiefs were laid in her lap for safe-keeping, causing a friendly exchange of words, and giving her a kind of silent partnership in the game. So her enjoyment, slowly stealing back, reached its culmination when Jack presently came down the room, very red and swollen still in appearance, as though his jacket were much too tight for him, but with Josie Durant, the prettiest little lady in the room, hanging upon his arm. Nothing escaped Katey's eyes; from the little white feet shining through the open-worked stockings above the satin slippers, to the yellow hair coiffured in the latest style over the childish face.

"I told your brother that he ought to go and find you," said the little lady with an authoritative air which seemed to Katey very droll, "and so you see I've brought him." Jack reddened and laughed, looking rather silly, but thoroughly pleased. Yes, Katey saw, and so did all the little lords and ladies, busy with their game, regarding her with new favor, for did not Josie Durant wear real diamond earrings?

"What does he like to do?" the little girl went on, still coquettishly ignoring Jack's name. "He will not play anything."

Jack twisting a button upon his jacket and blushing up to his eyes; offered not a word in his own defense. "Let me see," Katey pondered gravely, seized with a violent interest in Jack's favorite pursuits, "he likes to slide down hill."

Jack laughed.

"But you can't slide down hill at parties," the child replied.

"That's so," answered Katey.

"So I can't think what we shall do with him," as though Jack must be immediately employed or at least amused. "Please fasten my glove." Jack's red fingers resolved themselves into ten thumbs, each one more clumsy than the others. "O let me do it;" and Katey drew the button into place.

"I haven't seen you before, to-night," said Miss Josie, while this operation was going on. With instinctive politeness, which is only kindness after all, the little girl tried to keep her eyes from the flowered gown. "Seems to me you haven't been around much."

"No-o," Katey replied slowly, giving a final pat to the little wrist before releasing it, "I haven't, much."

She could not mortify Jack before Miss Josie by confessing that she had sat upon that blessed ottoman in the corner ever since the party began. Instinctively she guarded the honor of the family.

"Well, we must go," said the kind little tyrant presently, turning Jack round. "Perhaps we'll come again. I forgot to ask if you were having a good time," she threw over her shoulder.

"Beautiful," Katey responded warmly. There was no doubt upon the subject in her mind, as they disappeared, the tiny, gloved hand still resting upon the sleeve of Jack's out-grown jacket. "And then there's the supper," thought the child, who was weighing and measuring her joys as only they do to whom joys are few and rare.

The music startled the little people in the midst of their game. It was a march now, and a long procession began to form. All the little fans and handkerchiefs were caught from Katey's lap as their owners hastened to place themselves in the line. The young lady who had offered her a partner for the first dance, was arranging the little masters and misses in couples. Katey in her corner was quite overlooked. Perhaps Jack would come, she thought, anxiously scanning the jackets dancing about before her eyes. Once in the distance she caught a glimpse of the green pongee. Delphine was a young lady, and between her and Katey, by reason of years, was a great gulf fixed; but Jack!—it was not like Jack to forget. The procession moved out of the room. Katey's heart swelled with grief, which changed to anger against the little lady who had satin slippers, real diamond earrings, and—Jack. A

tear had fallen into her lap upon the poor despised roses, where it shone for a moment like dew. But as her anger rose the tears dried away. "Jack shouldn't do so," she said aloud in a strange, excited tone. She was alone; the last couple had passed out; the music sounded faint in the distance. She started up with a sudden purpose. "I'll just go home." She darted out into she hall, at the farther end of which was the supper-room. Between the parted forms gathered about the door she caught a momentary glimpse of the glories beyond. Merry, shrill voices came out to her with the sweet strains of the music. A confusion of bright, happy faces, of fairy forms, danced before her eyes—a paradise from which she was shut out; and O dreadful to see! There was Jack—her Jack—with no care or anxiety upon his face, bashful, but triumphant, with Josie Durant at his side. He held her plate; one of her dainty gloves peeped out of his pocket. Katey marked it all, as she stood for a moment with parted lips, flushed cheeks, and little dark hands clenched tight. A pale-faced boy sitting upon the stairs with a crutch lying beside him, leaned over to watch the queer little figure. What could be the matter with the child as suddenly turning she darted up the stairs, falling over the crutch in her haste!

"One moment, please." He caught at the brocade gown to save her. "I believe I shall have to trouble you for my crutch." It had slid to the foot of the stairs.

"O!" said Katey, recovering herself, and diverted for the moment from her purpose, "I must have struck it; but you see I'm in a hurry," as she ran down to recover it.

"Yes, I should think so." What an odd little creature it was, to be sure, in the queer, old-fashioned gown, and with a mass of dark hair tossed by her fall about her great dark eyes. "But won't you sit down a moment; it is rather lonely here all by one's self."

Katey had given him a hurried inspection. He was years older than Jack, but not so handsome, though his clothes were finer and not at all out-grown. Poor Katey had become observant in such matters. Then he really desired her to sit by him. That was being almost like the other girls in pretty gowns down stairs; and her queer little heart grew light again. "I believe I will," she said, perching herself primly upon the stair above him. "But you'd better not stay here," she went on, as visions of

the glories below floated through her mind ; "you won't get any supper."

"O yes, I will ; they told me to remain here out of the crowd until they sent one of the waiters to me."

Katey had not the least conception as to whom "they" referred ; but she had become somewhat embittered by her late experience, and inclined to doubt everybody. "Perhaps they'll forget you," she suggested, secretly wiping away a tear with the corner of a very large embroidered handkerchief.

"O no ; they won't do that, I am sure."

"I don't know," persisted Katey sorrowfully, "*they forgot me.*"

"I'm glad of it," the boy replied. So that was the trouble, he thought. "I am not really glad, of course, and I don't see how it could have happened," he added diplomatically ; "but how fortunate for me ! I should have had to sit here alone."

Katey made no reply to the words so full of kindly tact. She seemed lost in thought. The little hands were clasped tight over the great roses blossoming upon the diminutive knees. The wide forehead under the dark tangles which had fallen over it was drawn by two horizontal lines where the eyes came together in consultation. "How should you like," she began again presently, "to have your brother go off with another girl?"

The boy was rather abashed by the suddenness, not to say strangeness of the proposition. "Well," he replied slowly, "if she was a very nice girl—"

"With real diamond earrings," interpolated Katey, not losing sight of the honor conferred upon the family.

"Yes," assented the boy, gravely. Katey's great eyes were upon him, and he dared not smile ; "and open-work stockings," she continued. "Yes," he went on, "and with open-work stockings, by all means ; a very nice girl," he ventured.

"Yes," said Katey, warming to the subject, "not a bit ashamed to speak to anybody in a corner."

"O, no, not at all," repeated the boy. "Why, I think I should like it very well."

"So do I," exclaimed Katey, now thoroughly aroused to the advantages of the situation, and veering entirely around. "I think it is beautiful."

"Here it is now," and her new friend leaned down to receive a plate loaded with strange delicacies. "Pomp !" he called after the waiter, who was an awful personage in Katey's eyes, "another plate, and sharp, now."

He piled the lion's share into her lap until the child laughed aloud in her delight. It was not for the cakes and candies ; she was too happy to eat, but it was so delightful to be waited upon ; to be almost like the little girls down stairs ! "Jack said the supper would be best of all ; and—there he is now !" as a boy suddenly appeared, darting in and out of the parlors, and thrusting his head into the corners as though searching for some one. "Jack !" she called, nearly overturning her plate as she started from her seat.

"What are you doing up there?" Jack responded rather crossly, as, heated and breathless, he discovered her at last. "O," in a milder tone, as he caught sight of her companion, "I thought you were alone."

"No," replied Katey, "I am not alone at all. There is a very nice boy here ; 'most as nice as you, but not near so handsome," she added in a whisper, speaking through the stair rails.

The very nice boy laughed, and appeared a little embarrassed by this frank speech, which somewhat modified Jack. "I'll take care of your sister," he said ; "you can find her here after supper."

"Yes," added Katey, sitting down again to her nuts and raisins. "You can go back, Jack ; I don't care anything at all about it now." What it was about which Katey had ceased to care, Jack did not pause to inquire, but, thus relieved from all responsibility, hastened away again.

An hour later, when hooded and cloaked, the children trooped down the stairs to go home, in the moment of waiting Katey found herself once more by the side of her new acquaintance. He stood leaning upon his crutch, looking pale and tired. "You'd better go and sit down," she said in a motherly tone which greatly amused the boy.

"I must stand sometimes for a change," he replied ; "you see I can't run about as you do."

"I don't care to run about," Katey said, with an ill-defined attempt at consolation. "Still," she added with grave truthfulness, "I suppose I should care to if I couldn't." Then Delphine's hand drew her away. "Why did you do so?" Katey said, when the door had closed after them and they were out in the dark, still night. "Why did you pull me away ? I wanted to say good-night to him."

"Who is he?" Delphine asked in reply ; for Delphine, with all her gaiety, had a

high regard for the proprieties, and had looked with distrust upon this sudden friendliness.

"I don't know; but he is a very nice boy."

"But what is his name?" persisted Delphine. "Of course some one introduced you."

"No, they didn't; but he is a very nice boy."

"Boy," repeated Delphine; "he is as old as I, and I should not have thought, Katey, that you would be so familiar with a stranger."

Poor Katey, darting before the others in sudden anger, feeling dimly that the reproof was unjust, answered only with a

little burst of sobs, as she ran up the steps of the ghostly old house. But the tears soon dried away; it was only a patter of great drops after that little hot flash. It had been a beautiful time after all, she thought, creeping up the wide stairs in the darkness to where Chloe sat over the fire in Delphine's room, half asleep, waiting to undress them.

"Dere warn't nuffin so fine as dis yere, I'll be boun'," she said, fumbling with dusky fingers over the fastenings of the brocade gown, as the firelight made all the roses bloom again. "There was certainly nothing at all like it," laughed Delphine, shaking down her long rippling hair.

(To be continued.)

DUTY.

The lady of the legend olden,
 In a dragon form imprisoned,
 With many-colored scales bedizened,—
 Violet, crimson, green and golden,—
 Doomed her weary wierd to dree
 Lonely in some desert fearful,
 For the champion waiting tearful,
 Who should give her kisses three,
 Who should nerve himself to death,
 Who should dare her poisonous breath,
 And from the foul enchantment set her free:

Her name is Duty—still she liveth;
 Still in lonely pain she waiteth;
 (Dreadful form, which each one hateth!)
 But she weepeth and forgiveth.
 Only one can set her free;
 Will he sigh and pass her coldly?
 Or will he dare the venture boldly,—
 Give the awful kisses three,—
 Find the loathly horror fled,—
 Blushing loveliness instead,
 And in his heart delight and victory?

EARTHEN PITCHERS.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

"WE'LL drive?" said young Chalkley, anxiously, halting on the steps of the Continental Hotel. He had Mr. Burgess, the English magazinist, in charge. "Oh, drive, of course!" beckoning to a hackman. If heaven had but willed him in this crisis of fate a buggy of his own—a team of any sort! This Londoner, no doubt, dwelt in an atmosphere of rank where coroneted chariots and footmen were every-day matters. It is true, Chalkley hired a trotting-horse for an hour per day, and he would willingly have mounted Burgess upon it, and run behind, like an Egyptian donkey boy, if the thing had been practicable. As it was, he had to call a hack.

"Tut, no," said Burgess, "I vote to walk."

"Why, certainly," with a reassured little giggle. "Why, I forgot what tremendous fellows you English are with your constitutions, and so on." He looked doubtfully down as they walked, at the little wiry man beside him, with his foxy face and red beard. Certainly, this was not his ideal of bluff John Bull; but none the less did he feel that the New World was on trial to-night before the Old. Elsewhere, this judge could inspect its institutions and politics; but Parr Chalkley felt it had fallen to his lot to present its social aspects.

"Here you have the Quaker element," waving his hand up the broad street, asleep at that early hour of the evening, the red brick fronts and marble steps distinct in the moonlight. "Arch street. Nobody, of course, in society lives north of Market street. We have our distinctions of rank here, Mr. Burgess, as in older countries. Still, it is possible to visit in some houses in Arch."

"Is Miss Derby's one of them?"

"No, no!" laughing. "Society never heard of Miss Derby. I take you there just as I should to the Museum yonder. Both places are—well, irregular; but you'll find some curious animals in them. I know what *you* want," complacently. "You want our idiosyncrasies. Our good society is just a repetition of what you have at home."

Mr. Burgess's eyes twinkled. "Yes,

well-bred people are the same the world over," he said, politely, "and family parties are apt to be monotonous, as you say."

"As for mountains and rivers," continued Parr, loftily, "I never thrust them at any foreigner. They may have that hobby, or they may not. Nature, in my opinion, is a bore." (He said "in me ahpinion is a barr.")

"No, but really you know!" protested Burgess. "Your scenery is very nice indeed. It lacks the charm of history of course—what one might call the sauce of Age. But it serves the better as a background for my articles. We, Dickens, Kingsley and the rest of us, have used up all the back-grounds: Europe, the Nile, Australia. I think I've had a very lucky 'find' here. I mean to produce some very pretty effects in my papers with your Rocky Mountains, Yosemite and all those, eh? This is Miss Derby's street?" as they turned a corner. "It looks respectable. Nothing Bohemian here."

"Oh, there are no Bohemians in Philadelphia," energetically; "there is no room for them. No more than for cheap weeds in these grass plats. No, no, sir. You must not think of Jenny—of Miss Derby as anything but a very respectable girl. Yes, and a very sweet girl too," he added, but with a quaver as though knowing that he put Society at defiance.

"But clever?" Burgess's red-rimmed eyes were twinkling again. "Now come. American ladies are all oppressively clever, you know. 'Have you read my last tragedy?' says one. Another thinks it more a woman's work to dissect babies than to suckle them: The very school-girls attack you with their views of John Stuart Mill; and this Miss Derby, still in her teens you say, lives alone, and has her 'Saturday evenings.'"

"Don't know," said Parr, turning his whitish eyes full on Burgess; "I never thought Jenny Derby clever." He was stolidly perplexed. Undoubtedly his companion was not what he had been taught to think well-bred. "'Read her last tragedy'? Why it's the Lambs he means, where he stayed in New York!" thought Parr with the look of an amazed ox. But—"It must be a shock," he said gently, a moment after, "to plunge into our social chaos

after the culture and refinement of England." He hoped, however, that Burgess would see how little he, a Philadelphian of the Philadelphians, had to do with social chaoses. He was going to London in the fall, and had planned that his new friend should introduce him into the very arcana of fashion. Burgess, meanwhile, was eyeing the big young fellow shrewdly; the heavy features, complexion like a girl's, fair Dundreary whiskers, foppish clothes, the rose in his buttonhole, skittish walk: all good points for a comic picture of a Philadelphian for his book. Since he came to this country he usually sketched his host's face on his thumb-nail whenever he was invited out to dine, and so was accumulating a good stock of figures to front his "backgrounds." The truth was, Burgess, being the son of a green-grocer at home, knew nothing of society beyond the acquaintance of a few men in inferior clubs, and had to make the best of his chance while he was here.

"No, Jenny Derby's not clever," maundered Parr, going back, as was his habit, to pick up a subject and wring more talk out of it. "She's knocked around a good deal for her age, though old Derby was cranky; they lived in Italy when she was a little thing, and he went into spiritualism and then into Italian freedom; seeker after truth—American Patriot—all that sort of thing. Jenny, it seems, was a pet with some people worth knowing: Mrs. Brown-ing, Mazzini, and so on. Four or five years later Derby was sent from here to Germany on some Reform Committee: Peace—Colonization, heaven knows what, and takes her with him, and they lunch with that bishop and dine with this duke—all humanitarians."

"Tolerably sharp practice in the old man."

"Not at all. Derby was not sharp. Derby," deliberately, "was as little sharp as any man I know. But it gave Jenny a chance to see life, and she made deuced good use of her eyes. It's astonishing the use she always makes of them!" growing animated. "Now that girl's on two or three papers. Writes book notices, and a woman's column. And that European experience of hers is all her material. Same thing over and over; roast, hash, and ragout; you have it again week after week, and, 'pon my word, you don't recognize it."

"I know that kind of woman. And these receptions?"

"Oh, they don't deserve such a large name as that. The old man left her in a Quaker boarding-house when he died, and they give her the use of a vacant room there. So she says to one friend and another, 'Don't come here through the week: you only are in my way. Come on Saturday evening. That's your Sabbath, and mine.' Newspaper people, you understand. So we go, to see Jenny, or each other. Sometimes she gives us tea, and dry toast; sometimes a supper from Augustin's, if she's in funds; but you never know what's coming. Oh, it's very nice indeed. Here we are," turning up the marble steps of one of the interminable red houses and ringing the bell.

They entered a long hall, bare but for the gas flaring and the flying Naiads on the old wall paper: passing up a flight or two of stairs, and into a room, wide, high, and softly lighted. Burgess's little eyes glanced here and there. Floor bare and stained in imitation of walnut, tables covered with warm-colored cloth, scattered about, with men at them, playing chess, and smoking, and women sewing. The whole affair was notably unlike any social gathering which Burgess had ever seen, to which women were admitted, and smacked much more of the club than the drawing-room. Yet men and women were quiet, low-voiced, and, if they had not been so eager and interested, would have satisfied his notions of good-breeding.

"Why these *are* pictures," he cried, with an involuntary start, going up to the wall. "But what a combination! A Gérôme, a Bonheur, and—surely I am not mistaken—this is a Meissonier?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I'll ask. This is only a tea-and-toast night. I see the cups yonder."

"She has the walls the proper tint for them, too. But how can a woman earn enough money by scribbling for the daily journals to buy such pictures as these?"

"She does not buy them," said a school-girl in an ill-fitting blue merino, who was looking at the Meissonier. She turned to Burgess, thinking he had asked her the question. "These are part of the Lingard collection which was brought to town for sale."

Burgess bowed respectfully. "And Miss Derby hires them for her reception?"

"No. Mr. Lingard imports them twice a year, and he hangs the best here on private view. The critics and press reporters

are sure to see them to-night. Lingard had the walls stained for her. It pays him. "'Tis Monsieur Puff, my lord, coming round the corner,'" she quoted, laughing and glancing up at Chalkley.

"And Miss Derby allows her walls to be used as advertisements?" He spoke to Parr, but the little girl replied:

"If it makes them pleasant to her guests, why not? She is a penniless little wretch, not able to put on wall paper. She allows Mr. Chalkley here to pay for that wood fire, and every pianist to bring his own instrument. It is a sort of neutral ground this, for artists and their critics to meet. There is John Shively, the publisher, coming in at the door. He will tell you in five minutes more how many millions he is worth. There are half a dozen other kings here, in sugar or cotton. What would they care for Jane Derby or her dry toast and tea if they did not know that they would see better pictures and hear better music here than in any house in town?"

Burgess turned to Parr: "Yet you told me this woman was neither clever nor sharp?"

Chalkley stood between the two, red, bulky, stammering. The little girl laughed good-humoredly, and held out both her fat hands deprecatingly: "Don't go any farther, Mr. Burgess. I am Jenny Derby. I thought you knew." Seeing his embarrassment she covered it adroitly by leading him to the fire. "Here is a seat from which you can take notes. I advised Mr. Chalkley to bring you here. Among these odds and ends of American society you may find a point or two for your book or lecture on us, whichever it is to be."

"Neither, I assure you. Yet I might take you as the typical American girl, I suppose, Miss Derby?" staring at her through his half-shut red eyelashes.

"By no means," quietly. "I am outside of all orthodox lines. But women can go on to man's ground with safety further here than in England. Kit, pray give your chair to Mr. Chalkley. I want you." She spoke to a man who sat by the fire playing with a dog. He rose leisurely, without looking at the newcomers, and followed her.

Mr. Burgess looked after her eagerly. "I don't wonder I mistook her for a school-girl. She has the unformed figure and manner of a girl of fifteen; but there's a cool *aplomb* about her, and a speculation in those gray eyes that show she has seen a good deal of the world."

"Ah, that she has! I knew you would admire her!"

"She has seen more than you, Chalkley," smiling. "But what a hospitality! 'You came to caricature us. So to your business.'"

"'Pon my soul," cried Chalkley, with sudden candor, "I'm afraid she was in the right, Mr. Burgess. She's the honestest creature alive. She is just as blunt about your faults as her own."

"Who comes here?" hastily turning the subject.

Parr shrugged his big shoulders. "Shively, the publisher. A new man. Advertised himself into a fortune, and now he's trying to advertise himself into society. I can't present you. I don't know him," as he stood before them.

But Shively smiled on him benignly from his lank and bony height. From his shining shoes to his long hatchet-faced head with its curling ruffle of red whiskers and hair, he was one smile, affable, patronizing, aggressively innocent. Parr turned off with a distant bow, while Shively held out both hands to the Englishman.

"Mr. Burgess! Let me name myself! John Shively. You may have heard of my publications. Small things, small things! But they help me to aid my fellow-creatures, and for what else, in God's name, are we here? But you!—I know you well, Mr. Burgess—through your works. We are old friends. Comrades in spirit, I may say, without being sentimental."

"I do not doubt it, Mr. Shively."

"And so you are going to write us up? Ah, you young fellows, you must each have your fling at us Americans. But we have grown more pachydermatous than in the days of Mrs. Trollope and Dickens. Seriously," Mr. Shively growing suddenly grave, "the better men of the two nations have lately, as I may say, struck hands and brought their countries into accord. My friend, the Earl of Dundas, remarked, when he was dining with me the other day: 'We are but one clan, after all, Shively.' The Prince of Wales, (and a fine young fellow he is, by the way,) made a casual observation to me, when he was here, tending to the same effect. I do what I can to foster that brotherhood of feeling between America and all other nations. I had a Russian prince at my house yesterday, quite a cultivated man, too. It was really surprising to see how well informed he was on many subjects. 'You must come up and see my

little place, by the way, Mr. Burgess. Only worth your notice as an example of what industry may do for a man who begins penniless in this country. Why the parlor curtains alone stood me in twelve thousand, and that in gold, sir. My wife will have nothing but point lace for her pillow slips. These women have their whims you know, so I indulge her. Little points like that in your book will whet your readers' appetite for heavier statistics. And I began as an errand boy. Yes, sir. An er-rand boy."

"So I have heard."

"Ah, indeed? Well, John Shively is tolerably well known, and he never denied his origin. I strive to uplift the class from which I came, Mr. Burgess. My employés have a bank of their own, and a private graveyard on my grounds where they can be buried as comfortably as though they were millionaires. Ah yes! little things, but they help our fellow creatures, and what else in God's name are we here for? Those fellows, the press reporters, look upon me as a godsend. 'You and your benefactions keep us in items, Mr. Shively,' they often say," drawing down his glossy shirt-cuffs.

"Who are these women, if I may ask?" interrupted Burgess, glancing around.

"Ah, women? None from our old families, Mr. Burgess. None of the class to which my young friend Parr Chalkley belongs. I do not bring my daughter here, as you perceive. Though little Miss Derby is very nice—very nice! And these persons are all respectable. Ah yes, quite so. Those Quaker ladies with white hair are old Anti-Slavery leaders. That young female in the corner, short, aggressive, you see, is a lecturer, I think; but really one cannot be familiar with all orders in a society so uncertain and chaotic as ours. That lovely creature with the mass of reddish hair tumbling about her shoulders is the famous actress, Devereux; fine woman, Mr. Burgess."

Mr. Burgess lifted his eye-glass. "Yes, she is," he said, after a critical pause. "But how does a busy man like yourself spare time to come here?"

Shively held up his white pulpy hand to his mouth. "*Entre nous*, it is business. I find this kind of people, artists, editors, and the like, much cheaper when you take them unawares out of their offices—off guard, as one might say. Just now I want a series of articles written, half scientific, half popular, for which I am willing to pay

liberally. I know but one young fellow capable of doing it, and of course I'll try to get him on as easy terms as possible. I came to find him to-night, but he is not here. A most brilliant young scamp, moody and unreliable, like all your men of genius."

"Who is he? I have heard of him, no doubt."

"Ah yes. One of the most promising men of the day, Niel Goddard. Is it possible Miss Derby hears me? She turned as I named him. *She* would advise him against my offer. She has notably a sharp eye for the pennies. Harte, where is your comrade, Goddard, now?"

Burgess turned quickly. Of Harte, he had heard—a figure painter, beginning to be known in Europe as here for the delicacy of his touch as well as the subtle grace of his meaning. He was a solid, squat, good-natured looking fellow, wearing spectacles, and with black brows which met over his nose.

"Not in town. He is down on the coast, somewhere, studying the effect of sunset on the neap tide, for a marine he is going to paint."

"Absurd! He is not going to waste his time in painting?"

"If Niel Goddard chose to take brush and palette seriously in hand," said Harte, with some heat, "none of us could touch him. But he is lazy. That inevitable *vis inertiae* of genius, you know."

"Now Harte," said Shively, as he turned away, "has no genius whatever. But the most indomitable endurance! Son of a butcher, sir! Chose the canvas instead of a meat-block, and has starved and drudged and worked his way for ten years, until he has done some neat things."

"You will wake up some day and find in Harte a great painter," said Burgess. "We begin to know him in England."

"But if you could see Goddard's studies! Just a line, here and there. But when you come to talk of power!—"

"What has Goddard done? Written or painted?"

"Done? done? Oh, if you put it that way, but little as yet, sir. Like all real artists, his studies will be severe. But as for promise, I know no man in America to equal him."

CHAPTER II.

Miss Derby, followed by the big fair-haired man whom she called Kit, went in-

to a little ante-room or closet where a girl not so young as herself was kneeling before an open fire, toasting thin slices of bread already thoroughly dried. Jenny broke a bit critically. "Too brown," she said sharply. "And one slice must *not* lie on another; not for an instant. I don't want to give them soggy dough. The refreshment is cheap," smiling up at Kit, "but it must be perfect of its kind. Now this tea. It was a Christmas gift from Mr. Theris; not a pound of the like in the country. People talk of it when they go away, and that attracts notice. Pays me, you see? These Japanese cups I picked up in a London pawn shop. The man did not know their value. They look like a bubble cut in half. You drop a pinch of the tea in each. Pour on your water, and cover with the other half. Now taste, Kit."

"It seems poor stuff, to tell you the truth. Besides, it's only half a mouthful, Jenny."

"I can't give this lot of people what you'd call a square meal," tartly. "Sometimes I do give them a supper that costs a quarter's salary—though I get it cheaper than other people, by giving the caterer a puff, and besides he takes back from me whatever terrapin or croquettes are left."

"Why do you go to such expense, Jenny? I cannot understand why you bring these people here, any how. This is not like our supper parties down in Delaware, where we all go because we like each other," glancing to the open door.

"I do it because it pays me, you may be sure of that. In town they talk of me as a sharp woman pushing into a man's place. People come here and they know me always afterward as Jenny Derby: a genial, warm-hearted little thing that needs help. And they're all ready to help. You see?"

Christopher stood lazily pulling the dog's ears for a minute; then he laughed. "I see that you are about as genial and warm-hearted as most other women, Jenny. But I can fancy you at forty, hoarding your money in an old tea-pot like our grandmother Shaw, and caring for nothing so much as the hoarding. You have her blood in you, so take care."

She looked at him steadily for a moment. "I believe you're right," she said suddenly; then crossed the room to the fire. "That is enough, Miss Croft. Much obliged, I'm sure. You need not wait any longer. No, she's not a servant," to Kit's look of inquiry. "She's a wood engraver.

I got work for her in the offices, and she's glad to pay me in this way."

"It saves you a burned face, at least;" drily. "Hers was purple."

"Yes; and the servants would waste the bread and have to be paid besides. As for her face, it don't matter to her. Now if it was that Devereux woman, yonder, it would be of some importance; her face is worth a capital of a million. It brings her in an interest of five thousand per week."

She went back to the larger room, and her cousin followed leisurely, and sat down by the window, through which a patch of moonlight fell. The dog kept close beside him; it was the only one of Jenny's companions who had made friends with the Delaware farmer, or with whom he felt at home. He had an awed admiration for all literary folk, or artists. The man who had written a book or painted a picture, vaguely ranked in his mind, with Cæsar or the Muses, or Michael Angelo, or any of those dim Presences to whom he had been introduced in his college days, but had lost sight of since in the hurry of raising early peaches and Chester County pigs. But he was disappointed now that he was brought face to face with these makers of the lightning which illumined the world. Was this genius? It sounded to him like gossip smelling rankly of paint and ink. Was it in this fashion that the wits in Dick Steele's time met at White's, and drank and talked? After all, had Jenny got into the real Holy of Holies of literature? Were these the Simon-pure masters in intellect, or only shrewd hucksters of brain work? The talk and laughter about him seemed to him all sham and unmeaning, though in reality there was unusual heartiness and jest in it. People out of all cliques and ranks met at Miss Derby's, and there was a certain newly awakened expression with both curiosity and humor in their eyes, as though each was testing the other unknown specimens of humanity in this newly discovered atmosphere.

Miss Derby herself stood near him with the Englishman, to whom she pointed out one after another her guests. "Those two prettily dressed ladies by the door belong to a class you don't know yet in England, women correspondents of the newspapers. I too!" nodding and touching her breast, "I write letters from Paris for the *Day-book*, and from Rome for the *Progress*. They furnish me the news items, and it is quite easy to dress them up. There are two

New York journalists, both of them from the West. Western men are never as authors worth a penny, but they are at the head of the newspaper profession everywhere. What journalism wants is common sense, and that is the genius of the West."

"Miss Derby is like other American ladies," Burgess said to Parr when she she had gone to some other part of the room. "She does not talk, she orates."

"That is because of her business. I have always remarked that women who write for the press have that snappy didactic manner. If they tell you what's o'clock, they must needs make an epigram out of it."

It was Sturm who said this: languidly, as became the cynical philosophic turn of mind for which he was noted: a character which had grown on him of late years, since his bald head, shallow face, and waxed moustache seemed to require it. (Sturm was then, and indeed is still, musical critic for the *Review*.)

"I am glad I came here to-night," replied Mr. Burgess. "I get a pretty fair idea, I fancy, of your professors of literature and art, with a good deal of the radical social element besides: one looks for radicalism in Philadelphia."

"If literature and art," enunciated Sturm slowly, "be trades, you are right. The time was, sir, when to be an author was to be a prophet, priest, and king. A man wrote a book, however poor, as the oracles spoke, from some divine impulse within. Now the book, the poem, or the article is manufactured and offered by these—these venders," glancing around, "just as a clown turns a summersault or plays a fresh prank—for the sake of a few pennies."

"You're right; by George you're right!" chuckled Shively, "I've said as much in the office a dozen times! Why my writers—on books or papers—have as keen noses for their copyrights or salaries as the poorest mechanic in the bindery. You're right, Sturm."

"They don't understand, probably, why the fountain of Helicon should bubble without charge: either for mankind or for Mr. Shively," said Sturm drily. "It's the demand," turning to Burgess, "the steady sale of literary work that has coarsened its quality. When a man used to give five years to the elaboration of the idea which he offered to the public, he fancied some of the real water of life sparkled in it: but these tradespeople in ink are like men who keep drinking booths at a fair. They stir

up their drinks in an hour. What do they care whether they sell nectar, or bitter beer, or ginger-pop, so that the pressing thirst of the crowd is satisfied and they get their cursed money?"

Nobody appreciated this tirade but Shively, who chuckled through it continuously, rubbing his thick gold chain between his fat thumb and finger. "Yes, sir. I've known a dozen painters and authors who talked of being true to art, and meant to do some great work, and they all took to daubing pot-boilers of landscapes for the auction-shops, or scribbling skits of stories and articles for the newspapers and magazines. Pegasus is greedy for his oats, nowadays, and I can always tell when he is ready to lay his wings by and hire out to do carting by the day. No talk of Art then, but—how much a column, Mr. Shively?"

Miss Derby, who stood near them, sheltering her flushed face from the fire, interposed, "I know one man whom you concede to have a real genius, Mr. Shively, as his birthright; but I heard you propose to buy him to-night for a very small mess of pottage indeed."

"Oh, Goddard? Yes, I've no doubt Goddard will make his mark some day. Hit the public a downright blow between the eyes. But in the meanwhile he might as well turn an honest penny by writing up my popular scientific summary. Ah, going, Mr. Burgess? I see our friends are dropping off. I'll accompany you. Good night, Miss Derby. You'll not prejudice Mr. Goddard against my offer?"

"I shall not interfere," said Jenny.

People began to come up to say good night to her. Whether they bowed or shook hands, Kit, whose lazy blue eyes saw every thing, observed that there was none of that fantastic deferential homage which men always pay to a young and pretty girl, but instead, a certain air of cordial comradeship as though Miss Derby were a hearty good fellow.

"They don't quite slap her on the back: but very near it," he thought, as she stood joking with Sturm and the others.

She evidently liked the comradeship. Her cheeks burned and her eyes sparkled as the last one turned lingering away. "That's Stillwell, Kit; I went out with him on that exploring expedition a year ago to visit the Indian country. Old Doctor Swan and his wife were in command. Semi-political you see. I got an appointment as

artist to the expedition. With that and my letters for the *Progress* I cleared three hundred dollars, besides expenses. After we came home, the Stillwell woman and I hired two good nags and rode through every county in Maryland, picking up adventures and land scapes and characters for our writing. You don't approve of that I see, Kit?"

"We wanted you to spend that summer on the coast with us, Jenny," he said evasively. "Why do you prefer such knight errantry to living among your father's people? None of them know you but me, and I've had to force myself on you here."

She leaned forward and touched him on the arm. Because of the very manliness of the girl a touch from her had all the force of a caress from sweet fondling women. "I don't know that they are all like you, Kit. Besides what *matériel* could I find in Delaware? I must have capital, grist to grind. I am making my bread and butter."

"I suppose you have chosen the right way," hesitatingly. "A woman with genius—"

Jenny laughed: a hearty laugh enough, yet there was a pathetic ring about it. "Bah! I have none of that, if even there be such a thing. I have not even a woman's ordinary skill in saying pretty nothings about nothing. I know just what I am."

The room was large and lonely: she sat in front of the firelight which flashed and darkened over her face, and showed it relaxed, and older than when nerved and heated by excitement. "No, Kit: circumstances pushed me among literary people and put a pen in my hand. I have covered up my real character in a reputation for wit and fancy just as I hide the bare walls with those pictures, which don't belong to me. It is shop-work with me. I read this book and that to find a style. I scour the country for ideas and facts as capital. Yet I write successful poetry. It tells. If I were older and had enough money saved I think I'd go into trade. I could make a fortune at that." It certainly was a very shrewd face which met Kit's, from the sharp chin to the broad, low, white brow.

"I know nothing about either poetry or trade," he said gravely. "I suppose you must be born fit for one, and make yourself fit for the other. But I must go to business. I came to-night to bring you a message from Mr. Goddard."

"Yes." She rose suddenly and began putting the chairs in their places.

"He has been in Lewes for nearly a month now. He brought me your letter of introduction the day he arrived."

"In Lewes? His business was in Georgetown."

"Yes; he told me all about that business. He's franker than I'd be under the circumstances."

Finding that he stopped, Miss Derby came back and stood leaning on the low mantel-shelf looking down at him. Her cousin, glancing up from the dog, found her apparently more attractive than before, for he watched her attentively.

"Do you think he will succeed?" she said.

"I've no doubt of it. The property has lain unclaimed since George Goddard's death, waiting for this nephew to present himself. It was supposed that he was in the West; but he will have no difficulty in proving himself to be the person."

"No. His father came from Iowa ten years ago. Is the property large?" after a pause.

"It will make him comfortable—not rich. I don't have the faith in those late peaches most people do. The whole farm's stocked with late peaches. The house is as good as any in Sussex County."

"Niel Goddard ought to be a rich man. His temperament requires ease and luxury for its development. I think, too—" she hesitated—"he would be a happier man if he were able to—to marry."

"Very likely," with a gravity for which there seemed no adequate cause. "He bade me bring you home with me, Jenny. There were some knotty points in the will which he thought your shrewd wit could help him with. My mother will expect you. The will is registered at Georgetown. I went up with him twice to look at it—Why, what is the matter?"

"Oh, I could not go, Kit. Your mother is a stranger, and—"

"You are not afraid to go junketing over the whole United States with a troop of strangers, and yet you blush and are frightened and tremble at the thought of meeting my mother. Why, Jenny?" taking her hand tenderly, for behind her smile and blush he could see the tears in her eyes. He certainly never had thought his cousin pretty before. It occurred to him for the first time now that he would like to take her in his arms and kiss her

"Oh," she fluttered, how *could* I go, Christopher?" She went to the window on pretense of closing the curtains, and lingered shyly in the moonlight. Then she said sharply, without turning: "Only been to Georgetown twice, and now it's a month?" What does Mr. Goddard find in Lewes to keep him there? Is he really studying the tides, as Mr. Harte said?"

"I think it probable. I heard Audrey expounding them learnedly the other day. She puts implicit faith in his wisdom, and deals it about to us second-hand."

"Audrey?"

Miss Derby stood quite quiet with her hands covering her eyes for a long time as she always did when she was planning the plot of a story. When she turned and came back it was with her ordinary cool, collected expression. "I am very glad that Mr. Goddard has such a chance of success about his farm; but I could not go down to advise him about the will, Christopher. Tell him so. I shall see you in the morning?" as, without pressing the matter further, he rose to go.

"Yes; I shall take the noon train."

"Why do you never bring Audrey, as you call her, to town? I should make her welcome, I'm sure."

"Audrey?" Looking about him with a smile. "I could not imagine Audrey here. Oh, no, that would never do."

"Too coarse a setting for your jewel?" with an answering smile. "She is a very beautiful woman then?"

Christopher hesitated. "I do not know. I think not. I really never considered before whether she was a pretty girl or not. But one cannot think of Audrey away from the sea."

"Oh! You men are fanciful about women. About womanly women, that is," with a bitter laugh. She had gone with him a step or two outside of the door, and after shaking hands, stood looking after him as he went down the stairway, nodding and smiling good-night as he looked back.

When he was gone, she crossed the halls hastily to her own chamber, locked the door, and stirred the clear anthracite fire. Her boots stood on the rug. They were short, broad and heavily soled; her gloves lay on the table. She took them up, looking at her thick and somewhat stumpy fingers. Stillwell, when they were out roughing it on the Prairies, used to say to her, "You are built for use and not for show, Jenny."

She had not minded it a bit in Stillwell, and had never liked him a whit the less. But in Niel Goddard's eyes, she *was* "a womanly woman." She thought of that now, holding the glove, and playing with it softly as she looked in the fire, as she might with a baby's hand. "I'm sharp, and a screw to all the world, even to Kit who sees everybody in the pleasantest light," she thought. "But Niel —"

Even to herself she did not say what she well knew; that in his big, blue, dreamy eyes her muddy skin was fair, her thin lips soft, her jet black eyes liquid and passionate as any tenderest sweetheart's among women. Men who wished to stand well with Jenny were wont to talk to her of the strength of her articles; "quite as masculine as if they had been done by a man." Niel laughed at all she wrote. "You precious little dunce!" he said often. Just as though she were a stupid child both silly and dear. Jane, remembering it now as she undressed herself, saw in the glass her hard eyes grow dewy and tender. But she saw too that they were hard eyes; and that her lips were thin and her breast flat. "Even Nature," she said to herself, "forgot that I was a woman. Niel never does."

Even alone as she was, the hidden woman in her answered to his name; flat breast and thin lips grew hot: she turned quickly from the glass too happy and ashamed to meet her own eyes.

"Audrey? What is Audrey to me? When would she give up for him what I have given up?" she said.

Presently she took down a japanned box filled with papers, neatly tied with red tape. Seating herself with a business air she took from among them copies of George Goddard's will, and of one or two deeds relating to the Stone-post farm. For Miss Derby had privately been down to Sussex county a year ago on this business. It was she indeed who had unearthed the fact that Niel Goddard was the missing heir, and sent him down. She went over the papers now carefully line by line: then took out another, a legal opinion from a high authority—"for which he charged a pretty penny!" she muttered. But it was clear and decisive. The Stone-post farm belonged to the oldest living son of James Goddard. It had been left fifty years ago to Elizabeth Goddard and her heirs. But Elizabeth had married a Cortrell and gone to the West Indies on ill terms with her

family and her whereabouts had never been discovered. The old man, George, who died last year, had made provision that the property should return to her heirs, should they present themselves. Failing that, James Goddard and his children came next in succession. Niel was James Goddard's only living child.

Miss Derby folded the papers carefully in the same creases. Her thoughts ran in this wise, done into plain English: "Niel Goddard might think her or all women tender-eyed and soft-lipped, but he would dawdle through life until he was gray, and never ask one of them to marry him, as long as he had no money. With money, he would be on fire to marry to-morrow. He was the heir to this property, provided none of Elizabeth Goddard's descendants were living. But Elizabeth Goddard's only daughter had married a Derby, and Jane Derby's father was her son. He had been used in his vague,

whimsical way to talk of family estates to which it might be worth while to trace his claim. But with his usual slip-shod habit he had never traced it. His daughter had no whimsical slip-shod habit. Her claim was made out, ready in the japanned box. She never meant to present it." Niel himself never knew of it.

"It will be so sweet to take all from him—all!" She pushed the papers into the box as she thought this and stood up, her hands on the lid, her face lifted and glowing. For the moment, it was a rare face and worth study. It would content her to be a beggar and fed by his hand!

A few moments later, however, she rearranged the papers of her claim more carefully, placed the case in her traveling bag, and shut it with a snap.

"I'll go down to Lewes with Kit to-morrow," she thought. "It can do no harm to see how matters stand," nodding significantly, as she put the satchel away.

(To be continued.)

AN ARCTIC QUEST.

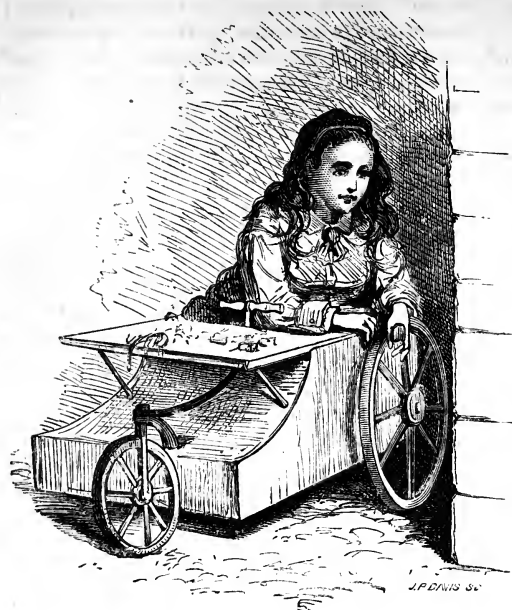
Oh proudly name their names who bravely sail
To seek brave lost in Arctic snows and seas!
Bring money, and bring ships, and on strong knees
Pray prayers so strong that not one word can fail
To pierce God's listening heart!

Rigid and pale
The lost men's bodies, waiting, drift and freeze;
Yet shall their solemn dead lips tell to these
Who find them, secrets mighty to prevail
On farther, darker, icier seas.

I go
Alone, unhelped, unprayed-for. Perishing
For years in realms of more than Arctic snow
My heart has lingered.

Will the poor dead thing
Be sign to guide past bitter flood and floe
To open sea, some strong heart triumphing?

ONLY HALF A WOMAN.



CLARA.

HE wondered why the sunshine never peered into the great streets through which he had roamed so much of late. Why was it that no erratic gleam, strayed from the flood of golden glory which deluged fields and bosquets outside London, could ever touch gently and kindly on the black and grimy walls of Eastcheap or the Minories? Whenever, during a whole month of this spring-time, so rich and rejoicing in the country, he came home to his little room in the oddly-shaped and somber "Crescent," he found himself under a dark pall, in which the sky in these eastern London sections was always draped. The dwellers in the nooks and alleys which had stood firm against the unrelenting march of business had pressing need of sun and warmth and shelter, such as the Neapolitan beggar could have night and day; such as even the farmers in the fields around the city rejoiced in at that very moment. But here, naught save the blackness of the Inferno, and the dreary panorama of long streets lined with mean-looking shops and gin-palaces, in front of whose gilded windows hovered crowds of wretches, half-starved, half-drunk, whose notion of gaiety was a shrill laugh at some coarse joke, and whose amusement was a brutal scuffle, terminating in a fight, and the interference of a stout policeman.

He entered the Crescent, and mounted the steep stairs to his room; but his pipe, his books, even the canvas on which he had painted a woman's head—the head of a beautiful young Irish woman, her hair falling in drunken disorder over her queenly shoulders—failed to interest him, and he went out again almost immediately, his elastic footsteps ringing on the dull pavement in sharp contrast with the shuffling tread of the pallid and over-worked wretches who passed him, looking enviously at his clean, shapely garments and manly carriage. He passed on, through a narrow lane, flanked on either side with low and tawdry inns, frequented by Norwegian and Danish sailors, until he came to an arch under which a heavily-laden team was rolling. As he followed the team under the shadows cast down from the frowning archway, a clear, melodious voice said softly:

"Oh, Mister George! can't you please wait a minute, and pass the time o' day? It's only me, and it's dull and lonesome 'ere, I can tell you."

The voice died away into a minor of appeal, and the young man stopped suddenly, and bent down gently in the uncertain light to give his hand to a figure which sat crouching in a recess of the wall.

"Still here, Clara?" he said, "and were you not afraid that yonder restless teamster would crush you under his splay feet? He walked as recklessly as if he were overloaded with beer."

"Very like he was, Mister George," answered the voice; "it's often enough he is so at this hour. I'll lay a penny he beats his wife; and I know he never speaks a kind word to me. He's a nice one, he is."

The voice came from a woman who sat in a little box on wooden wheels; and who had placed before her a soiled and faded placard, on which was written, in uneven, old-fashioned script, these words:

"PITY THE POOR, AND HEAVEN WILL PITY YOU."

The woman was young, and her face was superb. Her rich hair trailed upon the box in which the shapeless fragments of her lower limbs reposed. She did not seem unhappy; her eyes shone with a moistened spiritual fervor; her lips were firm and handsome; her brow was white

and bore no marks of the world's contagion. The young man held her hand for a moment gently, then let it fall, and handed her a shilling and a rosebud.

"There, Clara," he said, "the one will buy you some new ribbons for your hair, and the other will leave a hint of the green fields by your crippled father's bedside."

The woman looked at him curiously; then a great wave of color rushed into her face, and she said softly:

"Me with ribbons in my 'air, Mister George? Why, Lord love you, be you a dreamin'?"

"Wide awake, on the contrary, Clara, and quite positive that you would look much better with two bonny ribbons twined in your tresses."

"Mister George," she said suddenly, "you ought n't to speak to me like that. Can't you find other lasses to listen to such fine speeches?"

The young man paused, half frightened. Had he wounded the feelings of the waif? There was a new tone in her voice, which really alarmed him.

"Why, Clara, child," he said, "I only meant it as a kindness. Have I offended you?"

"No, Mister George, but I—really, you must n't make sport of me. I am too ready to make myself think strange things. Do you know—I says to myself this mornin', when I sees another tall, gallant youth go past, 'that's like Mister George'—and—that frightened me—because I—I don't like to think so much on one person. It makes me uncomfortable-like, sitting all alone 'ere, and—no—I'd rather not take the shilling; but I will 'ave the rose, and I'll wear it, too!"

She said these last words passionately, defiantly, and clutched the rose with loving fierceness.

George turned away, amazed, but not amused. He was silent, and when he turned once more to meet Clara's gaze, there were tears in his eyes.

"Dear Miss Clara," he said, "I know it is very lonely here for you, and before I go away I must find you some more suitable place to sit—if you will persist in refusing the aid already offered both your father and yourself,—or even to let me see your father."

"Do you hear that, dear rose," said Clara, speaking in a dreamy voice to the flower, which blushed even in the darkness; "do you hear? He wants me to

leave the old arch, where I have spent so many blessed hours. Oh, never! never! never! Come again to-morrow, Mister George, and tell me more of that story which you began the other day. But if it annoys you—don't mind my begging—it's only me."

George promised that he would come, and hastened away.

II.

Papa Zadwinski kept a foreign lodging-house in the Minories. It was not very far from the grim, ancient Tower of London, and one reached it by circuitous alleys and through almost impassable nooks. Away back, in a semi-circle of houses, which, sixty years ago, were inhabited by well-to-do merchants, but were now given up to the butcher, the baker and the chandler, stood a quiet mansion, with a huge black knocker, ornamented with a grinning dragon's head, upon its door. Underneath the knocker was a little aperture marked "Letters," and, just below this, a modest plate, with the inscription "F. Zadwinski." The most scrupulous cleanliness about the steps and at the area-railings marked the house as different from those surrounding it; it had a mysterious foreign air, which was heightened, as George approached it, two hours after leaving the half-woman clutching painfully at the rose he had given her, by the apparition in the doorway of a group of long black-frocked priests, who had halted for the night at Zadwinski's caravansary, ere pursuing their journey to a Catholic mission among the North American Indians. George bestowed only a glance upon them, and as he strode past them and up the stair-case, gently jostled a tall, thin old man, clad in a faded but superbly fitting long coat, and a pair of bright blue trowsers. The figure was leaning against the balustrade, gazing up the stairway, and apparently listening.

George turned hastily. "Why, Papa Zadwinski," he said, "are you already at home? You haven't taken your usual walk to-day, then?"

Papa Zadwinski turned, and caught George by both hands, "I am so glad you haf come. He is so mooch vorse! And I do not think—you will not see him alive mooch longer. Will you not see him?"

As the old man spoke these words rapidly—with a long, droll sibilation between each of the disjointed sentences, he led

George up the stairs into a little dining-room, and closed the door.

"I don't know! I moost not feel! I cannot help!" he went on, wringing his hands in a quaint, impressive manner which at once made George sympathetically anguish-stricken. "Now he dies, and what can we do? It is so long, and I cannot bear to haf him go away now!" with a furious sibilation, as if he were hissing defiance at the combined terrors of death and fate. "Will you not come and see him before?"

"Zadwinski," said George, "are you crazy? Who is dying?—what is the matter? Do stop hissing; hold your breath, and tell me what it really is which grieves you."

The old man recoiled towards an arm chair, and put up his long, white fingers deprecatingly before him. "Look me a minute in the face, George," he said, "and tell me what you can see there. Isn't it? Vell, I told you so!"

George looked wonderingly at Papa Zadwinski, but saw nothing save the pale, firm face, with the one or two unmistakable lines in it proclaiming it to all men as that of a Pole;—naught save the kindly eyes, and the square, high forehead, from which the iron-gray hair was combed rigidly back.

"Well," he finally said, "my dear host, I positively do not understand you."

"Lord love us! He does not understand us! Has not Clara at last told you all about her father? Erminia, my wife! Erminia! (Lengthy sibilation.) Coom in. Mister George does not understand us."

Erminia appeared at the dining-room door, and stepped hastily forward towards her husband. George was surprised to see that she had been weeping. She was a buxom German woman from Hamburg, and her rosy complexion was metamorphosed into a vermilion by the excess of her emotions. "Vat is it now?" she said, dejectedly. "He doesn't understand us? Vell, I should dink not."

"In the name of reason, good people, what do you mean? Have I offended you?" gasped George.

"Look in my face," said Papa Zadwinski, "and tell me what you see there! Is it not? Ah! (A hiss of triumph.) Do you not see sorrow? Yes, and sorrow for whom? For my poor old crippled lodger oop stairs? Yes. And why? Because he will die! Yes; he will die! And

why will he die? Can you imagine? No. I will tell you. Well, he has been very ill for a long time, has he not? Good. And he has been so low that Doctor Ukolowic gave him twice up. Is it not? Yes. And he must not be disturbed, did not the doctor say this morning when he went away? Ah well, to think that you now should be the very one to haf done it all! Ah well—ah well!"

Father Zadwinski placed his elbows on his knees, and rocked impatiently to and fro in his arm-chair, all the time watching George closely from under his huge gray eyebrows.

George turned away. "When you have finished your mummeries," he said, "I suppose you will tell me what you mean?"

The old man sat down. "Well," he said, "I will. Would you play with a lily found in a pool in the street over there? Mooch like amusement, is n't it? Would you hunt for sunbeams in Whitechapel? Would you think to find poetry in a scavenger's heap? . Mooch like you, is n't it? I cannot understand it!"

"Understand what?"

"Well, well. Erminia, he will never, never understand us. Listen, and still look me in the face. Our poor Clara's father is dying, and it is your fault! Our poor lodger—we love him so mooch; and it is your fault!"

George listened breathlessly.

"He was so low for this long time, and you, cruel (a sweeping, annihilating sibilation) man, you have destroyed him. You have told Clara some terrible things, which have made her crazy; she has been to him, crying, with her poor heart breaking; and now he is dying; for the shock of grief ather grief has made him too ill; he cannot last mooch longer. Why do you not fly to his room?" cried the old man, stamping his foot furiously; "will you let him breathe his last before you repair your folly?"

Papa Zadwinski was speaking much better English than usual, and his manner was quite eloquent. George stood quietly before him, like one suddenly awakened from a dream. Finally he said: "Clara's father? Clara angry? Terrible things? Every one, all insane?"

Without another word Papa Zadwinski seized George by the hand, and hastened out of the dining-room, up three long flights of stairs, through a dark passage, into a small, meanly-furnished room. A cry of mingled

terror and sorrow was heard as they entered.

Then George understood it all.

III.

CLARA'S father lay dying in the bed in which he had lain for seventeen years without being able to raise his hand. The cruel railway train which had crippled him and his little daughter one winter morning, as they were trundling up to London from a country town, almost penniless, and anxious to find work, had left him a burden on the world; and he and the motherless girl drifted into a hospital. There, one day, Papa Zadwinski found them, and, moved at their forlorn condition, took them home, and gave the desolate pair his topmost room in the old house in the Crescent. Clara's father turned his face to the wall, and dumbly waited for the last of the long and weary years which was to be his release from pain; and child Clara, who had lost her lower limbs, was packed into a little wooden cart, and was tenderly cared for by Papa Zadwinski and his wife. But as she grew towards womanhood, the old man, overwhelmed by reverses, grew poorer and poorer, until Clara daily felt that she was a burden upon him; and for the last few years she had insisted upon sitting under the old arch every afternoon, and trying to sell to the passers-by some trivial toilet articles, fashioned by her own facile fingers.

Clara had been taught good things in the household of the wise and loving Zadwinski, and her mind had been nourished by excellent books. She kept the familiar, homely parlance of those about her, but her soul was tuned to nobler melodies than any ever heard by her humbler associates. Every evening, when she had finished her vigil at the arch, Zadwinski's great awkward girl-servant, Martha, drew her home in her little box, and Zadwinski and the servant carried box and all up stairs in their arms. Then Martha would aid Clara to nurse the dear, old, crippled father, whose fixed stare of painful, yet patient waiting was so touching; and afterwards Clara, released from her box, would repose on a low couch, near the dormer-window, and read and re-read the romances and philosophical works which Papa Zadwinski had purchased when, fresh from Poland, a romantic young refugee, he had cherished ideas of revolutionizing England.

So the days glided into weeks and years; the seasons came and vanished, and Clara began to feel lonely, and to have a wonderful hunger constantly gnawing at her heart.

This was before George came. But when he came, by chance, to the arch one day, ah, then! life had new meaning for Clara; the sky was higher up—there seemed even a little cheer in the grimy ways about the Crescent; there was perfume in every breeze, music everywhere. She, the cripple, the fragile, the dependent—worshiped, fiercely adored him, the strong, the noble of carriage, the self-reliant. When he met her for the first time, under the arch, and talked with her so kindly and earnestly; when he even sat down by her side, and told her how beautiful her face was, and that she had the graces and manners of a lady, she looked straight into his eyes, and, all unused to the world's ways, showed her love—her new-born, wild, passionate love in her very look. But he did not see it. He was an artist, and saw only the beautiful woman who was poor, and crippled, and forlorn. Yet he went daily to the arch to visit her. One day she asked him where he lodged.

"In the Crescent, with a Pole named Zadwinski," he answered.

How hot Clara's poor face was then! "We do not live far away," she said, rehearsing to him the old story of her crippled father, but carefully avoiding any mention of the fact that she and hers were sheltered under the same roof with the beloved George. Next day she exacted a promise from Zadwinski and all the others in the house that they would never tell "Mister George that she and 'er father lived there," because then he would be only too certain to come and assist them; and, "if it came to that, she should die of shame." So they carefully concealed from George the fact that Clara and her father lodged with Zadwinski; and Martha brought home the little woman every evening by a circuitous route, and smuggled her in at a back door, lest Mister George should see her. Every day before she went out, she sent Martha spying to see if George was anywhere in the vicinity; and when sure that he would not detect her, she was drawn, through a labyrinth of streets, to her place under the arch.

How terrible the hunger at her heart sometimes was! How she longed to find in George that other self whom she had been waiting for; the full complement of

her being—the blossom of her existence! How she stretched out her hands in the silent night, as if to grasp him; how the current of her thought rushed deliriously, day by day, to him; how chastely and sacredly she kept him in her heart, as the being she revered and loved, and dared not aspire to equal! Even the pain of love was delicious to her; and she did not pause to think how some day she might find herself stretching out vain hands after a lost love, which could never return near to her again. She did not pause to think! Who ever does?

When George had come, one day, and told her that he was going away to Paris, in a few days, to marry a rich and beautiful young American girl who was waiting for him there; when he told her that, if he married that woman, he should be poor no longer, and might pursue his career of artist as he pleased; when he told her that this marriage would bring him wealth from his purse-proud parents, who had refused to aid him when he entered an artist's studio, but would give him a fortune if he married an heiress with another fortune; when he told her all this, and asked her to congratulate him, she was calm and silent. After he had gone, she remembered that she was only a beggar, a cripple, a dreadful cripple!

Then, when he came again, and gave her the rose and the ribbon for her hair, ah, Heaven! how she clutched the rose after he had gone; how she burst into agony of weeping, and would not be comforted when Martha came to bring her home; how she leaned her white forehead against her crippled father's couch when she was at home, and sobbed until the violence of her grief startled the paralyzed figure into momentary action! Then the figure relapsed under a shock given its consciousness by the belief that some dread evil had befallen Clara. Zadwinski was summoned; Clara was half crazed; a physician was sent for; the crippled father was dying; the crippled daughter sat moaning and crying in her little box; and now George had come, and discovered Clara in her sorrow and her poverty.

As he entered the door she cried aloud, and hid her face in her hands, and Martha could not prevail upon her to look up.

* * * * *

The doctor had not come, and Clara's father lay motionless now, although he had flung his arms about "that awful," as Mar-

tha said, "as no one would 'a believed." George stole gently to him, and knelt beside the bed. The cripple tried to move, but could not. A peaceful smile was at his lips. He died. George bowed his head and dared not tell Clara.

But nature told her. She suddenly lifted up her head. "Why are you all so quiet?" she shrieked; "it is because he is dead! I can see by your faces that I am right." She struggled to rise, but fell back in her box exhausted; and while the old Pole gently closed the dead man's eyes, George knelt at Clara's side and implored her to be patient, calm, and to listen to him. She leaned her head upon his shoulder, and her tears flowed freely. George placed his hands caressingly upon her hair. Her heart leaped madly; then the hope died away as suddenly as it had come. No; he was only pitying her. No; she was a poor orphaned cripple. No; no one loved her. She was unused to the world's ways; her impulse overcame her; she clasped George very tightly in her arms; held him defiantly a moment, daring the whole world to take him from her, and wept out her bitter grief upon his friendly bosom, which seemed the only resting place or home in the universe for her.

* * * * *

IV.

TEN days after Clara's father was buried George sat alone in his studio at Papa Zadwinski's. Unearthly blackness obscured the Crescent and all its surroundings. Even the poor light which George had thus far found sufficient at dawn to paint by had not visited his studio window for days. Great fog-palls overhung the grimy, crowded ways leading to the river-side, and the masts of the hundreds of vessels ranged along the Thames looked, dimly seen through the mist, like spears of giants advancing under cover of battle smoke. George held a letter in his hand, and was musing over it. These were its contents:

"DEAR GEORGE;

"I am very sorry that I am compelled once more to ask you whether or not you intend to comply with the wishes of your family, and their efforts for your future welfare. An immediate answer is commanded by

"Your father,

"JAMES WALDRON.

"11 Avenue Friedland,

"Paris, June 10."

"I suppose the old gentleman imagines me trembling at that phrase '*commanded by*,'" said George; and he took up another letter and read it slowly, word by word, aloud:

"DEAR GEORGE;

"I am very glad to know that your family still think you obstinate, and have not the least idea of our approaching marriage. What a surprise it will be for them! Your father will bestow all his money on you, and then we can realize, with our combined fortunes, one of the dreams of my life. I wish you to buy a country seat in England; some grand old manor. I presume one of the old families may be prevailed upon to part with their home if splendid inducements are offered, and we can settle down into a jolly life of hunting, company, and driving. Won't that be delightful? You must positively promise to give up art, George. It would shame me to death to have my husband have a picture rejected at the Royal Academy, and you know the fate of 'your 'Urchins by the Sea-side.' When may we expect you in Paris? Arthur Young is here; he is the delight of our circle, and we are all going to Compiègne fishing next Wednesday. Can we expect you Tuesday? Do get yourself up in style, dear George. Your folks have money enough, and it is now time that you should drop the romantic. I will drive down to the Garde du Nord to meet you if you will write me when I may expect you. Will your father send his carriage for you?"

"Your future wife,

"MADGE ATHERTON.

"73 Boulevard Haussmann,
"Paris, June 10."

George read over the words, "your future wife," two or three times. "I don't know," he finally said, slowly, "whether it is the fling at my 'Urchins by the Sea-side' or the talk about the money which wounds and offends me; but something in this letter from Madge jars strangely on my nerves."

Then a thought passed through his mind like an arrow through the air: "Is this the feeling with which one should read a letter from a future wife. Do I—love her?"

Why did he ask himself that question? Surely he loved no other than Madge, even if he did not passionately adore her.

Who was that on the stairs? It was Martha helping Clara down in her box. His heart beat strangely, and he felt im-

pelled to look out and to say some word of cheer.

No, he would not do that. He would sit down and re-read the letter from Madge—Confusion! a knock at the door. Surely Clara did not intend to ask admittance. But even if she did! Then he remembered how she had clasped him in her arms and held him to her breast on the day of her father's death. What! that waif; that street beggar, whose face had already too much interested him? He made an impatient gesture as he arose to open the door. He hesitated and reflected. For a moment he despised himself. Finally, a light came over his face and he said aloud: "I was about to rush headlong to the sacrifice. Madge would hardly like to know that I hesitated, when she supposed me eager to stand before the altar. I will go over to Paris and see her. If she does n't please me anew—then, George Waldron will still be artist, beggar, and—"

"Strange," he thought, rather than said, as he threw open the door, "strange how that girl Clara runs in my head."

It was only Papa Zadwinski at the door, very sibilant, very polite, and very demonstrative. "Vell, vell," he said, "how is my dear Mister George? Ah! such news! Ah, my dear George, such sad news! Clara is quite beside herself. I don't know what I shall do with my poor Clara; she grieves me very mooch!"

The old man's lips quivered, and his hands shook as he came in and closed the door.

Instantly George was beside him, his face white with apprehension. "Where is she?" he said, "I must go to her."

To his amazement, Papa Zadwinski began laughing violently.

"Ah! George," he said, "I knew that I could get at your secret. No, my dear, you cannot cheat the old man. You love my poor Clara, Mister George."

"Sir!" thundered the artist; then he bethought himself. "Is there really anything the matter with the child?"

"Ah, yes, she is very sick—heart-sick, George, and the malady is contagious. Her poor body is crippled, George; she cannot walk graciously, nor dance beautifully; but her heart is not crippled. Ah, my beautiful Clara! If I could only see her happy."

There was another knock at the door, and a telegram was handed in. George read it hastily.

"Paris—London. George Waldron, Minories, Crescent 6, E. C.—Be sure and come Tuesday. Charades at Mrs. Young's in the evening. Compiègne postponed. Answer paid. Madge Atherton."

Answer paid! Perhaps she did not think he had money enough to afford the luxury of telegrams. "Zadwinski, excuse me," he said; "my relatives demand me in Paris. I am going away for a few days. I may not come back at all. But don't tell Clara."

The old man's face grew very stern. "Vell," he said, "there are foolish people in this world who make choices against their consciences. I would not do it. I —"

But George had vanished into his bedroom.

An hour after he came out, dressed for traveling. As he entered the long hall leading to the street, after having received a singularly crusty salutation, when he paid Zadwinski his bill and bade him good-bye, he suddenly found himself face to face with Martha, drawing in Clara, in her little weather-worn, wooden-wheeled box.

Clara uttered a stifled cry, and sat motionless. Martha drew herself up indignantly. George said no word. Scarcely knowing what he did, he bent down to Clara, took her hands, then knelt and tenderly kissed her forehead. A moment, and the street door closed after him.

v.

"THE tidal boat for Boulogne from London Bridge, sir?" "At one o'clock five minutes sharp, sir," was the answer to George's angry demand. So, then, with his usual negligence, he had missed the express train from Charing Cross, and must submit to tossings and stomachic agonies on the night boat to Boulogne? Unless he did, he could not be in Paris on Tuesday; and he knew from experience how exacting Madge was.

He turned away impatiently from the ragged child who pitifully besought alms, and buried himself in the gloomy recesses of a coffee-house stall, until the sleepy waiter came to warn him that it was very late, sir, and would 'e mind drinking his last cup of coffee, sir, and making a little 'aste, kindly? He went out into the night with his head bent downward, and a strange feeling



THE OLD MAN'S SURPRISE.

of regret surging through his brain. Something was lost; had he forgotten his portmanteau at the coffee-house? No; the loss was within; there was a new emptiness of soul; a deadness at the heart,—less light in the eyes,—no inspiration in the rush of the cool night-breeze coming up from the river. What was it that had departed from the world surrounding him? The mute divine glory which had thrilled him now and anon during the few months of his residence at Zadwinski's, no longer hovered about him; the glow, the perfume, the delicious transition from a grand repose to a sweet unrest—the gradual surrender of his being, heretofore so perturbed and rebellious among the world's rough ways; the sublime faith in the development of a future happiness, to be his compensation for long years of loneliness and weariness—all, all seemed departing. He clutched after them—his darling treasures—fiercely, with his hands.

"'Ere you are at the Bolong boat, sir," said a rough voice; "and, bless me, if you 'aint dropped your portmanteau. Now, then, she's off in less time than the elephant swallowed the 'aystack, and that was a caution."

George could have struck the rude waterman, who was persistently following up his duty; but in a moment he had rallied, and was clambering along the crowded ways leading to the Boulogne boat. She lay among a mass of other craft, close down to the arch of the gigantic bridge which seemed savagely to affront the moonlight. From her deck a plank was laid across to a huge barge, and as George was anxiously following the crowd along the narrow path, he heard a harsh voice say:

"Humbug! I'll do nothing of the sort."

"But you will though," was the response; "and mind you do it, too. She goes, and I knows it; and I aint afraid to tell on it neither! It's a rum go if I can't have my say once in a lifetime about who shall ride on these boats. Take her along, and land 'er in France, and no 'umbuggin growling at 'er, d'ye hear?"

Evidently the first speaker did hear, for he finally consented, with very bad grace, to allow some person who was poor and unfortunate to make the journey from London to Boulogne on the boat of which he was captain, without receiving compensation therefor.

George threw his portmanteau into his berth; and as the boat moved swiftly and almost noiselessly along the dark, deep stream, he leaned upon the rail and tried to question his own heart again. He lit a cigar, and threw it away. He considered the possibilities of cooling his heated brain by getting the steward to dash a bucket of cold water over his head. Then his thoughts drifted idly through the past and present, until they came to the Crescent, and there they eddied, and eddied, and whirled and foamed and frothed and spun up heavenward in myriad-million cloud-lets and spray-jets of thought-foam, until they became a very whirlpool of dancing and simmering and vanishing and evanescent passions, which so consumed him that he shuddered as though dissolution were at hand. The Crescent! The arch! Clara! Clara—the dependant and forlorn; Clara, the orphan and the cripple; Clara, the woman who loved him, who worshiped him—whose whole life was bound to his by the chain of irrevocable fate, by a destiny which would not even leave him master of his own thoughts! Clara! he rebelled; he struggled with himself; then, like a flash, the secret of the disorder of his mind was laid bare before him. He did not love Madge; he would not go to

her; let his parents and his fortune vanish; he saw, knew, longed for Clara, and Clara—only. The love which he had never analyzed before came to him, and caught him in its fierce caress, and took him entirely to itself. Henceforth, there was no peace for him without the little half-woman who, only a few hours before, he had thought of quitting forever!

"And quitting her for Madge, too," he said. "That was even madder than I should have believed myself."

He turned, and a little way from him, reclining wearily in her worn old cart, near which stood a stout sailor, he saw the half-woman, the love which had but that instant been revealed to him;—the embodied love, henceforth far more beautiful in his eyes than any of the gracious forms of women that had ever haunted his imagination—the Clara!

Love knows all things; he knew by instinct that the poor child had followed him because her heart was breaking without him; he uttered a faint cry, in which the whole passion of a noble life and a true heart rang grandly; he stepped forward, and, kneeling, placed his hand upon Clara's brow. * * * * *

She had been slowly preparing herself, for many days, to follow George, afar off, when he should go to France to live in the gay and grand city of Paris, and to enjoy the fortune which he could spend there to such good advantage. She would beg in the by-streets; she would place herself now and then in a crowded fashionable thoroughfare, where she might hope to



UP AND DOWN THE CRESCENT.

catch a glimpse of him, and adore him in silence. He would not drive her away when he saw her; she would never annoy him by word or look; only to see him now and then would be too much joy; and she knew she could beg her way to Paris.

When Papa Zadwinski saw George's preparations for departure, he lost no time in telling Clara; and she had told him of her mad design to follow George to Paris. The old man was frightened, and bade her never more to think of it; but she seduced simple Martha to her aid, and the good old servant dragged her in the cart to the boat, and placed her, ticketless, upon it. She trusted Clara implicitly, and did not even question the half-woman's ability to wrestle with travel in a foreign land.

Then, when the boat had started, Clara sat very still, thinking. She was not dismayed at her reckless advent to a new life; her only thought was, George has gone to Paris by the express train to-night; to-morrow he will be in Paris; some day, I also shall be there; perhaps I shall see them together. Then she clenched her hands very tightly, and trembled, saying softly to herself: "I feel his presence near me. If it only could be."

Ah! would to Fate, that all we who long and sigh in bitterness of unrest for the presence of the loved, for the presence of the lost, might clasp them for a moment in our arms when we seem to feel that presence near, even as Clara suddenly, and with ecstasy of impulse, clasped to her breast the man she loved. Do you not think, O loved ones, O lost ones, even when thousands of miles—vastly deeps, impassible gulfs, yawn between us, that we feel your blessed presence, and stretch out our hands to you? Do you not know that love and longing go to you, even beyond the graves into which you have thrust our past, and cry bitterly for you, even though it be in vain? The great echo of the cry rings ever—

"O Christ, that it were possible

For one short hour to see

The souls we love, that they might tell us

What and where they be!"

But Clara was not deceived, for the real presence—the living, breathing, loving George was at her side; and she knew that for her the melody of existence was henceforth set to more joyous measure; that the massive, plaintive minors, the great crescendoes of sorrow, were gone; and that on and on forever would flow the joyous refrain of a tranquil love, which no poverty could deaden, which no privation could sadden.

"I knowed as you would meet him, Miss," said the rough sailor behind Clara's cart, solemnly; "I seen it in your face, Miss."

The boat was at the mouth of the Thames; it sped swiftly out into the great channel, and bore away toward the French coast. To the music of the rushing of the summer waves, amid a harmony that seemed to pervade every atom of the universe, the half-woman passed the night of her betrothal, leaning on the breast of her strong lover. They sat together until the stars paled, and sunrise was hinted; other groups had sat around them all night; and yet none save the two knew of the culmination of the great drama which had been so stirring, so alternately bitter and sweet, and at last sublime, to two souls.

* * * *

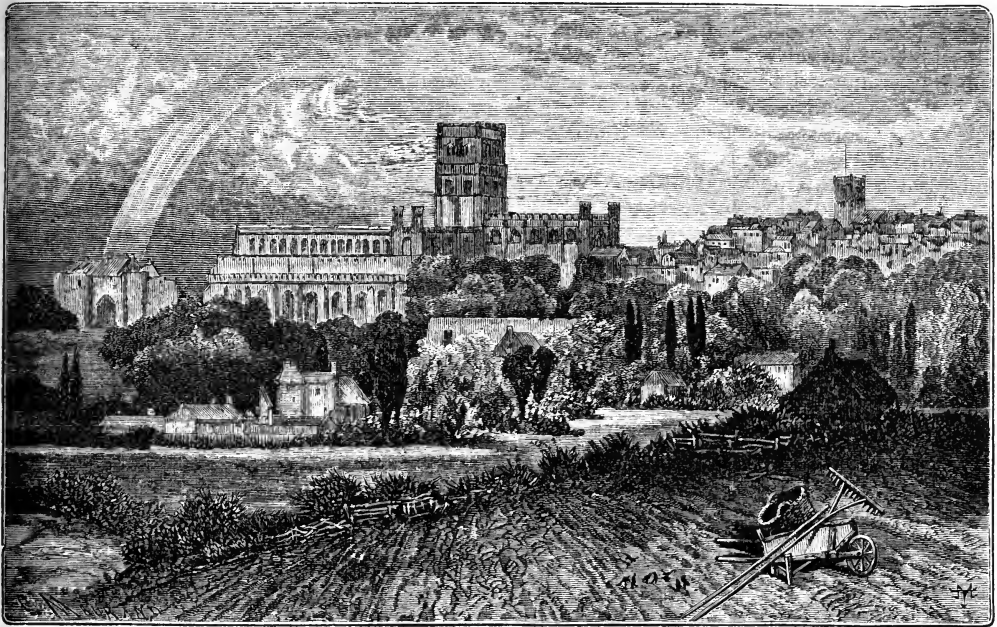
George is still painting in East London, and Papa Zadwinski sometimes draws a sprightly baby up and down the Crescent in a worn, peculiar-looking old cart. Clara has a new carriage, with springs, much more graceful than was the little cart. George paints passably well; and it is an affectation, this living in the Crescent, for he gains a good income by his brush. But he finds his subjects there, he says; and Clara loves the black old Crescent so much that she sometimes fears she shall be sad in Italy, whither they are going when the babe is a little older. George's father sometimes speaks of "his undutiful son, who married a crippled beggar."

But George's father has not fathomed all the depths of love.

ANNALS OF AN ENGLISH ABBEY.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

PART I.



ST. ALBANS.

HUMAN history, say the philosophers, is the evolution of events which lie already in their causes, as the properties of geometrical figures lie in the scientific definition of those figures. The qualities which Euclid proves to belong to the circle, exist in the circle eternally. There is no before and no after, and the sense of sequence is only in the successive steps by which proposition after proposition is made known to the limited understanding of man. In like manner the unnumbered multitude of living things, the animated throng of beings which fill the air, and crowd the water and the earth, lie potentially in the elemental germs out of which they seem to be developed; and the life of the individual man, the long sequel of the acts and fortunes of his race, and all that he has done and is to do, till the type is exhausted and gives place to other combinations, is governed by laws as inherent and as necessary as those through which the mathematician develops his inferences from the equation of an ellipse.

Were the equation of man constructed out of elements as few and simple, we should know all that has been, and all that is to be,

without moving from our library chairs; but with the knowledge we should lose the uncertainty which gives life its purpose and its interest. The pleasure of existence depends upon its anxieties, and if we are indeed but the automata spiritualia which Leibnitz defines us to be, then, of all the gifts which God has bestowed upon us, the choicest of all is the trick which he has played upon our understandings—which makes the certain appear as uncertain, which cheats us with the belief that the future is in our hands, to mould either for good or ill. Of the dynamic forces of humanity the most powerful is forever concealed from us. The acorn has produced the oak, and the oak the acorn, from the time when oaks first began to be, and one oak, for practical purposes, is identical with another. Man produces man; but each individual brings into the world a character and capabilities differing from those of his fellows, and incalculable till they have had room to display themselves. An idea generated in a single mind penetrates the circle of mankind and shapes them afresh after its likeness. We talk of a science of history—we dream that we

can trace laws of causation which governed the actions of our fathers, and from which we can forecast the tendencies of generations to come. The spontaneous force in the soul of a man of genius will defeat our subtlest calculations:—and of all forecasts of the future there is but one on which we can repose with confidence, that nothing is certain but the unforeseen.

So long as the rules of our spiritual navigation were supposed to be definitely known; so long as conscience was believed to be the voice of God in us, and there were celestial constellations to which we could appeal to correct its variations, it mattered little whether we comprehended to what port we were bound. Our course had been laid down for us by the Master Navigator of the Universe, and we could sail on without misgivings over the ocean of untried possibilities. From a combination of many causes we are passing now into a sea where our charts fail us, and the stars have ceased to shine. The tongue of the prudent speaks stammeringly. The fool clamors that he is as wise as the sage, and the sage shrinks from saying that it is not so. Authority is mute. One man, we are told, is as good as another: each by divine charter may think as he pleases, and carve his actions after his own liking. Institutions crumble; creeds resolve themselves into words; forms of government disintegrate, and there is no longer any word of command. For the pilots who stood once at the helm, gave their orders and compelled obedience, we have crews now, all equal, who decide by the majority of votes. We have entered on an age of universal democracy, political and spiritual, such as the world has never seen before; and civilized mankind are broken into two hundred million units, each thinking and doing what is good in his own eyes.

Experience of the past forbids the belief that anarchy will continue forever. Man is a gregarious animal, and as the earth fills up, the flocks must be packed more densely. Fresh combinations are inevitable—and combinations cohere only when formed on definite principles to which individual inclinations must bend. Strong minds have a natural tendency to direct weak minds. Majorities vote wrongly. The wrong course runs the ship upon the rocks; and the fool, when his folly issues in practical disaster, understands in some degree that he is a fool. The universal sand-heap will and must once more organize itself; though in what shape politically, or round what kind of spiritual conviction, it were waste of labor to conjecture. Meanwhile the results of life as they appear in ad-

vanced countries like England and America were never less interesting. Each of us, left to his own guidance and compelled by the restlessness of his nature to aspire to something, turns to the one direction plainly open to him, and sets himself with might and main to make money. Money is power; money commands a certain kind of enjoyment; the excessive want of it is palpable disenjoyment. We desire to succeed; to make ourselves considerable among our fellows; and money is the best standard of measurement readily appreciable. But when we have got it we are still unsatisfied. The pleasures which money will buy are soon exhausted. The chief delight has been in the getting; the thing got becomes a weariness: and we must either throw our inclinations into chains and determine to desire nothing but what the dollar will purchase for us, or else to escape vacuity we fling ourselves into *dilettante* sciences, study the anatomy of shells and beetles, or find a spurious interest in the fictitious world of novel-writers which reality denies us in our own.

On these terms the better sort of men and women find existence grow tedious. So long as they are obliged to work they are in contact with facts, and retain their moral health. When money is provided in sufficient quantities, and work has become unnecessary, they cast about for occupation. The new order of things has none to give them of a noble kind, and in despair they fling themselves into the past. They see in the old world what the modern world fails to provide. The Catholic Church, which their fathers broke with, tells them that the disease from which they suffer is the natural fruit of apostasy. The Catholic Church alone can fill the void in their hearts. The noble employment for which they pine, the Church holds out with ever-open hands—employment in which the companies of the saints earned the aureoles around their brows—and many and many a high-souled man and woman among us is taking the Church at its word, and trying the experiment. The Reformers led them out into the wilderness, but in that wilderness was no Sinai with the revelation of a new law—only a sandy desert strewn with nuggets of gold. There was no Jordan, with a promised land beyond it—only a deluding mirage with gold-dust for water.

Thus, among other strange phenomena of this waning century, we see once more rising among us, as if by enchantment, the religious orders of the middle ages. Benedictines, Carmelites, Dominicans; houses of monks

and nuns, to which American and English ladies and gentlemen are once more gathering as of old, flying no longer from a world of violence or profligacy, but from a world of emptiness and spiritual death.

In Spain and Italy, where the continuity of Catholicism has been unbroken, and the conventual life has been too long familiar to seek to disguise its true features, it is regarded with the same hatred with which it was abhorred by our fathers; it denotes nothing but sensuality, ignorance and sin. The Italian government is rooting out the whole system as ruthlessly as Henry VIII. Royalists and Republicans may make their alternate revolutions in the Spanish peninsula; the provinces submit indifferently, knowing that to them it matters little whether they be ruled by king or president; but suggest a restoration of the cowed fraternities, and the paving-stones of Valladolid and Burgos would rise up in mutiny. In England, where the past is obscured by sentimental passion; in America, where there is no past, or where the lessons of the old world are supposed to have no application; in France, where the entire nation is swimming in a sea of anarchy, and the vessel of the state is shattered and the drowning wretches cling to each shattered plank which the waves drift within their reach, conventual institutions for both men and women are springing up as mushrooms after an autumn rain. As mushrooms is it to be? growing as fast, and as soon to perish? Or are we really witnessing the revival of an order of things which, after a violent overthrow, is recommencing a second period of enduring energy and power?

Time will answer. It depends on whether the Catholic form of Christianity can recover its hold on the convictions of educated men. Meanwhile it will not be uninteresting to look particularly at the history of one of these foundations as it actually existed in ancient England. As in science, if we would know the nature of any animal or plant, we can learn much, if not the whole, of its character from a single specimen, so the career of a distinguished abbey, from its beginning to its end, can hardly fail to resemble what other abbeys are likely to be, if we are again to have them among us. Planted in the same soil of human life, surrounded by the same temptations, and nourished by the same influences, the idea will naturally develop in the same direction.

The old English records in the course of publication under the Master of the Rolls,

provide an exceptional opportunity for a study of this kind; and without further preface I shall introduce the reader to the Abbey of St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, the wealthiest and most brilliant of all the religious houses of Great Britain, the annals of which have been lately edited by the accomplished and learned Mr. Riley.*

The surviving ruins convey a more imposing sense of the ancient magnificence than Melrose or Fountains or Glastonbury. The moral ruin which preceded the suppression — not magnificent, but shameful and ignominious — has the advantage of being attested to us by evidence to which the most passionate admirer of the ages of faith can make no exception. But to this we shall be more properly led by pursuing the course of the story.

The town of St. Albans, famous in English history for two battles fought there in the wars of the Roses, stands on the great North road, twenty miles from London, on the site of the Roman Verulam. The aboriginal British village was a military post in the time of the Emperor Nero. Destroyed by Boadicea, the works were reconstructed when Britain was finally subdued, and Verulam grew into a municipal town of wealth and consequence. The preachers of Christianity followed in the track of the legions; and in the Hertfordshire colony was shed the blood of the first English martyr to the new faith. Albanus, a citizen of Verulam, was called under the Dioclesian persecution to give account for his apostasy from the religion of the masters of the world, and, preferring Christ to the Emperor, was sent to join his Lord by the sword of the executioner. Legend embellished the death-scene with miracles which it is needless to repeat. The general fact that a person bearing the name Albanus was killed at this spot because he was a Christian may be accepted as true. When the persecution ceased the martyrdom was commemorated by an inscription on the wall of the town. A church was built on the site where the blood had fallen. It acquired a special sanctity, and during the Pelagian controversy was the scene of a provincial council. St. German of Auxerre, the champion of orthodoxy against Pelagius, preached and paid his orisons at St. Alban's tomb.

* [1. *Gesta Abbatum monasterii Sancti Albani*. A Thomâ Walsingham compilata, Regnante Ricardo Secundo.

2. *Johannis Amundesham Annales Mon. S. Albani*.

3. *Registrum Abbatie Johannis Whethampsted*. Edited by Henry Thomas Riley, Barrister-at-Law.]

A more dangerous enemy than a theorist on the freedom of the will appeared upon the scene immediately after; Britain was overwhelmed by a flood of Saxon heathens; Roman civilization disappeared in smoke and ruins; and of Verulam and all that it contained, there was nothing left by the middle of the sixth century but a green rounded hill, sloping up from the little river Ver, where sheep browsed on the undulating ridges which clothed and concealed the wreck of street and market-place. There, for generation after generation, lay unthought of and undisturbed the bones of England's Protomartyr. The fame of his suffering was revived when Augustine brought back Christianity. But Alban himself still slept in his unknown grave, and three hundred and fifty years of rain and sunshine, and gathering mould and springing herbage had effaced the last traces of his traditional resting place. Somewhere under those turf-mounds he was still lying. Piety forbade the belief that remains so precious could have perished like common bones. But there was no divining-rod to detect the buried treasure. Only God could reveal where it was deposited; and devout souls could but wait and pray that in time the mystery might be made known.

Miracle like that which restored the cross on which the Saviour had suffered to the adoration of the Christian world, discovered in the fullness of time the relics of his servant.

In the year 758, Mercia, the central kingdom of the Saxon Heptarchy, was shaken by civil disorder. Ethelbald the king was killed. Beornred, who snatched at the throne, was defeated and had to fly for his life. The Thanes, *unanimi consensu*, elected as their sovereign a youth named Offa, brave in battle and noble in blood, for he was 17th in descent from Odin himself. The seven kingdoms were already tending to become one. Offa was no sooner in the saddle than he began to extend his borders at the expense of his neighbors, fell into correspondence with Charlemagne—aspired, perhaps, to imitate Charlemagne on a smaller scale, and become monarch of a united England. Aiming especially at securing a seaboard, he coveted the Eastern counties, and he proposed a match for one of his daughters with Ethelbert of East Anglia. The proposition was well entertained, and Ethelbert paid a visit to the Mercian court to make acquaintance with his bride. The mind of Offa was set rather on the territories than the person of his intended son-in-law. His own queen was am-

bitious like Lady Macbeth for her husband's greatness, and as little scrupulous as to the means that she used. She suggested that Ethelbert was in his power, and that there was a shorter road than marriage towards the annexation of the coveted province. Offa, a professing Christian, started in horror at the hint of murder. Ethelbert, nevertheless, having entered Offa's castle, never left it alive. Feasted in splendor, and led to rest in a gorgeous bed hung with gold and purple, he was let down through a trap-door and smothered below with pillows. Offa seized East Anglia and obtained his desires; but the ghost of the murdered Ethelbert haunted his slumbers and made night hideous to him. He shut himself up in his chamber. He refused to touch food. Awake he was haunted by his crime,—when exhaustion brought sleep, it was to exchange the pain of remorse for the more fearful anguish of imagination. At length in a dream, or from the suggestions of his confessor, he learnt the condition on which he might be pardoned. He must discover the bones of St. Alban, and raise an abbey in his honor.

The skeptical reader will have his private thoughts on the mode in which the adventure was achieved. In the legend which passes as history, king Offa sent to the Bishop (or Archbishop as he was then called) of Lichfield to meet him with his brother prelates on the site of Verulam. It was a summer day, the first of August, 793, a year after the murder. Offa, then a gray-haired man of sixty or thereabouts, appeared on horseback attended by his son and his thanes. The prelates marched in procession with banners and crosiers, and long files of priests and monks chanting their Litanies. Lightning flashed suddenly out of the sky and struck the ground before their feet with blinding splendor. The bishops threw themselves on their knees and prayed. The king and his lords prayed. The spectators who had gathered in a crowd joined in expectant adoration. At length, trembling with excitement, *terram percutiunt*, "they strike the earth." "There was no need of long search when Heaven had pointed to the spot." St. Alban's skeleton, or the bones composing it, was found entire. Evidence of an earthly kind to identify them as really those of Alban there was none—but none was needed. The celestial indication was itself proof conclusive. Weak believers, if any such were present, had their doubts dispelled by the powers which the sacred things at once displayed. Lame men leapt upon their feet, deaf ears heard, and blind eyes were opened.

A band of gold was fastened about the skull with Alban's name inscribed upon it. The relics were deposited tenderly in a locus or box inlaid with gold and set with sapphires, and Offa set out instantly for Rome to impart his discovery to Pope Adrian the First. He confessed his guilt for the murder of Ethelbert. He related his dream and the result of it. Adrian admitted the Protomartyr at once on the roll of the Saints, gave Offa power to found his monastery "in tuorum peccatorum remissionem," and promised that it should be the peculiar charge of himself and his successors. No bishop, archbishop, or even legate should have authority to meddle with it.

On the king's return to England a great council of thanes and bishops was held at Verulam, for the ceremony of laying the first stone; a number of monks were collected from the best ordered existing houses; and endowed with broad lands, fenced round with privileges and liberties, and exempt from fees and taxes to king or pontiff, St. Alban's Abbey began to be a fact.

Of Willegod, the first Abbot, little survives but the name. This much only is distinctly visible, that about the year 793 there was established here, as in so many other places, a community of persons who had bound themselves by the usual vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, men and women (for a separate convent of sisters formed part of the foundation) who had forsworn all earthly ties, all earthly interests and ambitions, and had determined to spend their lives in devotional exercises, in attending the poor and sick, in meditation and intercessory prayer. In this conception, the monasteries were to be ever-burning lamps, from which divine grace should perennially radiate.

Reality, in this world of ours, falls generally too short of theory. The shortcomings at St. Alban's became visible scandalously soon. The first care of the monks should have been for their founder. Offa died soon after the abbey was set going. The ungrateful Willegod allowed the king's body to be consigned by unknown hands to an unknown grave. It was uncertain whether the burial was so much as Christian. Willegod was punished for his negligence by an illness of which he died. The brethren could but hope that Offa's soul might not be suffering for it in purgatory.

The sapling, planted as it was full grown, was slow in taking root. Eadric, the second abbot, a relation of Offa's, showed the same carelessness, and ended soon also an equally undistinguished rule. Wulsig, the next, was

actively objectionable. He was of the blood royal, and, erectus est in superbiam, was lifted up with pride. Thinking more of his descent from Odin than of his bondage to Christ, Wulsig dressed in silks, spent his time in hunting-field and banquet,—was a politician and a courtier. With these expensive tastes he was accused of wasting the Church's treasures, and, worst crime of all, he invited ladies to dine with him in the abbot's parlor, and lodged the nuns too near his private chamber. Was it for this that lightning had come from heaven to discover the relics of the Protomartyr? The scandalized brethren rose in mutiny against their Carnalis Abbas. Wulsig, too, closed his career prematurely. He died, as was said, by poison,—ut dicitur potionatus,—and was followed to his grave by the curses of the community.

Slightly, very slightly, matters now mended. Abbot Wulnoth, who succeeded, shifted away the nuns, established discipline, and recovered lands which Wulsig had alienated. But Wulnoth too was far from a saint. Too often he was to be met afieid in buff jerkin, with horn and hunting-knife, when he ought to have been at chapel. He preferred hawk and hound to mass-book and breviary. St. Alban's Abbey seemed likely to be a failure after all. Eadfrith, fifth abbot, was no better. Eadfrith was nobly born, but filius hujus sæculi, a child of this world, who set a pernicious example to the weaker brethren. Clearly enough, the tree which Offa had planted so carefully needed to be watered afresh or it would wither away.

Help came when it was least looked for. Uneasy times had dawned for Saxon England. Each summer brought fleets into the Channel of plundering Danes. They landed in force. Half the country was overrun and wasted by them. Their chiefs were heathens, who spared neither shrine nor altar, monk nor nun. St. Alban's, far inland as it was, had not escaped a visit from them, and half the treasures of the Church had been carried off. From these stones was raised up a savior. Wulfa, a Danish rover, whose heart was penetrated, became, on one of these marauding visits, converted to Christianity. He carried his fervid spirit into his faith, turned hermit, settled himself down in St. Alban's woods to crusts and watercresses; and so famed among the degenerate Saxons became the pirate recluse, that high prelates went to him to confess their sins and be absolved; while Abbot Eadfrith, shamed by such an example at his door, laid down his crosier, took to the woods at Wulfa's side, and the community,

inspired with fresh enthusiasm, mended their ways.

A series of abbots followed who brought St. Alban's into the average condition of Saxon monasteries. They were neither devout especially nor especially undevout. They were wholesome churchmen, of solid substantial type, who carried on their business with propriety and decency. The country grew settled again under the later Saxon kings. A town sprung up under the abbey's shadow, with a market and a parish church. Marshes were drained, woods were cleared. The abbey itself was enlarged. In laying the foundations for the new buildings the ruins were exposed of the ancient Roman city: walls and pavements, cellars and vaults, and arched passages which became the dens of thieves and highwaymen. The bricks were used again for modern houses. The vaults and caves were filled in and leveled. Inside the abbey and outside chaos was reduced to order, and life became rational and human. As at present, in the disinterment of the Assyrian and Babylonian monuments there is an eagerness to discover connecting links with the sacred Hebrew history, so at St. Alban's pious eyes were on the watch for traces of the martyred saint. Imagination, and possibly invention, came to the assistance of fact. In the débris of a Roman house were found urns of pottery and glass, containing, as was assumed, ashes of men and women. Both urns and ashes, as belonging to unbaptized heathen, were carefully destroyed. Old scrolls and books were said to have been discovered also, which the learned declared to be books of religion, or rituals of devils, and which, therefore, were consigned to the fire. A crumbling box, however, was turned up, with a parchment in it in ancient British, and this on examination proved to be a life of St. Albanus himself, agreeing in all particulars with the account given of him by Bede. It was part of the duty of monks to learn by heart the biographies of their patron saints. The minuteness of agreement, therefore, throws suspicion on the independence of the testimony. The British version was, nevertheless, at once translated into Latin, and appointed to be read in the church, and further curious inquiry was cut short by miracle. The translation was no sooner complete than the parchment crumbled to dust.

Monkish fraud! the modern reader exclaims impatiently. Rather, perhaps, without more fraud or thought of fraud than has been displayed by some enthusiastic decipherers of the arrow-head inscriptions. A veritable

record of some kind or other, in a half-known language, may easily have been construed into a preconceived meaning by an over-credulous imagination, without any dishonesty at all. When the balance is eventually struck between the opposing tendencies which evolve between them the spiritual history of mankind, an over-readiness to believe in a cause generally honorable will be found to have been less mischievous than the skepticism which creates nothing, and is content to sneer and destroy.

So long as the Saxon monastery continued, the prelacy of the abbey continued to run in the great Saxon families. Two nobly-born brethren, Leofric, and Alfric who was afterward Primate, ruled successively at St. Alban's,—both men of distinguished piety, both of them a perplexity to the monastic community, which knew not whether most to praise or blame their administration. Those abbots found most favor with the brethren who most enriched the corporation. Large land grants fell in under Leofric and Alfric, and therefore they were admired and honored; but the monks considered that they were themselves the first object of Christ's care, and that the increased wealth should show itself in increase of comfort. The two brothers regarded the poor and miserable as having a superior claim, and lavished Christ's patrimony in relieving the necessities of the neighborhood. Even the jewels intended for St. Alban's shrine were sacrificed in a severe famine—Abbot Leofric daring to say that the true temples of Christ were the bodies of his suffering members.

Whether the abbot did well or ill in this judgment of his, snuffed a discontented brother, *Noverit ille qui nihil ignorat*. The apostle who thought most about the poor was the traitor Judas. The poor we had always with us, and pious monks of St. Alban's were not to be met with every day. There was open mutiny at last, and the secular arm had to be called in. Leofric, excellent as he was, proved *rebellibus austerus*. Rough policemen came down from London and chained up the most refractory in their cells. The rest were left to grumble in private over their shortened rations.

Under Abbot Alfric the monotony of ordinary life was broken by a curious episode. The special distinction of the abbey was the possession of the genuine relics of the great Protomartyr. No one questioned that they had been really discovered by Offa. A doubt was raised, however, and it will be seen with reason, whether the shrine at St. Alban's

continued to hold them. The abbey had been plundered by the Danes. The Danes, it was asserted, were not likely to have left behind the greatest treasure that it possessed; and tradition so far admitted the argument that in the current story the relics had been actually carried away to Denmark, and had been recovered by the adventurous ingenuity of a member of the convent. That a band of pagan warriors should have burdened themselves with a box of bones is not very probable. It is likely enough that they stripped the gold from the shrine. The value, in their eyes, must have been in the shell. The kernel they would have flung away in contempt. It is just possible that, seeing the extraordinary importance attached to such things by the monks, they might have taken them away intending to ransom them. The Danish business, at any rate, whether real or imaginary, is a necessary feature of the story which is now to be told, and a better illustration could not be found of the respect in which the remains of saints were regarded. They were more precious and more coveted than any other form of property, yet the ordinary rules of property did not apply to what it was held permissible and even commendable to steal.

A pretension was suddenly set up by the monks of Ely that they and only they possessed the genuine skeleton of the martyr of Verulam, and they had come by it in the following manner: In Abbot Alfric's time half England had become Danish, and other fleets of Danes were going and coming. The abbot had reason to expect that a troop of them were about to visit St. Alban's, and in resentment at the trick which had been played upon their countrymen, might take away the relics once more. The Ely monastery lay among swamps and morasses not easily penetrable. Abbot Alfric therefore wrote to his friends there asking them to take charge of St. Alban's *loculus* till the danger should be over. The monks of Ely professed themselves highly honored by so precious a charge. According to their account the box was sent, and the box was afterwards restored, but rifled, with a skill of which they were not ashamed to boast, of its sacred contents. They consigned the bones of the real Alban to their own treasure house. They sent back to Hertfordshire the bones of a sham Alban who had been one of their own abbots. So Ely insisted, and so the world believed, and forgave the fraud in consideration of the temptation.

Abbot Alfric however was equal to the occasion. He too had played a trick, and a trick still more notable. His object had been to

throw the Danes off the scent, but he had never seriously thought of parting with his choicest jewel. He knew the persons with whom he was dealing and had been beforehand with them. The real Alban had lain buried all along in a secret place in his own chapel. The *loculus* had carried to Ely the relics of a commonplace respectable brother, accompanied, to prevent suspicion, with other jewels which were genuine. The monks of Ely might have made the change which they pretended, but they had gained nothing by it; and were themselves the parties deceived. *Sic dolori dolo pio decepti sunt Elyenses.*

Thus encountered, the world who required St. Alban's help knew not to which shrine they should pay their adorations. Edward the Confessor was called in, and gave judgment for Alfric; but who was Edward, and what could Edward know of such a matter more than another man? The Pope was called in. The Pope decided for the Hertfordshire abbey also; but even the Pope was not yet infallible. Even Heaven gave an uncertain answer. The St. Alban's relics worked miracles. The Ely relics replied with other miracles. The power of self-multiplication, attributed by modern Catholics to the wood of the true cross, would have explained the difficulty; but no one thought of this hypothesis, and the controversy raged on for two centuries. In the hope of making an end there was at length a formal examination of the relics themselves. The Bishop of Lincoln and a commissioner from Ely came to St. Alban's. The shrine was solemnly opened and the bones were lifted out. King Offa had fastened a band of gold about the skull. To the consternation of the men of Hertfordshire the band was gone, and in the place of it a strip of parchment, attached by a silk thread, on which, however, was emblazoned in golden characters of great antiquity: *Hic est Sanctus Albanus.* Ely claimed the victory. What now could St. Alban's say? But St. Alban's was not yet at its last resource. An account was produced that an artist, employed many generations before in decorating the shrine, had taken the gold and used it. The abbot of the time discovered what had been done too late to prevent it, and had attached the scroll as a substitute.

All parties were thus again at sea. The knot was too intricate for human hands to untie. Doubts had spread. The townspeople, and even the monks of the house themselves were beginning to waver, and the blessed Alban himself found it necessary to interfere. A person of the neighborhood,

one Herbert Duckit, declared that one day when praying at the shrine he felt an emotion of incredulity. He was shriveled to the dimensions of an ape, and returned to his natural size only when he renewed his convictions. This ought to have been sufficient: but assurance was made doubly sure. A skeptical brother of the house was alone praying at night in the church. The shrine burst open; an awful form strode out of the obscurity, and stood in front of the prostrate unbeliever.

Ecce ego Albanus, the figure said. Hic quiesco. Nonne me vidisti de meo feretro exire? Behold me. I am Albanus. Here I rest. Didst thou not see me issue from my tomb?

Yea, Lord and Martyr, I did see thee, the monk answered.

Hoc de cœtero penitus palam testificare, said the saint. Bear me witness then, for the future, in the face of all men.

With these words, *Beatus Albanus rediit in loculum suum.* The blessed Alban returned into his box.

Thus satisfactorily the uncertainty was well ended; for, as the chronicler naïvely observes, "doubts of this kind were working mischief." Questions had been raised of the genuineness of the relics of many other distinguished saints,—and fewer miracles had been worked in consequence [*unde minus solito in eorum ecclesiis miracula coruscârunt.*]

On the Norman conquest St. Alban's narrowly escaped shipwreck. Connected as it had been with the native princes, it was a stronghold of Saxon sentiment. At a convention which met at Westminster, soon after the battle of Hastings, the king let fall an expression of contemptuous surprise at the ease with which the Saxons had allowed themselves to be overcome. The Abbot of St. Alban's, Abbot Frederic, himself a passionate nationalist, had been exasperated perhaps at the submissiveness with which the Saxon priesthood had sacrificed their patriotism to the Pope's dictation.

"Most illustrious prince," the abbot said, "you owe your triumphs to the clergy of this realm. Our late sovereigns have been so heavenly minded, that they have bestowed a large part of English soil on the houses of religion. Had temporal lords held it, they would have made a stouter fight. The clergy could not and would not."

"Ha!", answered William, "is that the secret of it? because the lands were taken from knights and gentlemen and given to you?"

Then the same thing may happen to me. The Danes may come again, and there will be no one to fight with them. Out of your own mouth I judge you. I will have your St. Alban's lands again, and settle men on them that I can depend upon."

The domains of St. Alban's extended at this time from their own gates to London stone, and the forest with which the intervening country was covered was the hiding-place of Saxon outlaws. Half was at once resumed by the crown. The woods were cleared, roads were opened through them and patrolled. Abbot Frederic, taking to treason, was hunted off into the Ely marshes, where he died. The abbey itself was saved by the intercession of Lanfranc; and shorn of its splendor, it was placed under the rule of the Norman Paul, who was Lanfranc's near kinsman.

The change was in all ways beneficent. The days of ease and idleness were over. In Church and State the Norman conquest meant the end of anarchy—called in modern language "liberty,"—and the inauguration of order and discipline. We travel rapidly in these historical sketches. The reader flies in his express train in a few minutes through a couple of centuries. The centuries pass more slowly to those to whom the years are doled out day by day. Institutions grow and beneficently develop themselves, making their way into the hearts of generations which are shorter-lived than they, attracting love and respect, and winning loyal obedience; and then as gradually forfeiting by their shortcomings the allegiance which had been honorably gained in worthier periods. We see wealth and greatness; we see corruption and vice; and one follows so close upon the other that we fancy they must have always coexisted. We look more steadily and we perceive long periods of time, in which there is first a growth and then a decay, like what we perceive in a tree of the forest.

The thing which has taken root and become strong, has thriven only because it had life in it—and the question which we ought to ask of any organized scheme, political or spiritual, is not whether it is good or evil, but whether it is alive or dead. If it is alive, we may take the rest for granted. Age follows age, families remain from father to son on the same spot and subjected to the same conditions. Where the conditions work to create happiness, favorable impressions are formed and are handed on and deepen with the progress of the years. Where they work ill, displeasure, at first imperceptible

changes to anger and then to impatience, and then to scorn and rage and active enmity. The spectator, looking back from a distant period, sees a worthless government tyrannizing for generations, or sees an exploded creed continuing to mislead the world after every active mind has divined its falsehood. He is impatient for the catastrophe. He wonders how men of sense could bear so long with the intolerable. He thanks God with snug self-satisfaction that he is not such a fool as his ancestors. Nature happily is more enduring than we are; or rather we, wise as we think ourselves, are in turn bearing unconsciously with theories and systems which philosophers will equally see to have been at this moment dying or dead; and they will meditate on our patience with equal perplexity or with equal self-complacency.

In the two centuries which followed the conquest, the monastic orders in England were in the maturity of vigor and worth. The Normans, while they retained their individuality, were among the noblest races which the earth has possessed. They were no blameless saints who picked their way through life in dread of spots upon their garments. They were Nature's policemen, whose mission was to substitute law and order for self-will and self-indulgence. They were rough-handed, but not rougher than occasion required, and they possessed the restrained moderation which is characteristic of real strength.

Paul, the first Norman abbot, was appointed to St. Alban's eleven years after the conquest, in the year 1077. The historian Walsingham, the collector of the annals, and himself a monk of the abbey, thus speaks of him:

"This Paul was a man of piety and culture. The monastic discipline, which had been forgotten both by rulers and ruled in the seductions of pleasure, he determinately and yet prudently restored. He was content to work by degrees, lest too sudden changes should lead to mutiny; but so well he succeeded, that under him St. Alban's Abbey became a school of religious observance for all England."

King William, seeing the abbey rescued from Saxon license, restored part of the lands. Money was found with Lanfranc's help, and the abbey church, which had been allowed to fall to ruins, was simply and solidly rebuilt. The splendor so much admired in these later days was still absent. Monasticism did not begin to care about adorning its shell till the soul of it had begun to sicken. The

Normans were content with sound and strong buildings which would last, if necessary, till Domesday. Abbot Paul collected books, and set his monks to read them. The easy life which had become a second nature was at an end. No pleasant lying in bed was allowed any longer in the mornings; no meat dinners upon fasting days; or retirement under pretense of sickness to the indulgence of the infirmary; no agreeable running in and out was permitted any longer with the sisterhoods.*

The rule of the order was set up in its rigidity, as a law to be obeyed; and as a mark of disapproval of the loose ways which had been so long tolerated, the austere Norman destroyed the monuments of his predecessors on the floor of the chancel, and "spoke of them as idiots and blockheads."

Offa had obtained from Rome, as a special favor, the exemption of the abbey from inspection. The abbots had gone their own way in consequence, and the absence of supervision had been the cause of degeneracy. Abbot Paul's successor, Richard, ut monachos suos rigidius gubernaret, that he might keep his monks in still tighter order, surrendered the so much cherished independence to the see of Lincoln; and thus by these two rulers St. Alban's was made for the first time to assume an aspect of genuine saintliness. The work which it was intended to do was actually done. In the person of the abbots were combined the functions of earthly magistrate and spiritual father; and for two centuries the monastery was at once an example of saintly life, and a living center of authority where severity was tempered by affection. "Happy," says the proverb, "is the country whose annals are a blank." Happy the institution which works silently. Written history is a record of crimes and errors and their consequences. When there is nothing to relate, day follows upon day, and year upon year; and each has brought its allotted duties, and those duties have been fulfilled. In one direction only were symptoms visible of growing disorder at St. Alban's. Settled government and increasing fervor of piety

* At the best of times the morals of the Saxon monasteries seem to have been indifferent. In the Penitentials of Bede and Egbert, monks and nuns appear in as vicious colors as the most uncharitable Protestant has represented them. The details cannot be quoted, even in Latin. The curious may satisfy themselves by referring to the third volume of "Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents relating to Great Britain and Ireland," pp. 327-8-9, and see pp. 417-428.

brought with them a taste for the decoration of the shrine. Each abbot sought to add something to the magnificent receptacle in which the martyrs reposed. The appetite for splendor extended to the church, and as the treasury failed to meet the demands upon it, money was borrowed from the Jews, who alone had money to lend. The usurer's trade was held dishonorable, yet those who condescended to borrow had to stoop to the endurance of insult from the ministers of their necessities. In the twelfth century Aaron of Winchester, a noted lender of the day, presumed to present himself at the sacred gate of the abbey. Of course the porter spurned at him. As he turned away he flung an invective behind him, which stung by its truth. Proud as the martyr's shrine might seem, it was he—he, the despised, Jew—who had found the gold with which it was inlaid. To him the monks owed the very roof over their heads, yet he was unworthy to set foot within their walls.

Slowly, too, very slowly the severity of the rule was relaxed, as enthusiasm cooled into habit. Twice a year, to keep down unruly inclinations, the monks were bled. Under Abbot Paul and his successors the bleeding was in the afternoon. It was treated as a matter of course, and those who had undergone the operation went about their business afterwards as if nothing had happened. In process of time they complained that the bleeding exhausted them. They were placed on the sick list, and they were bled in the mornings that they might have their dinners afterwards to comfort them. They were excused matins that they might lie in bed and recover strength. They were allowed a siesta after refectory, or were sent into the country for change of air. The convent, as an act of general relief, were permitted to lay aside their heavy cloaks at shaving-time—an indulgence which, as the shaving house was the scene of gossip and pleasant talk, was received with extraordinary gratitude.

Traces again began to be visible of quarrels with the neighboring gentry about the boundaries of property. The monks in their spiritual aspect might still be objects of awe and veneration. As landowners they descended to the level of the laity, and received layman's usage. Parties formed even in the abbey itself. Profligate brothers took the side of the children of this world, for private objects of their own. Sir Robert Fitzwilliam laid claim to a wood on the church estate. Brother William Pygon, who had a grudge against the abbot, forged a deed in Fitz-

william's favor, stole the abbot's signet and sealed it. The fraud was discovered, and the wood was rescued, but the scandal had been terrible. The convent knew not how to proceed for fear of exposing their shame. Providence ultimately took the matter into its own hands. *Deorum injuriæ diis curæ*. Brother Pygon had been sent to expiate his sins by penance in a dependent priory. His allotted diet was meager. One night, to console himself, he secreted a pasty and a flagon of wine, and not daring to enjoy himself when he would be seen, he carried his spoils to the cloaca. There seated he got drunk and fell asleep, and the night being cold he was frozen to death. In his joviality he had trolled catches which the frightened brothers conceived afterwards to have come from a chorus of devils; voices had been even overheard shrieking "Cape Satan! Cape Satan!"

Of the Norman abbots, the most interesting after Abbot Paul was John of the Cell, elected in 1195, who had been a student in the University of Paris. The heads of the religious houses, having extensive property to administer, were usually men of business. Abbot John, however, the chronicler observes, had more of Mary than of Martha in him, and contributed, in the brethren's opinion, less than he ought to have done to the outward greatness of his charge. Nor was he otherwise as considerate of them as a good abbot ought to have been. He rebuilt the refectory and the dormitory. He employed two of the monks, who were artists, to execute some of those exquisite carvings and paintings in the chapel which are the despair of modern architects; but to pay for these things, he stopped the wine allowance for fifteen years, and kept the house upon beer and water.

On idleness, too, the secret poison of monasticism, Abbot John made constant war. When monasteries were first instituted, the monks were made to work upon the farms. As they grew in wealth and importance, outdoor labor was passed over to the serfs. For healthy industry a substitute was found in blood-letting; and the duties became exclusively "religious." The business of a monk was to pray and meditate. Prayer and meditation converted themselves inevitably into the mechanical repetition of devotional forms, and the victims of an unnatural system were driven as a relief of their weariness to amusements or to vice out of doors. Abbot John took the rule as he found it. He could not return to the practice of earlier times. He could not force the community to experience in

themselves a revival of spiritual emotion, of which enthusiasm alone makes ordinary temperaments capable; but he could, at least in his own person, set an example which might rouse them to imitation. None were stricter than he in vigils and fasts. He committed the Psalter to memory and repeated it through without book or note. When the convent was sleeping the abbot was on his knees in the oratory, and the drowsy monks dreamt they heard celestial music, as if companies of angels had descended to sing nocturns with him. He lived to be a very old man, and when he came to die at last the singular beauty of his end became part of the traditions of the abbey.

He had studied medicine at Paris, and while in health had watched by many a sickbed. Knowing by his symptoms that his end was approaching, he called the monks together, crawled into the chapter house, and took his usual seat.

"My dear brethren," he said, with a faint playfulness, "*Præfui et minus quam decuit profui*. I have been your præfect, but less your profit than I ought to have been. My time is now come. There is not one of us who does not sin and offend in many things. If I have injured any one among you here, on my knees I beg your forgiveness, and as far as lies in you I desire you to absolve me." *Fiat ut petistis*, "Be it as you demand," they all answered. The abbot then sent for a stool which was called *Judicium Anglice*, "the flogging-block." He threw off his gown, leant over it, and bade the brethren each strike him on his bare back. His frame

was shrunk—the bones stood out from the shriveled skin. The monks burst into tears, but each approached and did what he desired. They struck lightly—how could they do otherwise? He reproached them for their weakness, crying at every blow, *Confiteor*. *Misereatur Deus*!

The sad ceremony over, an attendant covered his wounded body. He then bade them all farewell, and was assisted back to the infirmary, where, on the hard stones, after receiving the viaticum and extreme unction, *migravit ad Dominum*, he departed to the Lord.

[July, 17, 1214.] Beautiful! even if it was all illusion.

Man, it is said, walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain. We know not what we are or what we shall be. Feeling only that all is not as it seems, that within this animal frame there is a something which links us inexplicably to the mystery of spiritual existence, some few among us, like Abbot John, have flown to strange remedies to appease the longing of their souls. The enlightened modern smiles with a scorn which he scarce cares to conceal. Yet Abbot John may after all have been nearer the truth than his complacent critic who, in his arm-chair, is satisfied to believe that he is the descendant of an ape; that he is but animated dust returning, when the pulse ceases to beat, into the clay of which he is composed, and holding it therefore his best wisdom to enjoy such pleasure as he can snatch as long as the life is in him.

(To be continued).

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

There are some poets whom we picture to ourselves as surrounded with aureolas; who are clothed in so pure an atmosphere that when we speak of them,—though with a critical purpose and in this exacting age,—our language must express that tender fealty which sanctity and exaltation compel from all mankind. We are not sure of our judgment; ordinary tests fail us; the pearl is a pearl, though discolored; fire is fire, though shrouded in vapor, or tinged with murky hues. We do not see clearly, for often our eyes are blinded with tears;—we love, we cherish, we revere.

The memory and career of Elizabeth Barrett Browning appear to us like some beautiful ideal. Nothing is earthly, though

all is human; a spirit is passing before our eyes, yet of like passions with ourselves, and encased in a frame so delicate that every fiber is alive with feeling and tremulous with radiant thought. Her genius certainly may be compared to those sensitive, palpitating flames, which harmonically rise and fall in response to every sound-vibration near them. Her whole being was rhythmic, and, in a time when art is largely valued for itself alone, her utterances were the expression of her inmost soul.

I have said that while the composite period has exhibited many phases of poetic art, it is not difficult, with respect to either of them taken singly, to find some former

epoch more distinguished. The Elizabethan age surpassed it in dramatic creation, and in those madrigals and canzonets which—to transpose Mendelssohn's fancy—are songs without harping; the Protectorate developed more epic grandeur,—the Georgian era, more romantic sentiment and strength of wing. Recent progress has been phenomenal, chiefly, in variety, finish, average excellence of work. To this there is one exception. The Victorian era, with its wider range of opportunities for women, has been illumined by the career of the greatest female poet that England has produced,—nor only England, but the whole territory of the English language; more than this, the most inspired woman, so far as known, of all who have composed in ancient or modern tongues, or flourished in any land or time.

What have we of Sappho, beyond a few exquisite fragments, a disputed story, the broken strings of a remote and traditional island-lyre? Yet, from Sappho down, including the poetry of Southern and Northern Europe and the whole melodious green-sward of English song, the remains of what woman are left to us, which in quantity and inspiration compete with those of Mrs. Browning? What poet of her own sex, except Sappho, did she herself find worthy a place among the forty immortals grouped in the hemicycle of her own "Vision of Poets?" Take the volume of her collected writings,—with so much that we might omit, with so many weaknesses and faults,—and what riches it contains! How different, too, from other recent work, thoroughly her own, eminently that of a woman—a christian sibyl, priestess of the melody, heroism and religion, of the modern world!

II.

What is the story of her maidenhood? Not only of those early years which, no matter how long we continue, are said to make up the greater portion of our life; but also of an unwedded period which lasted to that ominous year, the thirty-seventh, which has ended the song of other poets at a date when her own—so far as the world heard her—had but just begun. How grew our Psyche in her chrysalid state? For she was like the insect that weaves itself a shroud, yet by some inward force, after a season, is impelled to break through its covering, and come out

a winged tiger-moth, emblem of spirituality in its birth, and of passion in the splendor of its tawny dyes.

Elizabeth B. Barrett was born at London, of wealthy parents, in 1809, and began her literary efforts almost contemporaneously with Tennyson. Apparently,—for the world has not yet received the inner history of a life, which, after all, was so purely intellectual, that only herself could have revealed it to us,—apparently, I say, she was the idol of her kindred; and especially of a father, who wondered at her genius and encouraged the projects of her eager youth. Otherwise, although she was a rhymist at the age of ten, how could she have published, in her seventeenth year, her didactic Essay, composed in heroics after the method of Pope? Apparently, too, she had a mind of that fine northern type, which hungers after learning for its own sake, and to which the study of books or nature is an instinctive and insatiable desire. If Mrs. Browning left no formal record of her youth, the spirit of it is indicated so plainly in "Aurora Leigh," that we scarcely need the letter:

"Books, books, books!
I had found the secret of a garret-room
Piled high with cases in my father's name;
* * * * *
The first book first. And how I felt it beat
Under my pillow in the morning's dark,
An hour before the sun would let me read!
My books!
At last, because the time was ripe,
I chanced upon the poets."

Doubtless this sleepless child was one to whom her actual surroundings, even if observed, seemed less real than the sights in dreamland and cloudland revealed to her by simply opening the magical covers of a printed book. An imaginative girl sometimes becomes so entranced with the ideal world, as to quite forego the billing and cooing which attend upon the springtime of womanhood. Such natures often awake to the knowledge that they have missed something: love was everywhere around them, but their eyes were fixed upon the stars, and they perceived it not. This abnormal growth is perilous, and to the feebler class of dreamers, who have poetic sensibility without true constructive power, insures blight, loneliness, premature decay. For the born artist, such experiences in youth not only are inevitable, but are the training which shapes them for their after work. The fittest survive the test.

Miss Barrett's early feasts were of an omniverous kind, the best school-regimen for genius:

"I read books bad and good—some bad and good
At once: * * * * *
* * * * * And being dashed
From error on to error, every turn
Still brought me nearer to the central truth."

A gifted mind in youth has an unconsciousness of evil, and an affinity for the beautiful and true, which enable it, when given the freedom of a library, to assimilate what is suited to its needs. Fact and fiction are inwardly digested, and in maturer years the logical faculty involuntarily assort and distributes them. Aurora reads her books,

"Without considering whether they were fit
To do me good. Mark, there. We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book."

Much of this reading was of that grave character to which court-maidens of Roger Ascham's time were wonted, for her juvenile *Essay on Mind* evinced a knowledge of Plato, Bacon, and others of the world's great thinkers:—I do not say familiarity with them; scholars know what that word means, and how loosely such terms are bandied. She gained that general conception of each, similar to what we learn of a man upon first acquaintance, and often not far wrong.

With time and occasion afterward came the more disciplinary process of her education. Fortunate influences, possibly those of her father,—if we may still follow "Aurora Leigh,"—guided her in the direction of studies as refining as they were severe. She read Latin and Greek. Now, it is noteworthy that a girl's intellect is more adroit in acquirement, not only of the languages, but of pure mathematics, than that of the average boy. Any one trained at the desks of a New England high-school is aware of this. In later years, the woman very likely will stop acquiring, while the man still plods along and grows in breadth and accuracy. Miss Barrett became a loving student of Greek, and we shall see that it greatly influenced her literary progress.

Among her maturer friends was the sweetly gentle and learned Hugh Stuart

Boyd, to whom in his blindness she read the Attic Dramatists, and under whose guidance she explored a remarkably wide field of Grecian philosophy and song. What more beautiful subject for a modern painter than the girl Elizabeth,—"that slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on each side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes richly fringed by dark eye-lashes, and a smile like a sunbeam,"*—than this ethereal creature seated at the feet of the blind old scholar, her face aglow with the rhapsody of the sonorous drama, from which she read of *Œdipus*, until

"The reader's voice dropped lower
When the poet called him BLIND!"

Here was the daughter that Milton should have had! An oft-quoted stanza from her own "Wine of Cyprus," addressed to her master in after years, may be taken for the legend of the picture:

"And I think of those long mornings,
Which my thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.
Past the pane the mountain spreading,
Swept the sheep-bell's tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading
Somewhat low for *ai's* and *oi's*."

Aside from repeated indications in her other writing, this graceful poem shows the liberal extent of her delightful classical explorations. Homer, Pindar, Anacreon,—"*Æschylus*, the thunderous," "*Sophocles*, the royal," "*Euripides*, the human," "*Plato*, the divine one,"—*Theocritus*, *Bion*,—not only among the immortal Pagans did Miss Barrett follow hand in hand with Boyd, but attended him upon his favorite excursions to those "noble Christian bishops"—*Chrysostom*, *Basil*, *Nazianzen*—"who mouthed grandly the last Greek."

What other woman and poet, of recent times, has passed through such a novitiate, in the academic groves and at the fountain-heads of poetry and thought? I dwell upon Miss Barrett's culture, because I am convinced that it had much to do with her pre-eminence among female poets. Many a past generation has produced its songsters of her sex, whose voices were stifled for want of atmosphere and training. An auspicious era gave her an advantage over

*Miss Mitford's description of her, in *The Recollections of a Literary Life*.

predecessors like Joanna Baillie, and her culture placed her immeasurably above Miss Landon, Mrs. Hemans, and others who flourished at the outset of her own career. Lady Barnard, the Baroness Nairn, Mrs. Norton,—women like these have written beautiful lyrics; but here is one, equally feminine, yet with strength beyond them all, lifting herself to the height of sustained imagination. George Sand, Charlotte Brontë, and Mrs. Lewes, have been her only compeers, but of these the first—at least in form, and the two latter both in form and by instinct, have been writers of prose, before whom the poet takes precedence, by inherited and defensible prerogative.

It was a piece of good fortune that Miss Barrett's technical study of roots, inflections, and what-not, was elementary and incidental. She and her companion read Greek for the music and wisdom of a literature which, as nations ripen and grow old, still holds its own—an exponent of pure beauty and the universal mind. The result would furnish a potential example for them who hold, with Prof. Tayler Lewis, that the classical tongues should be studied chiefly for the sake of their literature. She was not a scholar, in the grammarian's sense; but broke the shell of a language for the meat which it contained. Hence her reading was so varied as to make her the most powerful ally of the classicists among popular authors. Her poetical instinct for meanings was perhaps equal to Shelley's;—as for Keats, he created a Greece and Olympus of his own.

Her first venture of significance was in the field of translation. *Prometheus Bound, and Miscellaneous Poems*, was published in 1833, her twenty-fourth year. The poems were equally noticeable for faults and excellences, of which we have yet to speak. The translation was at that time a unique effort for a young lady, and good practice; but abounded in grotesque peculiarities, and in fidelity did not approach the modern standard. In riper years she freed it from her early mannerism, and recast it in the shape now left to us, "in expiation," she said, "of a sin of my youth, with the sincerest application of my mature mind." This later version of a most sublime tragedy is more poetical than any other of equal correctness, and has the fire and vigor of a master-hand. No one has succeeded better than its author in capturing with rhymed

measures the willful rushing melody of the tragic chorus. Her other translations were executed for her own pleasure, and it rarely was her pleasure to be exactly faithful to her text. She was honest enough to call them what they are; and we must own that her "Paraphrases on" Theocritus, Homer, Apuleius, etc., are enjoyable poems in themselves, preserving the spirit of their originals, yet graceful with that freedom of which Shelley's "Hymn to Mercury" is the most winsome English exemplar since Chapman's time.

Our poet was always healthful and at ease wherever her classicism blossomed on the sprays of her own song. "The Dead Pan" is an instance of her peculiar utilization of Greek tradition, and in other pieces her antique touches are frequent. Late in life, when unquestionably failing,—her eyes growing dim and her poetic force abated,—amid a peal of verses, that sound to me like sweet bells jangled, there is no clearer strain than that of "A Musical Instrument." For a moment, indeed, as she sang a melody of the pastoral god, her

"Sun on the hills forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river."

A distinction between Landor's workmanship and that of Mrs. Browning was, that the former rarely used his classicism allegorically as a vehicle for modern sentiment; the latter, who did not write and think as a Greek, goes to the antique for illustration of her own faith and conceptions.

Of Miss Barrett's life we now catch glimpses through the kindly eyes of Miss Mitford, who became her near friend in 1836. She had entered upon a less secluded period, and probably the four years which followed the appearance of her "Prometheus" were as happy as any of her maidenhood. But, always fragile, in 1837 she broke a blood-vessel of the lungs; and after a lingering convalescence was again prostrated in 1839 by the death of her favorite brother—drowned in her sight off the bar of Torquay. Months elapsed before she could be removed to her father's house; there to enter upon that absolute cloister-life which continued for nearly seven years. It was the life of a couch-ridden invalid, restricted to a large but darkened chamber, and forbidden all society but that of a few dear friends. I

think of her, however, in that classic room as of one shut up in some Belvidere, where, by means of a camera, the outer world is reflected upon the table at your breast. For she returned to her books as a diversion from her thoughts, and with an eagerness that her physicians could not restrict. Miss Mitford says that she was now "reading almost every book worth reading in almost every language, and giving herself, heart and soul, to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess." The creative faculty re-asserted itself; the moon will draw the sea despite the storms and darkness that brood between.

In 1838, she published *The Seraphim and other Poems*; in another year, *The Romaunt of the Page*, a volume of ballads entitled from the one which bears that name. In 1842 she contributed to the London *Athenæum* some Essays on the Greek-Christian and English Poets—the only specimens of her prose left to us,—enthusiastic, not closely written, but showing unusual attainments and critical perception. In 1844—her thirty-fifth year—she found strength for the collection of her writings in their first complete edition, which opened with "The Drama of Exile." These volumes, comprising the bulk of her works during her maiden period, furnish the material and occasion for some remarks upon her characteristics as an English poet.

Her style, from the beginning, was strikingly original, uneven to an extreme degree, equally remarkable for defects and beauties, of which the former gradually lessened and the latter grew more admirable as she advanced in years and experience. The disadvantages, no less than the advantages, of her education, were apparent at the outset. She could not fail to be affected by various master-minds, and when she had out-grown one influence was drawn within another, and so tossed about from world to world. "The Seraphim," a diffuse, mystical passion-play, was an echo of the Æschylean drama. Its meaning was scarcely clear even to the author; the rhythm is wild and discordant; neither music nor meaning is thoroughly beaten out. I have mentioned Shelley as one with whom she was akin—is it that Shelley, dithyrambic as a votary of Cybele, was the most sexless, as he was the most spiritual, of poets? There are singers who spurn the earth, yet scarcely rise to the heavens; they utter a melodious, errant

strain that loses itself in a murmur, we know not how. Miss Barrett's early verse was strangely combined of this semi-musical delirium and obscurity, with an attempt at the Greek dramatic form. Her ballads, on the other hand, were a reflection of her English studies; and, as being more English and human, were a vast poetic advance upon the "Seraphim." Evidently, in these varied experiments, she was conscious of power, and strove to exercise it, yet with no direct purpose, and half doubtful of her themes. When, therefore, as in certain of these lyrics, she got hold of a rare story or suggestion, she made an artistic poem; all are stamped with her sign-manual, and one or two are as lovely as anything on which her fame will rest.

My own youthful acquaintance with her works began, for example, with the "Rhyme of the Duchess May." It was different from any romance-ballad I had read, and was to me a magic casement opening on "faery-lands forlorn;" and even now I think, as I thought then, that the sweetness and power of scenery and language, the delicious meter, the refrain of the passing bell, the feeling and action, are highly poetical and have an indescribable charm. The blemishes of this lyric are few: it is adjusted to just the proper degree of quaintness; the overture and epilogue are exquisitely done, and the tone is maintained throughout—an unusual feat for Mrs. Browning. I have never forgotten a pleasure which so contrasted with the barren sentiment of a plain New England life, and here fulfill my obligation to lay a flower of gratitude upon her grave. Yes, indeed: all she needed was a theme to evoke her rich imaginings, and I wish she had more frequently ceased from introspection and composed other ballads like that of the "Duchess May."

Of her minor lyrics during this period,—"Isabel's Child," "The Romaunt of the Page," "The Lay of the Brown Rosary," "The Poet's Vow," etc.,—few are so good as the example just cited; but each is quite removed from commonplace, and, with its contrasts of strength and weakness, entirely characteristic of its author.

The effect of Miss Barrett's secluded life was visible in her diction, which was acquired from books rather than by intercourse with the living world; and from books of all periods, so that she seemed unconscious that certain words were obso-

lete, or repellant even to cultured and tasteful people. Reviewers who accused her of affectation were partly correct; yet many uncouth phrases and forgotten words seemed to her no less available than common forms obtained from the same sources. By this she gained a richer structure; just as Kossuth, learning our language from books, had a more copious vocabulary than many English orators. But she lost credit for good sense, and certainly at one time had no sure judgment in the use of terms. Since she explored the French, Spanish, and Italian classics as eagerly as those of her own tongue, perhaps the wonder is that her diction was not even more fantastical. Her *taste* never seemed quite developed, but through life subordinate to her excess of feeling. So noble, however, was the latter quality, that the critics gave her poetry their attention, and endeavored to correct its faults of style. For a time she showed a lack of the genuine artist's reverence, and not without egotism followed her willful way. The difficulty with her obsolete words was that there they were introduced unnaturally, and produced a grotesque effect instead of an attractive quaintness. Moreover, her slovenly elisions, indiscriminate mixture of old and new verbal inflections, eccentric rhymes, forced accents, wearisome repetition of favored words to a degree that almost implied poverty of thought,—such matters justly were held to be an outrage upon the beauty and dignity of metrical art. An occasional discord has its use and charm, but harshness in her verse was the rule, rather than the exception. When she had a felicitous refrain—a peculiar grace of her lyrics—she frequently would mar the effect and give a shock to her readers by the introduction of some whimsical or repulsive image. Her passion was spasmodic; her sensuousness lacked substance; as for simplicity, it was at one time questionable whether she was not to be classed among those, who, with a turbulent desire for utterance, really have nothing definite to say. Her sonnet on “The Soul’s Expression,” showed that the only thing clear to her mind was that she could state nothing clearly:

“With stammering lips and insufficient sound
I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature day and night
With dream and thought and feeling inter-
wound.”

Metaphysical reading aggravated her natural vagueness and what is termed transcendentalism,—perilous qualities in the domain of art. Long afterward, she herself spoke of “the weakness of these earlier verses, which no subsequent revision has succeeded in strengthening.”

In “The Drama of Exile,” where she had a more definite object, these faults are less apparent, and her genius shines through the clouds; so that we catch glimpses of the brightness which eventually lighted her to a station in the Valhalla of renown.

During her years of illness she had added some knowledge of Hebrew to her acquirements, and could read the Old Testament in the original. The grander elements of her imagination received a new stimulus from the sacred text, with which, after all, her mind was more in sympathy than with the serene beauty of the Greek. In “The Drama of Exile,” she aimed at the highest, and failed; but such failures are impossible to smaller poets. It contains wonderfully fine passages; is a chaotic mass, from which dazzling lusters break out so frequently that a reviewer aptly spoke of the “flashes” of her “wild and magnificent genius,” the “number and close propinquity of which render her book one flame.” My essay presupposes the reader’s familiarity with her writings, so that citation of passages does not fall within its intention. Yet, let me ask what other female poet has risen to such language as this of Adam to Lucifer?

“The prodigy

Of thy vast brows and melancholy eyes
Which comprehend the height of some great fall.
I think that thou hast one day worn a crown
Under the eyes of God.”

And where in modern verse is there a more vigorous and imaginative episode than Lucifer’s remembrance of the crouched lion, “when the ended curse left silence in the world?”

“Right suddenly

He sprang up rampant, and stood straight and stiff,
As if the new reality of death
Were dashed against his eyes,—and roared so fierce,
(Such thick carniverous passion in his throat
Tearing a passage through the wrath and fear,
And roared so wild, and smote from all the hills.
Such fast, keen echoes crumbling down the vales
Precipitately,—that the forest beasts,
One after one, did utter a response
Of savage and of sorrowful complaint
Which trailed along the gorges. Then, at once,
He fell back, and rolled crashing from the height
Into the dusk of pines.”

Miss Barrett in this drama displayed a true conception of the sublime; though as yet she had neither grace, logic, nor sustained power. The most fragile and delicate of beings, she essayed, with more than man's audacity, to reach the infinite and soar with "the birds of light."

That she was a tender woman, also, and that her hand had been somewhat trained by varied lyrical efforts, was manifest from some of those minor pieces through which she now began to attract the popular regard. Among those not previously mentioned, the tributes to Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon, "Catarina to Camoens," "Crowned and Wedded," "Cowper's Grave," "The Sea-Mew," "To Flush, my Dog," and "The Swan's Nest," were more simple and open to general esteem than their companion pieces. "An Island," "The Lost Bower," and "The House of Clouds," are pure efforts of fancy, for the most part charmingly executed. "Bertha in the Lane" is treasured by the poet's allusions for its virginal pathos—the sacred revelation of a dying maiden's heart—an exquisite poem but greatly marred in the closing. It was difficult for the author, however fine her beginnings, to end a poem once begun, or to end it well under final compulsion. "The Cry of the Human," with its impassioned refrain and almost agonized plea that the ancient curse may be lightened, evinced her recognition of the sorrows and mysteries of existence:—all these things she "kept in her heart," and uttered brave invectives against black or white slavery, and other social wrongs. "The Cry of the Children," uneven as it is, takes its place beside Hood's "Song of the Shirt," for sweet pity and frowning indignation. In behalf of the little factory-slaves, after reading Horne's report of his Commission, her soul took fire and she did what she could. If the British owners were little likely to be impressed by her imaginative ode, with its Greek motto, it certainly affected the minds of public writers and speakers, who could fashion their more practical agitation after the pattern thus given them in the Mount.

But "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" was the ballad,—and often a poet has one such,—which gained her a sudden repute among lay-readers. It is said that she composed it in twelve hours, and not improbably; for, although full of melodious sentiment and dainty lines, the poem is marred by commonplaces of frequent occurrence.

Many have classed it with "Locksley Hall," but while certain stanzas are equal to Tennyson's best, it is far from displaying the completeness of that enduring lyric. I value it chiefly as an illustration of the greater freedom and elegance to which her poetic faculty had now attained, and as her first open avowal, and a brave one in England, of the democracy which generous and gifted spirits, the round world over, are wont to confess. As for her story, she only succeeded in showing how meanly a womanish fellow might act, when enamored of one above him in social station, and that the heart of a man possessed of healthy self-respect was something she had not yet found out. Her Bertram is a dreadful prig, who cries, mouths, and faints like a school-girl, allowing himself to eat the bread of the Philistines and betray his sense of inequality, and upon whom Lady Geraldine certainly throws herself away. He is a libel upon the whole race of poets. The romance, none the less, met with instant popularity on both sides of the Atlantic, and has passed into literature, somewhat pruned by later touches, as one of its author's more conspicuous efforts.

Miss Barrett now, at the relatively mature age of thirty-five, appeared to have completed her intellectual growth. It was a chance whether her future should be greater than her past. Thus far I regard her experience as merely formative. Much of her vagueness and gloom had departed with the physical prostration that so long bore her down. For her improving health showed that study and authorship, though against the wishes of her attendants, were the best medicine for a body and mind diseased.

As the scent of the rose came back "above the mould," she was to emerge upon a new life, different from that which we hitherto have considered as the day is from the night. She was not to be enrolled among the mournful sisterhood of women, who

"Sit still

On winter nights by solitary fires
And hear the nations praising them far off."

The dearest common joys were yet to be hers, and that full development which a woman's genius needs to make it rounded and complete. There is a pretty story of her first meeting with the poet Browning, based upon the lines referring to him in

"Lady Geraldine's Courtship." This, however, is not credited by Theodore Tilton, her American editor and friend, who wrote, in the ardor of his youth, the glowing yet discriminative Memorial prefixed to the collection of her "Last Poems." Four lyrics, thrown off at this time,—entitled, "Life and Love," "A Denial," "Proof and Disproof," and "Inclusions,"—go far to show Miss Barrett's humility, and inability to comprehend the happiness which had come to her. But nevertheless, the poet wooed and won her; and in 1846, her thirty-seventh year, she was taken from her couch to the altar, and at once borne away by her husband from her native land. Some facts in my possession with respect to this event have too slight a bearing upon the record of her literary achievements to warrant their insertion here. It is well known that the marriage was opposed by her father, but she builded better than he knew. Her cloister-life of maidenhood in England was at an end. Fifteen happy and illustrious years in Italy lay before her; and in her case the proverb *Cælum, non animum*, was unfulfilled. Never was there a more complete transmutation of the habits and sympathies of life than that which she experienced beneath the blue Italian skies. Still, before all and above all, her refined soul remained in allegiance to the eternal Muse.

III.

He is but a shallow critic who neglects to take into his account of a woman's genius a factor representing the master-element of Love. The chief event in the life of Elizabeth Barrett was her marriage, and causes readily suggest themselves which might determine the most generous parent to oppose such a step on her part. The dedication of her edition of 1844 shows how close was the relation existing between her father and herself, and I am told by one who knew her for many years, that Mr. Barrett "was a man of intellect and culture, and she had been his pride, as well as the light of his eyes, after he became a widower." To such a parent, now well in the vale of years, a marriage, which was to lift his fragile daughter from the couch to which she had been bound as a picture to its frame, must have seemed a rash experiment, and a cruel blow to himself, however eminent and devoted the suitor

who had claimed her. But when the long-closed tide-ways of a woman's heart are opened; the torrent comes with double force at last, sweeping kith and kin away by Nature's inexorable law. If the old East India merchant had not afterwards acted with utter selfishness, in respect to the marriage of another daughter, I should be disposed to estimate his wounded love for Elizabeth, as she herself did, by his steadfast refusal, despite her "frequent and heart-moving" appeals, to be reconciled to her throughout the remainder of his darkened life.

Wedlock was so thoroughly a new existence to her, that her kindred well might fear for the result. A veritable Lady of Shalott, she now entered the open high-ways of a peopled world. She left a polar region of dreams, solitude, introspection, for the equatorial belt of outer and real life. The beneficent sequel shows how wise are the instincts of a refined nature. To Miss Barrett, love, marriage, travel, were happiness, desire of life, renewed bodily and spiritual health; and when, in her fortieth year, the sacred and mysterious functions of maternity were given her to realize, there also came that ripe fruition of a genius that hitherto, blooming in the night, had yielded fragrant and impassioned, but only sterile flowers.

The question of an artist's married life, it seems to me, has wholly different bearings when considered from the opposite stand-points of the two sexes. A discerning writer recently has mentioned an artist whose view was, that a man devoted to art might marry "either a plain, uneducated woman devoted to household matters, or else a woman quite capable of entering into his artistic life;" but no one between the two extremes. The former would be less perilous than to marry a daughter of the Philistines, "equally incapable of comprehending his pursuits, but much more likely to interfere with them." Yet in behalf of a man of artistic genius and sensibility, who is born to a career if he chooses to pursue it, I would not accept even the first-named alternative, unless he has sufficient wealth to insure him perfect independence or seclusion. An author's growth, and the happiness of both parties, are vastly imperiled by his union with the most affectionate of creatures, if she has an inartistic nature and a dull or common-place mind. The Laureate makes the simple wife exclaim: "I cannot understand: I

love!"—but there is no perfect love without mutual comprehension; at the best, a wearisome, unemotional forbearance takes its place. On the one part jealousy, active or disguised, of the other's wider range too often exerts a restrictive influence, by which the art-impulse, and the experiences it should feed upon, are modified or repressed. It is a law of psychological mathematics that the constant force of dullness will in the end overcome any varying force resisting it; and when Pegasus can be driven in harness, one generally finds him yoked with a brood-mare—ay, and broken-in when young and more or less defenseless.

Again, we so readily persuade ourselves to lapse from the efforts of creative labor, when temptation puts on the specious guise of duty! The finest kind of art, that possessing originality, is unremunerative for years; and who has the courage to pursue it, while responsible for the conventional ease and happiness of those who possibly regret that he is not so practical as other men, and look with distrust upon his habits of life and labor? Ordinary people can more easily attain to that perfect mating which is the sum of bliss. But let an artist marry art, and be true to it alone, unless by some rare chance he can find a companion whose soul is kindred with his own, who can sympathize with his tastes, and aid him with tact and circumstance in his social and professional career. If she has genius of her own, and her own purposes in any department of art, then all obligations can be entirely mutual, and under favorable auspices the highest wedded felicity should be the result.

The relations of art and marriage, where the development of female genius is concerned, are of a distinctive character, and must be so considered. It is no doubt true that a woman, also, can only arrive at extreme happiness, by wedlock founded upon entire congeniality of mind and purpose; and yet it may be essential to her complete development as an artist that she should marry out of her own ideal, rather than not be married at all. So closely interwrought are her physical and spiritual existences, that otherwise the product of her genius may be little more than a beautiful fragment at the most. We must therefore esteem Mrs. Browning doubly fortunate, and protected by the gods themselves. For marriage not only had given her, by one of Nature's charming miracles,

a precious lease of life, but had united her with a fellow-artist whose disposition and pursuits were in absolute harmony with her own,—the one man in the world whom she would have chosen, yet who sought her out, and deemed it his highest joy to possess her as a wife, and cherish her as companion, lover and friend. In this life of incongruities it is encouraging to find such an instance of the serene fitness of things. The world is richer for their union, than which none more distinguished is of record in the annals of authorship.

The ten years following the date of Mrs. Browning's marriage were the noonday of her life, and three masterworks, embraced in this period, represent her at her prime. *Casa Guidi Windows* appeared in 1851, the same volume including the matchless "Sonnets from the Portuguese." *Aurora Leigh* was published in 1856. None of her later or earlier compositions were equal to these, in scope, method, and true poetical value.

At first the influence of her new life was of a complex nature. It opened a sealed fountain of love within her, which broke forth in celestial song: it gave her a land and a cause to which she thoroughly devoted her woman's soul; finally, a surprising advance was evident in the rhythm, language, and all other constituents of her metrical work. The Saxon English, which she hitherto had quarried from the basis of her verse, now became conspicuous throughout the whole structure. Her technical gain was partly due to the stronger themes which now bore up her wing,—and partly, I have no doubt, to the companionship of Robert Browning. Even if he did not directly revise her works, neither could fail to profit by the other's genius and experience; and the blemishes of his wife's earlier style were such as Browning at this time would not relish, for they were of a different kind from his own. Besides, we are sensitive to faults in those we love, while committing them ourselves as if by chartered right.

I am disposed to consider the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" as, if not the finest, a portion of the finest subjective poetry in our literature. Their form reminds us of an English prototype, and it is no sacrilege to say that their music is showered from a higher and purer atmosphere than that of the Swan of Avon. We need not enter upon cold comparison of their respective excellences; but Shakespeare's personal

poems were the overflow of his impetuous youth:—his broader vision, that took a world within its ken, was absolutely objective; while Mrs. Browning's Love Sonnets are the outpourings of a woman's tenderest emotions, at an epoch when her art was most mature, and her whole nature exalted by a passion that to such a being comes but for once and all. Here, indeed, the singer rose to her height. Here she is absorbed in rapturous utterance; radiant and triumphant with her own joy. The mists have risen and her sight is clear. Her mouthing and affectation are forgotten, her lips cease to stammer, the lyrical spirit has full control. The sonnet, artificial in weaker hands, becomes swift with feeling, red with a "veined humanity," the chosen vehicle of a royal woman's vows. Graces, felicities, vigor, glory of speech, here are so crowded as to tread each upon the other's sceptered pall. The first sonnet, equal to any in our tongue, is an overture containing the motive of the canticle;—"not Death, but Love" had seized her unaware. The growth of this happiness, her worship of its bringer, her doubts of her own worthiness, are the theme of these poems. She is in a sweet and, to us, pathetic surprise at the delight which at last had fallen to her:

"The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers."

Never was man or minstrel so honored as her "most gracious singer of high poems." In the tremor of her love she undervalued herself,—with all her feebleness of body, it was enough for any man to live within the atmosphere of such a soul! In fine, the Portuguese Sonnets, whose title was a screen behind which the singer poured out her full heart, are the most exquisite poetry hitherto written by a woman, and of themselves justify us in pronouncing their author the greatest of her sex,—on the ground that the highest mission of a female poet is the expression of love, and that no other woman, approaching her in genius, has essayed the ultimate form of that expression. An analogy with "In Memoriam," may be derived from their arrangement and their presentation of a single analytic theme; but Tennyson's poem,—though exhibiting equal art, more subtle reasoning and comprehensive thought,—is devoted to the analysis of philosophic Grief, while the Sonnets reveal to us that Love which is the most ecstatic

of human emotions and worth all other gifts in life.

Mrs. Browning's more than filial devotion to Italy has become a portion of the history of our time. Independently of the husband's enthusiasm, everything in the aspect and condition of the country of her adoption was fitted to arouse this sentiment. It became a passion with her; she identified herself with the Italian cause, and for fourteen years her oratory in Casa Guidi was vocal with the aspiration of that fair land struggling to be free. Its beauty and sorrow enthralled her; its poetry spoke through her voice; its grateful soil finally received her ashes, and will treasure them for many an age to come.

Nothing can be finer than the burst of song at the opening of her Italian poem,

"I heard last night a little child go singing,
'Neath Casa Guidi windows, by the church,
O bella liberta, O bella !"

unless it be the passages which begin and close the second portion of the same work, composed after an interval of three years, when the hope of the first exultant outbreak was for the time obscured. Between the two extremes the chant is eloquently sustained, and is our best example of lucid, sonorous English verse composed in a semi-Italian *rima*. While full of poetry, its increase of intellectual vigor shows how a singer may be lifted by the occasion and capacity for pleading a noble cause. Deep voice, strong heart, fine brain,—the three must go together in the making of a great poet. "Casa Guidi Windows" won a host of friends to Italy, and gained for its devoted author an historic name. During the interval mentioned, she had given birth to the child whose presence was the awakening of a new prophetic gift:

"The sun strikes through the windows, up the floor
Stand out in it, my own young Florentine,
Not two years old, and let me see thee more!
It grows along thy amber curls to shine
Brighter than elsewhere. Now look straight before
And fix thy brave blue English eyes on mine,
And from thy soul, which fronts the future so
With unabashed and unabated gaze,
Teach me to hope for what the Angels know
When they smile clear as thou dost!"

While experience of motherhood now had perfected her woman's nature, Mrs. Browning was also at the zenith of her lyrical career. Her minor verses of the period are admirable. She revised her earlier poetry for the edition of 1856, and Mr. Tilton

has pointed out some of her fastidious and usually successful emendations. It was the happiest portion of her life, as well as the most artistic. The sunshine of an enviable fame enwreathed her; rare and gifted spirits, wandering through Italy, were attracted to her presence and paid homage to its laureled charm. Hence, as a secondary effect of her marriage, her knowledge of the world increased; she became a keen though impulsive observer of men and women, and of the thought and action of her own time. Few social movements escaped her notice, whether in Europe or our own unrestful land; her instincts were in favor of agitation and reform, and her imagination was ever looking forward to the Golden Year. And it was now that, summoning all her strength—alas! how unequal was her frail body to the tasks laid upon it by the aspiring soul!—with heroic determination and most persistent industry, she undertook and completed her *capo d'opera*—the poem which, in dedicating to John Kenyon, she declares to be the most mature of her works, “and the one into which my highest convictions upon Life and Art have entered.”

If Mrs. Browning's vitality had failed her before the production of “Aurora Leigh,”—a poem comprising twelve thousand lines of blank-verse,—her generation certainly would have lost one of its representative and original creations: representative in a versatile, kaleidoscopic presentment of modern life and issues; original, because the most idiosyncratic of its author's poems. An audacious, speculative freedom pervades it, which smacks of the new world rather than the old. Tennyson, while examining the social and intellectual phases of his era, maintains a judicial impassiveness; Mrs. Browning, with finer dramatic insight—the result of intense human sympathy, enters into the spirit of each experiment, and for the moment puts herself in its advocate's position. “Aurora Leigh” is a mirror of contemporary life, while its learned and beautiful illustrations make it, almost, a handbook of literature and the arts. As a poem, merely, it is a failure, if it be fair to judge it by accepted standards. One may say of it as of Byron's “Don Juan” (though loth to couple the two works in any comparison), that, although a most uneven production, full of ups and downs, of capricious or prosaic episodes, it nevertheless contains poetry

as fine as its author has given us elsewhere, and enough spare inspiration to set up a dozen smaller poets. The flexible verse is noticeably her own, and often handled with as much spirit as freedom; it is terser than her husband's, and, although his influence now began to grow upon her, is not in the least obscure to any cultured reader. The plan of the work is a metrical concession to the fashion of a time which has substituted the novel for the dramatic poem. Considered as a “novel in verse,” it is a failure by lack of either constructive talent or experience on the author's part. Few great poets invent their myths; few prose character-painters are successful poets; the epic songsters have gone to tradition for their themes, the romantic to romance, the dramatic to history and incident. Mrs. Browning essayed to invent her whole story, and the result was an incongruous frame-work, covered with her thronging, suggestive ideas, her flashing poetry and metaphor, and confronting you by whichever gateway you enter with the instant presence of her very self. But either as poem or novel, how superior the whole, in beauty and intellectual power, to contemporary structures upon a similar model, which found favor with the admirers of parlor romance or the lamb's-wool sentiment of orderly British life! As a social treatise it is also a failure, since nothing definite is arrived at. Yet the poet's sense of existing wrongs is clear and exalted, and if her exposition of them is chaotic, so was the transition-period in which she found herself involved. Upon the whole I think that the chief value and interest of “Aurora Leigh” appertain to its marvelous illustrations of the development, from childhood on, of an æsthetical, imaginative nature. Nowhere in literature is the process of culture by means of study and passional experience so graphically depicted. It is the metrical and feminine complement to Thackeray's “Pendennis;” a poem that will be rightly appreciated by artists, thinkers, poets, and by them alone. Landor, for example, at once received it into favor, and also laid an unerring finger upon its weakest point: “I am reading a poem,” he wrote, “full of thought and fascinating with fancy. In many pages there is the wild imagination of Shakespeare. * * * * * I had no idea that any one in this age was capable of such poetry. * * Here are indeed, even here, some flies upon the surface, as there always will

be upon what is sweet and strong. I know not yet what the story is. Few possess the power of construction."

The five remaining years of Mrs. Browning's life, were years of self-forgetfulness and devotion to the heroic and true. Her beautiful character is exhibited in her correspondence, and in the tributes of those who were privileged to know her. What poetry she wrote is left to us, and I am compelled to look upon it as belonging to her period of *decline*. However fine its motive, "We are here," as M. Taine has said, to judge of the product alone, and "to realize not an ode but a law." Physical debility was the main cause of this lyrical falling-off. Her exhausted frame was now, more than ever, what Hillard had pronounced it, "nearly a transparent veil for a celestial and immortal spirit." Her feelings were again more imperative than her mastery of art; her hand trembled, her voice quavered with that emotion which is not strength. She now, as I have said, unconsciously began to yield to the prolonged influence of her husband's later style, and it affected her own injuriously, though it must be acknowledged that her poetry acquired, toward the last, a new and genuine, but painful, dramatic quality. Her "Napoleon III. in Italy," and the minor lyrics upon the Italian question, are submitted in evidence of the several points just made. Some of her latest poems were contributed to a New York newspaper, with whose declared opinions she was in sympathy, and which was the mouthpiece of her warmest American admirers; and, in the effort to promptly meet her engagements, she tendered unrevised and faulty work. At intervals the production of some gracious, healthful hour would be a truly effective poem, and such Lyrics as "A Court Lady," "The Forced Recruit," "Parting Lovers," and "Mother and Poet," made the world realize how rich and tuneful could be the voice still left to her. One evening it was my fortune to listen to a recitation of the last-named poem, from the lips of a beautiful girl who looked the very embodiment of the lyric Muse, and I was struck with the truthfulness and strength displayed in the poet's dramatic conception of the mingled patriotism and anguish in a bereaved Italian mother's heart. But the dominant roughness which too generally pervades her *Last Poems* shows how completely she now had accepted Browning's theory of entire subor-

dination, in poetry, of the art to the thought, and his method of giving expression to the latter, no matter how inchoate, at any cost to the finish and effectiveness of the work in hand.

IV.

In a former essay I wrote of "an inspired singer if there ever was one—all fire and air—her song and soul alike devoted to liberty, aspiration, and love." The career of this gifted woman has now been traced. In conclusion, let us attempt to estimate her genius, and discover the position to be assigned to her among contemporary poets.

And first, with regard to her qualities as an artist. She was thought to resemble Tennyson in some of her early pieces, but this was a mistake, if anything beyond form is to be considered. In reading Tennyson you feel that he drives stately and thorough-bred horses, and has them always under control; that he could reach a higher speed at pleasure; while Mrs. Browning's chargers, half-untamed, prance or halt at their own will, and often bear her away over many a rugged, dimly-lighted tract. Her verse was the perfect exponent of her own nature, including a wide variety of topics in its range, but with the author's manner injected through every line of it. Health is not its prominent characteristic. Mrs. Browning's creative power was not equal to her capacity to feel; otherwise there was nothing she might not have accomplished. She evinced *overpossession*, and certainly had the contortions of the Sibyl, though not lacking the inspiration. We feel that she must have expression, or perish; a lack of restraint common to female poets. She was somewhat deficient in æsthetic conscientiousness, and we cannot say of her works, as of Tennyson's, that they include nothing which has failed to receive the author's utmost care. She had that distrust of the "effect" of her productions which betrays a clouded vision; and in truth, much of her vaguer work well might be distrusted. Her imagination was radiant, but seldom clear; it was the moon obscured by mists, yet encircled with a glorious halo.

Her meters came by chance, and this often to her detriment; she rarely had the patience to discover those best adapted to her needs, but gave voice to the first strain which occurred to her. Hence she had a

spontaneity which is absent from the Laureate's work. This charming element has its drawbacks; she found herself hampered by difficulties which a little forethought would have avoided, and her song, though as fresh, was too often as purposeless, as that of a forest-bird. There is great music in her voice, but one wishes that it were better trained. She had a gift for melodious and effective refrains;—"the nightingales, the nightingales," "Margret, Margret," "You see we're tired, my Heart and I," "Toll Slowly!" "The River floweth On," "Pan, Pan is dead!" these and other examples captivate the memory, but occasionally the burden is the chief sustainer of the song. One of her repetends, "He giveth His beloved sleep," is the motive of an almost celestial lyric, faultless in holy and melodious design. It is a poem to read by the weary couch of some loved one passing away, and doubtless in many a heart is already associated with memories that "lie too deep for tears."

Her spontaneous and exhaustless command of words gave her a large and free style, but likewise a dangerous facility, and it was only in rare instances, like the one just cited, that she attained to the strength and sweetness of Repose. Her intense earnestness spared her no leisure for humor, a feature curiously absent from her writings: she almost lacked the sense of the ludicrous, as may be deduced from some of her two-word rhymes, and from various absurdities solemnly indulged in. But of wit and satire she has more than enough, and lashes all kinds of tyranny and hypocrisy with supernal scorn. It is perhaps due to her years of in-door life that the influence of landscape-scenery is not more visible in her poetry. Her girlhood, nevertheless, was partly spent in Herefordshire, among the Malvern Hills, and we find in "Aurora Leigh," and in some of her minor pieces, not only reminiscences of that region, but other landscape, both English and Italian—executed in a broad and admirable manner. But when she follows the idyllic method, making the tone of the background enhance the feeling of a poem, she uses by preference the works of man rather than those of nature: architecture, furniture, pictures, books above all, rather than water, sky and forest. Men and women were the chief objects of her regard—her genius was more dramatic than idyllic, and lyric first of all.

The instinct of worship and the religion

of humanity were pervading constituents of Mrs. Browning's nature, and demand no less attention than the love which dictated her most fervent poems. A spiritual trinity of zeal, love, and worship, presided over her work. If in her outcry against wrong she had nothing decisive to suggest, she at least sounded a clarion note for the incitement of her comrades and successors, and this was her mission as a reformer. Religious exaltation breathes through every page of her compositions. Her eulogist aptly called her the Blaise Pascal of women, and said that her books were prayer-books. She had a profound faith in christian revelation, interpreted in its most catholic sense. Her broad humanity and religion, her defense of her sex, her subtle and tender knowledge of the hearts of children, her abnegation, hope, and faith, seemed the apotheosis of womanhood and drew to her the affection of readers in distant lands. She was the most beloved of minstrels and women. Jean Paul said of Herder that he was less a poet than a poem, but in Mrs. Browning the two were blended: she wrote herself into her works, and I have closely reviewed her experience, because it is inseparable from her lyrical career. The English love to call her Shakespeare's Daughter, and in truth she bears to their greatest poet the relation of Miranda and Prospero. Her delicate genius was purely feminine and subjective, attributes that are made to go together. Most introspective poetry, in spite of Sidney's injunction, wearies us, because it so often is the petty or morbid sentiment of natures little superior to our own. Men have more conceit, with less tact, than women, and, as a rule, when male poets write objectively they are on the safer side. But when an impassioned woman, yearning to let the world share her poetic rapture or grief, reveals the secrets of her burning heart, generations adore her, literature is enriched, and grosser beings have glimpses of a purity with which we invest our conceptions of disenthralled spirits in some ideal sphere.

I therefore regard Mrs. Browning as the representative of her sex in the Victorian era, and a luminous example of the fact that "woman is not undeveloped man; but diverse;" as the passion-flower of the century; the conscious medium of some power beyond the veil. For, if she was wanting in reverence for the form and body of the poet's art, she more than all her tuneful

brethren revered the poet's *inspiration*. To her poets were

"The only truth-tellers now left to God;
The only speakers of essential truth
Opposed to relative, comparative,
And temporal truths; the only holders by
His sun-skirts."

And this in a period when technical refinement has caused the mass of verse-makers to forget that art is vital chiefly as a means of expression. Like her Hebrew poets, she was obedient "to the heavenly vision," and I think that the form of her religion, which was in sympathy with the teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg, enables us clearly to understand her genius and works. I have no doubt that she surrendered herself to the play of her imagination, as if some angelic voice were speaking through her—and of what other modern poet can this be said? With equal powers of expression, such a faith exalts the bard to an apocalyptic prophet—to the consecrated

interpreter, of whom Plato said in "Ion": "A poet is a thing light, with wings, and unable to compose poetry until he becomes inspired and is out of his sober senses, and his imagination is no longer under his control; for he does not compose by art, but through a divine power."

At the close of the first summer month of 1861, a memorable year for Italy, the land of song was free, united, once more a queen among the nations; but the voice of its sweetest singer was hushed, the golden harp was broken; the sibylline minstrel lay dying in the City of Flowers. She was at the last, as ever, the enraptured seer of celestial visions. Some efflux of imperishable glory passed before her eyes, and she said that it was beautiful. It seemed to those around her, as if she died beholding

"— in jasper, clear as glass,
The first foundations of that new near Day
Which should be builded out of Heaven to God."

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A Greeting to our English Readers.

AN edition of two thousand copies of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY has been ordered for the English market, commencing with the present number, by a house whose name will appear upon the cover of that edition. It is fitting that we note the fact, as one of the steps toward that community of English and American letters which is certain, sooner or later, to arrive; and to extend a hearty greeting to our new readers over the sea. We send to them a characteristic American monthly—a mirror, so far as we can make it such, of American thought, literary culture and art, produced without stint of labor or expenditure. They will find within its pages the products of some of their own best writers, and, notably, in the present number, the beginning of a series of papers upon an English topic, by their greatest historian. We present to them this month, also, a *critique* upon one of their own poets by one of ours, who brings to his work a rare critical judgment and a strong and graceful pen. We are writing and publishing for and about one another more and more; and the two great English-speaking peoples of the world are becoming more closely united in literary brotherhood every year.

The grand feature of our periodical for the year will be a series of American papers, entitled "The Great South," the first of which is herewith pre-

sented. These papers will exhibit, by pen and pencil, a vast region of country almost as little known to the Northern States of the Union as it is to England, and only very imperfectly known, in its completeness, by its own inhabitants. The preparation and publication of these papers form an enterprise never equaled by any monthly on this side of the Atlantic, and never surpassed by any upon the other. We take great pleasure in calling attention to this series of illustrated articles, which will be continued throughout the year, and in assuring our new English friends that they will find it worth all that the magazine will cost them. As for our story-tellers and singers and essayists, we dare say they will find little to choose between them and their own, in the points of skill and fertility; but they will find ours working with material that is comparatively fresh to them, and under the inspirations of other social and civil institutions and a widely different national and popular history. These latter facts ought to give to the magazine a peculiar interest to foreign eyes, and we trust that they will.

Hoping that our little English edition of two thousand copies may soon be multiplied by ten, so that it may be at least a third as large as that which we print on this side the water, we give to our new readers the pledge to do what we can to win their practical approval, and to rank that approval among the choicest rewards of our enterprise.

St. Nicholas.

MAKE way for the children's magazine! The publishers of the older monthly, for older people, will issue their new periodical coterminously with this number, with a face as fresh and handsome as a school-boy's, and with contents more varied and precious than he carries in his pockets. Whether we shall lead the little child, or the little child shall lead us, remains to be seen; but it will be pleasant to have him at our side, to watch his growth and development, and to minister, as we may, to his prosperity.

As we have undertaken to make "SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY" as good as labor and money can make it, so no pains will be spared to make the "ST. NICHOLAS" the best juvenile that lives. It will be adorned with beautiful and costly pictures, it will be filled with contributions by the best writers, it will be edited by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. What more can be said of it, except to assure fathers and mothers and children everywhere that they will want it, and must have it. Wherever "SCRIBNER" goes, "ST. NICHOLAS" ought to go. They will be harmonious companions in the family, and the helpers of each other in the work of instruction, culture and entertainment.

The New York Observer.

IT is an evidence alike of the unchanging quality of human nature, the intolerance of religious partizanship, and the pride of theological opinion, that as soon as a Christian scholar and thinker comes to the defense of Christianity with methods that cast doubts upon the efficacy and soundness of those which are older, he is denounced at once as "catering to the semi-infidelity of the times," or of assuming an attitude of "decided hostility to Christianity itself." Some months ago, Rev. Augustus Blauvelt appeared in this Magazine with an article on the Miracles of Christ. He had prepared himself to write this article by years of thorough study, in which he had familiarized himself with the works of all the modern skeptics to a degree equaled by few American scholars, and surpassed by none. His mode of argument was his own; and so ably and conclusively did he conduct it to the determination so dear to all Christian minds and hearts, that one of the most orthodox colleges in the land hastened to confer upon him the honorable degree of Doctor of Divinity. Abroad as well as at home the paper attracted profound attention, and elicited the highest commendation. It declared, at least, the side upon which the writer stood, and was a pledge in itself that all that he should subsequently write would be in the interest of Christianity, in whose divine authority he cherished an unwavering faith.

Before the death of Mr. Scribner, Dr. Blauvelt confided to him the scheme of a book, embracing his

views, his argument, and his conclusions, and Mr. Scribner gave to him his confidence and sympathy, and the warm encouragement which so many writers have received at his hands. The book has not appeared, but some of the papers of which it was to be composed, in addition to that on Miracles, have been published under the title of "Modern Skepticism." The reasons for stating these facts will appear in what follows:

A few weeks ago, an anonymous communication appeared in the *New York Observer*, the writer of which was endorsed by the editor of that paper "as the ablest theological writer of the present age." We regret that the amiable and venerable genius who has so long presided over the fortunes of the great religious weekly, should have admitted to his columns the communication of one whom he could not also have endorsed as a Christian gentleman. That communication began with the following words:

"Charles Scribner is dead. This sad fact is manifest not only by the vacant seat in his household, and by 'the aching void' in the hearts of his numerous friends, but it is painfully revealed by the course adopted by the magazine which bears his honored name. Many of its readers have been grieved by the travesties of religious experience which have appeared from time to time on its pages; and now it seems disposed to assume an attitude of decided hostility to Christianity itself. This is not done boldly and avowedly, but in a way far more dangerous. Such articles as those on 'Modern Scepticism,' in the recent numbers of that magazine, are adapted to produce a more injurious impression on the public mind than anything which Comte or Herbert Spencer has written."

Now mark: An anonymous writer summons from his grave a noble man, that, over his shoulder, who can make no protest, he may stab the reputation of his chosen associates and closest friends—associates and friends who knew him best and loved him most. He accuses this Magazine (by implication), with disgracing Mr. Scribner's name, with publishing travesties of religious experience, and with being disposed to assume an attitude of decided hostility to Christianity. These are grave charges. They are published in a religious paper that has the confidence of many Christian people, all over the country. They have all the editorial sanction that can be given them, yet we are sure that the readers of *The Observer*, no less than the readers of SCRIBNER will unite with us in lamenting the fact that great theological attainments are not always associated with Christian charity, and that a man may be "the ablest theological writer of the present age," without losing the capacity for cowardly and most cruel slander. If the writer supposes that this sort of attack will be satisfactory to the public, in its present mood, he is sadly mistaken. Ecclesiastical authority can no longer kill, and no longer settle for thinking men and women the great problems connected with their spiritual interests.

It is a stupendous and most momentous fact, patent to all but the willfully blind, that there exists a modern school of skepticism in which critical scholarship and material science have united to unsettle the faith of the world in Christianity. The leaders of this movement have not been met and fully answered; and all who are *en rapport* with the public thought know that they have made a deep impression. To meet these men on their own ground, and defeat them there, are the aims of the papers that have appeared in this magazine—papers which are only preliminary to the grand work—a work from which no opposition is to frighten us, and no amount of vituperation can drive us. Our method is simply to substitute a non-partizan investigation for partizan controversy, and to establish by an appeal to the universal reason and heart that which not only does not stand by force of ecclesiastical authority, but which totters under its weight.

In this work we ask and claim the sympathy of all Christian men and women. To it we invite their attention. The letters which we receive from every part of the country, and our constantly increasing list of readers, show how deep an interest is everywhere taken in the subject, and prove to us that we have neither misinterpreted the signs of the times, nor misdirected our efforts. Is it not time that men engaged in a common cause join hands in friendship, and not in angry contest? Is it not time to cease forbidding men because they follow not with us? Of what use is our Christianity if it do not give us charity for our fellows, freedom in our work and worship, release from human authority and censorship, and fellowship in the search for truth and the helping of the world?

Thus much in our own defense, and thus much in declaration of the spirit that moves, and the motives that govern us. Dr. Blauvelt will take care of himself.

The Old Types.

THE country-bred men and women who have reached the age of fifty years are all able to recall a picture—lying now far back in the mellow atmosphere of the past—of a band of children, standing hand-in-hand by the side of the dusty highway, and greeting with smile and bow and “curtsy” every adult passenger whom they met on their way to and from school. They were instructed in this polite obeisance by their teachers. It was a part of the old New England drill, which, so far as we know, has been entirely discontinued. We do not remember to have seen such a sight as this for twenty-five years. It would be such an old-fashioned affair to witness now, that multitudes would only reward it with a smile of amusement; yet with all our boasted progress can we show anything that is better or more suggestive, of downright healthy good breeding? Are the typical boy and girl of the period better mannered, more reverent, more respectful

toward manhood and womanhood, more deferential to age? Do they grow up with more regard for morality, religion, law, than they did then? Alas! with all our books, and our new processes of education, and the universal sharpness of the juvenile intellect of the day, we miss something that was very precious among the children of the old time—reverence for men and women, systematic courtesy in simple forms, and respect for the wisdom of the pulpit, the school-room and the fireside. If we were called upon to describe the model boy or girl, we should be obliged to call up the old type—the rude, healthy lads and lasses who snow-balled each other, battled with each other in spelling-bouts, and imbibed the spirit of reverence for their elders with every influence of church and school and home. We have made progress in some directions, but in some we have sadly retrograded. Our boys are all young men, and our girls are fearfully old. Our typical child has no longer the spirit of a child.

Occasionally, we meet what are popularly denominated “gentlemen of the old school.” We have only enough of them among us to make us wish that we had many more,—men of courtly dignity, of unobtrusive dress, of manners that seem a little formal but which are, nevertheless, the manners of gentlemen. They remind us of the worthies of the old colonial time, and of the later time of the Revolution—of Washington and Madison and Franklin—of men whom all revered, and to whom all gave obeisance. Into what has this style of men grown, or into what have they been degraded? Looking where they would be pretty certain to congregate if they were in existence, we see them not. Has any one seen them at Newport during the past season? Have they abounded at Saratoga? Have they been found in dignified and graceful association with the President of the United States at Long Branch? Are they presiding over municipal affairs in our great cities? Do they enter largely into the composition of Congress, even after we have subtracted the gamblers and carpet-baggers? If we have them in considerable numbers, where are they? Certainly they have either ceased to be reproduced in our generation, or they are so much disgusted with the type of men met in public life and fashionable society that they studiously hide themselves from sight. There is little comfort in either alternative, but we must accept one or the other.

Progress has doubtless been made in many things. We are richer, better clothed, better housed, better fed and better educated than we used to be. Our railroads run everywhere; our well-nigh exhaustless resources have been broached in a thousand directions; we count the increase of our population by millions; the emigrations of the world all move toward us; colleges, churches and school-houses have gone up with the building of the States, and the States themselves have multiplied so rapidly that not one American in ten knows exactly how many are in the

Union. All this is true; but during the past twenty-five years we judge that we have made no improvement in the typical American gentleman. If the old men with their breeches and knee-buckles and cocked hats could have looked in upon the President and his chosen friends at Long Branch last summer, we are inclined to think the latter would have been a good deal embarrassed with the situation. If they could have walked through the piazzas of the Grand Union at Saratoga, how many equals would they have met?—how many men who in manners, dignity, culture and spirit would have felt at home with them? The old type of merchants—the old type of statesmen—the old type of gentlemen—surely we have not improved upon these. The restless, greedy, grasping, time-serving spirit of our generation has vitiated and degraded this type, and in our efforts at improvement we may well go back to the past for our models.

What shall we say about the old type of women as compared with the present representatives of the best of the sex? The saintly, heroic, frugal, industrious wives and mothers of the earlier days of the Republic—have we improved upon them? Have the latter-day doctrines of woman's rights made them more modest, more self-denying, more virtuous, better wives and mothers, purer and more active Christians, better heads of the institution of home, more lovely companions for men? We are aware that the answer to those questions involves the approval or the condemnation of the doctrines themselves, and it is

well that the men and women of America be called upon to see and decide upon those doctrines from this point of view. Is the type of the American woman improved? Has it been improved in the last twenty years, especially inside the circles that have taken the improvement of the position of woman upon their hands? America is full of good women. As a rule they are undoubtedly better than the men, but certainly the men whose instincts are true are attracted most to those women who approach nearest to the ancient type.

The final result of our civilization is to be reckoned in character. If this is not satisfactory, nothing is satisfactory. If we are not rearing better children and ripening better men and women than we were a century ago, then something is radically wrong, and the quicker we retrace our steps to see where we have diverged from the right track, the better. The typical American—man, woman and child—is the representative product of all the institutions and influences of our civilization. As the type improves or degenerates, do these institutions and influences stand approved or condemned before the world. Progress cannot be reckoned in rail, roads and steamboats, or counted in money, or decided in any way by the census tables. Are we producing better children and better men and women? That is the question which decides every thing; and we have called attention to the old types in order that we may arrive at an intelligent conclusion.

THE OLD CABINET.

I WONDER whether it is true that we do not get used to the unpleasant features of humanity. Can it be that while age may soften our hearts, widen our sympathies, and increase our charity, that while it may make us more philosophical with regard to the flaw in the jewel, more lenient in the matter of the failings of our fellow mortals, more apologetic as to their peccadilloes in manners or morals—we nevertheless grow more and more sensitive in these very matters. We say: "O, yes! it is foolish to expect perfection;" and we fret more and more at the absence of it.

That we continue to be amused at the things that annoy us, by no means proves that we do not continue to be annoyed. The tendency is toward cynicism.

Is there not a delicate subacid in the humorous flavor of some of our so-called most genial authorities of society. The laugh is not wanting, but there is a sneer in it. How very funny these vulgar people are; but, how long, O Lord, how long!

Not only may we be philosophical about, and amused by them, but we may even go so far toward reconciliation as to see the pathos in these little imperfections. I fear I can hardly convey to your

mind the pathetic impression upon my own of the way the heavily-jeweled Mrs. Quickrich, who sat near me at table one summer at Oldport, handled her fork as if it were a knife. I pray you observe how subtly yet surely the poor woman's grade of culture was thus marked. Not to wander too far back into the family history, the mother of Mrs. Q. had evidently used the knife itself to convey her food from plate to mouth. Mrs. Q., in her youth, had done the same; but the self-consciousness that comes with sudden wealth, had not only caused her to cover her person with silks and laces, ribbons and rings, but to attempt a more elegant method of eating. Lack of true culture made her, of course, as awkward with her fork as she was conspicuous and ungainly in her dress and adornment. I am afraid, however, that I found my neighbor uncomfortably loud and harrowing in many ways, and that before long the milk of human kindness in my bosom dried up, so to speak, in its relations to Mrs. Q.

I am led to believe that petty pomposity is one of the most unendurable of the minor unpleasantnesses. The mildest case of this kind which I can at this moment recall is, at the same time, so ob-

noxious that, I regret to say, I can hardly bring myself to a proper frame of mind for its calm discussion.

I think I must be peculiarly sensitive to this style of social nuisance, because so few of my friends fully sympathize with my antipathy. Indeed there is so much diffidence in the manner of the pompous gentleman. I have in my mind,—it is such a gentle tragedy,—that there are many who do not perceive, or else are not in the least discomfited by, the thing that irritates me so. Perhaps my own self-consciousness helps me to detect the same quality in others; and perhaps the manner to which I allude is rather the outgrowth of a large self-consciousness than anything else. It may be this that affects the tone of his voice and conversation,—to whose murmurous common-places he seems to be listening with a sweet content. He says a thing, not in order to convey an idea (supposing him possessed of such an anomaly), but that the air may be burdened with the soft and measured tones of his utterance, as with a soothing song, bringing delight to his own ears and, incidentally, to those of his auditors. Thus his simplest question or remark,—as to the price of huckleberries, or the imminence of rain,—has a cadence all its own. The thing that maddens me is that this fellow of no accomplishment arrogates the subdued grandeur of a hero; he thinks to wear that fine flower of gentility which has its roots only in a chivalrous life.

It is easy for me to understand that some of the best lovers of their kind may be found in the wilderness—souls impatient of the excrescences that cling to the Man whom they would have fine and flawless. In the desert we escape even the looking-glass. Surely the hermit is not always the hater. When he seems most cynical, I think he may be most affectionate. "Nothing is inexorable but love."

I feel moved to say that, for all my fault-finding, mankind never seemed nobler to me than at this moment. After all, we do not require so very much. There are times,—and this is one of them,—when I think that all we really ask of our fellows is that they keep their teeth and nails clean.

It may be that this influx of charity is owing to my present surroundings. I am in the woods. I am alone. Above my head the green branches lift a swaying vault, with skyward windows as in the old temples. I am lying prone upon the soft, brown, warm carpet of the pine-needles; a delicious, dreamy, resinous odor pervades the air, bringing back more surely than can anything else in nature, the imaginative joyousness of boyhood; and over and through all is the mysterious, near yet distant, new yet centuries-old song of the wind in the pines. I have been lying here still so long that the ants, the spiders, the yellow-birds and the squirrels make no stranger of me. I have been lying here so long that the busy world seems no more to have any just claim upon me. I may have been here years—ages; I may—I shall—stay here unnumbered eons longer. I ask myself—are there beyond these sun-spotted, leaf-stirred shadows, other beings like myself. I remember—yes, I remember Broadway, with its panorama of human faces,—and into the midst of my reverie comes a strange, new curiosity concerning these creatures. They pass across my vision like the procession of a dream. A new interest awakens in my mind concerning them. I see them freshly, as one sees a familiar landscape by looking at it between his legs. A new beauty beams from some homely face recalled in this my vision. I have a queer new tenderness even toward the pompous gentleman.—I hear the rumble of the stage. I think I should like to see the odd little group of villagers that is sure to gather at the post-office. And perhaps there are some letters waiting for me!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Hints of Styles.

ALTHOUGH new and startling changes of modes have been heralded by merchants and dressmakers for a month past, the "openings" show few radical differences from last season's garments. There are some changes, but the general effects are similar. The line is more marked than heretofore between dresses intended only for house wear and those for the street, and for evening dresses overskirts have abdicated in favor of elaborately ornamented trains.

The most noticeable alteration is the plainness and tastefulness of the walking suits. A majority of them are made with the comfortable and convenient redingote, and a skirt really artistic by reason of its appropriateness. The others, as a rule, are

made with a single skirt and jacket-basque, which unites the desirable qualities of basque and polonaise, and has the awkwardnesses of neither.

The relinquishment of overskirts, predicted at regular intervals for the last two years, seems to be an accomplished fact. They are still made, of course; but the most elegant dresses are without them. For home costumes, overskirts are simulated by trimmings; for street, the jackets and polonaises take their place; and for full and dinner toilette, no pretense of overskirt is made.

There is a severity in the style of the new costumes, restful and pleasing to eyes wearied with the involved and meaningless trimmings of the past. Trimmings are by no means forsaken; but they

are generally flat and much simpler in design. Gimps and fringes, woolen and linen laces are as frequently employed as flounces and puffs, and appear by comparison, the essence of simplicity. The redingote is, in a measure, responsible for this change, as its plainness demands plainness in the accompanying garments. Buttons are assuming more modest proportions; and, though still striking the vision with painful effrontery, they seem less of an excrescence than formerly.

Skirts are as scant as ever in front and on the sides; the fullness being drawn as far back as possible. The width of walking dresses is not more than three yards and a half or less than three and a quarter around the bottom.

The puff in the back of trained skirts was so popular last winter that it is revived. It is pretty and graceful, and if it leads, as is to be hoped, to speedy diminishing of, and final dispensing with, the inelegant and unseemly bustle, it will be a blessing in pleasing disguise. The trains of evening dresses are covered with diaphanous puffings, and garlanded with dainty vines of flowers and berries more frequently than they are trimmed with stiff and heavy flounces of the same; but, whatever the decoration, it is arranged with a carefully studied irregularity, of which it is difficult to discover the beginning or end.

The fashion of ornamenting the fronts and backs of suits without regard to each other, or to the rules of good taste, still exists; but is likely to die soon of its own ugliness.

Social Customs.

THE party-giving season is near at hand, and will soon be fairly begun. Social entertainments, except in purely fashionable circles, are growing simpler and more agreeable year after year. The elaborately unsuccessful attempt to entertain guests which was once deemed an indispensable part of a hostess's duty is so no longer. Guests are allowed to wander about as they choose, talking to whom they please, or not talking at all, as suits them best; and, beyond a careful oversight of their comfort and pleasure, she does not feel responsible for them. To present to each other such persons as she thinks have kindred tastes or interests, is one of the necessities of her position; but to try to make people converse who have nothing in common, is almost a discourtesy on her part. While it is, usually, more agreeable to be introduced to your neighbor at a reception, since hearing his name will probably give you a key to his personality, yet the lack of an introduction should not prevent your speaking to him, if you be so inclined—the fact of meeting him in your friend's house being sufficient endorsement of his position.

The pleasantest parties in New York are frequently the weekly, fortnightly, or monthly receptions,

given on specific evenings, where even handsome street dress is permissible; and where bright conversation supersedes formal suppers, clever epigrams adding a stimulus that wine cannot yield. To these gatherings the people are bidden verbally; the lady simply telling her friends, when she meets them, that she is at home on such and such an evening, and shall be glad to see them. Then, the guest is at liberty to go at once, or half a dozen times as he chooses. Sometimes, a slight refreshment of ices, cake, coffee, or chocolate,—sometimes nothing at all; in which case the sole expense is for a little extra gas and a few flowers.

The wide use of flowers for social reunions is an imported custom of rather modern date; but, like most borrowed habits, we have carried it to an extreme unheard of abroad. At fashionable parties the bill for flowers will often be one of the largest,—sometimes reaching thousands of dollars. Charming as floral decorations are, there is such a thing as too great a profusion. The heavy perfume of tuberose, heliotrope and tea-roses in a hot and crowded room frequently produces a faint and sickly atmosphere, extremely unpleasant to many persons. In arranging flowers for parties, therefore, it is better to select fully twice as many non-odorous as odorous blossoms. Potted plants in bloom are lovely in lighted drawing-rooms, and artistically disposed in odd corners about the house. The effect of begonias and other foliage plants against pale tinted walls is very striking. There is no house, however old, no room, however ugly, that cannot be rendered attractive by an abundance, not superfluity, of flowers.

At the most elegant and well-arranged reunions, one point has of late been especially noticeable. Elaborate and expensive suppers, though the rule, are not positive necessities, as once they were; thus receptions are placed within reach of many who will be delighted to give the social ball a kindly push, but who cannot afford the needless cost and display of ambitious entertainments.

There is really growing to be something which may be strictly called Society in America. We are discovering that Society does not mean a collection of rich people, whose possessions permit to them any sort of extravagance; but that it means all sorts of people: those who have much money, and those who have little; those who are clever and those who are dull; those whose mansions hold hundreds, and those whose parlors are crowded with fifty. And the last is the most important discovery. The left-out feeling that many persons of moderate means have had is passing away. They find they can take a graceful part in social life without too great outlay of time and money; and they embrace the opportunity with cordiality. Society must always be so different in this country from what it is anywhere else that no comparison is possible. But it cannot fail to have a freedom and variety very attractive.

Dress Goods.

It seems as if there could be nothing new in fabrics, so great has been the variety before; but beautiful new goods, with soft twills, fine diagonal reps, rough surfaces, and wrought figures lie temptingly on every counter. Cashmere will not be quite so fashionable this season as it has been, notwithstanding its wonderful capacity for wear. A fresh material called camel's hair cashmere takes its place for street suits. This resembles both its namesakes, having the hairiness of the one and the twill of the other, with a degree of thickness between the two.

Alpaca and mohair are more than ever in vogue, not only in black but in colors. Brilliantine, a fine alpaca, with the luster of silk, and three times its serviceableness, is widely employed for the odd black skirt that is part of every feminine wardrobe nowadays; and for full suits as well. Although it is apt to grow rumpled with constant wear, a hot iron easily remedies the difficulty, and from dust and all other soil it is more readily cleansed than any material in the market.

Most of the new goods have a rough face of some kind, which is certain to catch dust and mud, and be difficult of tidy keeping. They have an eminently business aspect, as though not intended for the quietness of domestic life. However, they are sufficiently attractive for street costumes, and being so totally different from the softness and silkiness of recent years, their novelty will, undoubtedly, make them popular. Woolen stuffs are woven wider than formerly; the majority of them being double fold. For most purposes this is a vast improvement, rendering it possible to cut a costume out of less material than before.

The Shah's visit to the West has induced the dealers to christen their goods by all sorts of Eastern names; so that, until the goods are seen, they are rarely recognizable by their names. As they are seldom called the same at different stores, it is wiser to ask for the class of goods desired than to ask for them by name.

Silks have altered less than any other materials; the only change being in the finer rep of the gros grains. Unpleasant experience has taught that the large cords of the old gros grains caused the other threads to crack and wear flat and shiny; therefore, the fine cords and smooth surfaced taffetas are likely to take their place.

There come for redingotes, of which one at least is now necessary to every wardrobe, heavy, rough cloths, resembling gentlemen's cloths; warm, soft and specially adapted to the severe style of the garment. They are seldom black, the favorite tints being the darkest of browns, blues, grays, steels and bronzes. Frequently they appear black until compared with it, when their richness and deepness of hue is perceptible. Of these heavy fabrics, the most useful and becoming is the deep purple-blue English waterproof. It is a yard and a half wide, and ranges, according to its quality, from \$3 to \$4 a yard. A redingote of this takes the place of the ugly waterproof cloak, and forms likewise a becoming garment. All these heavy cloths should be thoroughly sponged before cutting, to prevent shrinking and cracking, of which faults most of them are guilty.

The improvement in colors, promised a month ago, has not yet been made visible. Perhaps the dealers are disappointed that their goods have not fulfilled the promises made for them; certainly the customers are. To unpracticed eyes the same pale, cold tints, characteristic of last year, are quite as much so of this year. A new shade or two in blue, or a trifling change in every tint bordering on black is all that attracts attention.

Instead of the bronzes, greens and browns, and red and purple plums of last winter, deep blues and grays are by caprice made the favorite colors.

Almost no plaids are used for ladies' dresses, though numerous stripes for polonaises are always to be had. Plain stuffs of darkest shades are always more lady-like and really elegant for the street, and this year fashion and good taste join hands.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

A Word of Suggestion.

THE Metropolitan Museum of the Fine-Arts is again open to the public, and we regret to record that the Trustees persist in making a charge of twenty-five cents for a single admission, and ten dollars for season tickets, with no half-price for children. There is, indeed, a free day "for the lower classes who cannot afford to pay twenty-five cents," but this, as everybody knows who has gone to such places on a holiday and suffered from the crowd, is small relief for those who wish to study. By making every day a free day, the pressure is distributed,

and a crowd is avoided. Sooner or later (and we trust, for their own sakes and the public's, that it may be soon), the Trustees will discover that this is a mistake. The high tariff will drive away, not merely "the riff-raff"—a class, by the way, that ought not to exist for the managers of any museum—but thousands of cultivated people as well, who need the museum, who know how to value what it contains, but to whom the fee of even twenty-five cents demanded for every admission is a tax that they cannot afford.

We earnestly desire, for ourselves and for others, more and better opportunities for culture than we

have at present, and we shall not willingly believe that our hope, that the Metropolitan Museum was to give us such opportunities, is to be wholly, or even greatly, disappointed. We confess, we cannot see any reason for the restriction of which we complain. Even supposing it necessary to make a charge for admission, it has long ago been proved that a high tariff in such cases is less profitable than a low one. But, we do not believe in the necessity. The Museum is controlled by certain Trustees, rich men, and backed, besides, by a large subscription from the general public, and by a reasonable yearly allowance from the State. The contents of the Museum, though not remarkably extensive, are so intrinsically valuable, so varied, and so interesting, that if the public were once freely admitted to study and enjoy them, the question of money-supply would speedily settle itself. The legislature would have little hesitation about appropriating a sufficient sum to maintain an institution whose value could be witnessed to, not merely by a few well-to-do people, but by every class in the community.

We should be glad if we could make the excuse for the Trustees, of timidity, arising from ignorance of what has been the experience of people elsewhere in the matter of freely admitting the public to museums and picture-galleries. But no such ignorance can possibly exist. All the Trustees are well-informed, traveled men, who know, by frequent experience, the hospitality that is shown to the whole public, without distinction of sex, or age, or class, by the museums and picture-galleries of Europe. The British Museum, the South-Kensington Museum, the National Gallery, in London; the Louvre, the Hotel Cluny, the Luxembourg, in Paris; the Brera Gallery and the Ambrosian Library in Milan; the Uffizii, the Pitti Galleries, and the Academy of the Fine Arts in Florence; the Vatican in Rome, and the Academy of Fine Arts in Venice, are all as free to the general public as the air they breathe or the water they drink. The Naples Museum does, if we remember rightly, make a small charge for admission on certain days of the week, and so do some of the German galleries, but these are exceptions. That the authorities who control these places find generosity to be the best policy, witness the swarm of tourists that every summer seek in European capitals the means of study, the intellectual delights, from which they are almost entirely cut off at home, but which, abroad, they enjoy as if these were to each one a private possession.

New York cannot afford much longer to be the only great city of the world that leaves the intellectual and spiritual, nay, even the more refined of the merely material, wants of her citizens ungratified and uncared for. We have excellent eating and drinking, and plenty of good water, but we have ill-lighted, ill-paved, dirty streets, no cabs, and only one park, that, by comparison with a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs of grass and shrubbery, we call large.

These are serious drawbacks, but a city may be without many of the comforts and conveniences of civilized life and yet be, like Rome, a city of the soul. But how can New York ever hope to be a city of the soul, until she has something with which to keep the soul alive? We have no libraries, no museums, no collections of natural-history, no galleries of pictures and statues, worthy even of a large town, much less worthy of a city that writes herself "Metropolitan." And it is a practical blunder that the Trustees of the weanling Museum we have are committing, in trying to make it not a public possession, enjoyed, studied, taken pride in by all the citizens, but a mere extension of their own comfortable and luxurious private parlors.

Mr. Longfellow's "Aftermath."

THOSE of our readers who are not agricultural or poetically bucolic may not be aware, that the aftermath is the rowen, or the second mowing of the grass. Mr. Longfellow published some years ago the *Tales of the Wayside Inn* (J. R. Osgood & Co.), and these are what remains of them:

"The rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom."

There is perhaps no living poet with whom the critic has such difficulty in dealing to his own satisfaction as with Mr. Longfellow. Of almost every poet it may be said that to judge him fairly you must be intimate with his personality. His works are his confession. Almost every man of original genius bears upon him marks that strongly distinguish him. This is true of every one of the great writers of this time. Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Emerson, Whittier, Bryant, Lowell, are all men of sharply defined individuality.

It is clear on the contrary, that Mr. Longfellow's genius is without those projections upon which the critic loves to seize. Indeed, it is evident that he is not a man of much original force of intellect; he is harmonious rather than brilliant or profound; his emotion, though tender and perhaps deep, is not powerful.

And yet judged by the test of performance he fairly deserves a place among the first literary men of his time. Of such a poem as "Evangeline," his muse may say to the critics: "No matter how I came by it; judge me by my fruits." "Evangeline" is to the present century what "The Deserted Village" was to the last; and the two stand as yet alone and apart in English literature. For centuries yet, Longfellow's beautiful poem will continue to purify the hearts of men. And this is the mission of literature. It is to teach silence to the scorner and to forever remind the embittered, baffled struggler amid the waves of life that existence is not entirely shadow and defeat, but that all the while the eternal stars shine above untouched by the storm and the violence.

It is to be remembered, also, that an artist is to be judged by the effect of his gift as well as by the intensity of his mood during its exercise. The *rarity* of the gift is to be considered. Longfellow has a certain sweet facility of touch. By a line, he calls up a pleasant image, and suffuses the mind with a soft and tender sense of beauty; no other writer quite reaches it. We remember once strolling upon a foreign coast with a friend who repeated the verse:

"There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty."

Had we been struck in the face by a wet bough of peach blossom, it could not have been sweeter. We suspect that it is not only Longfellow's gift which is uncommon; his mood is also rare.

It is true that the artist does not answer his critic by challenging him to do as well. The critic's function is to judge, not to produce. But if the answer were good from anybody, it would be from the admirers of Mr. Longfellow. A poet, we have said, is to be judged as much by the rarity as by the intensity of his mood or gift. The inability of anybody else to do what seems so very easy is good ground from which to infer the rarity of the gift. So we are not so very unreasonable when we recommend the depreciating critic to try his hand at writing "Excelsior" before he despises it.

Mr. Longfellow is evidently right in the modest estimation in which he holds *Aftermath*. All of the poems have Mr. Longfellow's agreeable facility and exhibit his wonderful mechanical talent. But with thought, sentiment or emotion, the volume is by no means highly charged. Yet as Thackeray says:—"A writer cannot always play first fiddle." Some of his work must be poorer than the rest. The question is how bad may work be and yet be fit for publication. We think Mr. Longfellow did well to print these poems. They are all readable and pleasing. The following we might call feebly airy and gently glad, but pretty:

"Now was the winter gone and the snow; and Robin the Redbreast,
Boasted on bush and on tree it was he, it was he and no other
That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood, and
blithely
All the birds sang with him and little cared for his boasting,
Little cared for his Babes in the Wood or the Cruel Uncle
and only
Sang for the mates they had chosen and cared for the nests
they were building."

That method, as old as Homer, and ever so much older, which all poets have, of choosing an out of the way fact to tell in a word the exact physiognomy of a conception in the mind, is one which Mr. Longfellow has used often and well. But this does not seem to be successful:

"Hannah, the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of the attic,
Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing the casement,
As the bird in a cuckoo-clock peeps out of its window,
Then disappears again, and closes the shutter behind it."

The naïveté and simplicity of this image strike us as excessive.

These lines appear to be fine, dramatic and accurate:

"Then swift as a shooting star,
The curved and shining blade
Of Iskander's scimitar
From its sheath, with jewels bright,
Shot, as he thundered; "Write,"
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,
And wrote in the fitful glare
Of the bivouac fire apart,
With the chill of the midnight air
On his forehead white and bare,
And the chill of death in his heart."

The best of the poems strike us as those at the end of the volume, called *Birds of Passage*; some of them are tender and lovely.

"CHANGED."

"From the outskirts of the town,
Where of old the mile-stone stood,
Now a stranger, looking down
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

"Is it changed, or am I changed?
Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through those thickets are estranged
By the years that intervene.

"Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun.
But alas! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be
Nor the tides that used to run."

There is not much in *Aftermath* as good as this. The volume is made up mainly of the stories of a poet, a student, a theologian, a Spanish Jew and a Sicilian told around the hearth of an inn. There is an interlude between the tales which acts the part of chorus and critic. The stories, as we have said, are not very stirring, but they are pleasantly and ten sweetly told. Mr. Longfellow's beautiful generous culture, his gentle and refined nature, the unselfish devotion of his life to pure literature are qualities which appear upon every page and which there is little danger nowadays that men get too familiar.

Old Rome and New Italy.*

In Italy Emilio Castelar seems to have as much carried away as any Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Nevertheless he is very far from German: he is not only a Spaniard,—a word which almost a synonym for gravity,—and a fervid admirer as well of what may be called the kindred ties of his own surprising land, but he is furthermore a statesman, to whom the world is now looking for his country's salvation. Indeed President Castelar, the Latin or Celt by race, would not

perpleased at an accusation of Teutonic *Schwärmerei*; yet in these "Italian Reminiscences" how do the outbursts of feeling on all subjects differ from that enthusiasm of sentiment for which Germans have coined a word? We smile, but cannot help admiring. Above all things Castelar possesses the orator's gift. The flow of similes, parallels, historical examples, that pour in a foaming torrent from his pen, is in danger of carrying the reader off his feet. There is a breathlessness in his style which may be convincing in a speech, but in, all the calmness of print produces a certain effect of wordiness, which no one knows why. He does not give us time, or we may not be able to refute him, but in every case we are not ready to agree.

It is quite possible that his literary characteristics may hold a hint respecting his future Presidential career. The Castelar we see in Italy is not the silent, grave type of man we are fond of thinking the best leader of a nation in a tremendous crisis. The very excellence of his talent, the slightly heroic quality of his mind, may place him in the ranks of romantics too good for work. Again arises the question whether a man can be at once a talker and a worker. Most people come to the conclusion that, unless he be a very extraordinary genius, he cannot. Castelar, therefore, has a chance to prove himself one of the few elect who combine statesman, man of letters, and philosopher in one great individual. "Old Rome and New Italy" can hardly be said to encourage us to expect the miracle with confidence. Essentially a talker and theorizer, a real necessity to the State, and one whose place could be with difficulty supplied,—it is contrary to the usual limits of human nature to find one man accomplishing a reform and taking on his shoulders the chief part of the work besides. One mind invents, another applies.

The chapter entitled "The God of the Vatican," which treats of the Pope from personal, historical and political standpoints without either bigotry or prejudice, may serve to sketch an outline of the anomalous position held in the Church by such men as Bismarck, Castelar, and Hyacinthe—whom a certain American Archbishop calls "that Loysen." No Roman Catholic can accept them as fellows. In this very chapter, certainly a powerful statement of admirable shape of his own views, he boldly states that not only is Infallibility blasphemy and folly, but that if the Church does not follow after and unite with Science, the Church is dead! The author is Castelar, a Protestant, who from training, and still more from natural antipathy, preserves a thorough distaste for such nations as once proscribed. Evidently Latin in tastes and education, it is possible to discover here and there among his pages a truly Latin objection to things Teutonic. Thus, Mozart stole his music from the Miserere at St. Peter's: liberty in the Western world is South American liberty: the Germans are not to be approved for their conduct of the late war.

There are not wanting indications in his writings of a strong French influence, and France is treated with a silence which is undoubtedly favorable. This, however, is by no means blinding: his critic's eye remains as keen, and an amusing sketch is drawn of a garrulous and irreverent French gentleman at St. Peter's objecting to the too literal Roman reading of the Scriptural "Sheep and Goats." Witty as well as amusing is the chapter on Naples, in which he pathetically complains of the extreme of shouting and gesticulation, the restless activity of that curious populace.

Venice and the lagoons are painted as if the author had just arrived among their Oriental scenes from the bleakest Hyperborean lands. A certain conversation he holds here with a young priest of the famous Armenian convent is an instance of wordiness which approaches flippancy, so grave are the subjects discussed. These he touches with the same lightness with which he skims over many another question of state or race, just as his gondola flitted across the golden-hued lagoon.

Saturate a really clever Irish gentleman with art, and you have the man that Castelar appears in these recollections of travel. Painters may perhaps open their eyes at his confession that *architecture* is his favorite art: he goes even further, for in architecture he admires a mixture of styles; all the Greek types in one building for instance. Yet for this some other pages will make amends. In the Sistine Chapel his wonder boils over in a frenzy of admiration; mighty and world-wide are the subjects suggested by the wonderful Sibyls; it is only when he is steadied by the history of Michael Angelo himself that he touches earth again, and treats us to an admirable chapter on that mighty genius and the divine Raffaele.

Dr. Hake's Poems.*

WE are glad to notice that the author of "Madeleine" possesses in an eminent degree the enviable and, for a poet, particularly indispensable gift of seeing himself as others see him. The bias of his talent in the direction of what he calls the *parable*, and what more accurately might be denominated a *morality* (if the technical phraseology of the medieval stage did not preclude the use of this word for a narrative poem), was indeed so evident in his first volume, that the admirers of his poetry will not be astonished to see their favorable expectations realized, and even surpassed, in this second work of the author. The present volume consists of eight poems of an average length of from twelve to fifteen pages, four of them appearing here a second time in a partly remodeled form.

Dr. Hake's position among contemporaneous poets, it seems to us, will be one quite apart from the pre-

* *Parables and Tales*. By Thomas Gordon Hake. With illustrations by Arthur Hughes. Chapman & Hall. London.

vailing tendency of modern poetical production. Notwithstanding the striking differences in form and feeling amongst the leading poets of our time, we discern one most important feature common to all of them which is the essentially *artistic* purpose of their works. Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Morris, as of one accord, address themselves much less to the speculative than to the imaginative faculty of the human mind; and even Mr. Browning—although his readers may require the greatest exertion of their wits to follow his thoughts and guess his riddles—wishes ultimately to move rather than to teach. The vacant position of a moralist on the English Parnassus has now been filled up by Dr. Hake. He absolutely disregards the enormous change which, since Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley, has come over the spirit of the till then emphatically moralizing tendency of English literature. There is no limit of time in the ideal-realms of fiction, so we may safely say that Dr. Hake, as a poet, was born about the end of Queen Anne's reign, and that he was the intimate friend of Dr. Goldsmith, to whom the genius of our author betrays a close elective affinity. One day he went to sleep for a century or so, and has just awoke, another Rip Van Winkle, to find the scene shifted and the world changed. By this we mean in no way to imply that this author is out of place in the present century. We think, on the contrary, that he fills up a gap in the development of modern poetry, in reviving a tendency once so prominent in English literature. The fact, indeed, of a *new*, we will not venture to say *young*, poet rising up with an unmistakable faculty of saying something of his own, and saying it in his own way, is in itself highly commendable at a time when the accidental peculiarities of a few leading men are but too easily caught and, *ad nauseam*, reproduced by the herd of imitators. The style of Dr. Hake, as we have indicated, is entirely free from the influence, good or bad, of any modern writer. It runs along with the smooth undisturbedness of the brook that "beneath the hillside flows," and wherever an expression does not seem to issue from the immediate requirement of the poetical situation, we may be sure that it resembles the Della Cruscanism of the last century more than anything of a less remote period.

But let us turn to those pure and lovable sides of our author which, of course, are independent of time and custom, and belong exclusively to his own poetical individuality. We have said that his purpose is always an essentially moral one, and indeed one might append to each of his stories the condensed moral purport thereof in distinct words; but never does this tendency take the form of dry lecturing. His doctrine is always the result of a kind and human perception of things, exceptionally free from the prejudices of sect or caste. Whether he depicts the sad, still life of the poor cripple by the village road-side, or the feelings of infinitely deeper misery of the

morally crippled and neglected London street-arab, we always find the same broad-based sympathy with human sufferings which looks on moral shortcomings more in the light of a disease than of a punishable crime.

Our limited space will not permit us to consider the *Parables and Tales* one by one. They are all excellent in their way, and show in different degrees and phases the remarkable talent of the author. The tinker in "Old Souls," who wanders about in unwearying search of "souls to mend," has a charming touch of John-Bunyanlike puritanism about it. "Mother and Child" is the only tale which contains a distinct plot and a very impressive and beautiful story it is. "The Cripple" and "The Blind Boy" (first published in this magazine, December, 1871) are specimens of idyllic calm hardly surpassed, we think, by any of the great models of our literature. In the latter story we admire the deep insight into the charms of nature and an extraordinary faculty of symbolising its phenomena on the part of our author, which, in another place, makes him call the hawthorn bush, with its whimsical formation of its branches, the "clown of the forest," and to which the gray willows near the "workhouse, bare and gaunt," appear to "crouch like aged men." This poem also displays a rare faculty of diagnosis with regard to the finest psychological nuances of the disease described. The way in which the blind boy transfers the expressions of his sister referring to light and shade, into the domain of sound which alone is open to his mind, is wonderfully rendered in the following stanza, which we quote at the same time as a fair specimen of our author's diction.

"The river's flow is bright and clear,
The blind boy said, 'and were it dark,
We should no less its music hear.
Sings not at eventide the lark?
Still when the ripples pause, they fade
Upon my spirit like a shade.'"

It remains to add a few words about the beautiful invented and designed ornamental cover of the charming little volume, and the illustrations by Arthur Hughes. Some of the designs are in the best style of this fertile artist, while the impression of others suffers slightly from his tendency towards the sweet and gentle. The most perfect amongst them is the charming representation of the blind boy and sister sitting by the sea-shore. In "Old Souls" the night watchman shows a close resemblance to the form in which this worthy appears in numerous drawings of the incomparable Richter.

Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

Mr. Fitzjames Stephen is well known in literary circles in England as a journalist of great ability and success, and also as an experienced and learned officer of the Government in its East Indian civil service. If we are not mistaken, however, his published volume is that made up of critical essays

under the above title, and chiefly directed against the philosophical system, (so far as that system is concerned with practical morality,) of the late John Stuart Mill. Against the tendencies of Mr. Mill's teaching, Mr. Stephen writes in vigorous English which it is pleasant to read, and with strenuous argumentation which for the most part it is not easy to gainsay. To us in America, the discussion is at least as interesting and important as to the people of Great Britain. The tendencies of our democracy are not yet so unmistakable that we can afford to neglect the criticisms of any strong and honest thinker, even if those criticisms seem to us (as in one or two allusions to ourselves they do seem,) somewhat unintelligent and even somewhat ill-natured. That the book is a good one, as against Mr. Mill, and the extreme notions which the motto taken for its title commonly suggests, is not to be denied. Whether it is so undeniably good in itself, and in the doubts and negations to which it naturally leads, we are not ready to assert. But as a contribution to the discussion of subjects which are profoundly and practically important and which are every day assuming larger proportions and growing more urgent and perilous, it is a book which no thinker can afford to overlook.

Sunday School Commentaries.

Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have recently issued with special reference to the wants of Sunday School teachers, new editions in compact and convenient forms, of Lange, Alexander, and Owen on the Gospel of Matthew. It is a gratifying proof of the increasing thoroughness of Sunday School instruction that such helps as these volumes furnish should be in demand. The characteristics of each volume are well enough known to make a detailed and extended notice unnecessary. It is sufficient to

say, that any earnest layman will find, in these scholarly and evangelical commentaries, the explanations and suggestions which he will need, to furnish him thoroughly for the work of interpreting the Gospel to his class or to himself.

"Bed-Time Stories."

THE children of the new generation may well be children of light, in view of all that is done for their enjoyment and profit. Some of us can remember when eight o'clock was bed-time for boys and girls, and small enough was the round of stories, written or unwritten, for us to read or hear! But now our piazzas and parlor-corners are given up to the idyls of Paul and Virginia; while for their younger brothers and sisters our cleverest artisans devise a thousand toys, our daintiest artists draw, and our most graceful and talented authors prepare, the books which give to authorship its surest wages.

This year the children have the good fortune to enlist in their service the genius and womanly tact of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, whose Boston literary correspondence in the *Tribune* possesses such an interest for older readers. Of the juvenile books issued in October few, we fancy, will meet a heartier approval from those unerring critics—the little folks—than her *Bed-Time Stories*. Their title happily describes them; they are each just the length to listen to in the charmed half-hour between candle-light and dream-light, are most sweetly told, and tender with purity and goodness. The graceful dedicatory verses "To my daughter Florence" will make other children envious of the girl privileged to hear these stories from their author's lips. Mrs. Moulton's volume is tastefully brought out by Roberts Brothers, and adorned with the winsome, dimpled faces of picture-children, from the pencil of Addie Ledyard.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

An Order of Intellectual Merit.

EARL Stanhope has proposed in the House of Lords that an order of merit should be created, and dispensed as a reward to those who aid in the advancement of Literature, Art, or Science. In discussing the merits of this proposition, the Editor of *Nature* says; "Most of those who, not being rich men, have done most to advance scientific knowledge have done so in moments snatched from the duties imposed upon them by the necessity of procuring the wherewithal to support life. Many who do the most valuable work in science, which is generally not the work that's most volubly brought before fashionable audiences, are compelled, for bare life, to adopt some profession, and almost the only profession open to men who have qualified themselves for thorough scientific research, is the profession of

teaching. This profession, it is well known, is one demanding for the thorough performance of its duties, a very large expenditure of the highest energy as well as of time, so that men of science of the class we are speaking of, who are compelled to adopt it, have but a small amount of energy and little time left to devote to that pursuit on which their heart is set, for which their whole training has qualified them, and in which they have shown themselves competent to attain the highest results. Is it not shameful, then, nay, does it not argue the greatest blindness on the part of Government to the best interests of the country, that these men should be compelled to expend the very best of their valuable and well-skilled energies in the drudgery of a profession for which they may by no means be peculiarly fitted, merely to keep the life in their bodies, while but a very moderate expenditure on the part of the State

would enable them to devote, without dread of coming to want, the whole of their power to the pursuit of that research from which the country already has reaped the highest benefit? No man, whose opinion is of any value, not even any member of Her Majesty's Government, we believe, doubts the eminently practical utility of scientific research, and the dependence of our country for its foremost place among the nations of the world, that it should have at its disposal the highest and latest results of such research. Instead, then, of devising new and empty honors wherewith to reward men who, amid a life passed in the worry and struggle for existence, have been able to push forward scientific knowledge a short stage, let the Government bestow upon these men the means to do their work thoroughly. It will thus do greater honor to the pioneers of science, and make an investment which in a short time will be repaid a hundred fold."

Origin of Nerve Force.

In a paper by Dr. A. H. Garrod, the following ingenious hypothesis regarding the production of Nerve Force is advanced. Admitting that the force in question is either identical with, or closely allied to, electricity in its properties, he then asks, where does it originate? The existence of special organs for its development in the torpedo and other creatures which exhibit external electrical phenomena, and the absence of any such organ in man and the higher animals, would seem to indicate that the production of electricity in animals requires some other form of apparatus than the nervous ganglia. In answer to this, the Doctor seeks to show that in the difference of temperature between the interior and surface of the living body, a source of energy is presented which, on thermo-electric principles, is capable of producing all the force required. The brain and minor ganglia, he adds, would then act as offices for the reception and transmission of currents in the required directions, being in fact the commutators of the system.

In support of this, the Doctor says: "There are several of the most important phenomena exhibited by the nervous system which are very satisfactorily explained on the above hypothesis. For instance, in cold weather the impulse to action is much more powerfully felt than in summer, when the air is hot; and therefore, the temperature of the surface is higher. It is well known that it is impossible to remain for more than a very short time in a hot-water bath of which the temperature is as high as, or a little higher than, that of the body, on account of the faintness which is sure to come on, and this may be reasonably supposed to be the result of the cessation of the nerve-current, which is consequent on the temperature of the surface of the body becoming the same as that of the interior. This faintness is immediately recovered from by the applica-

tion of a cold douche. When great muscular exertion has to be sustained, as in swimming or rowing, it is always necessary to have the clothes very thin and it is felt during the time that it is necessary for the continuance of the effort that the surface of the body must be kept cool."

Change in Habits of the Chickaree.

MR. THOMAS G. GENTRY states that during the early part of last autumn, his attention was called to the fact that the birds in a certain designated locality of Mount Airy, during the hours of the night, were undergoing a system of wholesale destruction, the work of small animals which were supposed to belong to some species of Carnivora. Laboring under this impression, and being desirous of securing a specimen or two, he started for the scene of slaughter, bent upon discovering the name and character of the animal; when within a few rods of the place, the almost deafening noise that greeted his ears from the tall trees, led him to suspect that all was not right. After reaching the spot, a few moments of anxious waiting sufficed to reveal to him the cause of the noise and the origin of the sacrifice alluded to, for sitting upon a twig just over his head, he observed a chickaree holding in its paws a bird which it had captured and from which it was very contentedly sucking the life current.

It is a well-established fact, he further remarked, as far as he had been able to verify it, that the most numerous species of Rodents, with but two exceptions at the most, subsist principally or entirely upon vegetable matter, especially the hard parts of plants, such as nuts, bark, and roots.

This habit of imitating the propensities of the Mustelidæ, or weazles, he thought might have arisen from the habit which some squirrels possess, possibly the one under consideration, of sucking the eggs of birds; the blood-sucking habit he assumed to be an outgrowth from the other. (*Proceedings of Academy of Sciences, Philadelphia*).

Steam in Vessels.

THE increased price of coal in England is causing the reiteration of the question of the use of steam as an auxiliary power in ships. A writer in *Iron* says: A vessel for a long voyage should be of the following dimensions:—Length, 300 feet; breadth, 40 feet; depth of hold, 24 feet, with accommodations for passengers, officers and crew on deck, and a pair of direct acting engines placed in the after part of the vessel, below the main deck, capable of working to about 150 horse power, with boilers to maintain a steam pressure of 60 pounds per square inch. The consumption of coal would be about 72 cwt. per diem, and the speed, with a folding screw propeller, about six knots in a calm. In a sailing vessel built from my design, the best day's work was from 330 to 360 miles for nine days. It appears to be a great pity to dispen-

with sails, when such results can be obtained, and if a small auxiliary power were introduced as above described, into a proper proportioned vessel, it would be the most economical and effectual carrier for ocean navigation.

Memoranda.

H. C. VOGEL finds that the light emitted by the sun is less intense near the edges of the solar disk than at the center; comparing the latter with a point three-fourths of the solar radius from the center the relations are as 48 to 35. The difference is, in his opinion, caused by the absorption power of the photosphere.

IRON states that Russia possesses valuable coal deposits of enormous extent, one of black gas coal on the river Kama being especially valuable.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, the recently appointed Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, proposes certain changes in the medical examinations. German or French is to take the place of Greek in the preliminary examination, and the examinations in Natural History and Botany are to take place earlier in the course.

AN octopus in the Brighton Aquarium has deposited a number of eggs. These she vigilantly guards, usually encircling or concealing them within a coil of one or more of her snake-like arms, and vigorously repelling the approach of any of her comrades in the same tank.

P. CARLES states that the alkaloids are distributed through all the layers of cinchona bark, but that quinine is in much greater proportion in the epidermis than in the liber, the proportion diminishing regularly from the outside to the inside.

A REPORT was recently read by a committee of the Master Mechanics' Association of Baltimore, in which it is recommended that on railroads traversing lime districts it would be an economy to construct rain sheds and reservoirs for the collection of the water to be used in the locomotives, and so avoid the formation of incrustations and the expense of the repairs required in consequence.

MR. JOHN AITKEN has observed, that after the same water had been melted and frozen a number of times, it generally burst the tube in which it was frozen. This he explains on the hypothesis that ice containing air is viscous and adapts itself to the form of the vessel; by repeated freezings the air is removed, and the pure ice being less or but little viscous will not so easily adapt itself to the enclosing walls.

P. HAVREY finds that the lime in calcareous or limestone waters forms an insoluble soap with the suint of wool, and that this interferes with the effects the dyer wishes to produce. This is especially the case when fustic, madder or cochineal are used.

M. BÉCHAMP states in the *Medical Gazette* of Bordeaux, that he believes alcohol is a physiological product of the liver. In the course of his experiments he obtained sufficient alcohol from the excreta of a person whose diet was free from alcohol to determine it by the alcoholometer.

THE *Mining Journal* recommends the use of pulverized fuel in the manufacture of iron. It states that the iron made in this manner will bear a greater tensile strain when reheated and rolled once than that which has been reheated and rolled three times by the ordinary process.

BROMIDE of calcium, in doses of from 15 to 30 grains, is recommended by Dr. Hammond as an excellent hypnotic. It must be kept in the dry state, as the solution decomposes quickly.

MR. COWIE, of Shanghai, in China, has observed the passage across the sun's disk of an object which he thinks is a planet nearer to the sun than Mercury. Prof. Daniel Kirkwood, by comparing Mr. Cowie's observations with other recorded dates of similar phenomena, concludes that they indicate the existence of an interior planet, whose year is 34 days, 22 hours and 32 minutes.

AT a meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society the subject of mowing off the leaves of strawberries was discussed. It was generally agreed that the effect was to produce a more vigorous and healthy foliage with increased strength in the flower buds and roots.

THE urgent necessity of examining the fastenings by which balconies are attached to houses is demonstrated by the recent death of Mr. James Simon, who stepped on a balcony to speak to some friends, when the front rail, which was wedged into the stone by a wooden wedge that had rotted, gave way, and he fell on the spikes of the iron railing below.

MR. H. B. Cornwall finds that the zinc blende from West Ossipee, N. H., contains a notable amount of indium.

OF surface waters Professor Newberry observes: There is much apprehension in the public mind in regard to the purity of the water of streams which drain the surface of our own and other countries. Water in itself is a disinfectant, and a large volume of water, when exposed to the air, so rapidly "fines" itself by the oxidation of its organic impurities, that when cooled and settled or filtered to remove its suspended ingredients, the water of most of our streams is even more palatable and wholesome than that taken from wells.

PURE dry oxygen does not cause the oxidation or rusting of iron. Moist oxygen has only a feeble action. Dry or moist pure carbonic acid has no action, but oxygen containing traces of carbonic acid acts rapidly on iron, producing first a protoxide, then a carbonate of the same oxide, and lastly a mixture of protoxide and hydrated sesquioxide. (Prof. Calvert.)

In the Italian *Chemical Gazette* S. Pollacci shows that the interior of the grape contains more acid than the exterior, and that the fruit is ripe not when the sugar ceases to increase but when the acid ceases to diminish, the latter being subsequent to the former.

A straw-burning engine is on exhibition at the Vienna Exhibition. From a series of experiments

the straw fuel is found to be equal to about one-fifth its weight of coal.

The paper that stood the Boston fire the best was what paper-makers call poor paper, or that heavily "clayed." The parchment paper used for bonds and legal documents shriveled up and the writing thereon was rarely legible. Print was often decipherable when writing was illegible.

ETCHINGS.

A FORLORN HOPE.

"Ten thousand a year, and so fair and *petite* !
Well, a cottage with Jessie, and all things *en suite* ;
By Jove ! I'm hard up, and the end of my rope
I must shape in the conjugal noose," said Fred
Hope.



FRED.

They had many a tryst, neath a shady old ash,
Where he played his fine eyes, pulled his tawny
moustache—

Jessie shook her small head, all sunlight and curls,
"Ah, you've said the same things to a hundred
young girls !"

But Fred placed his hand where his heart ought to be,
Said he'd flirted, but ne'er been in love until she
Crept into his heart ; and he blessed his dear fate—
"If you're earnest," said Jessie, "we're young, we
can wait."

Alas ! many are promised that never are matched,
And chickens are counted that never are hatched.
Even mice have outwitted the wisdom of man,
And Fred's castle-buildings are *châteaux d'Espagne*.

On the hotel piazza, 'neath midnight's bright stars,
Sipping "Widow Cliquot," smoking fragrant cigars,
Sit Fred and his crony, young Tony McVay,
And the confab grows louder, more rapid, and gay.

Do listeners ever hear good of themselves?
And why should dear Jessie, most wakeful of elves,
Be sitting behind her own green *jalousie*,
And hear her name spoken by Tony McV. ?

"Now tell me about her (here fill your glass, Fred.)—
The girl with the big eyes and jolly red head."

"Well she's not over bright," said the hopeful young
roué,
And tapping his head, "there's *appartements à
louer*."

"I've been very spooney—made love to her aunty,
(She's an orphan you know)—I've read Byron and
Dante.

She's ten thousand a year—I was getting the blues—
Et que voulez vous, Tony, Le roi il s'amuse."

Ten o'clock the next morning, the stage to the West
Swings up to the porch, and like bird to her nest
Sinks Jessie all smiling—not sad and forlorn—
Unconscious that ever Fred Hope had been born :

Till he stammers : "Why Jessie, there's something
amiss !"

"Yes sir, I'm a miss, and I'll stay one till this
'Not over bright' head shall be furnished with
brains

That may prompt me to go within doors when it
rains.



JESSIE.

"So good-bye ! we are starting ; for your kindness to
aunty

I really do thank you ; when again you read Dante
Don't forget the inscription, it will bring me to mind
'All ye who here enter, leave hope [Fred] behind !'"

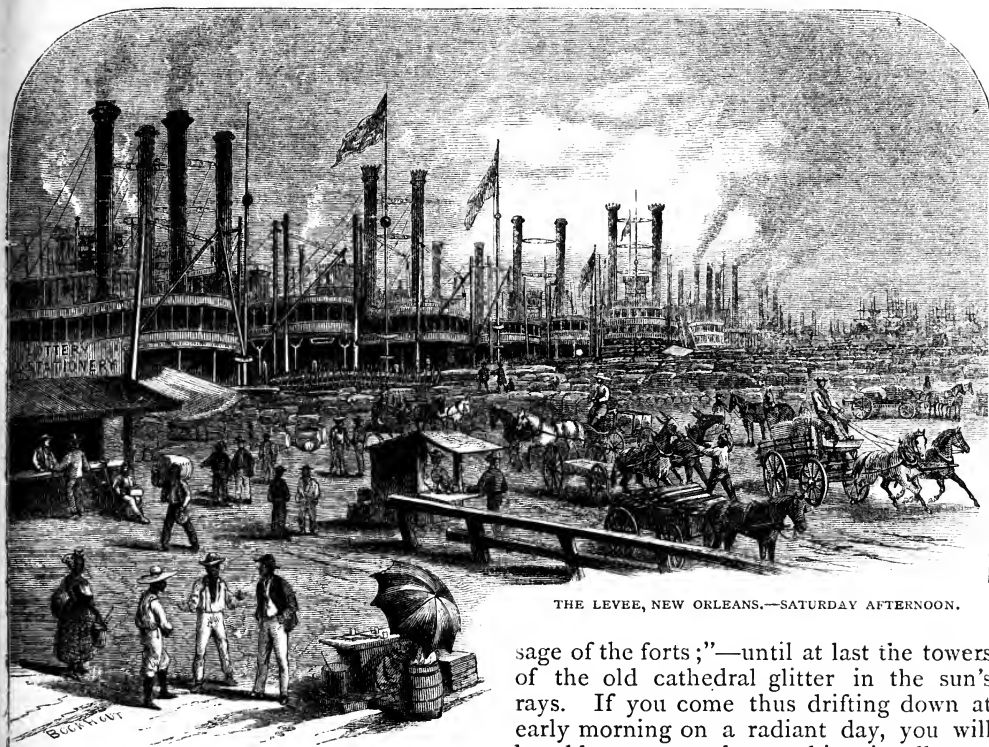
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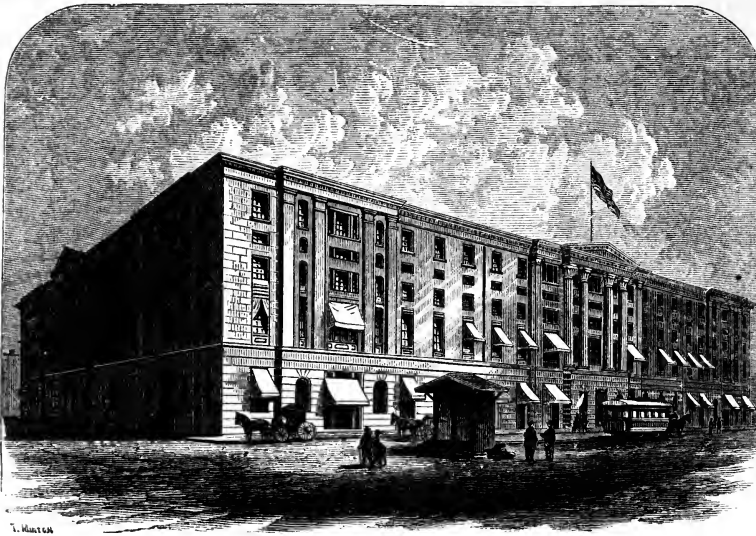


THE LEVEE, NEW ORLEANS.—SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

OLD AND NEW LOUISIANA.—II.

I HOPE you may some day go drifting along the great water-way, in the delicious spring-time of the South,—past the fertile plantations, and the low banks which send forth the perfume of the jessamine; past pretty Baton Rouge, with its ruined Gothic capital on the hillside; past all the decaying sugar houses and little villages clustered together as charmingly as towns in Alsace and Lorraine; along the tortuous channels which gradually broaden into the majestic current sweeping by the New Orleans levees,—the current on which one day, eleven years ago, Farragut's fleet rested at anchor after the famous "pas-

sage of the forts;"—until at last the towers of the old cathedral glitter in the sun's rays. If you come thus drifting down at early morning on a radiant day, you will be able to remember nothing in all your Italian wanderings more varied, more interesting. The broad stream glitters like a mirror; little boats, urged forward by nimble Sicilians, speed hither and yon, laden with fruit; a huge sea-going steamer of English build is slowly swinging around mid-stream; the great dredge boat, with its iron apron, is lying for a brief repose after its labors in the river's treacherous outlet, at a dock across the stream; a dozen steamships, iron and wooden, are ranged along the levees near the bonded warehouses, receiving and discharging their cargoes; half a hundred white, tall steamships, with towering smokestacks, long galleries, and enormous cabins, lie at the levee near the town's center, or press lightly on



THE NEW ORLEANS CUSTOM-HOUSE.

the river's breast, as they sail on journeys of one hundred, or one thousand miles; the harbor police boat dances on the swell caused by an incoming steamer; a raft, bearing on its ample surface a little cabin, from which the smoke of the household hearth curls lightly heavenward, drifts lazily along the middle channel, the wild-eyed children upon it gazing with wonder at the great city beside whose banks their strange voyage from the primitive forests is to end; a ferry-boat puffs across to the Algiers shore; and, as far as one can see in either direction, extends a forest of masts, and spars, and black smoke stacks, and white painted guys, liberty-poles, and flag-staffs, upon ships and steamers. Down river, where the Crescent bend occurs, there is an air of solid commerce which seems to contradict the impression that Louisiana is *en decadence*. Truly, there seems life, prosperity, energy enough on every hand to suffice for half a dozen ports.

But all this varying and tumultuous energy does not stop at New Orleans, save to beat for a time against the river shores, and then to flash along the hundred water and land channels which extend from the interior of the continent to the gulf and the sea. The collection district, of which New Orleans is the port, embraces within its limits all the shores, inlets, and waters within the State of Louisiana east of the Atchafalaya, not including the waters of the Teche; also all the shores and waters of the Ohio river, and of the several rivers and creeks emptying into it, and the shores

and waters of the Mississippi and all its tributaries except those within the State of Mississippi. The district extends on the coast from the western boundary of Mississippi on Lake Borgne to the Atchafalaya, and the ports of delivery, to which merchandise can be shipped under transportation bond, are as follows: Bayou St. John and Lake Port, in Louis-

iana; Memphis, Nashville, Chattanooga and Knoxville, in Tennessee; Hickman and Louisville, in Kentucky; Tusculumbia, in Alabama; Cincinnati, in Ohio; Madison, New Albany and Evansville, in Indiana; Cairo, Alton, Quincy, Peoria and Galena, in Illinois; Dubuque, Burlington and Keokuk, in Iowa; Hannibal and St. Louis, in Missouri, and Leavenworth, in Kansas. The shipment of merchandise, under transportation bond, has increased steadily from \$1,736,981 in 1866 to \$5,502,427 in 1872; the value of merchandise imported from \$10,878,365 to \$20,006,363; domestic exports from \$89,002,141 to \$95,970,592, in the same period; while the total value of the merchandise imported during those years is \$102,305,014; the total of domestic exports amounted to \$608,871,013, and the whole amount of revenue collected to \$35,140,906.

The receipts from customs at New Orleans for 1872 were very much diminished by the large shipments of goods in bond to the interior cities of Memphis, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati, Cairo, St. Louis, Chicago, etc., the duties on which were collected at the ports above named. From 1866 to 1872 inclusive, the movement of the port included 2,852 foreign vessels, with a tonnage of 1,547,747 tons, and 1,773 American ships, with a tonnage of 1,100,492. The revenue receipts at New Orleans have been largely diminished by the removal of the duties on coffee. The importations during the seven years from 1866 amounted to 155,953,213 pounds,

and were valued at \$16,511,602. The magnitude of the trade of the port may also be well illustrated by showing the importations of sugar and railroad iron for the same time. Of the former article 263,918,978 pounds, worth \$14,531,960, and of the latter 480,043 tons, valued at \$15,299,642, were imported. It will be seen that the imports are small in quantity by comparison with the exports when the cotton is counted in, the imports amounting to only about one-seventh of the exports; but this ratio will be much reduced in time, when New Orleans is made a more economical port. Five steamship lines now make the "Crescent City" their point of departure; three of these, the Liverpool Southern, the Mississippi and Dominion, and the State Line Steamship Company, communicate directly with Liverpool; and other lines are projected.

The cotton trade furnishes to New Orleans a large share of its picturesque vivacity and the sinews of its trade. It stamps a town, which would otherwise resemble some decayed but still luxurious European center, with a commercial aspect. The drift of the river nourishes the community; each ripple of the current brings money to the merchant and the banker. Americans and Frenchmen are alike interested in the growth of the crop throughout all the great



THE LEVEE.—NOONDAY.

section drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries. All rush eagerly every day to the Exchange to read the statements of sales, and rates, and bales on hand; and both are intensely excited when there is a large arrival of bales from some unexpected quarter, or when the telegraph flashes to them the intelligence that some packet has sunk with so many hundred bales on board, while toiling along the currents of the Arkansas or Red rivers. During certain hours of the day, in the American quarter of New Orleans, cotton is the only subject spoken of; the pavements of all the principal avenues in the vicinity of the Exchange are crowded with smartly-dressed, well-to-do looking gentlemen, who eagerly discuss crops and values, and who have a perfect mania for pre-

paring and comparing the estimates which are at the basis of all speculations in the favorite staple; with young Englishmen of silky beards and miraculously thin toilets, showing that they fancied the climate seven times more heated than the fiery furnace, and with their mouths filled with the slang of the Liverpool market; with the skippers of steamers from all parts of the west and south-west, from alligator-haunted bayous and creeks, and great commercial capitals bordering on the Mississippi; all worshipping at the shrine of the god Cotton. The planter, the factor, the speculator, flit feverishly to and from the



THE LEVEE.—"I DON'T WANT NO APPLES."

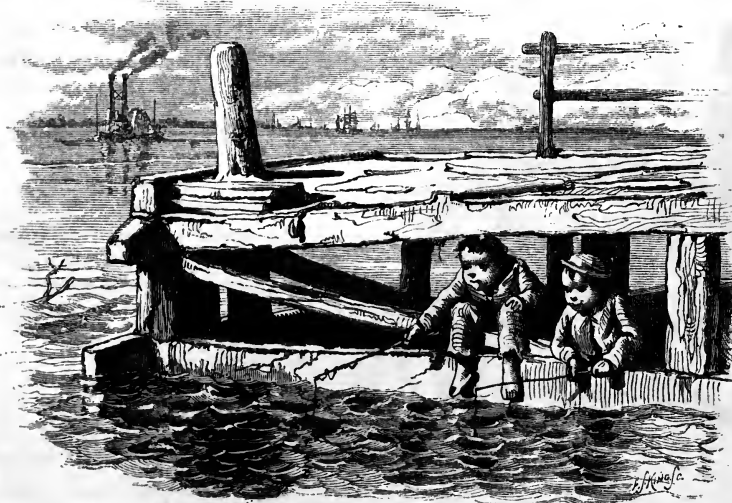
portals of the Exchange from high noon until dark, and nothing can be heard above the excited hum of their conversation inside the sacred walls except the penetrating voice of the clerk who reads aloud the latest telegrams.

New Orleans receives the greater portion of the cotton crop of Louisiana and Mississippi, of North Alabama, of Tennessee, of Arkansas, and Florida; and the gross receipts of cotton there amount to about $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of the entire production of the country. The natural tendency, despite the abnormal condition of government and society, is towards a rapid and continuous increase of cotton production in the Gulf States; and the emigration to Texas, with the extraordinary inducements offered to agriculturists by the climate, and the facility with which land is obtained, will, it is expected, soon double the present production. But the honor of receiving the Texas crop will be disputed with New Orleans by Galveston, one of the most ambitious and promising of the Gulf capitals; and the good burghers of New Orleans must look to a speedy completion of their new railways if they wish successfully to cope with the wily and self-reliant Texan.

Judging from the progress of the past, that of cotton growing in the future must be tremendous. In 1824-'25 the cotton crop of the United States was 569,249 bales; in 1830-'31, it ran up to 1,038,000 bales; during '37-'38 reached as high as 1,800,000 bales; and eleven years later was 2,700,000 bales. The increase continued in marvelous degree; in 1859-'60 the country's cot-

ton crop was 4,669,770 bales; then in 1860-'61 it dropped to 3,656,000 bales, and the war stepped in with cruel tread. Before the war, under the *régime* of slave labor, planters did not make more than a fraction of their present per cent.; they attended very little to their crops themselves, leaving nearly everything to their overseers. Cotton raising is now far more popular in the Gulf States than before the war, although there are certain drawbacks arising from the incomplete organization of labor, which are still very distressing. From 1861 to 1865 the production of cotton was insignificant owing to the vicissitudes of war; but the year after the surrender 2,193,000 bales were produced, showing that the planters went at work in earnest for the upraising of their fallen fortunes. From that time forward labor became better organized, and the production went bravely on. In 1866-'67 it amounted to 1,951,000 bales, of which New Orleans received 780,000; in 1867-'68 to 2,431,000 bales, giving New Orleans 668,000; in 1868-'69 to 2,260,000, 841,000 of which were delivered at New Orleans; in 1869-'70 to 3,114,000, and New Orleans received 1,207,000; in 1870-'71 to 4,347,000, giving the Crescent City 1,548,000; and in 1871-'72 to 2,974,000, more than one-third of which passed through New Orleans. The considerable difference between the crops of '70-'71 and '71-'72 is attributed to the low range of prices which prevailed toward the close of the season of '70-'71, discouraging many from planting anew. The planters had all made their contracts on a basis of

25 cents per pound; but the market was overstocked, and they had to sell, in many cases, at fifteen. The necessity of a rapid multiplication of railroad and steamboat lines is shown by the fact that more than 150,000 bales of the crop of 1870-'71 remained in the country at the close of the season, on account of a lack of transportation facilities. From 1866 to



THE LEVEE.—WHARF RATS



THE LEVEE.—THE COTTON THIEVES.

In 1871-'72 (the commercial year extends from September to September) the value of the cotton received at New Orleans was \$94,430,000; in 1870-'71 it was \$101,000,000; and in 1869-'70 even \$120,000,000. The difference in the value of the crops during that period was very great. In 1869-'70 cotton sold for nearly \$100 per bale, and in 1870-'71 it had depreciated to an

1872 inclusive the port of New Orleans received 6,114,000 bales, or fully one-third of the entire production of the United States. The receipts from the Red River region alone at New Orleans for 1871-2, by steamer, were 197,386 bales; for 1870-'71 they amounted to 284,313 bales; and the Ouachita River sent the Crescent metropolis 89,084 bales in 1871-'72, and 151,358 in 1870-'71. Knowing these statistics, one can hardly wonder at the vast masses of cotton bales piled on the levee at the landings of the Red River steamers, nor at the numbers of these ships, their sides piled high with cotton, which daily arrive. Ranged in long rows, with their broad bows thrust closely upon the levee, and their tall chimneys towering above the roofs of neighboring blocks, they seem like giant river monsters, crawled out from the ooze to take a little of the sun, even as the alligator does. Hundreds of negroes swarm about these boats, chatting and chaffering in the quaint, broken, colored English so characteristic of the river hand. They are clad in rags which hang in most provoking fragments from their tawny or coal-black limbs. Their huge chests, many of which rival in grace and beauty of form the works of Praxiteles and his fellows, are bare. Their arms are constantly bent to the task of removing cotton bales, and carrying boxes, barrels, bundles of every conceivable shape and size. Whenever there is a lull in the work they sink down on the cotton bales, clinging to them like lizards to a sunny wall, and croon chants to themselves, or crack rough and good-natured jokes with one another.

average of \$65 per bale. A glut of the market produced by a successful conduct of the year's labor on the majority of the plantations, will continue to bring prices down until the facilities for speedy transportation have been greatly increased. The whole tone of the cotton trade has been gradually changing since the war. Previous to that epoch a large portion of the business was done directly by planters through their merchants, but now that the plantations are mainly worked on shares by the freedmen, the matter has come into the hands of country merchants who give credits to the laborers during the planting seasons, and take their pay in the products of the crop, in the harvest season. These merchants then follow the cotton which they have thus accumulated in small lots to market, and look attentively after it until it has been delivered to some responsible purchaser and they have pocketed their profits. These same merchants, too, often pay a higher price for cotton to the planter and his co-operating freedmen than the market quotations seem to warrant; but always manage to profit themselves, for they rarely allow a freedman to find that his season's toil has done any more than square accounts for him with the acute trader, who has meantime supplied him and his family with provisions, clothing, and such articles of luxury as the freedman's mind and body crave. A short time after the war there was trouble between cotton planters and cotton factors; and it is not probable that much, if any, business will hereafter be done directly



THE LEVEE.—"I DONE TOLE YE ALL ABOUT DAT, NOW."

with the planter; but as soon as the cotton arrives in New Orleans, the cotton factor becomes the chief authority. Business is largely done between buyer and seller in New Orleans on the basis of confidence, a confidence which seems to the casual observer rather reckless, but which custom has made perfectly safe.

The Cotton Exchange of New Orleans sprang into existence in 1870, and merchants and planters were straightway alike surprised that they had not thought its advantages necessary before. It now has three hundred members, and expends \$30,000 annually in procuring the latest commercial intelligence and maintaining a suit of elegant rooms where the buyer and seller may meet, and which shall be a central bureau of news. The first president of the Exchange was the well-known E. H. Summers, of Hilliard, Summers & Co., of New Orleans; and the second and present one, Mr. John Phelps, one of the principal merchants of the city.* The boards of the Exchange are thoroughly and carefully edited, and are always surrounded by a noisy, impulsive throng of speculators, as well as by the more quiet, staid and important of the local merchants. During the busy season, the labor is almost incen-

sant at the Exchange, and in the establishments of all the prominent merchants and factors. In the months between January and May, when the season is at its height, clerks and patrons work almost literally night and day; and when the most exhausting period of the year arrives, they themselves are thoroughly exhausted; so they leave the sweltering lowlands, and fly to the North for rest and cool refuge. New Orleans is certainly treated with injustice when she is accused of a lack of energy. Her merchants who deal in cotton are more energetic than the mass of Northern traders and speculators. They work early and late with feverish impulse. A well-known cotton factor, whose transactions amount to nearly twelve millions of dollars yearly, gets to his desk during the season long before daylight, and daylight comes wonderfully early in the climate of the Gulf States.

The Louisianian capitalists have given some attention to the manufacture of cotton, and the factories which have already been established are clearing from eighteen to twenty-five per cent. per annum. There are two factories in New Orleans, each of which consumes about one thousand bales yearly; a third is located at Beauregard, and a fourth in the penitentiary at Baton Rouge. The consumption of Southern cotton mills during the three years closing with 1872 amounted to 291,000 bales, and is increasing at a rapid rate. Each new railway connection gives the city fresh prestige as a cotton mart. The Jackson

* The writer takes this occasion to acknowledge his indebtedness to Secretary Hester, of the Cotton Exchange of New Orleans, and to Mr. Parker, of the *Picayune*, for many interesting details; to Hon. Charles Gayarré for access to historical portraits; and to Collector Casey and his able deputy, Mr. Champlin, for reference to official statistics.

Railroad, during the commercial year 1871-'72 brought forty thousand bales of cotton into the city, thus adding about \$4,000,000 to its trade.

When the levees are crowded with the busy and habile negroes, unloading cotton from the steamboats, the apparent confusion is enough to turn a stranger's head; yet the order is perfect. Each of the river monsters has its special stall, into which it swings with grace and precision to the music of a tolling bell and an occasional hoarse cry from the whistle; and as soon as the cables are twisted around the thick posts and the gangways are swung down, the roustabouts are on board, and with their barrows are busily wheeling the variously branded cotton bales to the spaces allotted them on the wharves. The negroes who man the boats running up and down the Mississippi are not at all concerned in the unloading of their cargoes; they are relieved from that duty by a set of professional wharfmen, who are long-heeled, huge hyphen-jointed blacks, clad in variegated garments, and armed with cotton hooks. There is a rush upon the fifty-foot

mored; even when it grumbles it is with an uncouth smile; it is prodigal of rude, cheerful talk and rillery; has no secrets or jealousies; is helpful and sympathetic and familiar. It leaps to its work with a kind of concentrated effort and, as soon as the task is done, relapses back into its favorite condition of slouch. The sharp voices of the skippers, the harsh orders of the masters of gangs, and the cheery and mirth-provoking responses of the help, mingled with the sibilations of escaping steam, the ringing of countless bells, and the moving and rumbling of drays and carts and steam-cars cannot drown down, cannot smother the jocund notes of the negro's song, his arms and limbs and head all keeping time to the harmony, even as he trundles the heavy bale along the planks. When he pauses from his work, perhaps you may see his dusky wife or daughter, clad in a long, closely fitting, trim calico gown, and a starched gingham sun bonnet, giving him his dinner from a huge tin pail; or you may find him patronizing one of the grimy old dames, each of whom looks wicked enough to be a Voudou



OUTSIDE THE COURT-HOUSE.

high pile of bales on the capacious lower deck of a Greenville and Vicksburgh, a Red River, or a Ouachita packet, and the monument to the industry of a dozen planters vanishes as if by magic. Myriads of little flags, each ornamented with a different device, flutter from various points along the wharves, and as the blacks wheeling the cotton pass the "tally-man," who stands near the steamer's gangways, he notes the mark on each bale, and in a loud voice sings out to him wheeling it the name of the sign on the flag under which it is to rest until sold to be removed. It is a broad-chested, ebony-breasted, tough-fisted, bullet-headed, toiling, awkward mass, this collection of roustabouts on the levee; but it does wonders in work. It is almost always good hu-

Queen, who are always seated at some quiet corners with a basket of coarse but well-prepared food before them. Small merchants thrive along the levee. There is the old apple and cake woman, Irish and fifty, who blunders aimlessly about the wharf's edge; there is the smart young Sicilian woman, with a gay handkerchief pinned over her jet locks, who teases the negroes to buy her oranges, and frightens them into immediate atonement when they furtively snatch a tempting fruit from her basket; there is the antiquated and apparently moss-grown old man who affronts Heaven's eye with ice-cream, packed into a little cart, beside which he cowers all day long; there is the coffee-and-sausage man, toward whom many a time daily black and toil-worn hands are eagerly outstretched; and bordering on Canal street, all along the walks leading from the wharf, are little booths always filled with negroes in the last stages of shabby raggedness, who are feasting on chicken and mysterious compounds of vegetables, and drinking alarming draughts of "whiskey at five cents a

glass." Alas! the Mississippi river sailor is much like his white brother of stormier seas; he drinks up his wages, and forthwith, confessing his poverty, penitently seeks work once more.

Up river—ships and ships, and ships! Down river—steamers and steamers and steamers! Sharp cut American, solid sea-going English, queer Spanish—eccentric vessels from every European port—flying almost every important ensign,—lying at the levees, and discharging their cargoes into the bonded warehouses, or the drays drawn by the patient mules. The broad muddy current slips swiftly past the vessels' bows, bearing rafts and great ships away toward the passes. For two or three miles down river, from the foot of Canal Street, the levees are encumbered with goods of every conceivable description; then the landings cease, and almost level with the bank on which you walk flows the grand impetuous stream, which has sometimes swept all before it on the lowlands where the fair Louisianian capital lies, and transformed the whole section between Lake Pontchartrain and the

present channel into an eddying sea. Up river, commerce of the heavy and substantial order has monopolized the space, and in one morning you may note the arrival of one hundred thousand bushels of corn, in the capacious tow-boats of the Mississippi Barge Transportation Company; and merchants even boast that the port can daily supply that quantity from the West to outgoing ships; and that the lack of transportation in these times often causes an accumulation of three hundred thousand bushels in the New Orleans elevators. Up and down the levees run the branch lines of the Jackson, the Louisiana and Texas, and the New Orleans, Mobile and Texas railways; and teams drive recklessly on the same tracks on which in-coming trains are drawn by rapidly moving locomotives. The freight depots, the reception sheds and the warehouses are crammed with jostling, sweating, shouting, black and white humanity; and in the huge



ON THE RIVER—THE WASP.



A LOUISIANA SWAMP.—AFTER A PAINTING BY JULIO.

granite Custom-House even politics has, from time to time, to give way before the torrents of business.

At night a great stillness falls on the levee. Only the foot-steps of watchmen, propping their weary eyelids with hopes of speedy dawn, are heard on the well-worn planks. Sometimes an eye of fire peers out of the obscurity shrouding the river, or glides athwart the moonlight; it is the eye of an in-coming steamer, and three hoarse screams announce the arrival. A hundred lights twinkle in the water along the shore, and turn the commonest surroundings into enchanted thickets; there is but little sign of life from any of the steamers waiting at the docks; here and there a drunken river-hand blunders along, singing some dialect catch; then with early sun-peep comes once more the roar, the rush, the rattle!

The banks of the Mississippi, within the State of Louisiana, are lovely. The richness of the foliage, the luxuriance of the vegetation, redeem them from the charge of monotony which might otherwise be urged against them. Here and there a town, as in the case of Plaquemine, has been compelled to recede before the encroachments of the river. One gets an idea, in a river journey, of the importance of the maintenance of the levee system to Louisiana. The people of the State have shown rare pertinacity in fighting the ever-aggressive waters. Like the Dutch in Holland, they doggedly assert their right to the lowlands in which they live, always braving inundation. They have built, and

now maintain in repair, more than fifteen hundred miles, or fifty-one millions of cubic feet of levees within the State limits. Their State engineer corps are always at work along the banks of the Mississippi, above and below Red River, on the Red River itself, on the Lafourche, the Atchafalaya, the Black and Ouachita, and on numerous important bayous. The work of levee building has been pressed forward even when the Commonwealth has been prostrated by a hundred evils. Detailed surveys are constantly necessary to insure the State against inundation. The cost value of the present system of levees is estimated at about \$17,000,000, and it is asserted that the future expenditure of a similar sum will be necessary to complete and perfect the system. Ten years before the war, when Louisiana was in her most prosperous condition, she possessed 1,200 miles of levees, and the police juries of the several parishes compelled a strict maintenance of them by "inspectors of sections." Of course, millions of cubic feet of levees were destroyed by neglect, and for military purposes, during the war, and that the State, in her impoverished condition, should have been able to rebuild all, and add new levees in so short a time, speaks volumes for her energy and industry, qualities which find a thorough representative in Gen. Jeff Thompson, the present State Engineer, and the well-known "swamp-fox" during the war.

The Louisiana people claim that the general government should now take the



ON THE RIVER.—TAKING COAL AT NATCHEZ.

building of levees along the Mississippi into its own hands, and their reasoning to prove it is ingenious. They say, for instance, that the tonnage of the great river amounted during a given year to 1,694,000 tons. They then claim that the transit of steamboats throwing waves gives an annual blow, equal to the whole tonnage of the commerce of the river, against each portion or point of the levees, or the banks on which the levees are erected; and that this blow is received at the average ratio of about six miles an hour, a force equal to fifteen millions of tons;—a force expended by the commerce of the whole Mississippi basin upon each foot of levee in the seven hundred and fifty-five miles of Louisiana levees upon the Mississippi river! They object, on these grounds, to paying all the expenses of levee building in their own State; and their objections are supported by able scientists.

By day and night, the journey down river is alike beautiful, impressive, exhilarating. When a moonless night settles down upon the stream, and you float away into an apparent ocean 'on the back of the white Leviathan whose throbbing sides seem so tireless, the effect is grand. We journeyed down from Vicksburg on one of the larger and finer of the steamers; and the journey was a perpetual succession of novel episodes. At one point, when we supposed we were comfortably holding our way in the channel, a torch-light flared up, and showed us nearing a scraggy bank. The thin, long prow of the boat ran upon the land. Gangways were lowered; planks were run from the boat's side to the bank, two score negroes sprang from some mysterious recess below, and assembled forward before the capstan. The shower of harmless sparks from the torches cast momentary red gleams over the rude but kindly black faces. A sharp-voiced white man, whom we learned afterwards to call the "Wasp," because he always flew nervously about, stinging the sprawling negroes into activity, thrust himself among the laborers. Twenty stings from his voice, and the darky forms plunged into the darkness beyond the gangways. Then other torches were placed upon the bank,—and long wood piles appeared. The Wasp flitted restlessly from shore to deck, from deck to shore, while the negroes attacked the wood-piles, and, each taking half a dozen sticks, hurried to the deck with them. Presently there was an endless procession of black forms from the wood piles to the vessel and plunging back across the flickering light, to the tune of loud adjurations and oaths from the Wasp. Now and then the dusky chain of laborers broke into a rude chant, beginning with a prolonged shout, such as

"Oh! I los' my money dare!"

and followed by a gurgling laugh, as if the singers were amused at the sound of their own voices. The Wasp, always kindly and well-disposed towards the negroes, despite his rough ways, broke into appeal, threat, and entreaty, when one of the darkies stumbled or lagged. Then it was that he cried raspingly, "You, Reuben!" "You, Black Hawk!" with an oath. "Come on there, you Washington! ain't you going to hear me!" Sometimes the Wasp sped

among the negroes, stinging them into such activity that a whole wood-pile vanished as if swallowed by an earthquake. So it was that in two hours and a half sixty cords of wood were transferred from the bank to the boat, and the Wasp, calling the palpitating wood-carriers around him, thus addressed them, "Now, you boys, listen. You, Black Hawk, do you hear, you and these three, first watch! You, Reuben, and these three, second watch!" etc. The torches were dipped in the river, the light hissed dying defiance at the dark, and the great white boat once more wheeled around into the channel.

Along the shores we could dimly discern huge trees half fallen into the stream, and stumps and roots and vines peeping up from the dark waters. We could hear the tug-boats groaning and sighing as they dragged along heavily laden barges; and once the light of a conflagration miles away cast a strange, dim light over the current. Now and then the boat, whirling around, made for the bank, and to the light of our torches, responsive, glared a light on a bank, disclosing a ragged negro holding a mail-bag. Up the swinging gangway clambered one of our deck hands; the mails were exchanged; the lights went out once more.

So on, and ever on, a cool breeze blowing from the perfumed banks. Now we could see the lights from some little settle-

ment on the bank of a bayou emptying into the stream; now, the eye of some passing steamer, and hear the songs of the deckhands as she passed us; now, moved cautiously, taking soundings, as we entered some inlet or detour of the river; and now paused near some great swamp land—some huge tract of hopelessly ir-

reclaimable, grotesque and terrible water wilderness, where abound all kinds of noisome reptiles, birds and insects. One should see such a swamp in October, when the Indian summer haze floats and shimmers lazily above the warm brownish-gray

of the water; when a delicious magic in the atmosphere transforms the masses of trees and the tangled vines and creepers into fantastic semblances of ruined walls and antique tapestries. But at any season you would note towering white cypresses, shooting their ghostly trunks far above the surrounding trees; or, half rotten at their bases, fallen topforemost into the water; you would see the palmettoes growing in little clumps along the borders of treacherous knolls, where the earth seemed firm, but where you could not hope with safety to rest your feet; you would note the long festoons of dead Spanish moss hanging from the high boughs of the red cypress, which refuses to nourish the pretty parasite; and the great cypress knees, now white, now brown, would loom up through the warm haze, and peep from nooks where the water was transparent, seeming like veins in a quarry riven by lightning strokes. Vista after vista of cypress-bordered avenues, with long lapses of water filling them, and little islands of mud and slime, thinly coated with a deceptive foliage, would stretch before your vision; a yellowish ray, flashing across the surface of the water, would show you where an alligator had shot forward to salute his friend or attack his enemy; and a strange mass hanging from some remotest bough would, if narrowly inspected, prove an eagle's nest, fashioned with a proper care for defense. You would see the white crane standing at some tree root, sullenly contemplating the yielding mass of decaying logs and fallen vines; and the owl would now and then cry from a high perch. The quaint grossbeak, the ugly heron, the dirty-black buzzard, the hideous watergoose, with his featherless body and satiric head, would start up from their nooks as you entered; the water moccasin would slide warily into the slime; and if you saw a sudden movement in the center of a leaden-colored mass, with here and there a flash of white in it, you would do well to



NURSE—OLD STYLE.



A NEGRO POLICEMAN.

be gone, for half a dozen alligators might prove unwelcome visitors. At one point you would come upon some monarch-tree, prostrate and decayed within from end to end. Entering it, and tapping carefully as you proceeded, to frighten away the lurking snakes, you would find that you could walk through without stooping, even though you were of generous height. As far as the eye could reach you would see hundreds of ruined trees, great stretches of water, forbidding avenues which seemed to lead to the bottomless pit, vistas as endless as hasheesh visions; and the cries of strange birds, and the bellowings of the alligator, would be the only sounds from life. You would be glad to steal back to the pure sunlight and the open lowland, to the river and the perfume of the jessamines—to the ripple of the sad-colored current, and the cheery songs of the boatmen.

You might stand high up in the pilot-house, beside the sturdy, cheerful man at the wheel, some evening just as sunset was upon the green land and the broad stream. As you floated into a channel between low-lying islands, clad even to the water's edge with delicate shrubs, whose forms were minutely reflected in the water, you might almost believe yourself removed out of the sphere of worldly care,



MAMMY AND BABY.

and sailing to some haven of profoundest peace. So restfully would the tender glory of the rose and amethyst of the sunset come to you; so softly would the slumberous perfume of the jessamines salute your senses; so gently would, avenue after avenue of verdurous banks, laved by tranquil waters and extending beyond the reach of your vision, open before you; so quietly would the wave take from the horizon the benison of the sun's dying fires; so artfully would the perfect purple—the final promise of a future dawn—peep up from the islets' rims ere it disappeared, that you would be charmed into the same serene content that nature manifested around about you. From some distant village might be borne on a slender breeze the music of an evening bell; from some plantation-grounds, or a grove of lofty and noble trees, might come the burden of a negro hymn, or a jolly song of love and adventure. Down below, the coal-black firemen would labor at the seven great furnaces, and throw into them cords on cords of wood, tons on tons of coal; the negroes on the watch would scrub the decks, or trundle cotton bales from one side of the boat to the other; or they would lie listlessly by the low rails of the prow, blinking and shuffling and laughing with a certain rude grace; but above, the perfume of the jessamine and the neighboring blossoms would always drift, and the long vistas of green islets, bathed by the giant stream, would pass in rapid panorama.



WAITING FOR A JOB.

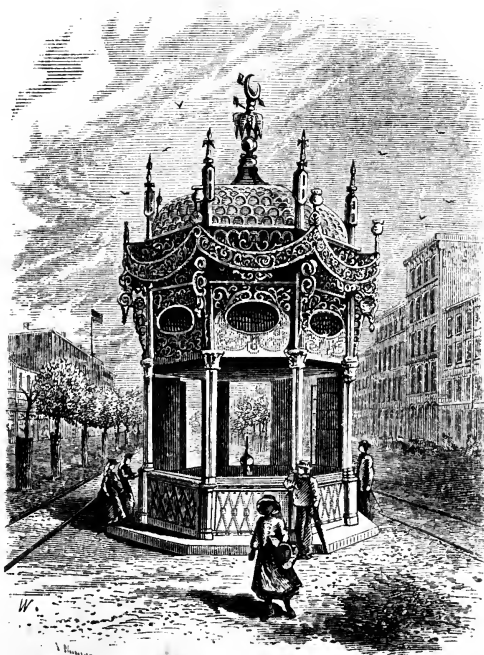
You might notice that some little fiend of a black boy, clad in an old woolen cap, a flannel shirt, whose long flaps hung over his ragged and time-honored trowsers, and shoes whose heels were so trodden in that when he walked his motion seemed to rock the steamer, would, when his comrade was not watching, steal some little article which the said comrade could ill afford to lose; whereupon comrade, in due time discovering the loss, would end by suspecting the boy, and would complain to the Wasp; then, you might see the Wasp come buzzing and stinging and swearing along the broad decks, and

calling George Washington to a certain post where he was to face him. Perhaps the Wasp would say: "George Washington, Jack says you stole his belt;" and then would sting and buzz and swear; whereat George Washington, mopping his black face with the flap of his red flannel over-garment, would say hastily, in one indignant sibilant: "Deed to God, hope I die, sah—no sah!" Perhaps then the Wasp would make George Washington hold up his hand, and, looking him earnestly in the face, would say, "George Washington, are you going to tell me a lie!" with a buzz and a sting and a swear. Whereupon George Washington would again and defiantly sibilate thus: "If dat nigger say dat, he lied. I do' know nuffin about his belt nohow. Mus' a los' it woodin-up las' night. I did n't tetch it;" but after various hand-raisings would finally end in rendering up the belt, and retiring to the shade of a cotton bale, pursued by the laughter of his comrades.

You might come to a plantation landing where some restive steers were to be loaded aboard, and notice the surprising manner in which those playful creatures would toss about the negroes who wished to lead them on, until one or two agile fellows, catching the beasts by the tails, and as many more holding their horns, they would manage them despite themselves, and make them walk the narrowest planks. Or you might come to some landing where a smart-looking young negro man with a quadroon wife would come on board; and you might notice a hurried look of surprise on some of the old men's faces as this couple were shown a stateroom, or as they promenaded unconcernedly. Or a group of chattering French planters, with ruddy complexions and coal-black eyes and hair, would arrive; and the village priest, a fat, stalwart old boy in a white choker and a shovel hat, would accompany them; or perhaps a lean, gray-haired aged man, with a strongly marked dialect and a certain contemptuous way of talking of modern things, would tell you that he remembered the first steamboat but three that ever ran upon the Mississippi river, and hint that "times were better then than now. That was a right smart o' years ago."

Or some ancient navigator of the great river might vouchsafe a description of its traits, and tell you, in a hoarse, mysterious way, as if he feared the stream might

overhear him: "Dog gone 'er, she *will* have her own way, more 'n any river I 'most ever see! She won't keep straight for any length of time. I can remember a point on this river where ten years ago there was five miles of straight river, and now all that section is as crooked as the crookedest!" There is no telling how the river will change; there are no laws by which it is regulated. In twenty years it will encroach five miles on the bank on either side of the channel. No bank can withstand its impetus. When it is making land on one side, it is encroaching on the other. There is no certainty where it may attack the bluffs, or how soon it will suc-



CANAL STREET FOUNTAIN.

ceed in undermining them. In passing a plantation I heard one planter on the boat say to another: "It is but a few years since it was good cotton-growing land where this boat is now." That is, the land had receded half a mile before the threatening river-god.

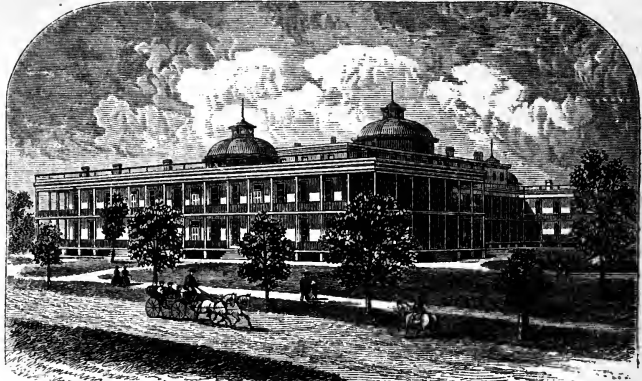
The coastwise trade is one of the important elements of New Orleans' commerce. Out of the total tonnage entered and cleared from that port during the fiscal year 1871-2, fifty four per cent., or 1,226,000 tons, belonged to the coastwise trade, representing something like \$125,000,000, while the foreign trade was only \$109,000,000 for the same period. During the com-

mercial year ending September 30, 1872, two thousand five hundred and nine steam-boats, comprising a tonnage of 3,500,000 tons burthen, arrived at the port of New Orleans. The value of the principal articles brought in by these boats was \$160,000,000; their cargoes up river amounted to about \$90,000,000. It is, therefore, fair to estimate the net value of the commerce of New Orleans at nearly four hundred million dollars per annum.

Now let us take the actual figures of the commerce of the Gulf for one year: that from September, 1871, to September, 1872:

Coastwise trade	\$135,000,000
Galveston trade	25,000,000
Mobile trade	24,000,000
Exports from New Orleans	90,800,000
Imports to New Orleans	18,700,000
Cuban trade	150,000,000
Porto Rico	25,000,000
Mexico	35,000,000

This makes a grand total of more than five hundred millions of dollars, and when the value of the ships carrying the cargoes is reckoned it will be found that nearly a billion dollars is yearly represented in the Gulf trade, without including the Darien



THE MARINE HOSPITAL, NEW ORLEANS.

The main industries of Louisiana at the present time are the growth of cotton, the production of sugar, rice and wheat, agriculture in general, and cattle raising. The culture of the soil certainly offers inducements of the most astonishing character, and the emigrant who purchases a small tract of land can, during the first year of possession, make it support himself and his numerous family, and can also raise cotton enough on it to pay for every acre. Vergennes, in his memoir on *La Louisiane*, printed early in this century, says: "I will again repeat what I have already many times said—that Louisiana is without doubt, by reason of the softness of her climate and the beauty of her situation, the finest country in the universe. Every European plant, and nearly all those of America, can be successfully cultivated there." This was the verdict of one who had made a careful survey of the great province then known as Louisiana, and especially the tract now comprised in the lowlands. Rice, an important article of food, can be raised on grounds which are too low and moist for any other species of valuable vegetables, and in the Mississippi basin, rice, sugar and corn can be cultivated in close proximity. The fertility of the sugar lands is proverbial; and Louisiana is prodigal of fruit of all kinds. Orange and fig-trees prosper and bear splendid crops with but little encouragement; apples and peaches are produced in abundance; and grape-bearing lands are to be found in all sections of the State. Sugar, cotton, rice and tobacco, might all be readily cultivated on the same farm in many sections. The cultivation of rice, introduced into Louisiana by Bienville, at the time of the founding of



ST. ANNA'S ASYLUM, NEW ORLEANS.

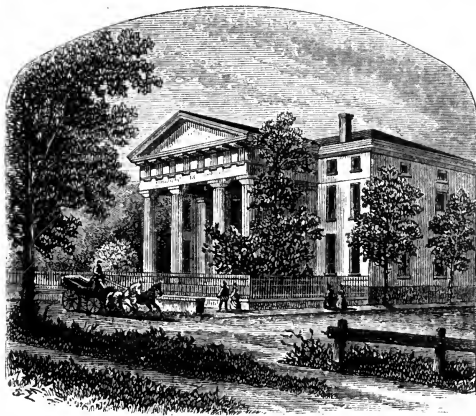
and Central American commerce, so rapidly increasing. New Orleans needs a new infusion of energy, and a new current of capital to enable her to develop the superb commercial opportunities which lie at her very gates.

New Orleans, may be profitably pursued in all the "parishes," *i.e.*, counties, on the river and Gulf coasts, and on the high pine lands of the northern part of the State. The rice raised on the irrigated lands below New Orleans, and in the immediate proximity of the Gulf, is known as "lowland rice;" that raised elsewhere as "upland."

The quality of the staple is constantly improving by cultivation. In 1860 the rice crop of Louisiana amounted to 6,500,000 pounds. There is no good reason why it should not now be 60,000,000. Barley and buckwheat flourish admirably in the State, and the attention given to the cultivation of wheat since the close of the war has accorded singularly gratifying results. The average yield in the hill portion of the State is fully equal to that of the Northern States—about twelve bushels to the acre, and in the Red River Valley, where the planters were compelled to devote much of their old cotton land to the production of wheat, for the sake of getting the where-withal to live, the yield was twenty bushels to the acre. The wheat yearly gains vastly in weight, size, and color. It is said that wherever the cavalry of the United States camped in Louisiana during the war, immense grain fields sprung up from the seed scattered where horses were fed. In the swamps of Assumption Parish wheat and rye have been known to yield forty bushels to the acre. The wheat may be planted in September, October, or November, and reaped late in April or early in May. Indian corn does not yield well, rarely giving over fifteen bushels to the acre. Marsh, Hungarian herbs and prairie grasses grow in abundance and make excellent hay. Past-

urage is perennial, and in the Attakapas the grazing regions are superb. Cotton may be cultivated throughout the entire arable portion of the State.

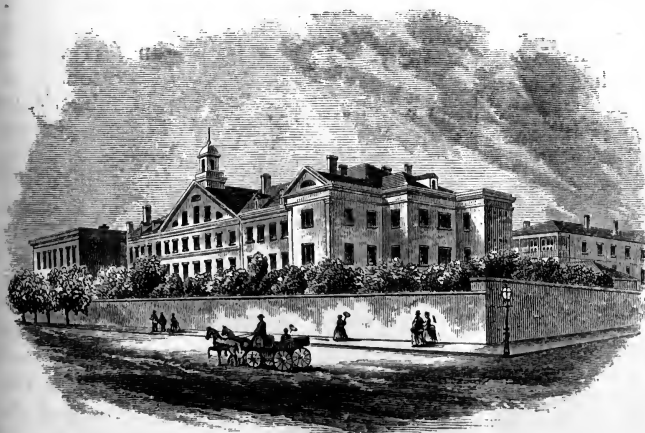
The cultivation of the sugar-cane in Louisiana merits especial mention. Under



DR. STONE'S HOSPITAL, (MAISON DE SANTE,) NEW ORLEANS.

the slave system one of the most remunerative of industries, it is now languishing because of the disorganization of labor; and because also of the division of large plantations into small farms. For a whole year before the sugar crop is ready for the market a constant outlay is required, and the small planters succeed but poorly, while the larger ones have been ruined by the war, and have allowed their sugar-houses to decay, and their splendid machinery to rust in ditches. In 1751, two ships transporting soldiers to Louisiana, stopped at Hispaniola, and the Jesuits on that island sent some sugar-canes and some negroes used to their cultivation, to the brothers of

their order in the new colony. The Jesuits at New Orleans undertook the culture of the crop, but did not succeed; and it was only in 1795 that the seeds became thoroughly naturalized in Louisiana, although they had been cultivated with some success since 1751. Up to 1816 the cultivation of the cane was confined to the lower parishes of Louisiana; but it is now raised with reasonable success in many portions of the State. From 1828 to 1833, the sugar production of the State was



CHARITY HOSPITAL, NEW ORLEANS.



UNCLE NED

about 280,000 hogsheads. The following table will show the amount of the crops of each year from 1834 to 1873 inclusive :

Year.	Production, Hogsheads.	Year.	Production, Hogsheads.
1834	100,000	1853	449,000
1835	30,000	1854	346,000
1836	70,000	1855	231,000
1837	65,000	1856	74,000
1838	70,000	1857	279,000
1839	115,000	1858	362,000
1840	87,000	1859	221,000
1841	90,000	1860	228,000
1842	140,000	1861	459,000
1843	100,000	1864	War 7,000
1844	200,000	1865	15,000
1845	186,000	1866	39,000
1846	140,000	1867	37,600
1847	240,000	1868	84,000
1848	220,000	1869	87,000
1849	247,000	1870	144,800
1850	211,000	1871	128,461
1851	236,000	1872	105,000
1852	321,000	1873	90,000

The ribbon cane planted in Louisiana was brought from Java, in a ship which touched at Charleston. It was hardy, and was at once adopted in all sections of the State. But it is thought that it has deteriorated very much, and an association recently sent a gentleman to the islands of the Pacific Ocean and to India to search for new qualities. He secured some ten thousand cuttings, which remained so long in transit that they were nearly all destroyed, and the people of the State are now anxious that a government vessel be sent out to bring home the desired number of new cuttings.

There were, at the time of our visit to Louisiana, 1,224 sugar houses in operation in the State, 907 of which possessed steam power. But large plantations are everywhere decreasing, and small ones increas-

ing in number. The co-operative system, as practiced in Martinique and other colonies, has been adopted to some extent in the State. It separates the production of cane from the manufacture of sugar, and a great many small planters take their cane to the sugar houses, and work it through on shares. This is much better than the old system, which made the raising of sugar by free labor so expensive that it was almost impossible. The co-operative system will, perhaps, prevail very largely ere long, many important planters giving it their sanction. In 1871, there was enough labor and capital expended on the crop to have brought it up to a quarter of a million hogsheads. The accumulated losses of the last three years have made the trade so dubious that dozens of the largest planters in the State cannot secure a cent of advances. Plantations are deserted; planters are completely discouraged. The present sugar production of this most fertile of cane-growing lands is only two per cent. of the whole production of the world. The consumption of sugars in the United States for the calendar year 1871 was 663,000 tons, of which 85 per cent. was foreign sugar. The whole number of acres now devoted to the cultivation of sugar in Louisiana is estimated at 148,840, producing to the acre about 49,000 pounds of cane, or 1,500 pounds of raw sugar. To every thousand pounds of sugar there is also a yield of 666 pounds of molasses. All the land comprised in the section known as the "Delta proper of the Mississippi River," embracing eighteen parishes and an area of 12,000 square miles, is peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of sugar-cane, as well as of cotton, corn, rice, tobacco, indigo, oranges, lemons and figs. More than half of the population of the State is settled upon this delta; and in 1860, one hundred and fifty thousand slaves were held in that section, and the total estimate of taxable property

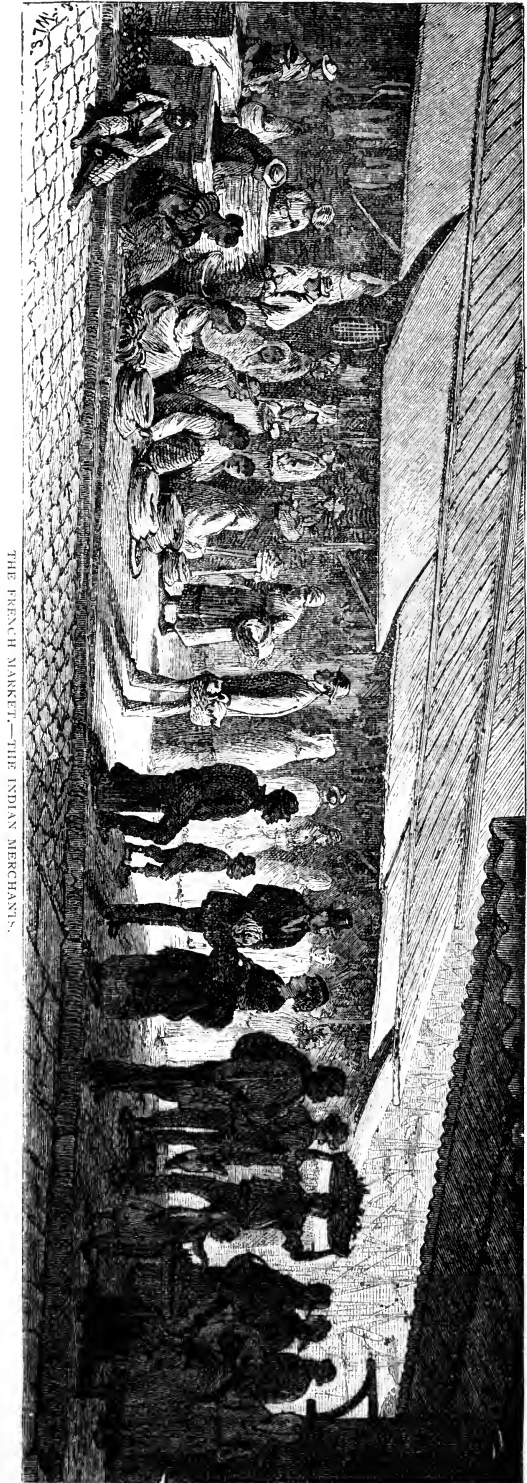


THE COMING MAN.

there, including the slaves, amounted to \$271,017,667, more than half of the State's whole valuation. It is not wonderful that stagnation has fallen upon this once prosperous section, since, reckoning the slaves at the average \$1,000 apiece, by their liberation alone \$150,000,000 of the above valuation at once vanished into thin air! *

For fifty or sixty miles below New Orleans, the narrow strip which protects the Mississippi channel on either side from the gulf is crowded with sugar and rice plantations. The soil there is all of recent alluvial formation, and is, consequently, extremely prolific. This section may, without the least exaggeration, be called "of the best land in the world." The rivers and bayous furnish fish and oysters of finest flavor; the earth brings forth fruit and vegetables in tropical abundance; all the conditions of life are easy, and in addition to this the profitable culture of sugar and cotton may be pursued. The negroes themselves are making money rapidly in this section, and show much skill in managing their affairs. In many cases they were aided in purchasing their lands by their old masters, and generally go to them for advice as to speculation and conduct in crop raising. The same negro who will bitterly oppose his old master politically, will implicitly follow his advice in matters of labor and investment which concern him personally.

For a whole day one may drift slowly down the Mississippi, at every turn and on every available spot along the shore, noting the picturesque grouping of sugar houses and "quarters," the mansions surrounded by splendid groves, and the rich fields stretching miles away towards a dark belt of timber. Each plantation has its group of white buildings, gleaming in the sun; each its long vistas of avenues, bordered with orange trees; for the orange and the sugar cane are friendly neighbors. When the steamer swings around at the wharf of such a lordly plantation as that of the "Woodlands" of Bradish Johnson, or that



THE FRENCH MARKET.—THE INDIAN MERCHANTS.

* The census of 1870 gives Louisiana 732,731 population, of whom 364,210 were blacks. The population of New Orleans, in 1870, was nearly 200,000.

of Effingham Lawrence, the negroes come trooping out, men and women dancing, somersaulting and shouting; and, if perchance there is music on the steamer, no power can restrain the merry muscles of the African. The "Magnolia" plantation of Mr. Lawrence is a fair type of the larger and better class; it lies low down to the river's level, and seems to court inundation. Entering from the wharf, and crossing a green lawn, the sugar house, an immense solidly-built building, crammed with costly machinery, greets the eye. Not far from it are the neat white cottages occupied by the laborers; there is the kitchen where the field hands come to their meals; there are the sheds where the carts are housed, and the cane is brought to be crushed; and, ranging in front of a cane field, containing many hundreds of acres, is a great orange orchard, the branches of whose odorous trees bear almost literally golden fruit; for, with but little care, they yield their owner an income of \$25,000 yearly. The massive oaks and graceful magnolias surrounding the planter's mansion, give grateful shade; roses and all rarer blossoms perfume the air; the river current hums a gentle monotone, vaguely heard on the lawn and in the cool corridors of the house; the music of the myriad insect life mingles quaintly with the river's voice, and both seem lamenting past grandeur and prophesying future greatness. For it was a grand and lordly life, that of the owner of a sugar plantation; filled with culture, pleasure, and the refinements of living;—but now!

Afield, in Mr. Lawrence's plantation, and in some others, one may see the steam-plow at work, ripping up the rich soil. Great stationary engines pull it rapidly from end to end of the tracts; and the darkies, mounted on the swiftly-rolling machine, force its sharp blades into the furrows, and skillfully guide them there. Steam-plows will, doubtless, be generally introduced on Louisiana sugar plantations ere long. The stationary engines, built in Leeds, are supplied with water brought up from the river in mule-carts. Four of them suffice to do the work upon the ample plantation of the Lawrences. The negroes, as freedmen, do not attend to all the minute details of the plantations as well as the rigid discipline of slavery compelled them to do; the ditches in many fields are not thoroughly cleared, and there are other evidences of neglect.



THE FRENCH CEMETERY.—"LES FOURS."

Entering the sugar house, the amiable planter will present you to a venerable mahogany-looking individual, clad in garments stained with saccharine juices, and, with a little tone of pride in his voice, will tell you that "this is Nelson, overseer of this place, who has been here, man and boy, forty years, and who knows more about the process of sugar making than any one else on the plantation." Nelson, will therefore conduct you into the outer shed, and, while he shows you the huge rollers under which the canes, when carted in from the fields in November or December, are crushed, he will tell you how difficult and dangerous is the culture of the juicy reed; how the frosts of early winter may possibly crush all the hopes of profit which the planter has nursed through twelve or thirteen weary months, and leave him only a meager result. He will take you across the delightfully shaded way into one of the fields, passing on the walk a cheery Chinaman wearing a seven story straw hat, and a smile which is seven times child-like and bland, and entering one of the fields, will show you the stalks of the cane left at the last harvest to lie in the furrows all winter and furnish young sprouts for the spring. These rich-colored stalks have joints every few inches along their symmetrical bodies, from which spring out the new buds of promise. The stalks are laid

along the beds of the drills when the spring plowing begins, and each one of the sprouts at the joints is carefully watched and cultured that it may produce a new cane. A great portion of the crop is thus reserved for seed each year. Then Nelson will show you how, if the cane has escaped the accidents of the seasons, it is cut down and brought in its perfection to the sugar-house; how all hands, black and white, join in "hauling" it from the fields for many days, and then keep the mill going night and day for a week; how there is high wassail and good cheer in the intervals of the work, and every nerve is strained to the completion of the task. He will show you the great crushers which crush the sweetness out of the fresh canes as they are carried forward upon an endless series of rollers; then will point out the furnace into which the refuse of the cane is carried and burned, thus furnishing the motive power for the destruction of the cane which follows. The *bagasse*, as this refuse is called, usually furnishes steam enough to drive the sugar-mills and leaves nothing but a kind of coke in the ash-pit of the furnace. Coal is used in the refining mill's furnace. Out from the crushed arteries of the cane wells a thick, impure liquid, which demands immediate attention to preserve it from spoiling; and then the clarifying process is begun and continued, by the aid of hundreds of ingenious mechanisms, whose names even you will not remember when Nelson takes you into the refinery. You enter a huge set of chambers, the floors of which are sticky with expressed sugar, and watch the juice passing through various processes in great open trays, through copper and iron steam-pipes; now trickling down filter-pans filled with bone dust; now wandering through separators, and then through the bone dust again; onward toward granulation in the vacuum pans, and finally into coolers where the sugar is kept in a half liquid state by means of revolving paddles until it comes to the final vessels in which, by rapid whirlings, all the molasses is thrown out, and, leaving the dry sugar ready for commerce, goes wandering among the pipes under the floors, and round and round again through the whirling machines, until there is no suspicion of sweetness in it, and it is ignominiously released. It seems a pity that such fine machinery

should only be used during one-sixth of the year, when it would be injured far less by being kept constantly in running order than by remaining idle. The new steam mills are so vastly superior, in every point of view, to the old horse mills, that they have been adopted on the greater portion of the sugar plantations, and every planter is desirous of having them; but they are enormously expensive, and the planters must manage in some manner to agree to have a mill in each populous neighborhood to do the crushing and refining for all their acres. The division of the large plantations into small farms seems, sooner or later, inevitable; as no one owner can, under the new condition of things, make the necessary and continuous outlay. In a few years the cane now crushed by one of these immense sugar houses in the winter months will belong, in small lots, to a hundred different men, instead of to the one aristocratic and wealthy planter, as under the old *régime*.

The testimony of most of the planters in Louisiana is that the free negro works well, and earns his wages, save when he engages in political effort. There are none who are willing to assert that free labor has not been a success; and the majority would

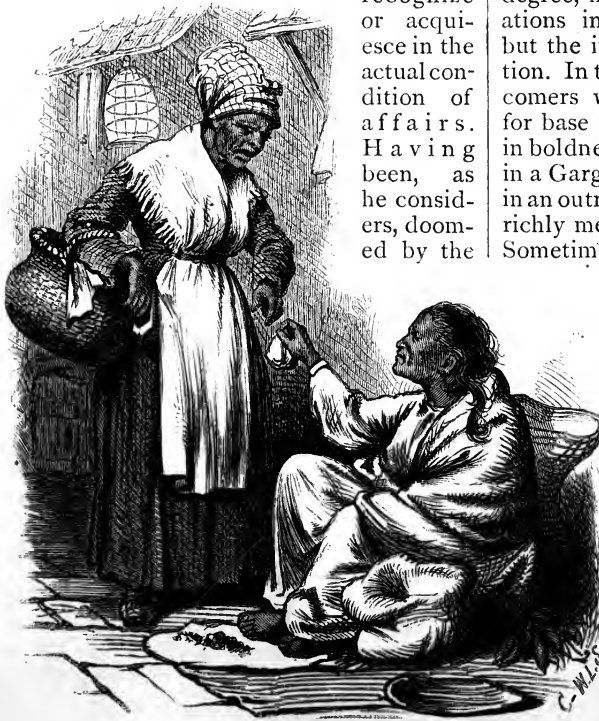


THE FRENCH MARKET.—THE HEN TRADER.

prefer it, if the State were in a settled condition, to the most arbitrary days of ownership. It is, nevertheless, evident that political excitements, gotten up by adventurers with the hope of obtaining power, take the negro's attention a good deal from his work, and constitute a species of mild intellectual dissipation, which he thinks it vastly fine to indulge in, but which only unfits him for serious efforts at progress, and wrongfully elevates him and his fellows into a party directly opposed to the interests of his fellow citizens.

Judging from conversations with a number of persons, there is not much hope that in the present condition of affairs the equality of races will be thoroughly recognized by the white man in Louisiana. He will not admit that the negro is really competent to legislate for him in any manner, or to vote with him on matters of common importance to white and black.* While he has no desire to see any of the conditions of that kind of society, which prevailed before the war, re-established, he refuses to

recognize or acquiesce in the actual condition of affairs. Having been, as he considers, doomed by the



THE FRENCH MARKET.—SELLING GUMBO.

revolution, he sits haughtily tranquil, wrapped in reserve, save when he ventures to predict the downfall of the Republic, and to lament the despotism under which he asserts that he is kept. He is fond of gloomy horoscopes, and delights in announcing to the world that the precedent established in Louisiana by the Lynch returning board and the Durell decision will yet be disastrous to New York or Massachusetts. He is not more glad to be rid of slavery than he would be to see the last negro vanish from the soil. He is weary of the whole subject of black *versus* white; anxious for immigration, yet faithless of its practical results; willing to guarantee, to the extent allowed by his impaired fortunes, any reasonable enterprise tending toward the commercial development of the State, but discouraged, and oftentimes distracted. He is told to help himself, but is powerless, and resents all invitations to frankly join with the dominant party as insults. Impulsive, intensely individual, and sensitive in high degree, he fancies that he sees fresh humiliations in a thousand changes, which are but the inevitable attendants of the revolution. In the parishes the tyranny of the newcomers who use the new political element for base purposes, is constantly increasing in boldness and violence; it is now manifest in a Gargantuan appetite for theft; and now in an outrageous stifling of some punishment richly merited by an infamous scoundrel. Sometimes the negro, annoyed and per-

plexed by the tangled condition of affairs, takes the reins into his own hands, and then follow scenes of bloodshed and violence; then comes to the front the grisliest question of black *versus* white, and the commonwealth is, even as when the Legislature is in session, convulsed to its center. Meantime professional politicians and lobbyists constantly arrange new plans for the pacification of difficulties, for compromises never to be effected, and victories never to be won; the State goes onward to a ruin which seems likely to be permanent, and no one manifests the power to master

* This statement may need modification at a later day, but at present it is the truth. The white man in Louisiana admits that the black man has a right to vote, and even to sit in the legislative assemblies; but that he is competent to vote or legislate intelligently, or ever is likely to be, the white man

rigidly denies, and, when pressed to declare his belief, will always tell you so. He declines, as a rule, to believe in the capabilities of the negro, and does not see anything in the future for the unfortunate black to indicate progress towards intelligent self-government.



THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUISIANA.

circumstances and arrest the downward progress.

The citizens are willing to work—are anxious to work—but they are held down. All their praiseworthy ambition is neutralized by the incubus of a Legislature which in no wise properly represents the people. The negro asid, with his sturdy family around him, cultivating the little plot which has at last become his, and the white man, with his own hand to the plow, showing that he no longer thinks labor degrading, are gratifying sights which present themselves from time to time; but they are by no means as common as they would be if the State were not constantly anguish-stricken, overwhelmed with taxation and a myriad debts, and hindered from making the improvements necessary to the securing of new trade and consequent prosperity.

There are in Louisiana men of brilliant and audacious eloquence; men of *entrain* and magnetism, who seem fashioned for leadership; and yet, strange as it may appear, who take but little interest in the affairs of their own State; and who either content themselves with deriding their inferiors, or with watching chances for their personal elevation, by taking advantage of the weakness or insincerity of those in power. They laugh at the discomfiture of their fellows, while the house is being pulled down over their own heads. With anarchy at their doors, they refuse to make the first step toward reconciliation, or a proper understanding between the races

now so equally divided as to numbers within the State limits.

The resistance to taxation, which began with the present year, was pretty effectually checked by the proclamation of the President which virtually made such resistance dangerous. People who wish to keep in their hands what little property remains to them are compelled in one manner or another to pay up.

There is some hope at present for the administration of the metropolis. Economy has been begun in earnest, but even economy will be but of small avail for a year or two, for the sums expended around the City Hall in New Orleans were so enormous that gradual reduction will not relieve the people much. The budget of 1872 provided for the payment of the sum of \$229,000 to the various employes about the City Hall, or more than is annually paid to the President, Vice-President, judges of the Supreme Court, and cabinet officers of the United States, and the State officers of Louisiana. There was a veritable army of office-holders and dependents about the municipal headquarters. The government of the city is at present entirely vested in a Mayor, and seven "administrators," respectively charged with the administration of finance, commerce, improvements, assessments, police, public accounts, and water works and public buildings. These eight gentlemen constitute what is known as the City Council, and are elected biennially, at the time of the election for members of the General Assembly. The famous Board of Metropolitan Police, created by Warmoth, is in no manner under the direction of the City Council, the administrator of the police department being merely an ex-officio member of that board. The Metropolitan police constitute a body directed by a board controlled by the State Executive, and is paid by taxes levied upon the city. It is in reality an armed military force which the central State government maintains in the capital for the enforcement of its measures and the prevention of riots. Since Warmoth created it, its cost has been enormous, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly. The police expenses for the year ending October 1st, 1869, were \$930,809.09; for 1870, \$725,357.73; and for 1871, about \$800,000. The municipality constantly threatens rebellion against the control of its action by State interference, but meantime that control increases in strength and extent.

The speculation in warrants, the creation of certain courts out of elements diametrically opposed to the real interests of the people of the State, are also evils which are even worse than they have been represented by the injured, and for which there is no excuse. The Federal Government may and should protect the freedman in the rights given him by the revolution consequent on the war; but it should not permit the use of ignorant masses of negroes as stepping-stones to tyrannical, centralized power; it should not allow interlopers to array the black freedman against the white freeman, under any pretense whatsoever.

The condition of the State finances is somewhat difficult to give an account of. It was stated in 1872 that the amount of the actual funded and unfunded debt was between \$24,000,000 and \$25,000,000; that the contingent liabilities amounted to \$5,483,602; and that the amount of bonds "authorized" by the Legislature but not yet issued was \$10,770,000, making a total of actual, contingent, and prospective liability which is far from cheering, especially as since 1860 the valuation of property in the State decreased from \$435,000,000 to \$250,000,000 in 1871.

With the awful possibility of a war of races constantly thrusting its ugly head into the light, it is easy to perceive how industrial development is hindered in, and capital is frightened away from all the parishes of the State; it is easy to see how passions, which should have long since become extinct, still smoulder, and are ready at a moment's warning to burst forth at white heat of anarchy and chaos. It is now and then asserted that corruption, consequent upon despair and disgust, has affected the ranks of the native born citizens; and that there have been cases where even they have crowded the lobbies of the hybrid legislature, lobbying in, the interests of corporations. This seems hardly credible, when it is remembered that the masses of the conservative citizens vehemently assert that the returning board which established that legislature in power had no official statements in its possession on which to base its conclusion, and since they are supported in their assertion by the declaration of a Committee of the United States Senate that the Lynch returning board's canvass "had no semblance of integrity." The despair born of the numerous attempts of the last few years at the obtaining of

reliable labor to carry on large enterprises finally culminated in one energetic effort to secure emigration. "The Louisiana Emigration and Homestead Company," offered by Gen. G. T. Beauregard and other prominent citizens, is working in earnest to regenerate the State through the revival of her industries and the settlement of her waste lands. They propose to employ every possible means for inducing intelligent white immigration, and have adopted in their charter a provision by which immigrants may acquire, at small cost and without trouble, homesteads of their own. It is a garden spot, O penniless friends of other climes! It is the place for the hardy and frugal *vigneron* from Alsatia and Lorraine; for the sturdy German, whom climate does not seem to soften and render effeminate as it does his other European brethren; it is the place for the small farmer of the North, whose whole life is a battle against stones and frost. While New York or Wisconsin furnish less than five months of ordinary farming-weather annually, Louisiana can give ten; and her soil affords the farmer profitable essay in every variety of tropical culture. With twenty thousand miles of inland, river, lake and bayou navigation, the facilities for transportation from point to point in the interior are hardly surpassed by those of the elder States.

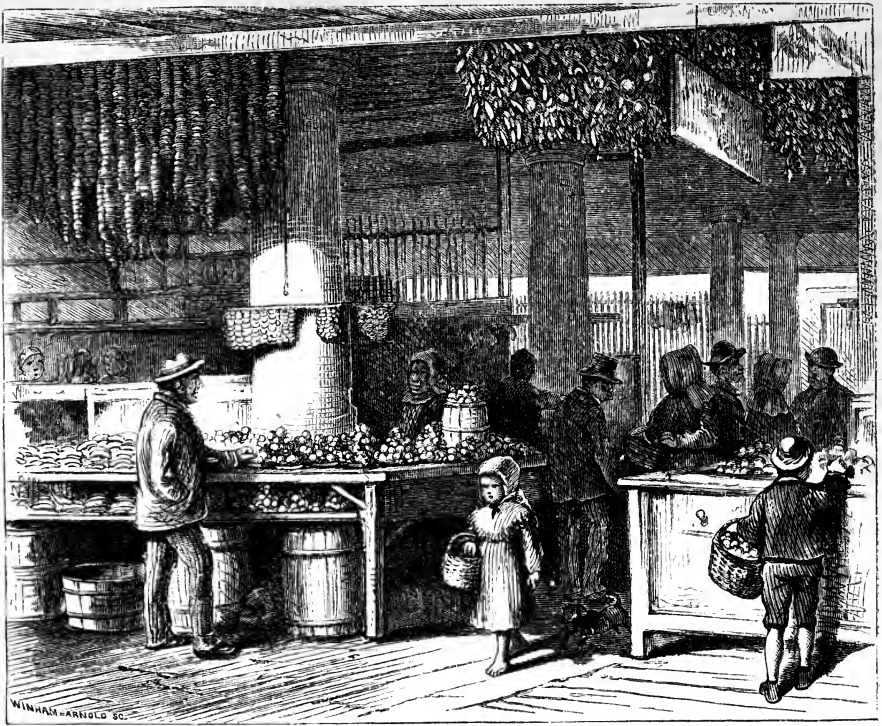
But Louisiana needs more outlets than her trade at present possesses. She needs more railroads opening up certain attractive sections, and needs them at once. Her legislatures of the past few years have failed to accomplish the necessary progress. Vast and formidable interests have now and then barred the outlets which are at this moment pressed upon from without and within. Thirty years ago, the State possessed but one railroad, that running to Lake Pontchartrain; now it has the superb line, formerly known as the New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western, and at present called "Morgan's Louisiana and Texas Railroad." This splendid commercial highway, as well built and equipped as any in the world, and communicating at Brashear City on Berwick's Bay with a fleet of fifteen first-class iron sea-going steamers, running to Texas ports, opened up one of the finest regions in Louisiana; and before the war might literally have been said to run through one of the richest gardens of the world. All the appointments of the line are of the most complete order; and

the emigration alone from the older to the newer Southern States would suffice to make such enormous investment pay, while that is but a tithe of the business poured through that channel.

To a stranger, entering Louisiana from Texas in the month of April or May, when the land is in the fullness of all its delights, and traveling from Brashear to New Orleans, the journey is as delicious as novel. His eyes would have last rested upon the low white-sanded shores of Galveston, which the blue waves in the roadstead and along the beach seemed always hastening to overwhelm and bury out of sight; and the change to the weird, fantastic foliage and quaint lands of Louisiana would be startling. Dashing away toward the great city, he would pass long stretches of giant cypress forests, from the boughs of whose trees thousands of Spanish moss-beards were pendent. Long and somber aisles, like those in some giant cathedral, would open to right and left beside him. He would wonder at the presence of the bearded moss on all the trees, and his commercial eye would, perhaps, suggest that it be made available for upholstery; but he would be told that the quaint parasite is the scavenger of the air; that, as an air-plant extending over a vast surface, presenting an immense area for the absorption of carbonic acid gas, and evolving oxygen in corresponding quantities, it operates as a complete regulator of atmospheric conditions. What would the Louisianian do without it in such a tropical climate? It absorbs the sea moisture, and does a beneficent work throughout all the alluvial region. But some day the commercial will predominate over the hygienic view, and the graceful moss-beards will be macerated, strained, dyed, and prepared for stuffing for cushions, pillows, mattresses and car-seats. The traveler would now and then be whirled out of these forests and their adjacent canebrakes, with long alleyways running through them, into the broad sugar lands, and would pause on the bank of some picturesque bayou, at a little station whose nomenclature was unmistakably French, and whose platform was crowded with negroes chattering in Gallic patois or in broadest American. He would be hurried forward, faster than his will, through the rich Boeuf country, along the banks of whose lovely bayou lie wonderful sugar lands, once crowded with prosperous planters, but now showing many

an idle plantation and deserted sugar-house; past "Tigerville," with its Indian mounds, Terrebonne, and Chacahoula Swamp—a wilderness of shriveled cypresses and stagnant water—past La Fourche Bayou, on which lies the pretty, Frenchy, cultured town of Thibodaux; past Raceland, with its moist black fields and wide-extended sugar and rice plantations; over the reed-grown and water-saturated expanse of the "Trembling Prairie," dotted with live oaks and stretches of cypress timber; past Bayou des Allemands, and a land filled with small still pools of deep black water; and so on and on until the traveler would see the long, dark lines of smoke against the cloudless sky, which indicated that he was nearing the Mississippi River. As far as the eye could reach, in either direction, he would see green fields, dotted with low white houses, lying amid groves of orange trees. Then he would come suddenly upon the roar and bustle of Algiers, and would cross the great ferry to the landing on the old French quarter of New Orleans. At either end of the road he would admire the huge iron warehouses, wharves and wharf-taps.

The New Orleans, Mobile and Texas Railroad, running along the Gulf Coast, has done much for the commerce of the metropolis, and is undoubtedly one of the best built lines in the country. It drains portions of Mississippi and Alabama toward the Crescent City, and gives the latter increased prosperity at the expense of Mobile. It also opens to easy access for the summer-weary citizens of the towns along the Mississippi river, the charms of Bay St. Louis and Ocean Springs, delightful gulf-side retreats, much affected by Southerners in the hot months. At Biloxi, near the site of the old fort at which Sauvolle died, and which Bienville left to found New Orleans, and at Bay St. Louis, the views outward upon the gulf are exceedingly fine, and all the surroundings of the little towns are exquisite. There is all the dreaminess and mysterious languor of Biarritz or San Sebastian, mingled with the inspiring forest-breaths of Arcachon, in these beautiful retreats. The New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern Railroad gives a valuable connection with the North via Jackson, Miss., and helps to drain the Mississippi Valley towards the capital city. The most important needs of Louisiana at the present time are railway communication with



THE FRENCH MARKET.—THE VEGETABLE CORNER.

Texas, and the opening up of all the rich intervening country by means of lines of rail tapping all the important districts. The various difficulties which have environed the building of the extension of the New Orleans, Mobile and Texas road, from Donaldsonville toward Houston, Texas, and the Branch from Vermilionville to Shreveport, seem likely soon to be overcome, although the questions relative to the bonds issued for their construction were at one time of the most vexed and intricate character. Shreveport already has ample railway facilities on the Texan side of the country surrounding; but the trade between New Orleans and Shreveport, which is really immense, has still to be patient with the tedious and unreliable navigation of the Red River, consuming weeks and months which might be made useful in doubling the present trade. A New Orleans merchant is now forced to pass six days in toilsome steaming up the tortuous water-ways, which only a flood renders worthy the name of a stream, before he can reach Shreveport, and communication by letter is a matter of almost as much time as if Shreveport were Liverpool. The new road running from Ver-

millionville to Houston would open a grandiose and completely new field of trade to New Orleans. The Texas extension of Morgan's "Louisiana and Texas Railroad," graded years ago from Brashear City to Vermilionville, might also be completed to advantage. An important enterprise also is the projected New Orleans and Northeastern Railroad, which is to cross Lake Pontchartrain on a bridge thirty miles long, and, opening up a delightful location for suburban residences beyond the lake, is to push on into the iron and coal regions of Alabama. Louisiana, with nearly thirty millions of acres of land, certainly needs five times the railways possessed by her to-day.

There is no lack of plans tending to render New Orleans the only outlet for all the vast commerce of the northwest. St. Louis, Chicago, etc., and other grain depots, are fertile in expedients for making the Crescent city their outlet at all seasons, and especially during the months when navigation is closed at the north. A capacious barge system is at present in operation on the rivers, weekly, and an all-rail communication between the two great cities of the northwest and New Orleans is among

the prospects of the near future. The Illinois Central Railroad Company, by building a line from Jackson, Tennessee, to the south bank of the Ohio, opposite Cairo, Illinois, brings New Orleans, in miles, as near to Chicago as it is to New York, and gives a passenger transit of only thirty-six hours duration. This will work quite a revolution in the whole transportation system between the Northwest and Southwest. The farmer in the West will hereafter find a ready market for the corn which has been a burden to him, and will owe his increased prosperity to the able development of the transportation facilities furnished by the Mississippi River and the railway lines built along its banks and their adjacent country. The fleet of ocean steamers and coastwise craft will increase at astonishing speed as soon as the question of transportation from the Northwest is fully settled, the Fort St. Philip canal is cut through the bank of the Mississippi River, and the tedious and risky navigation of the passes at the great stream's mouths is no longer absolutely necessary. Tonnage is, indeed, one of the crying wants of New Orleans now, but new outlets must be made before new tonnage will come in.

The project of the Fort St. Philip Canal is not due entirely to the sagacity of this generation. Forty years ago the Legislature of Louisiana, at the suggestion of a distinguished engineer, memorialized Congress on the subject of a canal to connect the Mississippi River with the Gulf, leaving the river a few miles below Fort St. Philip and entering the Gulf about four miles south of the island "Le Breton." Numerous commercial conventions have endorsed it since that time. It would give, by means of a system of locks, a channel which would never be subject to the evils now disfiguring the passes at the river's mouth, and would communicate directly with deep water. The estimated cost of the work is about six millions of dollars. It is a national commercial necessity, and should be undertaken by the Government at once. New Orleans would more than quadruple her transportation facilities if this canal were dug, not only with regard to Liverpool, Bremen, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Southampton, Havre, and Glasgow, but to New York and Philadelphia, Havana, Lima, and Aspinwall.

There is not a parish in Louisiana which does not offer powerful inducements to immigration; not one which will not most bitterly need it if the present perturbed political condition continues, for it is driving the original inhabitants from their homes. Closely following upon the bloodshed in Grant parish, came a hurried, voluminous emigration to Texas on the part of citizens of the parish. They flocked into the new Eden in the greatest terror, and seemed determined to leave their homes behind them for ever. But the troubles must some day have an end, while there is no end save in the final disruption of the world to the fairy beauty and fertility of the bayou lands and the vast plains covered with luxuriant vegetation. The parishes bordering on the Red River are especially adapted to the staples, sugar, cotton, wheat, corn, rye, and oats, and are accessible at all seasons of the year, the river in their vicinity remaining navigable. These parishes, six in number, comprise more than eight thousand five hundred square miles of rich alluvial land, and some of the largest towns are situated in them. Shreveport, on the west bank of the river, is likely to be the second city in the State. It is now the great center of emigration into eastern and northern



THE OLD SICILIAN.

Texas, and a line of railway to it from Vicksburg is projected, which will give it increased commercial importance. In the parishes which comprise south-western Louisiana, there are more than three millions of acres of land of almost inexhaustible fertility. The forests are composed of oak, ash, locust, pine, gum, maple, cypress, elm, willow, hickory, pecan, persimmon, dogwood, mulberry, and magnolia trees. The giant cypresses on the lakes and bayous are numerous enough to last for a century, though some of their number be constantly taken away. Employment to hundreds of mills and thousands of workmen could readily be furnished. The lumber could easily be floated down the innumerable bayous and along the abundant lakes to market. By the borders of the great desolate sea-marshes of St. Mary and Iberia, runs a grand belt of timber from one to two miles wide. A western editor once said that if the Teche lands of Louisiana were in Illinois, they would bring from three hundred to five hundred dollars per acre. And they could be made worth that sum in their present situation in five years from this writing by the introduction of intelligent and laborious emigrants, and by the amplification of the State's railway system. The "Attakapas" region, as the five parishes or counties of St. Mary, Iberia, Vermilion, St. Martin, and Lafayette were originally called, from the name of a tribe of Indians, is certainly seductive enough to tempt the most fastidious of emigrants.

The cattle-grazing regions are as extensive as remarkable. There are seven great prairies, respectively named Grand Choiseuil, Attakapas, Opelousas, Grand Prairie, Prairie Mamon, Calcasieu, and Aubine, all covered with rich pasturage. Thousands of cattle roam over these prairies; the populations are pastoral and uncultivated to a certain extent. There are Frenchmen and women among them who are as remote from any active participation in the politics of the State or the country at large, as if they were in France. In the marshes even cattle and horses subsist, and graze the year round upon a treacherous surface, which a horse bred on solid ground will instantly sink and flounder in. I am not willing to vouch for the Louisianian statement that these marsh-bred cattle and horses are web-footed, but such is the affirmation; and one informant assures me that a proper system of transportation from the marshes to New Orleans would develop

this now almost useless section immensely. Thousands of cattle might be turned in to grow fat and bide the time when their owners should seek them for the New Orleans market. They would not even need a cowherd's care. All the prairies in Western Louisiana are perennially green; and upon them were once located the largest vacheries in the United States—vacheries whose owners sometimes branded five thousand calves apiece yearly. Sheep by thousands were also raised, but both these important industries seem to have largely fallen off since the war. The French paid great attention to the cattle and sheep husbandry in this section of Louisiana early in the last century, and it has been estimated by a competent authority that, allowing one animal to be produced to every five acres, more than two hundred and twenty thousand cattle could annually be reared and transported from one single prairie—that of Opelousas—a vast expanse of natural meadow. It was not uncommon for a stock raiser to possess from thirty to forty thousand head of cattle, and the stock raisers of one parish in that section owned, twenty-five years before the war, one hundred thousand cattle and thirty thousand horses. There is no good reason why Louisiana should not be known in future as an extensive a cattle-raising State as her neighbor, Texas. She has nothing to fear from the dangers incurred by proximity to a foreign frontier, and there are no Indians to manifest their unconquerable love for the illicit acquisition of horse-flesh.

But when you wish once again to find the lost gate of Eden, when you wish to gain the promised land, when you wish to see in this rude, practical America of



MILK CART.

ours an "earthly paradise;" where life is good because of the delicious investing of it by Nature with everything that is fairest; when you wish to see plantations at the height of culture, lawns as fragrant, as clean-shaven, as nobly shaded by graceful

trees, as any sovereign's—then seek the Teche country. It is the pearl of Louisiana; it is the perfection of the South. Thither Andry and the exiled Acadians took their mournful way, more than a century ago, when the cruel order of the arrogant English dispersed them from their homes. Thither they went, threading the swamps and wandering up the beautiful Atchafalaya, and her lakes, where

"Water lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber."

Now, as then, the traveler, pushing his way in a tiny steamer, or in a shallop or pirogue, can hear—

"Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane, and the roar of the grim alligator,"

strange sounds from the dark forests and the lonely lands.

From Berwick's Bay, where the rich fields lie trustingly upon the water, strange vines and creepers seeming to caress the waves, and bid them to be tranquil, ascend the Teche bayou, and lose yourself in the tangled network of lake and lakelet, plain and forest, plantation and swamp. By day you shall have the exquisite glory of the sun, which, gleaming on the seigniorial residences, the great white sugar houses with their tall chimneys, the long rows of cabins for the laborers, the villas peering from orange groves and bosquets of the mespilus, makes all doubly bright and beautiful; and at evening the moon may lend her witchery to swell your surprise and admiration. You will drift on by superb knots of shrubbery, from which sprightly birds sing amorous madrigals; past floating bridges and garden-bowers; along the banks, by a ruined plantation, one of the wrecks of the war; now seeing in the distance dense cypress swamps, bordered by picturesque groupings of oaks and ash and gum trees; now through that



"A NICKEL FOR DADDY."

fine region extending from the entrance of the bayou into the parish of Iberia and the town of New Iberia, where the beautiful water-willows and forest trees lean downward from the banks to see themselves reflected in the stream, and where the wheels of passing steamers are compelled to rudely brush them as they pass between; where the live oak spreads its ample foliage over some cool dell, upon whose grassy carpet strange bright-hued flowers grow rankly; and where suddenly, as though opened by the hand of enchantment, a vista of forest glade, of happy sylvan retreats where the moonlight makes checkerwork of gleam and shadow, appears before you.

Below New Iberia, on Petit Anse Island, you may descend into a salt-mine sixty feet beneath the level of the Gulf of Mexico, through fifty-eight feet of solid rock-salt, and watch the miners picking out the crystal freight which has proved superior to any other salt found in the Southern market. Or you may penetrate the romantic country near Lake Peigneur, and even hunt the genial comedian—the noble artist who created the rôle of "Rip Van Winkle,"—in his "Orange Island" retreat. The richness of Louisiana may perhaps be best illustrated by this same island. It is one of many in the lake, and rises high above it and the surrounding prairie. It possesses delicious lawns miles in length, sloping gently southward; orange groves, which in 1868, after a neglect of ten years, produced half a million oranges; bold banks and knolls with northward outlook; and delightful sea-breezes constantly blowing

over the whole length and breadth of the lovely lands. On Grand Cote Island you may wander among wide fields of cotton and of corn, or you may climb steep hill-sides to find a lake of purest water high up among them, its surface covered with water-lilies; or you may sit in garden-bowers over which the Scuppernong grape vines run riot, and gaze out upon the towering magnolia, the blooming cotton and the waving cane.

The long lines of swelling forests which help to form the vale of the Teche in the parish of St. Martin, contain millions of tall, straight cypress trees, and beyond them are stretches of ash, gum, hickory, black walnut, magnolia, live, white and red oaks, linn, pecan, sycamore, and other trees. In this parish are some grand estates, notably those of General Declouet, Mr. Lestrapes, and Dr. Wilkins. General Declouet's mansion is a fine type of the old Creole house, with spacious halls and corridors, baronial dining-room, and portrait galleries, from which the faces of a hundred ancestors look down. Avenues, bordered with China trees or with pines, lead up to the mansion; while magnolias, fig-trees, and live oaks, are scattered throughout the grounds. All the elder Creole families keep up the noble hospitality of other days. There seems the fitting place to woo that

"Passionless bride—divine Tranquility."

St. Mary's parish formerly boasted one hundred and seventy sugar plantations, scattered along the banks of the Teche, the Atchafalaya, and the various bayous and water ways in that section. In the same parish, thirteen thousand slaves were owned before the war, and more than one hundred vessels plied between the port of Franklin (a pretty, cultured town, twenty miles from Brashear,) and various Northern and Southern ports. The fertile lands readily yield a hogshead of sugar to the acre, and sugar-making may begin early in November. Flooded rice lands produce ten barrels to the acre; unflooded, six. There are orange orchards in this parish producing three millions of oranges annually. Such facts are eloquent. St. Mary's is the paradise of Louisianian fruit culture.

Land in certain of the parishes can be readily purchased at from \$3 to \$15 per acre, not very remote from towns and trade centers; the more distant lands are only worth \$1 or \$1 50 per acre. The general

health of Southwestern Louisiana is good; there is no more absolute error than the common supposition in the North that the lowland countries are fatal to health. There is not a heartier or healthier population in the Union than that of Southwestern Louisiana; nor one more frank, unsuspicious and generous. There is, of course, both ostracism and hostility for such as take sides for the Kellogg government at the present time; but for him who does not take active part, no matter what his opinions may be, there is never even a harsh word. In remote sections of Louisiana, the name of "Yankee" is still considered odious, but it is mainly by those who have never been outside the limits of their own State, and who are as ignorant of Northern geography as is the average Northerner of the physical characteristics of Louisiana.

Capital can make the "Pelican State" more powerful than Holland, and can build cities in it more beautiful than Old Venice.

Next to the river traffic itself, the New Orleans markets are more picturesque than anything else in the city. They lie near the levee, and, as markets, are indeed perfectly clean, commodious, and always well stocked. But they have another and an especial charm to the traveler from the North, or to him who has never seen their great counterparts in Europe. The French market before sunrise on Sunday morning is the apotheosis of vivacious traffic. In gazing upon the scene, one can readily imagine himself in some city beyond the seas. There are the quaint stone houses, balconied, and fanciful in roof and window; and the hosts of plump and pretty young negresses, chattering in their droll patois with monsieur the fish-dealer, before his wooden bench, creased and seamed by a thousand scrapings, or with the rotund and ever-laughing madame, who sells the little piles of potatoes, artistically arranged on a shelf like cannon balls at an arsenal, or chaffering with the fruit-merchant, as they pass under long hanging rows of odorous bananas and pineapples, and beside heaps of oranges, whose color contrasts prettily with the swart or tawny faces of the eager purchasers. During the morning hours of each day, the markets are veritable bee-hives in industry; ladies and servants flutter in and out of the long passages in unending throngs; but in the afternoon the stalls are nearly all deserted. One sees delicious types in these markets; he may wander for months in New Orleans without meet-

ing them elsewhere. There is the rich savage face in which the struggle of Congo with French or Spanish blood is still going on; there is the old French marketwoman, with her irrepressible form and her rosy cheeks, and the bandanna wound about her head, just as one may find her to this day about the Halles Centrales in Paris; there is the negress of the time of D'Artaguet, renewed in some of her grandchildren; there is the plaintive-looking Sicilian, who has been bullied all the morning by rough negroes and rougher white men as she sold oranges; and there is her dark, ferocious-looking husband, who handles his cigarette as if he were strangling an enemy. In a long passage, between two of the great market buildings, where hundreds of people pass and repass hourly, sits a silent group of Louisianian Indians,—women and girls, with a sack of gumbo spread out before them, and with eyes downcast, as if expecting harsh words rather than purchasers. Entering the clothes market, one finds lively Gallic versions of the Hebrew female tending miraculous little shops, where everything is labeled at such extraordinarily low rates that the person who manufactured them must have given them away; quavering old men, clad in rusty black, who sell shoe-strings and cheap cravats, but who have hardly vitality enough to keep the flies off from themselves, not to speak of waiting on customers; and sharp French landsharks, who have as eagle an eye for the earnings of the fresh-water sailor as ever had a Gotham shanghai merchant for those of a salt-water tar; mouldy old dames, who look daggers at you if you venture to insist that any article in their shops is not of finest fabric and quality; and hoarse-voiced debauched Creole men, who almost cling to you in the energy of their pleading that you make some purchases of them. Sometimes, too, a beautiful black-robed girl leans over a counter, and, as she adjusts her knitting-work, displays her tiny, faultless hands, and superbly-moulded arms. And from each and every one of the markets the noise rises in such thousand currents, of patois, of French, of English; of good-natured and guttural negro accent, that one cannot help wondering how it is that buyer and seller ever come to any understanding at all. Then there are the flowers! Such marvelous bargains as one can have in bouquets! Most delicate jessamines—modest knots of white roses, glori-

ous orange blossoms—camelias, burning-red roses and other red and scarlet blooms; tender pansies, exquisite verbenas, the luscious and perfect virgin's bower and the magnolia in its season, all these are to be had in the markets for a sum so small that one can hardly believe his senses. Sometimes there are great stores of fruit boxes broken open, when a Havana or a Sicilian vessel is discharging her cargo; and then it is a treat to see the swarms of African children hovering about the golden fruit, from which even the sight of stout cudgels will not frighten them. Coming out from the markets into the French quarter's venerable streets, and watching the serving-maids carrying home the trim baskets filled with the mutton cutlets or the steaks, the cauliflowers, the potatoes, the savory loaves of bread, and the bunches of salad crowning all,—one rubs his eyes, and feels almost certain that he is not in America. But to convince himself of his error, he has only to enter some of the restaurants on the American side of Canal Street, where the piles of oyster shells, and the odor of Washington pie, will quickly awaken him from his delusion.

Louisiana has some few valuable minerals, and the deposits of rocksalt in Vermilion Parish and of crystalline sulphur on the Calcasieu River, have encouraged a search for others, but the alluvial nature of a great section of the State prevents any extended mineral deposits. Iron is scattered at various depths over the surface of the State south of Red River, from Ouachita to the Badeau River, and in some of the parishes it is so abundant as to obstruct the plows or the hoes of the farmers. Valuable organized deposits of peat are found in many places near the coast, and the investment of a little capital might soon develop a great industry in the preparation of this important fuel. Coal abounds in certain regions through which railway lines are already projected, and the petroleum wells in Bossier, Bienville, and Natchitoches Parishes, as well as in a broad belt extending nearly to the gulf in Calcasieu Parish, promise a remarkable development. The salt region runs through five islands, ranged along the coast about twenty miles west of the mouth of the Atchafalaya, and one of which is one hundred and forty feet above the seaside level.

The bugbear of yellow fever has been a drawback to the prosperity of New Orleans

for many years, and indeed the stories told of its wonderful murderous powers during some of its visitations are startling; but there is hope that an efficient quarantine, and the complete and thorough draining of the city will prevent any general panics in the future. The inhabitants who remain throughout the summer in the city in ordinary seasons are as healthy a race as can be found in the United States; and although a lifetime in the soft climate of Louisiana may render an organism somewhat more languid and effeminate than

four that it was in operation. The Charity Hospital has received cases of yellow fever annually for the last fifty years. Only in two cases, however, where the proper quarantine precautions had been taken, had the disease assumed the proportions of a general plague. The general impression is that the fever will certainly carry off all unacclimated persons; but physicians in the hospitals assert continually that there has been no evidence of the transmission of the fever in hospital wards to 'unacclimated' people; and their testimony should be considered



THE FRENCH MARKET.—SUNDAY MORNING.

those of the North, there are none of the wretched chronic complaints, terminating in a lingering and painful death, which come from the racking conflict of extremes found in the New England climate.

Vast numbers of Louisianians disbelieve in the efficacy of quarantine against the yellow fever.

They say that during seventy years, since 1796 to 1870, they had quarantine nineteen times, and in each of these nineteen years the dread fever came, and at least showed its ugly face. The war quarantine, they assert, failed every year of the

valuable, since they have watched cases for weeks after exposure. A proper regard for drainage and cleanliness of streets had never been known in New Orleans in mid-summer before the war, and it is the opinion of many good authorities that a careful investigation of all vessels arriving from foreign ports, and a sanitary police of the most rigorous character in town, will soon make the fever a rare and not a very dangerous visitor.

The Charity Hospital is one of the noblest buildings in the city, and the people of New Orleans have good reason to be proud of

it. Dating from the earliest foundation of the City, it has never closed its hospitable doors save when accident has compelled it temporarily to do so. From the time when the Ursuline nuns took charge of it under Bienville until now it has been one of the most beneficent charities in the country.

No question of race, nationality, religion, sex or character hinders a single applicant for repose and healing within the walls from admission; and the best medical talent of the city is placed at the disposition of the poorest and meanest of its citizens. The Asylum of St. Elizabeth, and the male and female orphan asylums, are noteworthy charities, and the Maison de Santé was long celebrated.

When you are tired of in-door life and the attractions of commerce and society, when not even the charms of the Boston, or the Pickwick, or the Chalmette—noted clubs all—can longer content you; when the perilous crusade along St. Charles Street, where the impudent gamblers and “ropers-in” stand eager to attract the unwary, and, unmindful alike of the scorn of honest citizens and intelligent strangers, blink before the doors of their dens, like foul spiders basking in the sun,—you can always turn with fresh inspiration and delight to the beautiful promenades which either the French or American quarters—once you are a little remote from their business centers—can furnish you.

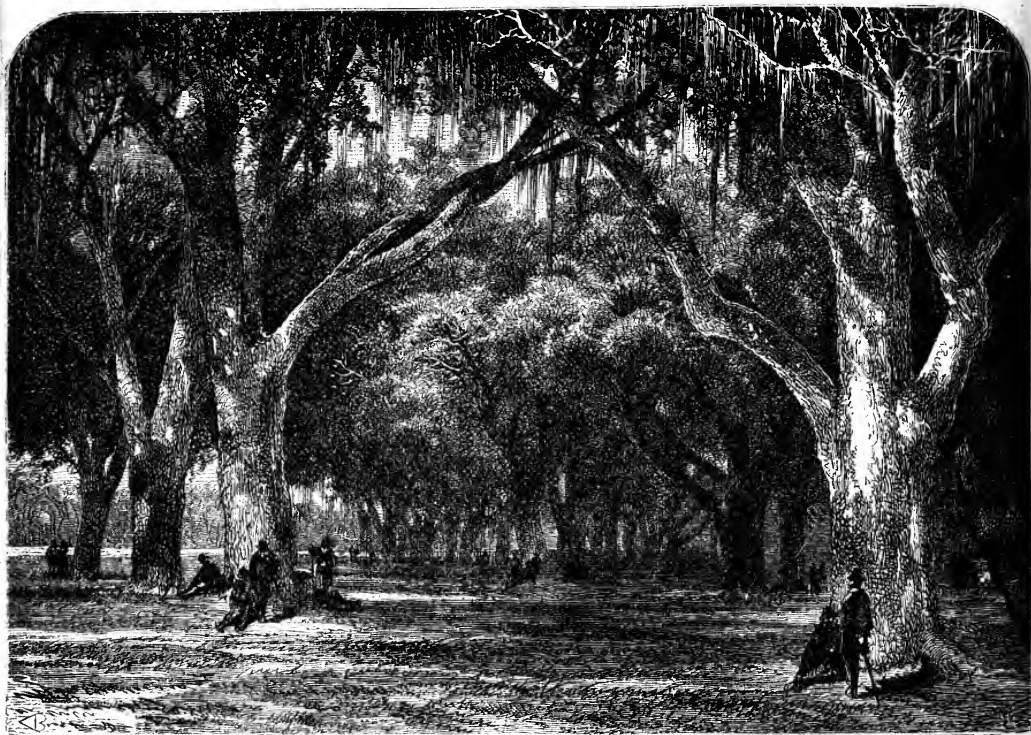
If your wanderings take you to the American Quarter, and there saunters leisurely by you a tall, slender, handsome man, elegant in dress, with his brilliant eyes flashing from under a dark slouch hat, and his long moustaches curling gracefully about a pair of resolved lips, with his daintily-gloved hands toying at a Havana cigar, and the eyes of all passers-by turned towards him, you will have seen Warmoth, the man who puzzles even the sagest in Louisiana; whose career does not seem so dreadful to the Conservatives now that he appears to be upon their side; who was the prince of carpet-baggers until he found that, like Actæon, he was being hunted by his own hounds; who is, indeed, from time to time, hunted by old enemies who wish to take his life; but who evidently believes in fate, and thinks that that fate will carry him farther than the governorship of Louisiana.

A thin, nervous, blond man, with fine clear-cut features, and glowing language

when engaged in any subject interesting him, surrounded by a dozen gentlemen of the before-the-war *régime*, might be pointed out to you as “Governor McEnery, sir; the rightful Governor of this State, sir;” and another thin, perplexed-looking gentleman, with dark hair and beard framing a sharp, shrewd face, and with a terrible atmosphere of overwork about him as he rode by in his carriage, would be shown to you as “Governor Kellogg.”

Following him into his cabinet in the extempore State-house, you would find him surrounded by a host of eager mortals, each bringing a hundred grievances, and would see the ante-chamber thronged with dozens of negroes and white hangers-on at the skirts of Legislation. Now and then you would think him lost in the whirlpool of dark or tawny heads and faces, fancying him sooner in a mob’s midst than safe in a gubernatorial chair, but he would “come up smiling” each time, and you would hear him calling out fresh instructions as each batch of suppliants departed.

You would never weary of a promenade in that pleasant section of the great river city where the old ramparts of Bienville’s fortress ran, and which was finally named Esplanade street. You could wander up that delightful avenue, the perfume from the rich blooms in the gardens drifting by you, until you reached the race-park, and there you might enter and look out over the town from the hospitable parlors of the Jockey Club, or stroll in their pretty gardens. Or you could go farther, to the City Park, where the superb oaks throw charming shadows against the sun, or returning, you could pass a little bridge over the black water of a verdure-bordered canal, and hear the brown fishermen singing in the sun; watch the mules toiling along the tow-path, their scraggy hides glistening as they toil; catch a glimpse of a delicious little cottage, embowered in trees and blossoms, behind a forbidding hedge; see a spectacled German cultivating cabbages and rose-trees together on the very borders of the canal; note the tapering masts and spars which from a distance look as if they grew out of the housetops instead of from shipping on the narrow water-way; and see the Creole lovers, in gorgeous toilets, vaguely sauntering hand in hand, moved to most extravagant professions of French delight by the smallest circumstance, such as the evolutions of the ducklings in the



CITY PARK, NEW ORLEANS.

water, or the strong breeze which blew Clementine's hat ribbons in her face.

You could walk home by moonlight; the air would throb with kindly warmth; the insect humming would resound through

the land; the odors of the blossoms would be more fragrant than by day; the dreamy enchantment of the Louisianian land would be about you and possess you ere you slept.

SAVAGE MAN.

ALONE of all created beings, unfettered by necessities of soil and climate, Man successfully maintains his existence in every quarter of the globe. Under the burning sun of the tropics and in the ice-clad regions round the poles—where the last grasses mark, on the edge of the perpetual snow, the limits of expiring vegetation, as in countries where all nature teems with an exuberant vitality, man subsists and multiplies. The influence of climate upon man seems, indeed, to be very small and insignificant; and it is questionable if we can ascribe to this cause even the comparatively trivial distinctions which separate the different races of mankind. The unity of the human race, if not capable of direct and absolute proof, nevertheless has

an enormous balance of evidence in its favor. Comparative anatomy shows that the utmost physical differences amongst men are only such as relate to the possession of a more or less oval head, a nose more or less flattened, jaws more or less projecting, and a greater or smaller quantity of coloring-matter in the skin. This last mentioned difference is so conspicuous, even to common observation, that the various tribes of men have been often on this account grouped under four great divisions—the White, Yellow, Red, and Black Races. Though these divisions cannot be considered as being of scientific value, nevertheless the color of the skin is often associated with other peculiarities of greater weight and importance. The white

racés may, without conceit, regard themselves as being the highest type of humanity as we see it. to-day. Their pre-eminence is attested no less by their straight and regular features, and their superior muscular strength and endurance, than by their higher intelligence and refinement; and though beauty of form and lineaments, even according to our standard, is not wanting amongst other races, still it attains its highest development as the expression of the "supreme Caucasian mind."

The characteristics of the Yellow Races find their most marked expression in the Chinese, stationary for the last thirty centuries alike in their civilization and their physical organization. With a yellow or tawny skin we find associated a broad head and angular face, oblique, almond-shaped eyes, straight hair, and a scanty beard. To these merely external characters, mental peculiarities, little less marked in their nature, ally themselves; and the typical "Mongolians" can hardly be confounded with any other people upon the earth. Distinct as they are, however, there is good reason for believing that the so-called red races are a mere offshoot and modification of them, not distinct as to origin, and only altered by long separation from the parent-stock and by constant battling with dissimilar conditions of life and external surroundings. The North American Indian is a Mongolian with a brownish-red or copper-colored skin, and his high cheek-bones, low and narrow forehead,



TYPE OF THE WHITE RACE.

and prominent features, can only be looked upon as characters of secondary importance.

The so-called black races are not all black; for, if any scientific classification of the human race is to be adopted, we must place side by side with the negro certain other tribes whose color is much lighter, whilst the "black fellows" of Australia must find a position elsewhere. However, the negro may be taken as typical of the black races or "Ethiopians," all of which are distinguished by their long and narrow skulls, crisp and curly hair, projecting jaws, and thick lips.

As to the origin of these different races of man, science can as yet give us no information. We do not know the springs and causes of the striking differences which distinguish the peoples of different parts of the earth, and we are absolutely ignorant as to the time when these differences were produced. Man, however, as a "social animal," is distinguished as much by his relations with his fellow man as by his merely physical peculiarities; and many writers have endeavored with more or less success to unravel the complexities of human life and to investigate the laws which bind human beings into societies. There is little agreement upon this subject, but four phases of social life may be more or less clearly distinguished as existing at the present day. First we have the truly savage life, in which man



TYPE OF THE YELLOW RACE.

supports himself by the chase alone, and each family is an isolated and independent whole. Secondly, we have the nomadic life, in which each man lives upon his flocks, himself and his herds alike wandering and migratory. Thirdly, we have the genuine agricultural life, in which man supports himself on the fruits of the earth, tilling the soil, and necessarily compelled to remain in one place and to provide himself with a permanent habitation. Lastly, we have the life of a people or nation, in the modern sense of the term, in which the conditions of existence attain their highest complexity, and each individual is more or less dependent for the satisfaction of his wants upon his fellows.

The hunter-stage of civilization is undoubtedly a very ancient one, and it is one which still exists in many races at the present day. Apart from the necessities of existence, the instinct of sport is one which is very deeply implanted in man; and there are many now alive who would probably travel thousands of miles for the pleasure of hunting a Mastodon or a Megatherium. Man in all stages of his career has been at heart a hunter, and the conditions of life in various parts of the world are still sufficiently elastic to allow of existence being maintained by the chase alone. Hunter-tribes, however, never attain to any high degree of civilization, and this phase of civilization is not compatible with anything but a thin and sparse popu-



TYPE OF THE BLACK RACE.

lation and extensive tracts of unsettled land. It were well, also, if man had always been content with hunting the brute creation; but there are too many instances, even at the present day, in which man is both the hunter and the hunted. The Feejeeans, for example, look upon their fellow men so entirely in the light of animals to be hunted that a human being is simply known by the name of "long pig," to distinguish him readily and completely from "short pig," that is to say from genuine pig. Both alike are killed and eaten, and the Feejeean mind recognizes no perceptible difference save in the length of the carcass. In this connection, however, we may to some extent exonerate these singular islanders from the odium of another heavy charge which has been brought against them, namely, that they put their aged to death. The charge is unfortunately true, but the motives which lead to this execrable practice are not so bad as might at first sight appear. Thus, according to Sir John Lubbock, the killing of the aged is not only caused by their notions of religion, but is usually accepted with positive joy by the sufferers themselves. The Feejeeans believe that "as they die, such will be their condition in another world." Hence they greatly desire to escape extreme infirmity; for the way to their future home is, in their belief, long and toilsome, and none but the strong could possibly surmount its dangers. As soon, therefore, as a man feels the approach of old age, he generally notifies his children that it is



TYPE OF THE RED RACE.

time for him to die, or, if he neglects to do so, a family consultation is held, and the children take the matter into their own hands. It really would appear, however, that in so doing the children are actuated by a regard for what they imagine to be the best interests of their parents; so that we must not place this practice side by side with the much more atrocious habit of cannibalism.

After the hunting instinct no impulse, perhaps, more strongly urges savage man than that of migration. Always migratory, even in his highest phases of civilization, man has never so plainly exhibited his restless habits as in his nomadic or pastoral condition. His condition of life presupposes two things. In the first place, a pastoral life is not possible to any race of men unacquainted with the art of domesticating animals; and the hunter spirit is not favorable to the acquirement of this art. In the second place, a pastoral life cannot be carried out by a whole people, except in thinly populated regions where there is ample space of level and grassy land, and plenty of room for migration whenever fodder or water may become scarce. Most people, we should presume, are familiar with Charles Kingsley's *Alton Locke*; but we may be excused for quoting, on account of its beauty, a passage relating to the migration of a primitive tribe of men. In the delirium of fever the tailor-poet imagines himself to be a child upon a woman's bosom, lulled to sleep by the noise of wheels crushing slowly through meadows of tall marigolds and asters, orchises and fragrant lilies. Day after day and week after week, he slept and woke, and slept again, "in the lazy bullock wagon, among herds of gray cattle, guarded by huge lop-eared mastiffs; among shaggy white horses, heavy-horned sheep, and silky goats; among tall, bare-limbed men, with stone axes on their shoulders and horn bows at their backs.

Westward, through the boundless steppes, whither or why we knew not; but that the All-Father had sent us forth. And behind us the rosy snow-peaks died into ghastly gray, lower and lower, as every evening came; and before us the plains spread infinite, with gleaming salt-lakes, and ever fresh tribes of gaudy flowers. Behind us dark lines of living beings streamed down the mountain slopes; around us dark lines crawled along the plains—all westward, westward ever.—The tribes of the Holy Mountain poured out like water to replenish the earth and subdue it—lava-streams from the crater of that great soul-volcano—Titan babies, dumb angels of God, bearing with them in their unconscious pregnancy the law, the



MURDER OF THE AGED.



CELTIC MIGRATION.

freedom, the science, the poetry, the Christianity of Europe and the world. Westward ever—who could stand against us? We met the wild asses on the steppe, and tamed them, and made them our slaves. We slew the bison herds, and swam broad rivers on their skins. The Python snake lay across our path; the wolves and wild dogs snarled at us out of their coverts; we slew them and went on. The forest rose in black tangled barriers; we hewed our way through them and went on. Strange giant tribes met us, and eagle-visaged hordes, fierce and foolish; we smote them hip and thigh, and went on, westward ever."

Starting from the great mountain-chains which form the nucleus of Asia, the primitive races of mankind slowly spread themselves, in ever-widening circles of migration, eastward, westward, and southward. Few races are without their traditions of early migrations, and in many cases there can be little question but that these traditions are founded upon fact. The Semitic races, more perhaps than any other, seem to have retained their original restlessness, and the modern Bedouins are the type of a nomadic people. Mounted on their untiring horses, their scanty household goods borne by the patient camels, they traverse vast stretches of arid desert; and they appear to be without the faculty of ever re-

maining for any length of time in a single locality. The modern Chinese are singularly stationary, disinclined to accept any innovation, and extraordinarily reluctant to change their place of abode; but their near relatives, the Tartars, are as unstable and restless as quicksilver; and the Chinese themselves preserve traditions of a time when they too had not acquired the respectable conservatism and unwillingness to change, by which they are at present characterized. Another race, which also had as its primitive starting-place the great plateau of Central Asia, is that of the Finns. Reduced at the present day to mere isolated remnants of their former power, the Finnish races must at one period of the world's history have enjoyed a much greater extension than they can boast of now. In times long preceding the arrival of the German and Slavic races in the North of Europe, the Finns and Laplanders had occupied a great portion of what is now Russia. When the Teutonic races invaded Northern Europe, they found the ground already occupied by barbarous and migratory hordes of Finns and Ugrians; and it is the extirpation of these by a race of happier destinies that is celebrated in the early poems of the Scalds. At this period, the Finns dwelt in wild mountainous regions, or in the pathless forests which then covered

much of Europe; and their mode of life must have been sufficiently precarious and wretched. Such accounts as we possess of them, it must be remembered, are those of their enemies and conquerors, and are, therefore, probably more unfavorable than the actual facts would warrant. They are described as being clothed with the skins of wild beasts, and as uttering sounds more like the cries of animals than the speech of human beings. They dwelt in caves and clefts of the rocks, whence they issued nightly in marauding bands to perpetrate deeds of blood.

Many migratory races have left traces of their religious beliefs, social habits, or superstitions in the regions which they traversed or permanently occupied; and many of these traces are of such a similar character in the most remote portions of the earth as to prove an original community of origin for these races. Forests and woods seem to have always been regarded by ancient races with a species of sacred reverence and fear; and in passing through their shady recesses many ancient tribes seem to have propitiated evil spirits and malignant influences by nightly expiations, in which fire played a principal part. These traditions and mystic rites have left no permanent evidence of their existence, but all over the world we find traces of primeval habits and beliefs in the so-called "megalithic" monuments. Everywhere

we meet with stone circles, dolmens, and standing stones, many of which are of astonishing dimensions, whilst all excite our admiration and interest by the antiquity of their origin, and the mystery of their uses. Looking into "the dark backward and abysm of time," we find no evidence by which we can certainly identify the makers of these singular structures, and antiquaries have vainly puzzled themselves in attempts to elucidate the objects for which they are constructed. The most probable view is that they are burial places for the dead; but they may possibly, in some cases at any rate, be memorial monuments of great occurrences, or they may have been connected with the rites of a lost religion. Whatever their nature may be, the similarity which they exhibit in different regions of the world is a most striking fact. In Europe, Syria, Arabia, and India, we meet commonly with circles of rough upright stones, often of great size, and commonly known as Druidical circles. In some cases, as in the circle of Northung, in India, the stone circle is combined with "dolmens," that is, with structures composed of two or three upright stones supporting a massive horizontal slab in the manner of a table. In the same way standing stones or "menhirs" are found nearly all over the world, and they are probably to be regarded as being the tombstones of eminent warriors,



MIGRATION OF THE SCYTHIANS AND FINNS.

hunters, or chiefs among the pre-historic races.

The subject of the superstitions and religious observances of the ancient peoples of the earth is far too wide and obscure to be entered upon here. We may, however, draw attention to two points of interest, namely, the prevalence of an exaggerated form of hero-worship among various ancient races and some modern savages, and the connection which has subsisted between some forms of religious belief (if such a name can fairly be applied to the degrading superstitions in question), and a more or less chronic state of war. As regards the first point, it is curious to note

ples, and paying to them divine honors. Coming to modern times, the worship of humanity is quite common among the Polynesians. The worship of a great chief seems to them quite as natural as the worship of an idol. Such deified individuals are known among them as "Atouas," and they pay the same honors to them as to their gods. Sometimes the "Atouas" are regarded as immortal, or at any rate as incapable of dying a natural death, and the same belief is held as regards the Great Lama of Thibet. The Polynesians also, and perhaps naturally, regarded Captain Cook as a supernatural being; and though such a notion may not seem compatible with



SEMITIC MIGRATION.

the tendency of the human mind in certain phases of civilization to elevate distinguished individuals into demi-gods or divine beings. In some cases, it is not even necessary for an individual to have been especially eminent in any way, and it is sufficient that he should have died some time ago. Some religions consist in fact to a greater or less extent in the worship of ancestors. Idols, indeed, usually have the human form, and idolatry is nearly related to the worship of our forefathers. The Greeks and Romans, the Chaldeans, and the ancient Egyptians, all deified their distinguished dead, in many cases placing statues of them in their tem-

their subsequently killing him, they ultimately assigned him a place amongst their deities.

A chronic state of warfare seems to be the normal and natural condition of things among savage races. Every man's hand is against his neighbor, and security of life and property is a thing unknown. Hence savage life is filled with suspicion and hatred, and is attended with constant vicissitudes. A great king becomes a shepherd, or the chances of war raise a simple hunter to a throne. The following account by a Caffre, as related to a missionary, portrays but too faithfully the uncertainty of savage existence, and carries with it the guarantee

of its truth in its touching simplicity and directness. Sitting on the ruins of his native village, guarding the flocks which, perhaps, had once been his own, he thus recapitulated his woes:—

“My eyes have seen this desolation. . . . Here lived the chief of many men. He governed them as a king. His flocks, numerous as the clouds which rest upon the mountains, spread themselves afar over hill and plain. One day they told him of enemies who were advancing, and of approaching danger. He counted his warriors, and smiled. These rested upon their spears, and scoffed at the cowardice of the tribes who had taken flight before they were invaded. ‘We will cut them in pieces,’ they said, ‘and hang their bucklers on the posts of our huts. Our race is a race of warriors. When did our fathers ever submit? or who has seen them give back in battle?’ So they sang and danced the dance of war. But all at once, in the night, their shouts died away . . . black masses rolled along the hills; the enemy approached. From the bosom of the plain rose clouds—the smoke of burning villages. Then it was like a tempest in the heart of the great chief. His warriors seized their spears and dashed forward as in hunting the antelope. The shock of the combatants was like thunder, and their spears were like a forest agitated by a storm. In approaching us the invaders set up a cry of death. Alas! It was a cry of victory, and was answered with frightful groans. In a few moments hundreds lay upon the plain; the survivors fled toward the town, where the conquerors followed them with the roars of lions. They plundered and burnt the houses, massacred the women and old men, and threw the children in the flames. The sun went down upon this scene of destruction; but they, weary of slaughter, satiated with the palpitating flesh of sheep and oxen, drunk with blood, danced and sang until the break of day. Then boys and young girls destined for slavery, loaded

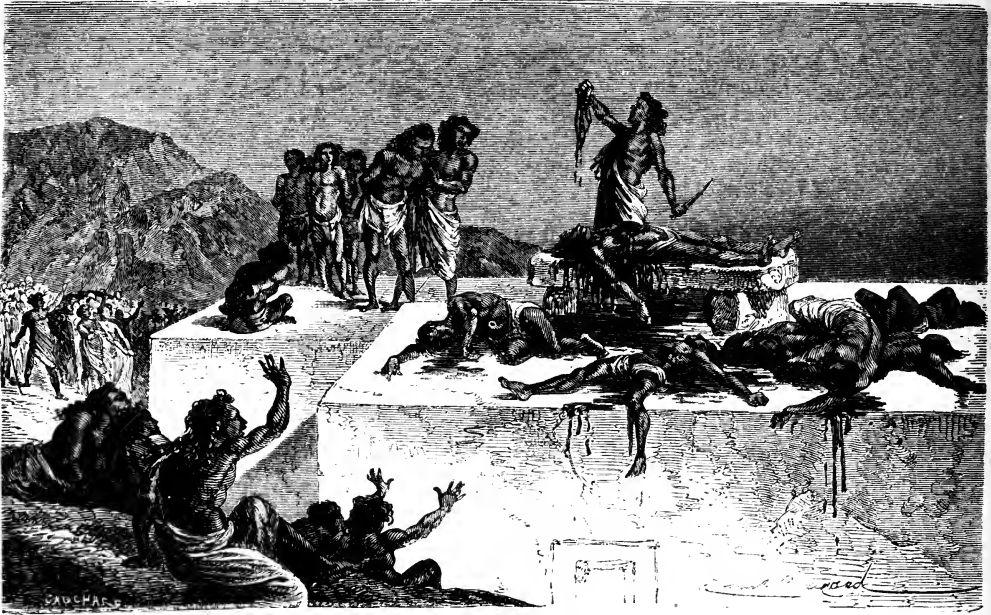


THE STORY OF THE CAFFRE SHEPHERD.

like beasts with the property of their murdered parents, were driven off with blows. Before leaving, the conquerors sought amongst the corpses for all that might possibly survive; the wounded exhausted by loss of blood, the aged exhausted by length of days, infants wailing on the bosoms of their mothers lying stiff in death—all were heaped up in an inclosure without an outlet; and the last groans of a people were smothered in fire and smoke. Then the lions came out of their dens, attracted by the scent of so great a feast; the hyenas and jackals left their posts of observation in broad daylight; and the vultures assembled from all the quarters of heaven to claim their share in this immense banquet of human flesh . . . Look at this dust which fills the hollow of my hand, and



CHANTS AND MUSIC IN HONOR OF AN "ATOUA."



HUMAN SACRIFICES IN MEXICO.

which my breath scatters far away; it is that of my parents and brothers; it is all that remains of the great chief."

Never did war, among either savage or civilized peoples, assume so sinister an aspect, as when it was carried on under the guise of religion, to furnish those human banquets which some peoples have thought it necessary to lay before their gods. That "the gods were hungry," was the cause of wars among many ancient races, but notably so among the Mexicans. The object of wars among the Aztecs was far less territorial or personal aggrandizement than the procuring of human victims to place before their deities. More than two thousand of such victims, upon a moderate estimate, were annually sacrificed in the Mexican temples, and in some years more than a hundred thousand human beings are believed to have perished in this manner. They also had a yearly sacrifice to one of their idols, in which the victim was a beautiful youth, who was worshiped as a god for a whole year before he was killed. The following Sanskrit legend shows traces of a similar custom among the ancient inhabitants of India:—

At the time when the austere Visvamitra, prophet of Indra, retired to the shady solitude of the forests of Pouchkara, and delivered over his soul to meditation and

his body to the most severe penances, the king, Harischandra, obtained the favor of the gods, and was blessed with a son, who received the name of Rohita. When this only son was of age to put on the garb of war, Varouna (the Uranus of the Pelasgians) demanded from Harischandra that he should be offered up to him as a solemn sacrifice. The king, after long hesitation, addressed Rohita and said to him: "My son, Varouna gave you to me, and now he demands that I should sacrifice you to him; submit yourself to his will." But the youth refused, and, seizing his bow and arrows, escaped to the forest, where he lived in safety. And Varouna stretched forth his hand upon Harischandra, and overwhelmed him with sickness and infirmities. Rohita, upon learning this, would have left his refuge and have returned to his father's house, there to undergo his fate, but at every attempt the god Indra, under one form or another, barred his way and drove him back into the forest. At last he one day met a holy man, Ajigarta, son of Souyavasa, the father of three sons. The prince said to him: "I will give you a hundred head of cattle for one of your sons, whose life shall stand for mine." The father embraced his eldest son, and said: "It must not be this one." "Nor this one," said the mother, embracing the youngest. But the father and mother consented to

give up Cunacepha, their second son. Rohita gave the promised cattle, left the forest with his captive, and brought him before the Rajah, saying: "Here, my father, is my ransom; he will die for me." The Rajah consulted the oracle of Varouna, and the oracle consented willingly to the change. Cunacepha was consequently ordered to be sacrificed that very day. When the victim had been brought forth, no one could be found to bind him to the sacrificial post. Then said Ajigarta, the father of Cunacepha: "I will do this duty for another hundred head of cattle." This offer was accepted, and the father bound his son; but when he had been thus secured to the post of sacrifice, no one could be found to kill him. Then said Ajigarta, the father of Cunacepha: "For another hundred head of cattle I will kill him." Upon receiving these also, he began to sharpen his dagger. Then thought Cunacepha that he would, as a last resort, invoke the aid of the gods, and he called upon Indra, as the most powerful and most compassionate of the immortals; and at each verse of his invocation his bonds became looser, till at last, when he had finished his prayer, his limbs were free from the fetters, and the fatal post lay upon the ground.

With regard to the above story, it may be remarked that while the sacrifices of the Mexicans were only too sadly real, there are grounds for believing that the Sanskrit legend is allegorical. It bears a striking resemblance to the biblical account of Abraham being called upon to sacrifice his son Isaac; and it is probably a corruption of this, modified by long transmission from generation to generation, all knowledge of its hidden meaning having ultimately been lost. Indeed, the mythologies and legends of many of the older races bear unmistakable traces of the common origin of the latter at some far distant epoch, from some unknown primeval stock.

If the student of the living races of savages is constantly confronted with facts of the deepest interest as bearing upon the essential characters of humanity and the development of the human race, still more is this the case with the student of that new and imperfectly explored domain of science, the region of Pre-historic Archæology. As the geologist from a single fragment of a bone or tooth reconstructs some huge and misshapen antediluvian monster, so the archæologist from an insignificant looking piece of flint is enabled to reconstruct for us the habits, customs, and modes of life of ages long gone by. In its dim and shadowy outlines, the portrait of pre-historic man, as we have it to day, is perhaps more fascinating and more romantic than if it were limned with a firmer pencil



THE LEGEND OF CUNACEPHA.

and with colors more decided. At any rate we know enough for the imagination to fill in as it will the blank places of the picture without much probability of error.

In some gravel-pit at St. Acheul or Abbeville the pick of the quarryman exhumes a tongue-shaped piece of flint, on superficial observation very similar to the pebbles by which it is surrounded. Look closely at it, however, and you will be at once convinced that it has been chipped by the hand of man from out of a mass of the same material. Rough and rude as it is, and nothing could well be more rough and unsophisticated, it is, nevertheless, the product of infinite labor and craft. Of the beasts that perish not one could fashion such an implement, and it is as much a symbol of the human intellect and of human

superiority as the locomotive or rifled cannon of to-day. Nothing less complex than the human hand, guided in its work by the rational human soul, could manufacture one of the worked flints of the drift; and it is easy to convince one's self that even with modern appliances, it requires considerable patience, skill, and practice to imitate successfully the rude workmanship of pre-historic man. Nothing, again, illustrates more strongly man's innate superiority, arising from his spiritual endowments, than the fact that, armed but with these wretched tools, he could victoriously cope with the hostile forces everywhere arrayed against him. Rude and degraded, as compared with the cultivated races of the present, the flint-worker of the Valley of the Somme was nevertheless a man

in all the essential characteristics implied by this name. Human resolution lit up his eyes, human reason controlled his acts, human love alleviated his pains and soothed his sorrows, and we have no reason to deny him, at any rate, so much of religious feeling as is implied in the custom of burying or burning his dead. In the pathless forests which surrounded him on every side roamed the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the gigantic aurochs, the lion, and the hyena. If he could not meet them in open combat, he was nevertheless able to hold his own successfully against them, and by stratagem or combination he must often have succeeded in destroying them. With no protection against the inclemency of the seasons save his natural fell of hair or the skins of wild beasts slain in the chase, he endured the biting frosts of winter and the burning sun of summer. Ignorant of the metals, with no other weapon but his flint hatchet, he dug up roots for his subsistence, or cut holes in the ice through which to fish, and if he could not overcome the forces of nature, he could at any rate defy them.

Let us turn, again, to another picture from the marvelous



PRIMITIVE MAN.

phantasmagoria of the past—the time a little later, the scene the southern slopes of the Pyrenees. On a platform in front of a small cave is a group of savages of diminutive stature, clad in the skins of beasts. Some are sitting, some are standing, round a fire of glowing logs, on which hiss pieces of bear's flesh. Beside them lies the body of one of their tribe whose funeral obsequies they have met to celebrate in this fashion. After singing a rude death-song, the corpse is taken up and deposited within the cave to take its place among the remains of many ancestors. Beside the body they lay the favorite flint hatchet of the dead, handy to his grasp when he may awake from the sleep of death, and a leg of the great cave-bear is given him to serve as sustenance in his long and toilsome journey to the other world. These simple rites performed, they close the mouth of the cave with a slab of sandstone, to protect the sacred dead within from the night-prowling hyena. Then, casting grief aside, they once more assemble round the embers, and conclude the ceremony with a solemn feast. Such a scene, or one very like it, the sun must have shone upon many thousands of years ago near the little town of Aurignac in the Haute Garonne.

One more scene, and we have done. Let us transport ourselves in imagination to one of the Swiss lakes, and look at it as it must have been in the time of Realmah, king of the Phelatahs. As now, the eternal mountains rise in rugged undulations from the lake-shore, their summits whitened with perpetual snow, their bases clad in impenetrable woodland. On the placid bosom of the lake swims the wild swan, and the stillness is broken but by the leaping lake-trout or the whistle of the plover. It is day-break, and the tired children of men are still asleep. As the sun looks over the shoulders of the mighty eastern hills, we see a sight that no man living will ever look upon except in dreams. In the shallow water, near the shore, but separated from it by a hundred yards or

more, is a vast platform of logs supported upon long and heavy piles driven into the mud. Upon this platform stands a populous village, composed of numerous buildings of wood, of strange and antique make, the dwelling of the chief being conspicuous by its greater size and more ponderous construction. From the sides of the platform dangle long lines of fishing nets in twisted festoons, with fish spears, rough baskets, and rude vessels of pottery scattered over its surface. In the still water, between the platform and the shore, floats idly a little fleet of canoes, hollowed out of trees by the aid of fire; and long wooden roads lead from the platform towards the land, which, however, they do not quite reach. Soon, as the light strengthens, the lake-dwellers awake, and the scene becomes one of the utmost activity. Clothed in skins or in rough woven stuffs, the women light the fires and prepare the morning meal. Large wolf-like dogs career over the platform, in search of any stray morsel that they can pick up. The men throw out movable bridges by which they can reach the land, and prepare themselves for the business of the day. Some, with fishing-nets and hooks of bronze, betake themselves to the canoes to provide fish for the community. Others with bronze spears and hatchets, accompanied by their joyful dogs, land upon the shore and seek the mountains in search of the wild bull, the stag, or the wild boar. Why, however, should we go on, since the life of the lake villages has been brought home to us in *Realmah*? Assuredly no tale of fiction possesses more elements of interest and romance than is to be found in the hardly decipherable relics of the past represented in the Swiss lakes by half rotten piles, broken bones, and scattered implements. From these apparently discouraging and fragmentary materials, the skilled worker can reconstruct the past, and can show us "Savage Man," not as he is to-day, but as he was when history was not. If we do not care to read the records thus presented to us, the fault is our own.

RICHARD ANTHONY PROCTOR.

TEN years ago, the name of Richard Anthony Proctor was absolutely unknown; five years later, it was familiar in scientific circles in London, but comparatively unheard of outside; and to-day it is familiar as household words to every educated man in England, and to many thousands in this country. Yet, the man who in so brief a space has conquered fame, and attracted the respectful admiration of astronomers in both hemispheres, is only thirty-six years old now, and did not begin to study astronomy till he had passed his five-and-twentieth year. Barely eight summers have flown since his maiden work appeared, and in the interval he has contributed a score of volumes to the library of science, some of them profound, many of them entirely original, and all of them thoroughly elevating and purely philosophic in tone. In addition to these works, Mr. Proctor has written constantly and voluminously in most of the leading English periodicals, and has fought successfully more than one brilliant and stoutly contested battle with some of the oldest and ablest savans in Europe. Notably was this the case in his memorable struggle with the venerable Astronomer Royal of England, Sir George Airy, who had achieved a world-wide reputation, and had published seven or eight of the nine quarto volumes of his *Astronomical Observations*, before his young antagonist was born. The dispute in question arose out of the widely divergent views set forth, upon the one hand, by Airy, and, upon the other, by Proctor, as to the manner in which the approaching Transit of Venus might be utilized to the best advantage. Sir George Airy, having originally, by an unfortunate choice, adopted the approximate process in dealing with the abstruse calculations involved in the working out of this delicate problem, had been strongly advised by Mr. Proctor, so far back as 1869, to adopt by preference the exact process. Delisle's method having been selected by Airy for the Transit of Venus in 1874, his keen-eyed critic at once pointed out that Halley's method was in every way to be preferred, whereas in regard to the next Transit—that of 1882—Delisle's would be better than Halley's. He farther insisted, from the first, that the Astronomer Royal,

in his selection of points of observation in Hindostan, had overlooked many of the most desirable. And the young astronomer was right in both instances, as is shown by the fact that the leading astronomers of England at their last meeting, in session at the Board of Visitation of Greenwich Observatory, were unanimous in urging the Government to adopt the suggestions made by Proctor four years before. This is but one out of many similar instances which might be cited of the extraordinary courage, keenness of perception and farsightedness of this the youngest, and, in some respects, the most brilliant, of living astronomers. The career of such a man is surely deserving of study; and as Mr. Proctor is now in America, and many of our readers doubtless have listened to his lectures, a brief record of his life may prove not uninteresting.

Richard Anthony Proctor was born at Chelsea, England, on the twenty-third of March, 1837. Through both his parents he was descended from good old English families. His father, William Proctor, was a gentleman of ample means, who had passed the English Bar, but never practiced. He came of an old north-country family, the eldest son of which, until the last, had been named Foster Thomas from time immemorial, the first eldest son not so christened being our astronomer's elder brother, the Rev. William Addy Proctor, of Gravesend. Richard's mother, whose maiden name was Mary Pyke, belonged to an old Somersetshire family, and her mother again, a Miss Leigh, was sister to the husband of Lord Byron's sister, the Hon. Augusta.

Although now robust and healthy, in his childhood Richard Proctor was thought to be delicate, for which reason he was educated at home by his parents until his eleventh year. As a child, he was a remarkable reader, never seriously taking up a book without reading it right through from the first page to the last—a practice which, by the way, he has long since dropped. As an instance of this youthful thoroughness of reading, a writer in the London *Illustrated Review* affirms that, when a boy, Proctor mastered, chapter by chapter, the whole of the late Sir Archibald Alison's *History of Europe*; but

we can hardly credit the story. In 1848, he was sent to school at a large academy in Milton-on-Thames, where he remained until 1851, when he attained the proud position of head boy of the establishment. In January, 1850, his father died, and the family were at once plunged into the miseries and vexations of a complicated

being that Mrs. Proctor and her children were reduced from affluence to very narrow circumstances. Richard, in order to aid his mother, accepted a clerkship in the London Joint Stock Bank, in the summer of 1854, in which position he remained for fully a year, during which time he employed every spare moment in studying



series of suits in chancery, arising out of the mortgaged condition of a large property, of which, had Mr. Proctor lived, he would after a brief while have come into possession. This vexatious litigation—and Dickens has exposed to the world the delays and iniquities of a chancery suit—went on for three or four years, the result

mathematics. In the fall of 1855, things had so much improved, through Mrs. Proctor's succession to the estate of her husband's half-brother, that Richard was enabled to throw up his clerkship and enter his name as a student at King's College, London. This was in October, and at the Christmas examinations, that same year, young Proc-

tor, then only eighteen, stood first in *all* his classes. After barely a year's study at King's College, he joined his elder brother at St. John's College, Cambridge, shortly after which his mother died, and his chief incentive to labor and to wait having been thus removed, he seems to have lost all ambition for scholastic distinction. During the next two years, he never once attended an examination; and until within four days of his going before the examiners for his degree, he had not read mathematics at all, and of astronomy knew absolutely nothing. Notwithstanding this, he was twenty-third wrangler. In the January of 1860, he graduated as Bachelor of Arts, and before the year was out became a benedict. During the first three years of his married life, Mr. Proctor directed his attention exclusively to history and literature; and it was only when the death of his first-born, in 1863, drove him to seek distraction in more engrossing studies, that he returned to his first love—mathematics, and began to study astronomy. The first result of his new labors appeared in the form of a paper on "Double Stars," published in the December number of the *Cornhill Magazine* for 1863, and in 1864 he began a series of investigations in regard to the great Ringed Planet of the Solar System, the fruits of which were ultimately embodied in his treatise on *Saturn and his System*. Out of his mapping labors in preparing this book grew his *Economic Star Atlas*, which, in turn, suggested his *Handbook of the Stars*. This last volume was published in 1866, up to which time Mr. Proctor's labors had been purely voluntary—the outcome of a natural mental bent. But a greater, and a distressingly painful incentive was supplied when, on the Black Friday of that year, his entire fortune was swamped by the failure of a bank that went down in the great commercial earthquake, which brought so many large houses and joint stock companies tumbling to the ground. Driven by necessity, Mr. Proctor lost no time in fruitless repining. He had a large family,—altogether he has had nine children, of whom three sons and two daughters survive,—and he did what so many have done under similar circumstances—he went up to London to seek his fortune. To this end he visited the various publishers, with the view of disposing of scientific treatises which he had written; but for three years he

sought their aid in vain. He was not the first author, whose writings afterwards brought fame and profit, who came through the same experiences. All the world knows how Shelley, to the last day of his life, had to pay for the publication of his own poems, and how Thackeray hawked round the MS. of his *Vanity Fair*. But Proctor was not the man to allow himself to be utterly disheartened. He persisted in writing; and if he could not get a publisher to issue his books, he could, and did, get his essays published in one or two leading magazines. Meanwhile his reputation was steadily on the increase in philosophic circles.

In the June of 1866 he was elected a member of the Royal Astronomical Society; and in 1868 he obtained a seat in its Council, which he resigned in 1869, but resumed in 1871. Last year he was chosen one of its Honorary Secretaries, a position to which he was again elected at the last general meeting of the Association a few months since. He is also an Honorary Member of King's College, and corresponding member of several foreign scientific societies. Meanwhile he was bringing out his books in rapid succession. In 1867 appeared his *Constellation Seasons, Sun Views of the Earth, and Charts of Mars, Planetary Orbits, &c.* In 1868 he issued *Half Hours with the Telescope*, followed in 1869 by *Half Hours with the Stars*; and in 1870 he made his first really notable success in his singularly able and original volume, *Other Worlds than Ours*, which was published by the Messrs. Longman, of London, and met with an immediate and extraordinary success. During the same year, 1870, he produced his *Large Star Atlas*, followed twelve months afterwards by his volume on *The Sun*, his admirably arranged and well compacted *Elementary Astronomy*, as well as his first series of *Light Science for Leisure Hours*. Last year he published no fewer than five books—*Essays on Astronomy, School Atlas of Astronomy, Orbs around Us, Elementary and Physical Geography, and Chart of 324,000 Stars*. During the present year has appeared the second series of *Light Science for Leisure Hours*, and at the present moment, we believe, he is preparing for publication a volume on the Transit of Venus, and has in press one bearing the attractive title of *The Borderland of Science*. From this brief *resumé* of his labors it will be seen how much valuable and lasting work Mr.

Proctor has contrived to crowd into a few years. As an Astronomer and Mathematician he stands in the front rank of scientists, and to the most assiduous application and untiring industry he adds a brilliance of imagination, lucidity of style, and a daring originality of purpose that

give him a distinct and honorable place among the select and illustrious few who have widened the boundaries of exact knowledge, and devoted great intellectual power to the elucidation of some of the grandest themes in the arcana of the sciences.

KATHERINE EARLE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER III.

HAPPY DAYS.

AMONG the most vivid recollections of Katey's early life in after years were those associated with the great brick school-house at the West End, where so many hours of each endless day were passed,—the paved yard in which the girls, old and young, walked solemnly at recess under the eye of the monitor; the long dimly-lighted alley at one side of the gate where they promenaded in stormy weather, whispering "secrets" which might have been shouted upon the housetop; the wide plank walk over the way, upon the side street, worn into grooves by little feet, where games which possibly still rule and reign among little folks were played at noon-time. The great trees in the hospital yard leaned over and stretched out their arms here to the passers, bestowing a benediction and blessing of pleasant shade upon the children. Thick with leaves were the branches and white with dust in the summer time. Do other children play there now?

Beyond were the great gates giving entrance to the hospital grounds with the porter's lodge like a sentry-box just inside. Katey used to dart past it, half fearful of recall, on Saturday afternoons when she had permission to come here and spend an hour or two with her old nurse, Elsie Bird, who had charge now of the queer, round laundry-house with its odd steaming odor, and many delightful mysteries. Upon a bit of carpet laid over the brick floor where she stood before the table encircling the ironing-room, Elsie was always found, surrounded by her satellites—pleasant-faced Irish girls who never failed to have a word of welcome for the child. A tall, gaunt woman of muscular build was Elsie; but with voice and ways strangely shy and

gentle. She made these visits high holidays to Katey. A tiny polishing iron and long rolls of linen bandages always awaited the child who played at ironing, and when these failed to amuse, her hand held fast in Elsie's, she strayed through the long bewildering corridors, up the wide stairs and into the strange stillness of the regions where the sick and sore and hurt lay in their white beds. Never like human creatures did these sufferers appear to the child. Mysterious beings they were, unlike any who walked the streets outside, with their great glassy eyes following her as she passed fearfully over the bare floor. Sometimes they paused in the dissecting room where the vacant seats rose to the ceiling, and in the midst of which was the table where the sufferers lay down to be healed by the knife. The nurses meeting Elsie would recount some fearful tale of disease, or pain, or death; Katey, horror-stricken but fascinated, listening the while. Or to please her, as they thought, they showed the skeleton in his case—a ghastly sight which haunted her at night—and the shriveled, blackened mummy, with the scarab which had been worshiped thousands of years before fastened to its nose. Are they there still?

One afternoon as she bent over her ironing table, improvised from a chair, she was conscious of a sudden hush throughout the queer high room. Looking up from her little round-edged iron, she saw a group of gentlemen just within the door. The pleasant-faced superintendent often came here. Katey had seen him many times. He beckoned to her now, as Elsie left her work, and the girls, struck with strange awe, made continual obeisance, bowing to the floor, yet not for him. "This is Father Mathew," said he kindly, as the child with her little hot, red face stood before him, the roll of linen tangled about her feet. She noticed then that some of

the party wore long straight coats like that of the old priest who went up and down Poplar Street sometimes: and at these words, one in advance of the others who had been speaking to Elsie, took her little hand, still hot from the iron, in his with a murmur of kind words. Long afterwards she remembered the hand-clasp and the gentle tones of his voice, when all recollection of the face or figure of the great reformer had faded from her mind.

Then what delight it was, when the day drew near its end, still clinging to Elsie's gown, to follow her to the low room where the supper table was spread out with great stone pitchers of milk, and high, neatly arranged piles of brown and white bread; and last of all to gather with the household in the great wainscoted hall for prayers. The summer twilight stole in at the open windows with the rustle of the leaves outside. The noise of the city had died away to a murmur pleasant to the ear. Katey, kneeling upon the bare floor, saw the white faces of the sick, who had crept down, glorified by the last rays of the sun; and taking in none of the rolling words of the prayer had yet an awful consciousness that God came very near.

The afternoon following the party the girls trooped out at the door of the high brick school-house, the constrained voices breaking into call and shout as the final bounds were passed and they separated to go their several ways. Katey in a little red hood and an old brown sack, rather pinched about the arms, but of a material which had been fine in its day, came slowly up the street among the last with Josie Durant. Her progress was somewhat impeded by the very large rubbers upon her feet which had belonged originally to Delphine and would yawn at the sides as though they laughed at every step she made, to say nothing of catching at the toes against projections so far beyond the little feet as to be out of all calculation. There was a row of English basement-houses, comfortable and even handsome along the street, in the front-window of each of which, shining with silver and glass, a tea table was set out. It was a daily source of enjoyment to Katey to speculate upon the delicacies which would doubtless appear when the shades were drawn, the gas lighted and the families assembled. Though not alone, she did not forget it now. "Mince-pie and ice-cream,—yes, and jujube-paste;" she was settling

this rather dyspeptic bill of fare in her mind when some one ran hastily by and up the high stone steps to the house. It was little Annie Conway, whose seat was across the aisle from her own at school.

"Is that you, Katey Earle? I'm going up to the Common to coast. Why don't you?"

The wind blew an icy blast down the street; the bank of cloud behind the hospital was already flaming red in the sunset—"I don't know," Katey replied slowly; "I believe I'll ask mother. You'll come too, Josie?"

But the little lady was undecided. "There'll be a crowd of boys," uttering the word *boys* as though it had been mosquitoes or any other swarming plague.

"But we might find Jack. He would take care of us."

"Who is Jack?" queried the little girl swinging from the door-knob above them.

"Don't you know Jack?" exclaimed Katey, too much astonished at her benighted condition to attempt an explanation.

"He's Katey's brother," said Josie, while a soft little blush, the shade of the pretty pink hood upon her head, stole into her cheeks.

"O," the little girl replied carelessly; adding, with the unpleasant frankness of childhood, "It's that freckled boy."

"Tisn't either," denied Katey, planting Delphine's rubbers like a battery before the steps, prepared for a siege of any length in Jack's behalf.

"Come, Katey," whispered Josie persuasively, pulling at her sleeve as the child shouted back, "'Tis too; I saw him last night at the party; and he's awful bashful."

This was altogether too much to bear without commencing hostilities. Before the words had fairly reached her Katey seized a handful of snow and discharged it at the child. But as she had aimed with the accuracy peculiar to the sex even in a youthful stage, it only flew a little distance in the air above her to descend like curses in a shower upon her own head as the door closed hastily after the retreating little figure.

"Don't mind it," said Josie in a conciliatory tone, which only exasperated Katey. "She didn't mean anything; and then you know your brother is—that is, he has—"

Katey faced her with a terrible countenance, in which surprise and pain waged a warfare with indignation. "You've took

sides with her!" she gasped, her grammar flying to the winds. "I'll just go home and tell Jack!"

"You can if you wish to," returned Josie, her face growing white. "But I didn't suppose you were such a girl as that; and—and I haven't taken sides at all." The color had returned to her face, but there was a sob in her throat as she walked on alone.

Poor Katey, whose fitful moods were no less surprising to herself than to others, shuffled along the street very sorry and penitent, the anger having died down in her heart as quickly as it rose. And what would Jack say? An awful burden of remorse fell upon her with that thought.

They had turned the corner and were approaching the old brick church where their ways separated. Katey moved the rubbers along at a quicker pace until she had gained Josie's side. "Are—are you going up to the Common?" she ventured in a very weak voice.

"I don't suppose you want me to go," Josie replied, staring straight before her, the tears still wet on her cheeks.

Katey saw her advantage. There is nothing like taking high ground in a quarrel and assuming to be the injured party. "Now if you are going to be cross just because I said that—" she began.

"I'm not cross;" the tables were suddenly turned, as little Miss Josie found to her bewilderment.

"Aren't you!" Katey exclaimed in a happy voice. A great load was lifted from her. "Then I'll run home and ask mother." Her heart was much lighter than her feet as she started off down the street upon a shuffling run.

"Katey!" called Josie: and when she returned, "You're not going to tell Jack?"

"O no indeed;" as though such a thought had never entered her mind. "Besides, it might hurt his feelings," she added in a low tone, confidentially, "For you know he is awful freckled."

Half an hour later they moved slowly up the long walk of the Common. Night was beginning to steal over the city. Lights shone in the windows along the street and twinkled among the trees in the distance like blinking eyes. A keen north wind rattled the frozen branches overhead, sending more than one shower of icicles upon the little heads. "I wish we had not come," sighed Katey, "I don't see where Jack can be."

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"There he is now, I believe," as a sturdy little figure, very much muffled up about the ears, and dragging a sled after him, came down one of the cross paths from the long slide where the coasters flew over the hill like black balls in the twilight.

"Holloa—what are you here for?" was Jack's rather discouraging greeting, as he caught sight of the little red hood.

"We wanted to slide," Katey replied humbly; then she stepped forward, revealing Josie who was staring with a very prim, absorbed air at the lamp-post close by.

"O!" and Jack removed the lion's skin at once, and became awkward and meek as a lamb.

"It is too late to slide, but I might draw one of you home," he suggested bashfully.

There was a momentary dispute between the little girls. "You," "No: *you*." But at last Josie's bright-colored skirts were tucked about the little feet upon the old sled, and the small procession started towards home. They were passing one of the crowded entrances to the Common, on their way up the hill, when Katey darted away, dropping one of the rubbers in her haste. She had espied a tall boy leaning upon a crutch, and recognized her friend of the night before. But when she stood, an odd little figure, just before him, she was seized with shyness and had not a word to say. "Why how do you do?" exclaimed the boy cordially.

"O, I am well," replied Katey, who recognized no spiritual significance in the greeting but a literal desire to know of her health. "Here is Jack, and *her*," she added in a loud whisper as Jack and Josie came up.

"*Her*?" repeated the boy inquiringly: "O yes; the very nice little girl: I understand."

"What do you mean, Katey Earle!" exclaimed Jack, "by running off in that way!" Poor Jack had recovered the rubber with some difficulty, and was rather cross and breathless with his efforts in overtaking its owner.

"I don't mean anything," Katey replied, simply. "I only came here to see this boy."

The boy smiled and touched his cap to Miss Josie, who made a prim little bow from her temporary throne. "I saw you last evening, I think."

"O yes," said Jack, "You're the fellow who was sitting on the stairs. I should

think it would be awful dull—" he went on, fixing his eyes upon the crutch, then he stopped. But the boy took up his words. "It is dull enough," he said, "but I hope it is only for a little while. I fell on the ice a month ago, and have been laid up ever since. I am just getting about again."

"O;" said Katey, immensely relieved, and yet upon second thought rather disappointed that her hero should be much like other boys after all. "Then you don't mean to go on crutches always?"

"I don't mean to, certainly," replied the boy, who seemed a little embarrassed by all this conversation about himself. "Are you having a pleasant time?" he asked Katey suddenly: "I have been watching the coasters."

"O yes," replied Katey, whose little face was quite blue, and who stood with the rubberless foot deep in the snow, "beautiful."

"But where is your sled?"

"I use Jack's: that is when he'll let me," she added with a truthfulness which did not tend to conciliate Jack.

The boy seemed to consider a moment as they stood just within the iron posts, pushed and jostled by the passers, hurrying in and out.

Jack moved impatiently. "Come Katey."

"I'm going home now," said her friend, "perhaps you will let me walk up Park Street with you; I live there." And he pointed to the block of houses just beyond the church. They moved on, Katey trying to accommodate her short steps to the uneven ones by her side. "I thought I should see you again," said the boy. "Sometimes you are sure of things, you know, even when you can't tell why."

Katey made no reply. She did not understand at all what he was saying: she was watching the queer little shadows dancing upon the snow under the gaslight, her ears full of the sound of tinkling bells. "But when I say good night now, I can't feel sure again, because I am going away" "But you will come back again; people always come back." This had been Katey's experience. "O yes, sometime perhaps. But here we are now. Wait a moment," he added hurriedly, "or come in."

"O no;" Katey replied, moving back, yet gazing awe-struck in at the open door, with its revelation of bright, light, soft colors and of an airy, beautiful figure with outspread wings, in a niche above the stairs,

ready, it seemed to the child, to float down upon them.

"Do come in a moment."

"No:" Katey replied, coming back to realities, "Mother does not allow us to go into people's houses without knowing who they are."

"That's polite," whispered Jack. But fortunately the boy had disappeared at the first word.

"What can he want us to wait for?" interposed Josie, anxious for peace.

"Perhaps he is going to bring us some ice-cream," suggested Katey, whose imagination knew no bounds.

"I hope not," laughed Josie, wrapping her benumbed little hands in her cloak.

But before Katey had time for any further suggestions, her friend appeared with a handsome sled in his arms. Jack's in its brightest days could never have been like this.

"I want to give it to you," he said to Katey. "I shall never use it again; besides, I am going away." He spoke in haste as though she might interrupt him; but she only stared, standing motionless, the dark eyes opened to their fullest extent.

Jack pulled her sleeve. "Why don't you say something?"

"O my!" gasped Katey, thus reminded of proprieties.

"Why don't you thank him?" and again Jack caught her sleeve.

"Jack," Katey exclaimed, finding her voice at last, "she never will let me take it, I know. Don't you remember the turtle?"

There followed some whispered reminiscences, which the boy pretended not to notice.

"You see," Katey said turning to him after a moment, "you might get well and want it yourself."

"I'm too old to use it now."

"But you might sell it," suggested the child who had lived in the midst of the strictest calculations as to ways and means. "I should think," she added with grave deliberation, dropping her head upon one side as she had seen Chloe do, "I should think you might get as much as twenty-five cents for it."

Jack laughed outright; but her friend answered in all seriousness: "I don't care to sell it. I have made up my mind to give it away—perhaps to a little girl I know who has two already," he added carelessly.

"O no!"

The boy smiled, deepening the light in the gray eyes hid under a rather heavy brow. "Then perhaps you will take it?"

Katey looked at Jack who was her moral thermometer. "Mother won't care," he said, "I'll tell her all about it."

"Will you? O you are the goodest Jack!" exclaimed the child in a burst of gratitude and delight. "You see," she explained to the boy, "mother never allows us to take anything from people we don't——" know anything about, she was going to say; but here Jack gave the little sleeve a twitch, abruptly ending the sentence.

"What are you pulling me for, Jack?" she said gravely, "you know it is so." But Jack had uttered a brief "good-night," and was already moving down the street. Katey took the sled in her arms. "I suppose I sha'n't see you again," said the boy as she deposited it upon the snow and arranged the rope to her satisfaction. "I shall be off so soon now."

"Will you? Well good-bye!" and Katey turned back to offer him one of the little cold hands; "you must take care of yourself;" she added primly. It was always her mother's parting injunction and seemed to the child particularly appropriate now.

"I'll try to, certainly," replied her friend, laughing, as the queer little figure ran off down the street disappearing at last in the darkness.

CHAPTER IV

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THIS winter of which we recount such trivial events, was a memorable one in Boston. The fugitive slave law had just been passed, shaking the city—as well as the whole nation—to its foundations. A few fearless men dared to denounce the act. They were hissed and hooted at in the street; they were threatened with fire and sword; they were assailed in their own houses and barely escaped with their lives. From a refuge, Boston became a covert, where frightened creatures hid in trembling insecurity. Then came the day when one was unearthed, was seized and chained and marched down through the streets in the center of a squad of police, headed and followed by the militia.

Hot excitement bursting out at times smouldered throughout the length and

breadth of the quiet city. Men and women with flaming eyes and white lips looked on. Even the children, who are but convex mirrors reflecting their elders in miniature, took it up. The line which always divides human interests and sympathies and warm hearts strengthened into a chain in those days—broken a dozen years later; but O the breaking!

Katey listened one day with clenched hands and bated breath to the story as told by a little curly-headed girl to a group of awe-struck children huddled together outside the gate at the close of school—of how her father was one of the Lancers' called out to guard this human chattel on its way back to slavery; how like a man he rebelled in his heart and said he would not go; and how—like a man, too, alas!—he arrayed himself at last in the gay uniform, walked out of the house in his clanking spurs, mounted his horse and rode away with the rest. Katey despised him in her heart at that moment. Perhaps, years after, looking back—if she remembered—she saw that more than one man hesitated and yielded at that time, and later, not from cowardice but from an honest query in his mind, in rendering up his dues, as to which were Cæsar's and which God's. We see through different eyes.

"He had to go," said the child, closing her story.

"Why did he have to?" dared Katey.

"You don't know anything about it, Katey Earle." The child felt that a party had risen against her, though only one had spoken aloud. "When you belong to things you have to go."

A hush followed these convincing words. Katey's flashing eyes staring at the narrator only burned with a fiercer fire. "*I'd stop belonging*," she said, pushing her way out of the group and flying off down the street, the rain and the hot tears wet on her face.

When she entered the house she found besides her mother and Delphine a visitor who had never ventured into the parlor before. It was an old colored woman known as "Mammy," who for many years had been a pensioner upon Madam Earle's slender bounty, for, though so reduced in circumstances, the family had not yet denied itself the luxury of charity.

Mammy had been a slave in her younger days upon a Virginia plantation; but that was at a time so far distant as to seem almost a dream.

"How old are you, Mammy?" Delphine had asked once.

"I don' no, missy," was the reply. "But my Jake wor ten year, when ole mar'sr say he's gwine up ter town for t' see mar'sr Washington made President."

"And did you go?"

"O no, chile;" and Mammy shook her head sadly. "De gran' folks went, wi' de hosses an' de kerriges. We on'y blacked boots what went." Whether she had ever purchased her freedom or had ever indeed, except by possession, won a lawful right to herself no one knew. Certainly she seemed to feel no fear now when others trembled. Her husband had died in slavery. The only son left to her from a large family had escaped to the North and afterwards purchased his freedom and that of his family. But the bleak New England climate had swept away one after another, the father himself at last, leaving only one grandchild to Mammy. This girl had married a runaway slave from Georgia, an idle, improvident fellow who, as years went on and a dusky family gathered about him, succeeded only in keeping a roof over their heads,—and a leaky one at that,—by putting forth what were to him superhuman exertions. He sawed wood occasionally—so occasionally that wood-sawing could hardly be termed his profession; he went upon errands, but at such a pace that the most hopeful heart despaired of their accomplishment, and he cleared the sidewalks in winter before two or three houses, where he was borne with for the sake of poor old Mammy upon whom really devolved the support of the helpless family. Accumulated misfortunes which fall regardless of color,—among which lazy Ben reckoned his growing family and the "scars'ness" of work,—had brought sickness to his wife—that fatal New England malady which seems the very grinding of the eternal mills, so slow it is, but so exceeding sure in its result.

In summer's heat or winter's cold, then, Mammy traveled from house to house among her patrons, sure of a welcome and something to keep the wolf from their shaky door, to fill the hungry mouths and cover the little dusky backs which were hung over the rickety fence in the summer sunshine or shivered about the broken stove in winter. She was a marked figure: unusually tall, exceeding the stature of most men, and, extremely aged though

she was, straight as a grenadier. Her dress, neat as scant, was always of some dingy black material, and sufficiently short to display the men's boots in which her feet were encased, years though it was before the introduction of short dresses into good society. Bound about her head was a plaid cotton handkerchief in the form of a turban, and perched upon the apex of this a diminutive Quaker bonnet tilted at an angle which no Quaker bonnet before or since ever attempted, but which was after a time exchanged in winter for a warm black hood, over the construction of which Katey's fingers shed tears of blood.

She dragged after her always a little wooden cart, such as children use in play. It had more than its due proportion of rattle and thereby effectually announced her approach. A certain regularity marked the time of her visits: which might have been computed, not directly, but as sure to follow other events—much in fact as one reckons the approach of Lent, only that in Mammy's case Ben's variations rather than the moon's were to be taken into consideration; and however it might have been at other houses, a cordial welcome and a cup of tea always awaited her at Madam Earle's, with a chair close by the kitchen fire.

She never begged. Why should she? Her friends knew her sore need. But she received the parcel of clothes or food or both made up in anticipation of her coming, with fervent thanks and blessings. Blessings upon the donor, but thanks only to the Lord who held the fullness of the earth in His hand and from whom came every gift. Indeed His name was seldom absent from her lips, and it seemed almost as though her poor body had been forgotten here while her spirit had taken up its abode already in heavenly habitations.

Her manners were quaint and belonged to a past generation. She rapped at the door, then entered without waiting for a response, advancing in a series of exceeding low courtesies or dips executed with the utmost rigidity—partly no doubt from old fashioned precision, and quite as much, perhaps, from the rheumatism with which she was afflicted. This salutation, performed as it was with all the solemnity of a religious observance and in the extremely short gown, excited Delphine's scarcely concealed smiles: but to Katey who gazed upon it from a safe distance it brought only

delightful visions of that old Virginia home of which Mammy spoke sometimes—of the gay gallants and beautiful ladies from whom these obsolete “manners” had been copied. And when upon going away she worked herself out of the room by a series of backward courtesies still more surprising, it was like nothing less than a presentation at court! Still, the grave doubt as to results which necessarily attends all backward movements, marred the full enjoyment of this scene and the child always experienced a sensation of relief when the door closed at last upon the tall form.

As Katey crept into the warm, bright room, dazzled by the light after the darkness outside, this strange figure rose from where it had been sitting upon the edge of one of the high-backed chairs and dropped a couple of respectful courtesies in silence.

“This is bad, very bad,” Madam Earle was saying. “You think then they are looking for him?”

The little red hands stretched out before the fire fell into Katey’s lap as she turned to listen.

“Yes, Missis: Ben seen his ole mass’r for shore dis mornin’;” and Mammy polished with an old colored handkerchief one dusky cheek upon which a tear had fallen.

“Where is Ben?”

“I don’no; but he’ll be aroun’ home soon, I’spect. De Lor’ hab mercy on His ’flicted people!” she added with a groan, swaying her body back and forth as though in pain.

“What is he going to do!”

“I don’no, missis, I don’no: O Lor’ mighty ter sabe, come down an’ help dis yere poor chile!” she muttered, still swaying upon her chair.

“Of course he will try to hide,” Madam Earle went on.

“Whar’ll he hide?” returned Mammy. “De very groun’ gib up the dead, dese days.”

“Or slip away and escape to Canada,” pursued Madam Earle thoughtfully.

Mammy ceased to wipe her eyes. “’Pears like he might try:” then despair seized upon her. “But—O Lor’! Phar’oh’s hos’ follow close behin’.” Delphine from her corner had been listening breathlessly to this conversation. She started up now, hot and angry. “O I wish I were a man!”

“Hush Delphine,” said her mother in a low voice.

Mammy had caught the words. She paused in her wailing. “Wha’ for you

wish you wor a man for, missy?” Her figure stretched itself suddenly upright, the old black hood fell from her head, she raised her long skinny finger. “Hark! hear de swif’ feet dat run, hear de bayin’ ob de houn’s, hear de wailin’ ob de women, hear de chil’n cry; dat ar’s *man’s* work, missy.”

“O mother, mother, can’t you do anything?” sobbed Delphine, while Katey sat white and speechless shivering with excitement.

Was it chance made the mother at that moment raise her eyes to the portrait hanging in its tarnished frame over the mantle? The portrait of her grandfather who had been a mighty man in the colonies before they rebelled. Later, he sacrificed friends, property, and almost life itself in the cause of his king. He went down to his grave poor, despised, covered with obloquy for having maintained through evil as well as good report his fidelity to the powers which he honestly believed should govern the land. There was something in the stern, straight-forward glance of the eyes from under the overhanging brows of the old Tory, something in the squareness of the lower part of the face which had come down to and set their mark upon the softer countenance of the woman. She turned to Delphine. “My dear,” she said, “the law may often seem unjust, it may entail sorrow and suffering upon the few:—but it is for the many and it must be maintained. We are forbidden to harbor or assist the fugitives. We can help Mammy, we can do no more.” She drew Delphine down and kissed her. “It will all come right, I hope,” she whispered. “Now run away to bed, you and Katey, I must see what can be done.” But this did not satisfy warm-hearted, impulsive Delphine. She caught Mammy’s two hands in her own as the tall figure rose from its seat. “O if I only *could* do something,” she said. Shiftless Ben had suddenly become an object worthy of any sacrifice.

“Bress ye, bress ye, chile,” Mammy responded, but her tears fell. Her heart had grown heavy under Madam Earle’s words. Katey stole out of the room with a shy little bow in response to Mammy’s dejected courtesy. She was pondering all this in her heart.

There was a deep silence for a few moments after their departure, broken only by Mammy’s ejaculations under her breath. Then Madam Earle spoke. “It must be

very hard for you now that Ben can do nothing. What are you most in need of?"

"Delibberance," groaned Mammy. "Delibberance from dis yere wicked worl'!"

Madam Earle made no response to this reply, she only leaned thoughtfully upon her hand for a moment, then bent forward and pulled the faded bell-cord hanging by the fire-place.

The door opened, and Chloe's dusky face appeared. "Go up to the attic, Chloe, and bring me that old camlet cloak you will find hanging there." Chloe disappeared. "You have not come to me for advice, Mammy," Mrs. Earle went on, when the door closed after the girl. "You know, of course, that Ben must get away as soon as possible—this very night if he can."

"I done come for nuffin, missis," returned Mammy, who was entirely disheartened in her attempt to secure human aid. "I done come for nuffin, an' I 'spects I'm not gwine to be dis'pinted. O, Lor'!" she murmured, "soften de hard hearts!"

"Yes, that is it," for Chloe had entered the room again, bearing the cloak on her arm. "Now cut some slices of bread and the ham which was left from dinner as quickly as possible, and don't be sparing of either. Wrap them in a stout paper and bring them to me."

She crossed the room to the old mahogany escritoire in one corner, and opening it took out a roll of bank bills. It was by no means large, and she uttered a sigh as she turned it over, carefully selecting one. Then drawing a chair she took up a pen, hesitating a moment before beginning to write, and smiling to herself when the pen ran swiftly over the paper. "There, Mammy," she said, as she put the money into the old woman's hands. "I cannot give you more now, and the cloak is faded I know, but it is warm, and worn well about the face, would hide one's countenance."

"Bress ye, honey," responded Mammy, but without emotion. It was not for money nor clothes she had come, and she failed to catch the significance of Madam Earle's last words. "Tank de Lor' for His gifs," she added piously.

"And I have written a note," Madam Earle went on, an odd smile crossing her face. "I want Ben to deliver it for me, and to-night if he can." Still she smiled strangely. "Wait, I will read it." She opened the paper upon which she had just

written a few lines and read: "Will Jason Miles please send the apples engaged of him without further delay, and oblige Marysylvia Earle? You know Jason Miles?"

But Mammy, holding the old cloak across her knees, rocked slowly back and forward, shaking her head. What were Jason Miles or his apples to her at such a time as this? She was disappointed and grieved. She had asked for bread and received a stone. But still Madam Earle persisted: "You must know him, Mammy, he is the good old Quaker out upon the Dorchester turnpike who is said to have helped so many slaves on to Canada."

Mammy fell in a grotesque heap at her feet as the light broke upon her at last. "O Lor," she prayed laughing and crying in a breath. "How I'se doubted ye! how I'se said wha' for de chario so long a comin' for? when it's jes here, jes' here dis minit. O Lor! Look at dat now; not let de lef' han' know what de right han' doin';" and she chuckled and laughed, upon her knees though she was. "Bress dis ere chile, and make her to shine like de stars in glory. O Lor'—" But Madam Earle checked her, as Chloe's step was heard approaching. She assisted her to her feet, and, finally, with her own hands let her out at the door, not daring to trust her to Chloe, whose zeal in the cause would have more than equaled her discretion. Mammy continued to utter her prayer, however, and to call down blessings upon the family, as she passed through the hall, in a series of wonderful courtesies, extending even to the front gate.

CHAPTER V.

KATEY ACTS THE PART OF A DELIVERER.

KATEY awoke the next morning with a weight upon her spirits. Something had happened. What was it? Gradually as the light struggled in between the heavy, half-closed shutters the scene of the evening before returned to her mind. Where was Ben? Had they found him? Had they caught him? She sprang out of bed and began to dress hurriedly; but slowly her excitement and anxiety died away. Or she reasoned it out in her odd little mind: Things happened, dreadful things; but always to people ever so far off, whom one did not know. Nothing could have harmed Ben. He was a part of the prosaic every-day life which held no elements of tragedy. So all her fears faded away

and happier thoughts took their place. She would hasten down and try the new-sled about which she had as yet found no opportunity to speak to her mother. Jack had descended half an hour before, sounding a reveille upon her door as he passed. The winter sun had not yet dispelled the shadows which filled the dim old hall and dusky stairway as she ran after him. Chloe's ringing voice with its odd intonation came from some distant region in a wailing song:—

"I car'n stay behin', O Lor:
I car'n stay behin'."

Katey had heard it often before, and the words followed the chant through her head as she tied on the little red hood and ran out of the door shutting it heavily after her. Jack should be just outside. But she peered into the darkness in vain. Slowly the chill, heavy shadows were lifting as she went on up the street. She turned the corner and the grim form of the old brick church rose like a huge misshapen figure before her, every angle and recess filled with mysterious darkness. Suddenly close down at its base where the sharp walls jutted out, the shadows appeared to move—to gather themselves into a figure. Katey stood still and gazed at it fearfully. The houses the length of the street were silent and dark, the street lamps still burned, but with a faint yellow light. Away in the distance the old city awoke and turned itself with a sleepy sigh. But here no sound broke the stillness, not even a passing foot awoke the echoes. While she stared, undecided whether to fly past and go on in pursuit of Jack or retrace her steps, a crouching figure shambled out of the darkness and approached her. It was wrapped in an old cloak and turned its head from side to side, as if to listen, as it drew near. "O Lor', Missy Kate, dat you?"

"Why Ben!" ejaculated Katey, her heart giving a great leap and almost escaping from her parted lips. So it was true, after all, and the dreadful things which happened to people a long way off had for once really come near.

"Yes, Missy; dat me for shore," Ben replied, in a tone which seemed to imply that he wished it had been almost any one else at this moment.

"O why don't you run, then," cried Katey, all her fears awakened for the sorry figure before her.

"Whar' ever 'll I run to, Missy, now, in de daylight?" whined Ben. And even as he spoke the darkness seemed to vanish from around them. Katey could distinguish forms far down the street, and to her terror steps drew near. "O Lor', Missy Kate! what'll I do? Don' le' um gi' me," and shaking with terror Ben retreated to his hiding place again. The steps drew near and passed by. It was only some laborer with shovel and pick over his shoulder who did not heed the child with a white, frightened face standing with skirts outspread in an odd fantastic attitude before the angle of the wall.

"But why didn't you go when it was dark?" Katey asked hurriedly when she dared breathe again.

"'Cos I didn' know nuffin' 'bout de note nor de perwissions nor nuffin' till mos' mornin' when I shied roun' to de house. 'T wor too late den ye know." In his usual luckless, shiftless way he had let the golden moment slip by.

"What note?" his words were a maze to Katey.

"Why de note yer Maum Earle gib Mammy las' night."

Truthfulness had never been one of Ben's characteristics, and the child disbelieved the whole story. Her mother had sent him no note she was sure, and something like contempt arose in her mind almost overcoming the pity she had felt for him. "I wor g'wine down dar now to tell yer maum."

"O, but Ben, she won't help you." Katey forgot everything again in his danger. "She told us—and Mammy too—last night that the laws must be reserved. So you had better go home: and quick too. See how light it is now."

"I carn' go home, Missy;" and Ben leaned against the iron railing with a kind of dull resolution. "Ole mars'r down dere dis minute, mos' like; an' de pleecemen! Golly! Missy Kate, de pleecemen jus' standin' round dat ar' street, tree deep, I s'pose." Frightened as he was, Ben could not let the opportunity to dwell upon his suddenly acquired value pass unnoticed. A sense of importance is cheering even in misfortune.

The faint grayness which still lingered in the atmosphere was fast melting away. Already the light had pierced Ben's corner, revealing a figure the strangeness of which would attract the attention of the first passer. Something must be done and

at once. To leave Ben to accomplish his own deliverance did not occur to the child. Certain schemes of the night before suggested themselves to her mind. "Come home with me," she said, "I'll hide you. Only when it is dark again you must go away."

"Yes, Missy," Ben replied meekly. He had not the faintest conception of what the child proposed to do; nor did it occur to him to inquire. It was enough that some one had assumed the responsibility of caring for him.

Katey started off down the street upon a run; Ben shuffling more slowly after her. One ambitious milk-wagon awoke the echoes of the street as she neared the great gate. Dacre Home lounged down the steps over the way, touching his cap half-mockingly as the child darted into the yard and waited breathlessly for Ben to come up. She glanced fearfully towards the parlor windows: but the curtains were still drawn. She had not realized how her flying feet had outstripped Ben's slower movements. Would he never come? And now, while she waited, the momentary excitement under which she had offered to assist him died away and her heart grew heavy with forebodings. She knew full well the penalty for harboring a fugitive. The children playing in the street had talked of it: a thousand dollars fine, and imprisonment for not less than a year. A thousand dollars! She could never hope to pay that, so she would suffer longer in prison, doubtless, and a strange chill crept over her with the thought. Down upon a narrow crooked street not far away, which the children gained by darting through a dark alley of fearful repute stood an old jail gray and grim—a terror and a fascination. Katey shuddered at the recollection of the grated windows. Clinging to those dreadful bars, should she stare out upon the street some day? For a moment she wavered. Ben had crept in after her, and stood waiting, shrinking back against the high, black fence. She had weighed him with the instinct of childhood and found him wanting. Only this moment she believed he had deceived her, and yet she could not turn him away. "Wait a minute," she said, swallowing a little sobbing sigh with which she put down the last of the temptations which rose within her to leave Ben to his fate. She stole softly up the high steps and opened the heavy door carefully, then paused to listen.

The house was still, save for Chloe's wild chant. The song had changed:

"He bore our sins upon de tree."

The voice rose and died away: but it had awakened an echo in the child's heart. The significance of the words did not enter her head, but the little heart was lightened as she stepped back and beckoned to Ben. Not a word did she speak as he removed his shoes and taking them in his hand followed her noiselessly into the hall, and up the wide stairs to the square landing where they ended. Here was a high window with the wide old-fashioned window-seat half screened by heavy faded hangings and on either side doors, closed now, one of which Katey passed breathlessly and turning around the stair rail pushed open a narrower door opening into a small dark hall. There was scarcely light enough here to reveal the winding, almost upright stairs leading to the attic rooms. Only one of these was furnished now: that which the old actress had rented for a time. And though the high-posted bedstead with its flowered chintz curtains still remained, with the brass mounted chest of drawers and queer old spider-legged dressing table, the room had been long since given over to the dust and mystery of disuse. Katey ran up the stairs and opened the door with a certain sense of awe, treading lightly as though fearful of arousing the spirit of the place: but Ben, conscious only of his happy escape, followed with assurance, chuckling to himself and cracking his finger-joints as he peeped between the red curtains and convinced himself that the room had been long unoccupied. "Gorry, Missy Kate," he ejaculated, performing a kind of noiseless plantation dance about the child, "Ole mars'r 'll nebber fine Ben in dis yere place."

"Wait a minute," Katey replied. She led the way to the farther side of the bed where was a low door in the partition, so low that even a child could not pass through without stooping. Ben dropped upon his knees and followed her as she disappeared, finding himself in an unfinished garret to which this low door seemed to be the only entrance. The place was full of great beams and rafters and dim with shadows. But for the light through the open door-way and the rays of the morning sun struggling with the cobwebs at the little dust-begrimed window at one end, utter darkness would

have reigned. A few discarded garments hung from hooks in the rafters, and a bundle of herbs under the eaves mingled its odors with the close, musty air of the place.

"Isn't it nice?" said Katey from a corner, her head in a cobweb.

"Gorry!" was Ben's sole response. He was quite overcome by this new development of resources.

"Now I must go down," said Katey. "It is breakfast time. I'll have to shut the door and push the bed up before it."

"O Lor', Missy, don' do dat ar;" gasped Ben, all his fears aroused by the thought of being thus entrapped.

"I must," Katey replied. "Then no one can see the door; but I'll come and let you out to-night when it is dark."

"But what if de pleccemen come nosin' roun'." Terrors were crowding thick upon Ben now. "Ye'd say ye did'n' know nuffin 'bout dis nigger dese tree year; wouldn' ye?" he plead.

"But I *do* know," Katey answered with eyes opened wide.

"O Lor', Missy Kate! are you g'wine to tell o' poor Ben?" He fell on his knees and clutched at her gown.

"Why, of course I'm not going to tell!" and Katey's astonishment increased still more.

"But what if dey come sudden like? What if dey s'prise ye?" he asked doubtfully.

A vision of the Leverett street jail, of the Black Maria, rose before her; but she could not go back now. "I never shall tell," she repeated.

"But 'spose dey ask ye all manner o' curus questions to ketch ye? Swear,

Missy Kate, say 'by Gor A'mighty I nebber tell nobody 'bout dis nigger."

But Katey drew back horrified at the proposition.

"I can't do that," she said, stepping through the little doorway. Then she stooped so that the earnest face with its great dark eyes and its cloud of heavy hair were framed for a moment.

"Don't be afraid;" she said, "*I never shall tell*;" and then she closed the door.

It was a more difficult matter to move the heavy bed. One or two attempts were vain; but finally putting forth all her strength, it started and rolled heavily over the floor and was pushed against the door. She viewed it on every side. The entrance to Ben's retreat was quite hidden; and now she ran as softly and quickly as possible down the stairs.

The family were already seated at the breakfast table, and Chloe was bringing in the coffee-urn when she appeared.

"Pow'ful shower comin, Missis," said Chloe, setting down the urn. "I hear de funder roll awful jus' now."

"Thunder?" shouted Jack, "in winter, and not a cloud in the sky!"

"Don' care, Massa Jack," continued Chloe, who, having been long in the family, felt privileged to express her mind when and where she chose. "I hear it roll and rumble roun' jus' now."

Katey hid her flaming cheeks in her plate; but no one heeded her, and Chloe left the room followed by Jack's mocking laugh.

"I heard something," said Madam Earle, checking him. "It must have been rats I think."

(To be continued.)

A SPIRITUAL SONG.—XII.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

WITHOUT thee, what were I worth being?
 Without thee, what had I not grown?
 Anguish and fear all round me seeing,
 I in the world had stood alone;
 For all I loved had found no shelter;
 The future a dim gulf had lain;
 And when my heart in tears did welter,
 To whom had I poured out my pain?

Consumed in love and longing lonely,
Each day had worn the night's dull face ;
With hot tears I had followed only
Afar life's wildly-rushing race.
In crowded streets, all restless driven,
Grief-gnawed beside the hopeless hearth—
What man without a friend in heaven
Could bear his burden on the earth?

But if his heart once Jesus bareth,
And I of him right sure can be,
How soon a living glory scareth
The bottomless obscurity !
Manhood in him first man attaineth ;
All fate in him transfigured glows ;
On frozen Iceland India gaineth,
And round the loved one blooms and blows.

Life turns a twilight softly stealing,
The world speaks all of love and glee ;
Grows for each wound a herb of healing,
And every heart beats full and free.
I, for his thousand-folded giving,
His humble child, his knees embrace ;
Sure that we share his presence living
When two are gathered in one place.

Forth, forth to all highways and hedges !
Compel the wanderers to come in ;
Stretch out the hand that good-will pledges,
And glad invite them to their kin.
See heaven from lowly earth up-dawning !
By faith we see it round us spread :
To all with us one spirit owning,
To them with us 'tis openèd.

An old and heavy guilt-illusion
Oppressed our hearts with ancient doom ;
Blindly we strayed in night's confusion ;
Pleasure and pain did both consume.
Whate'er we did, some law was broken ;
Mankind appeared God's enemy ;
And if we thought the heavens had spoken,
They spoke but death and misery.

The heart, of life the fountain swelling—
An evil creature lay therein ;
If more light shone into our dwelling,
More unrest only did we win.
Down to the earth an iron fetter
Fast held us, trembling captive crew ;
Fear of Law's sword, with Death the whetter,
Did swallow up hope's residue.

Then came a savior to deliver—
A son of man, in love and might !
A holy fire, of life all-giver,
In our dull hearts he set a light.

Then first heaven opened ; then, no fable,
 Our own old Fatherland we trod ;
 To hope and trust now first were able,
 And knew ourselves akin to God.

Then vanished sin's old specter dismal ;
 Our every step grew glad and brave !
 Best natal gift, in rite baptismal,
 Their own faith men their children gave.
 Holy in him, life since hath floated
 Like happy dream across the heart ;
 To endless love and joy devoted,
 We hardly know it, when we part.

Still stands in wonder-waking glory,
 The holy shepherd midst his sheep ;
 With his thorn-crown, and faithful story,
 Our hearts are broken, and we weep.
 Welcome whoso from death will waken,
 And grasp his hand of sacrifice ;
 Into his heart with us he's taken,
 To ripe a fruit of Paradise.

ANNALS OF AN ENGLISH ABBEY.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

PART II.

ABBOT John was almost the last of the genuine monks. His death created a passing emotion—but the age of progress had set in, and reform and new ideas. Very curious is the picture of the convent when Abbot John left it. There was brother John the Proud ; brother Almeric the wit ; Alexander the orator ; Walter de Standen the bullying demagogue. While the late Abbot was among them they had formed into a mutinous cabal under a brother William of Trumpington, to agitate for their liberties and their rights. William of Trumpington was now chosen in Abbot John's place and a new era set in. Abbot William was homo sæcularis—a man of this world, a friend of kings and earls, and a politician. Cloister life and the flogging-block might suit a feeble Abbot John. The new abbot was most at home at princes' banquets and in the cabinets of statesmen. The road down hill is not at first abrupt. The motion is easy, the alterations not violent enough to shock. Abbot William gained golden opinions. He bought a house and garden in London, *instar magni palatii*, like a great palace, and brethren of the house

who had business in the city were allowed to stay there. He set up an establishment at Yarmouth to supply the convent with fish. He acquired fresh lands for the abbey. Religion too (the outside of it) was not neglected. He purchased some precious relics, the cross of St. Amphibalus, stained with the martyr's blood, for one thing, and a rib of St. Wolstan for another. He added two aisles to the church, decorated the windows, raised the towers, and roofed the house with lead. The liberal cabal had lifted him to power to carry out popular ideas. They found, as often happens in such cases, that there is no such despot as a liberal when raised to authority.

Abbot William attended the Council of the Lateran called by Innocent the Third ; he won his way into favor, and when he returned to England had the Papal Legate as his right hand. Almeric and Walter de Standen clamored for their privileges again. The abbot invited the legate to St. Alban's, and brought them down upon their knees in shame and discomfiture. Alexander the eloquent paid his court more skillfully, and was at first in

favor. Alexander, says the chronicler, was a wonderful man. He knew everything. "He could write a letter, if necessary, to the Pope himself, and an excellent letter it would be." He was made keeper of the abbot's seal, and for a time all went well with him. But the old Adam remained. Vanity puffed him up. He, too, grew insolent and mutinous. The abbot had him whipped in the chapter house, usque ad copiosam sanguinis effusionem, "till his back was bloody;" and then exiled him with fetters on his ankles to Binham Priory, where he died.

The times were stormy. King John and the barons were at war. Pope Innocent had thrown England under an interdict. It was well for St. Alban's that there was a ruler at its head with a clear eye and a firm hand. Abbot William steered his way in those troubled waters without committing himself too dangerously, and after weathering the storms, withdrew into a quiet age, and the practice of decorous piety.

Each day when he returned from his walk he brought a troop of beggars with him to be fed. He was always in his place in chapel, said his responses in an audible voice, never missed processions, even preached at times, to the delight of all who heard him. In all ways, in his vigor and in his decline, Abbot William was a favorable specimen of the great political churchman of the new age. Outwardly decent and decorous—at the bottom he was a statesman and a man of the world, to whom religion had lost its seriousness, and had grown into a dignified and respectable ceremonial.*

So rich and so powerful under such administration the abbeys were now becoming, that both kings and popes began to clutch at a share of their wealth. On the death of an abbot the chapter could only proceed to an election after receiving a *congéd d'élire* from the crown; and the fine exacted by the

Treasury had been fixed at not less than a thousand marks—twelve or fifteen thousand pounds of modern English money. The eagerness for the enforcement of discipline which had led the first Norman abbots to part with their exemption and to place the abbey under episcopal jurisdiction had been of brief duration. Bishops, like other dignitaries, were learning to convert their authority into money, and had proved perhaps more covetous than serviceable. The old liberties at any rate had been restored by the Popes; but at the Council of Lateran Pope Innocent had decided that the abbots-elect of the exempt houses should present themselves in person at Rome to receive confirmation, and the meaning of this was that their Holinesses as well as the king intended to have a slice of the plunder. The new rule came into operation on the death of William of Trumpington. John of Hertford, who was chosen in his place, not knowing that it would be construed literally, pleaded advanced age, and sent two of the brethren to represent him. Conjecturing what was wanted, they went with purses well supplied, and at their first interview laid a sum of money "*pecuniæ quendam summam*" at the Pope's feet. Dominus Papa bade an attendant take it away, but otherwise treated the monks with much superciliousness, and "did not so much as ask them to dinner." They bribed the officers about the palace—finding their mouths wide open gaping for presents; (*quis sic oportuit cum patulis rictibus ipsi donis inhiarent*). They assailed the cardinals *donis uberrimis*. The cardinals heard no petitions which came unaccompanied with gold. At length the confirmation was obtained, but attended by a private condition which the Bishop of London imparted to the abbot when the confirmation was sent over. The abbot must still appear at Rome in person within three years, and when he inquired why, the bishop pleasantly answered, "*Amice, ut offeras*," My friend, that you may make offerings. Remonstrance was useless, resistance was impossible. Abbas invitus et dolens Romanorum jugum subiit servitutis. With grief and reluctance the abbot submitted to the yoke of the Roman bondage. And he and each abbot after him was obliged to travel to Italy at a vast expense, and pay the Pope a second thousand marks, besides lavish presents in the sacred college, before their bulls were granted—in *magnum ecclesiæ damnum et gravamen et insatiabilis Romanæ curiæ emolumentum*. "Much good too the bulls brought us," observes the chronicler.

* The discipline had undoubtedly by this time been much relaxed again. In repairing the high altar the bones of thirty monks were uncovered which had lain in the earth a hundred years. They were "as white as ivory and as sweet as incense." The bodies had been buried in the ordinary dress of the order. The shoes were perfect, and the degenerate brothers of the thirteenth century were put to shame by the contrast with the soft boots which had then come to be allowed. "How admirable were these fathers of ours," they sighed. "How ought we who should be treading in their steps to blush for the delicate garments in which we are rather adorned than clothed. If Benedict could see us now, how would he be offended. If Bernard could see us,—Bernard who wrote, that of all objects hateful in God's sight, the hatefulest was a monk with boots on—how would he scold."

The Pope's arms were set up over our gate, but when a thunder-storm came they did not save us from the lightning. We were struck twice in three years and the house was set on fire."

Money—in fact, how to get it and who had a right to share it—became the question of chiefest moment in the Church, and the chiefest subject of discussion, from the sacred conclave at Rome to the shaving-houses in abbey and priory. A levy was now, with the sanction of Pope Alexander the Fourth, ordered for a crusade. The religious houses were required to contribute, and after their experience of past crusades expecting small results from another, they drew their purse-strings. Such a demand was unheard of, they said. Hitherto the laymen had paid tithes to the Church. Now churchmen, et inviti, against their will, were to furnish money for knights and men-at-arms. The monks were irritated out of all propriety, and the language in which their passion boiled over was more emphatic than decent. The exempt abbots had agreed to resist, and had almost made good their opposition, when a non nominandus episcopus, Peter de Egilbanke, Bishop of Hereford, *cujus memoria sulfureum fetorem exhalat et teterimum*,—whose memory breathes a stink of sulphur and abominations,—suggested a plan to the Pope by which with a stretch of prerogative he could force them into submission. The Pope raised money from Italian merchants. The names of the exempt abbays were in some way introduced as securities; and "these vile extortioners"—the chronicler losing control of his pen,—"*quos Franci bugeros vulgariter appellat*," received powers to distrain upon "the innocent children of the Church."

One might have wished the poor monks better fortune, had not their lamentation been so often intercalated with entries recording increased allowances of beef and beer from the kitchen and the buttery-hatch. The "innocent children," when the power was theirs, had been distraining also to considerable purpose: squeezed themselves by the Pope, they had in turn squeezed their tenants, and had commenced a system of tyranny which led at last to open insurrection. The common law of England is the creation of custom. The lords of manors, such of them as had courts of their own, were thus allowed in local matters to make the law what they pleased. The Abbot of St. Alban's ruled, in the name of custom, that the inhabitants of the town and of all the neighboring villages should full their cloth and grind their corn at the abbot's mills, the

abbot himself fixing the charges which they should be required to pay. The monks were a less reverend body than they used to be. The burgesses were growing wealthier and more independent. They questioned the abbot's right to force them. They full'd their cloth where it could be done more cheaply. They set up querns or handmills and ground their wheat in their own houses. The abbot tried violence. The townsmen resisted and carried their cause to the courts at Westminster. An appeal from the decision of their spiritual lord to a secular judge appeared to the monks no better than sacrilege. They tolled their great bell. They walked in procession singing the penitential Psalms and invoking the aid of the blessed Alban. The blessed Alban, or the general sympathy of established authorities with the claims of the lords of manors, determined the action of the court of appeal, and judgment on all points was given in the abbot's favor. The townsmen had to surrender their querns, and purchase forgiveness by a present of wine. The abbot, in turn, promised moderation in the charges which were to be demanded at his mills.

So the figures pass by on the slide of history as the monastic drama unfolds. Political convulsions tear England in pieces. There are the Barons' wars, with Simon de Montfort and the first great struggle for political liberty; the monks feeling the disorder of the times, and self-indulgence eating deeper into the conventual rule. Successive bodies of regulations indicate the rising tide of corruption, and the efforts, real or pretended, to keep the water flowing within the banks. Special injunctions became necessary to check incontinence,—compelled celibacy producing its inevitable fruits among men who were heavily fed and had no work with which to occupy themselves. Officers are appointed to sleep either in the dormitory or at its door—the brethren having fallen into habits of sitting up at night telling stories, and so being drowsy at matins. The young monks have taken to hunting with "greyhounds." The kitchen has to be supplied from the warrens, and running down the deer has proved too agreeable a relief from the monotony of the chapel services. They are ordered to stay at home or confine themselves to permitted modes of "recreation." They have been fighting and quarreling in the town, eating and drinking at ale-houses, "even in the presence of women." The sin of having money is pointed out as too much forgotten. They are forbidden to swear per plagas, per sanguinem nostri Creatoris—

"Zounds" "Sblood," "God's wounds and God's blood" having passed into their vocabulary. Within the precincts as well as without there is disorder and dissoluteness. Unmentionable vices are alluded to as practiced in the sleeping-rooms, as the Norman hand loses its grasp. The enlarged allowances at the buttery create intemperance. On the festivals of the Church the monks are drinking their "*pocula charitatis*" as long as daylight lasts. In the winter season there is scarce an interval "*inter unum potum et alium*;" hence proceeds "*Ebrietas quæ per apostolum enumeratur inter opera Turcarum.*"

The remedies insisted on are of the mild kind, which indicate that the temper of the times forbade the tightening of the strings. The indulgences which caused the disorder are restrained but not abolished. The *pocula charitatis* are permitted on Sundays as usual. The healthy are directed to be moderate. The infirmary is still a land of plenty. The *pitancia*, "*pittance*," of the sick is to be "*bona et fertilis*;" They may eat and drink "*juxta desiderium suum*," "as much as they like." The mischief of idleness is recognized, but the suggested antidotes are too weak for the disease. The brethren are directed to learn by heart the lives of the saints and the abbey chronicles; to study, to transcribe, to illuminate, to correct errors in MSS., to bind volumes falling to pieces. Those who are too illiterate are to be set "*ad alia opera honesta monasterio magis necessaria.*" To make life less dreary and monotonous a second dining-room is established, called the *oriel*, to which the brethren are to be invited by turns. In the refectory they have to eat in silence while one of them reads an edifying book. In the *oriel* they may talk and amuse one another; they are required only to abstain a superfluous *potationibus*, from immodest talk or scandal or dispute. An indecent joke is punished by exclusion from the *oriel* for a fortnight.

Thus the monastic world went on, the authorities dreaming feebly that they would arrest the inevitable by laying their little finger on the driving-wheel. Corporations of men are only individuals enlarged. They pass their prime but they are unconscious of the change. At times they have their spasms of misgiving. But they still feel the blood in their veins; they gather what they call experience; and as long as there is no outward collapse they can even believe that they are improving and gaining strength, as common sense takes the place of enthusiasm. Their wealth comforts them, for it is an evidence of growing pros-

perity; and they boast of progress, though it is a progress towards death. Luxury shows only that they have thrown off the barbarous habits of a less enlightened age, and the powers and privileges which were won by nobler natures for nobler purposes, they imagine that they have only to enjoy in an ornamental manner. Existence on the established terms they find extremely agreeable. They see no reason why they should not continue forever. At worst the next generation may encounter its own problems. For themselves they are on the primrose path, and dream of nothing so little as the goal to which that path is tending. Later on, when the truth can be no longer concealed, they assume the virtues which they have not. The tree is dead, the branches are withered, and where leaves will no longer grow they hang artificial sprigs of green; they pretend to a fabric of decency to persuade the world to give them credit for continued life. That is the last stage which precedes the end. But for the monasteries it was yet far off. In England indeed they scarcely reached this point, for Henry VIII. cut them down when most of them were in the very blossom of their sins. As yet they had no thought of hypocrisy—or desire to seem other than they were. The inward spirit revealed itself, with happy unconsciousness, in visible shape.

After a series of mild reforms there was elected to St. Alban's, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, our late cellarer, Hugh of Eversden, a typical abbot in his way, on whom we may pause for a moment to look. Abbot Hugh was still a youth when he was chosen, tall, handsome, and, in the modern sense, an accomplished gentleman. He had been a student of English and French literature, *sed parum nactus de Latino*—indifferently provided with Latin. "You might have chosen a more learned head, my brethren," he said, when the choice of the convent was made known to him, "*sed pro certo nullum magis socialem*," but assuredly no pleasanter fellow. Edward the First was dead. The new abbot was the friend and boon companion of Edward of Carnarvon, the slave of parasites and his own folly. The want of Latin mattered little at the court of Edward; for the necessary journey to Rome it was a more serious deficiency. At the Vatican a prelate of the Church must talk Latin or must hold his tongue; and the Pope might think twice before he granted so illiterate a gentleman his bull of confirmation. Abbot Hugh, like his predecessor John, sent proctors with his excuses. Edward and Edward's favorites wrote in his

behalf. He spent enormously,—"expensæ horribiles" went in bribes to the cardinals,—"quia nihil plus timuit quam Latinam linguam," "for he feared nothing so much as the Latin tongue." The cardinals pocketed the money, but the Pope still insisted that to Rome the abbot should go—and to Rome perforce he went. The first business there was to examine into his fitness for the abbacy. As he could ill bear scrutiny, he was obliged examinatores suos emolire, ut mitius agerent cum eodem,—to anoint his examiners' palms, that they might handle him gently. The Virgin Mary he invoked, probably with appeals of the same kind, for on his return he added a Lady Chapel to the abbey church; and a similar golden road he laid down by which to approach his Holiness.

Tam munificum se præbuit Domino Papæ et universæ curiæ ut magnificentiam suam avarissimi hominum prædicarent—the greediest of the crew were obliged to applaud his generosity. To such an abbot the want of Latin could be pardoned. He was driven to borrow; he had to plunge himself in debt and difficulty; consolationibus tamen divinis non caruit—he was not without divine consolation. The Pope dismissed him with his blessing. Edward of Carnarvon smiled upon him when he came back, and so long as Edward's sun was shining, "happy was the man who could call the Abbot of St. Alban's his friend." He was modest in his prosperity and shrank from asking favors; but the brethren who had elected him insisted; and pulsatus hortatu suorum—he presented himself among the suppliants among whom the royal treasures were being distributed with lavish hand. Edward desired nothing better than to heap favors on his attractive friend. Edward the First had carried through Parliament the famous mortmain statute, which forbade the appropriation of any more English soil in the dead hand of the religious houses. But the lawyers made a way through the act. Mountains of gold were piled upon St. Alban's; and now began in earnest the erection of those splendid buildings, amidst the ruins of which sentimental ritualists sigh over the ages of faith and pray for their return. Let the ritualist observe a naïve confession of the spirit which went along with the architectural efflorescence. When the exquisite Mary Chapel was finished an extra mass was said there daily for the abbot and the brethren; et quia temporalis consolatio spiritualem devotionem excitare frequentius consuevit, the officiating brother had an additional allowance assigned him from kitchen

and cellar, and was allowed the privileges of the infirmary, to eat and drink juxta desiderium suum. With all his magnificence the abbot had his faults. Dominus Abbas frequentur admittere consuevit familiaritatem damnosam fœminarum. The lord abbot indulged too frequently in pernicious familiarity with women. Rich as he was, he was embarrassed by his expenditure. The resources of the abbey were exhausted, and he began to pinch and squeeze the dependent priories, till "he made his name abhorred among them." At Bynham, especially, he was so extortionate that the brothers mutinied. The gentry of the neighborhood took their part, and the prior, a certain William of Somerton, shut his gates and broke into open revolt. The king came to the abbot's help. The gentry were driven off, the priory was forced, and the monks were made to walk in procession in chains to St. Alban's. The sequel of this adventure was curious. The prior escaped. He too is a characteristic figure. With a mendicant friar for a tutor he had been a student of alchemy, seeking in the universal gold-hunger for the philosopher's stone, and edging into magic. Finding he could not defend his priory, he collected as much treasure as he could carry, fled to Rome, and bestowed it freely in the right quarter. A citation was served in consequence on Abbot Hugh to appear at Rome and answer for himself. The Abbot was acute in his generation. He professed compliance. He set out and had reached Canterbury, where he was overtaken by a writ, which he had himself no doubt secretly procured, reclaiming the cognizance of the cause to the crown, and forbidding him to plead in a foreign court. The abbot's loyalty was unimpeachable: he pretended, however, that he dared not disobey his spiritual lord. He went on to Dover. As he was stepping on board the packet, he was arrested by the sub-constable of Dover Castle, and submitted with a protest to superior force. Sic, si dici fas est, miraculose evasit Dominus Abbas—thus by miracle, if such a word may be used, the lord abbot escaped.

Somerton, on the abbot's non-appearance, obtained minatory bulls from the Pope, and came over with them to England disguised as a layman et sine tonsurâ. He was discovered in London, seized, and with his papers handed over to the abbot. The abbot threw him into a dungeon. What became of the bulls, ille cui cognita sunt omnia solus novit.

This was not the end. Somerton's cause was taken up by Edward's disaffected barons and by Edward's Queen Isabella. The "she-wolf of France" gave the abbot to understand that he must reconsider his ways or it would be the worse for him. Somerton was released and was even replaced in his priory. In a little while he disappeared a second time. Whether, as the chronicler suggests, he had promised rewards to his friends the barons which he could not pay, or whether he had fallen back into magic, no one knew,—any way he absconded; roved about the world; and many years after, when Abbot Hugh had gone to his rest, reappeared as a suppliant at the Abbey gate to be taken in and to die there. Strange history of a noticeable man! Had William of Somerton written his autobiography it would tell us more than we know or are ever likely to know of the England of the second Edward.

Nor was it with his ecclesiastics only that avaricious ways brought Abbot Hugh into trouble. Since the judgment at Westminster, the relations with the St. Alban's burgesses had gone from bad to worse. The abbots, presuming on their success, had proceeded to inclose large tracts of wood and pasture land, over which the people had hitherto held common rights. Meadows had been fenced off where they had fed their cattle for centuries. The forests were made into game preserves. Ponds and streams where the farm and village lads had caught perch and pike were now watched over by the abbot's keepers. So long as the times were quiet they controlled their wrath; but Edward the Second's follies bore at last their natural fruit. He was deposed and murdered in a revolution. The country was in a ferment, and now was the day of vengeance for the inhabitants of St. Alban's. The abbot's patron had fallen, and there was a chance that wrong might be made right.

A. D. 1327. Queen Isabella had borne the chief part in her husband's overthrow. Passing through St. Alban's, she rested a night in the abbey. The mob of the town flocked about her carriage as she was driving away, clamoring for justice. They had other wrongs to complain of besides the loss of the common lands. The chronicler must tell the story in his own Latin:

Subornaverunt uxores suas et quasdam villæ pellices ut occurrant, nudatis pectoribus cum lactentibus pusiolis, reginæ Isabellæ egredienti de monasterio, ad infestandum eam clamoribus importunis, et mentiendum quod

hi essent pueri quos monachi de eis generaverunt eas violentè opprimentes.

The Queen, who did not understand English, inquired what the women wanted. A lord who rode at her side said, laughing, They are only telling you, my lady, that they are all harlots and adulteresses.

Isabella waved her hand impatiently and passed on. The citizens meanwhile, taking revolution to mean justice, proceeded to draw a list of their grievances. As before, they insisted on their right to grind their own corn. They would not wait till it was conceded, but procured dozens of querns and set them to work. They demanded their common rights on meadow, wood and pond. They claimed their privilege as freemen of returning members to Parliament; and whereas hitherto their disputes had been heard and decided in the first instance in the abbot's courts, they desired that for the future their causes should be tried by a common jury before a secular judge.

A deputation carried these petitions to the abbot. The abbot answering enigmatically, the people snatched their bows and clubs, streamed out of their houses like a swarm of wasps, and swearing their demands should be granted or they would burn the abbey, gathered in a crowd about the gates. The abbot, who had foreseen the probability of a tumult, had two hundred men-at-arms with him. The people rushed on with loud shouts, calling the monks *ribaldos fures*—ribald thieves. They were received more sharply than they expected, drew back with loss, and determined to blockade the entrances and starve the abbot out.

The confusion in London had by this time settled itself. Edward the Third was established on the throne, and the laws resumed their authority. The Sheriff of Hertfordshire was directed to keep order in St. Alban's. Both the citizens and the monks sent counsel to represent their case at the king's court. A commission sat at St. Paul's to consider the people's complaints, and, courting popularity for the new reign, decided this time in the people's favor. An order was forthwith dispatched to the abbot directing him to embody in a charter the liberties which the townsmen asked, and let them have it without further trouble. He called a chapter on the arrival of the king's letter. The monks, who would scarce believe their ears, declared that they would rather die than yield. But the abbot bent to the storm and made a virtue of necessity. It was his enemies' day, and resistance would only exasperate them.

uselessly. He enjoined the monks to patience—virtute sanctæ obedientiæ. The charter was drawn, and amidst groans of disappointed rage the convent seal was attached to it.

Most of the requisitions were thus conceded: the handmills especially, and the pasture rights. The game preserves had still been withheld, but the people were not to be put off. The cry rose: "Give us back our fisheries! Give us back Barnet wood! We must have Barnet wood!" "The Abbot hearing these words, and perpending that the world was at enmity with God's Church and His ministers," thought it best to bend altogether. At once, mad with delight, the boys dashed off with their nets and lines to the ponds. The men rushed to the woods, tore down the fences, and marched back to the town in procession, carrying branches of the trees as a symbol of their victory.

The convent looked on with despair and indignation. For five years "these enemies of God and man" killed the hares and rabbits without respect or fear. For five years they ground their corn in their own querns, and paid no more tolls at the abbey mills. It killed Abbot Hugh. He died in the same year, bewildered and heart-broken with the change of times; all his splendor vanished and his sun gone down in storm. His profusion left a heavy load of debt behind it, and the brethren, humbled and mortified, were brought into a transient mood of penitence. They elected in Abbot Hugh's place a plain unpretending blacksmith's son from Wallingford, chiefly noted as a mathematician, and they addressed themselves to moral reform. There was a general inquiry into incontinence,—*de lapsu carnis*. Some made their purgation—*quomodo Deus novit*—God knows how. Others confessed and did penance. They could bear neither their vices nor their remedies. They professed a desire for correction. When correction came they mutinied. "Abbot Richard was over-rigid with us," says the chronicler. "Partly he was himself to blame, partly his predecessor, who had let us all do as we pleased." The new abbot took their grumbling coolly. "He had not coveted his place," he said; "there was little pleasure in ruling a set of mules; but since abbot he was, he meant to be obeyed, and at least would preserve decency." They were obliged to bear with him, and he in turn rendered them a service, after a few years, which made them forget their grievances.

The abbot, who had begun life, perhaps, at his father's forge at Wallingford, had re-

tained his mechanical tastes. With the help of his mathematics he constructed, amidst the scoffs of the convent, an astronomical clock which was the wonder of the age. Besides the ordinary functions of time-keeping, it described the motions of sun, moon, and planets; the fixed stars; with the rise and fall of the tides. He called it, punningly, Albion—All by one—*quasi totum per unum*;—at once the glory of England and an instrumental embodiment of existing scientific astronomy. He was a student of the weather too, and foretold rain and sunshine. But while he appeared to be amusing himself thus harmlessly, he was biding his time to avenge the dishonor which the town had inflicted on the abbey. Among his other accomplishments he was a lawyer. In Edward the Third there was again a vigorous sovereign on the throne; revolutionary ferment had cooled down, and the barons were reasserting their feudal authority and bringing their vassals back into obedience.

Between order and liberty the struggle is as old as the world, and is likely to be coeval with it. In ages when belief in duty is superior to the temptations of interest, large powers fall naturally to men of high ability and lofty character. Society is only healthy when the laws are obeyed under which harmonious action is possible. They can only be discerned by intellect; they can only be enforced by authority; and intellect and authority are allowed to govern in the interests of all. Power brings temptation. Rulers are betrayed by selfishness. Their high functions are abused to fill the pockets of themselves and their friends. Authority becomes legalized oppression, and the multitude clamors for the restoration of their liberties, which are taken from them without adequate return. Thus come revolutions and a war of classes. The rulers fall back upon the theory. Subjects think naturally of the practical wrongs which the theory, grown degenerate, inflicts upon them. And so the strife goes on till organization dissolves into anarchy; the commonwealth becomes a chaos of divided units, each contending for itself: till again, the confusion becoming intolerable, a new order shapes itself to grow and gather power; and again, as the wheel goes round, it is abused and forfeited. Of such material is human history composed.

Abbot Richard sat watching the political currents in the intervals of his mathematics. The abbots' courts had still jurisdiction over faith and morals. Corrupt as were the ecclesiastics in their own persons, they retained the

right of punishing offenses which are technically described as sins. The people, after their late success, believed that the abbots' authority had become a scarecrow which they might defy with impunity, and according to the abbey records they broke faith and perjured themselves, and seduced each other's wives and daughters as if there was no longer any law over them at all. The abbot waited for a flagrant scandal, and then resolved, se demonstrare cornutum, "to show that he had horns." A citizen of St. Alban's, one John Taverner, was living openly with another man's wife. He was a person with whom it was dangerous to meddle, propter malitiam ipsius Johannis. The abbey marshal ventured at last to serve a writ upon him. The mob rose; Taverner assaulted the marshal; the marshal defended himself, struck Taverner down, killed him, or, as the chronicler mildly puts it, so wounded him ut de percussione idem Johannes postea moriebatur. The citizens flew to their weapons—swords, lances, pitchforks, sticks, stones, anything that came to hand. Their leaders calmed their fury before they resorted to open violence, and not knowing that times were changed, they indicted the abbot for the death of their townsman. The wise abbot desired nothing better. He was acquitted, and at once retaliated. The riots at the revolution were brought up again for re-examination. The citizens were accused of having extorted their charter of liberties by force. The judgment of the commission was reversed. The burghers were found guilty, and lost all that they had won. The charter was surrendered. The woods and meadows were reinclosed. The fishponds and warrens were again patrolled by keepers. Even the querns, the sorest matter of all, were once more taken from the people. The millstones were carried in triumph within the precincts and were let into the pavement of the abbey "parlor," in perpetuum rei memoriam. The cunning clock-maker had re-established the old tyranny, and in pleasant irony, and to end the quarrel in good-humor, he invited his defeated subjects to dine with him in the hall. After such a triumph it is needless to say that Abbot Richard's popularity in the convent was unbounded. He became leprous. An enemy, one Richard of Ildesley, intrigued at Rome to have him incapacitated on account of his disorder. The Ildesley intruder gained over the Pope and obtained letters of provisor, nominating him in the abbot's place. The monks sent word to Richard of Ildesley that if he ventured near St. Alban's with bull or

provisor they would kill him. And indeed, says the chronicler, it is likely they would have kept their word. "Erant namque eo tempore in monasterio viri magnæ staturæ et fortitudinis sed parvum habentes in hac parte conscientiæ." "There were at that time in the monastery men of huge stature and fierce, who had but little conscience in such matters."

"Men of huge stature and fierce, with but little conscience" to take life. Let us pause for a moment and look at these gentlemen with other eyes, as they and their like appeared to the English laity. Abbot Richard's reforms had been but skin deep, if they had gone so far; and not at St. Alban's only, but throughout England, by the middle of the fourteenth century, the religious orders had grown into little better than lecherous ruffians.

The worst of them were the Friars Mendicants, who in conception ought to have been the best. Instituted to supply the shortcomings of the secular clergy, they were bound by their vows to special poverty, and to the special duties of apostles. Their business was to travel from town to town, from village to village, preaching, teaching and hearing confessions. They were chosen or supposed to be chosen for extraordinary sanctity; and the monks of the regular houses were allowed by special license from Rome to transfer themselves into the mendicant order, as if to consecrate themselves to a higher grade of self-devotion. Enthusiasm, as usual, cooled down, after a few years' experience. The transfer continued to be sought by "brethren" who were weary of restraint—no longer, however, from motives of piety, but as an act of favor which they could purchase by money. Freed from obligations of residence, these friars wandered through England at their pleasure; in theory beautiful beings— itinerant angels of mercy; in reality—but let us view them as they are described by a contemporary poet, going about with pedlers' packs upon their mules, watching till the good-man of the house had turned his back and only the women were at home.*

Preste ne Monke ne yit Chanoun.

Ne no man of religioun,

Gyfen them so to devocioun

As done thes holy frers.

For summe gyven them to Chyvalry,

Somme to riote and ribaudery,

Bot frers gyven them to grete study,

And to grete prayers.

* *Political Songs and Poems*, vol. i., p. 263. Published under direction of the Master of the Rolls.

Who so kepe thair reule all,
Both in word and dede,
I am full sicker that he shal
Hav heven bliss to mede.

Men may see by their countenance,
That thair are men of grete penaunce;
And also that their sustynauce
Simple is and wayke.

I have lived now fourty yeres,
And fatter men about the neres,
Yet saw I never then are thes frers.
In countreys wher they raikie (wander),
Meteles so megre are thai made,
And penaunce so puttes them down,
That ichone is an horslade,
When he shall trusse of town
(depart out of town).

Thai dele with purses, pynnes and knyves;
With gyrdles, gloves for wenchens and wyves.
Bot ever backward the husband thyrives,
Ther thai are haunted tille.

For when the gode man is fro hame,
And the frere comes to our dame,
He spares nauther for sinne ne shame,
That he ne does his wille,
If thai no help of housewyves had,
When husbundes are not inne
The freres welfare were full bad,
For thai should brewe full thinne.

Were I a man that hous helde,
If any woman with me dwelde,
Ther is no frere bot he were gelde,
Should come within my wones,
For may he till a woman wyne,
In privyete he wyl not blynnie,

Thof he lours under his hode,
With semblaunt quaynte and mylde,
If thou him trust as dos him gode,
By God thou ert begyld.

In another poem, called "The Complaint of the Ploughman," there is a picture of the ecclesiastics generally, which the admirers of the ages of faith might study with advantage, were it not as true to-day as it was three thousand years ago, that "though you bray the fool in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him."

The priests had the keys of Heaven and were the dispensers of spiritual censures.*

That is blessed that they blesse,
And cursed that thai curse woll,
And thus the people thai oppresse
And have their lordships at fulle,
And many be merchants of wull,
And to presse pennies woll come thrall,
The poor people thai all to pull,
Such false faitours foul them fall.

Who so woll prove a testament,
That is not all worth ten pound,
He shall pay for the parchment,
The third of the money all round;
They say such part to them should apend,
There as they gripen it goeth to ground,
God for its mercy it amend!

For a simple fornication,
Twenty shillings he shall pay,
And then shall have an absolution;
And at the yere usen it forth he may.
Thus they let him go astray,
They recke not though the soul do brend,
These keepen evil Peters kay,
And all such shepheards God amend.

For the tithing of a duck,
Or an apple or an aie (egg),
They make men swere upon a boke,
Thus they foulen Christes taie.
Such bearen evile heaven kaie,
They mowen assoile; they mowe shrive.
With mennes wives strongly plaie,
With true tillers sturt and strive.

At the wrastling and at the wake,
And chief chantours at the nale (the ale),
Market-beaters and meddling make,
Hoppen and houten with heve and hale (might and main),
At taire fresh and at wine stale,
Dine and drink and make debate,
The seven sacraments set a saile,
How kepe such the keys of Heaven gate.

Though a Priest lye with his lemman all night,
And tellen his felow and he him,
He goeth to Masse anon right
And saith he singeth out of sinne,
His bride abydeh him at his Inne,
And dighteth his dinner the mean while,
He singeth his Masse for he would winne,
And so he weneth God begile.

Many a page might be filled with similar indignant denunciations against these so-called ministers of God, as they existed in the days of the third Edward. Within the abbeys and without, the story was the same, for the monks went and came at their pleasure, while the rules hung idle upon the wall as relics of a barbarous age.

Out of this mass of corruption and tyranny came Wickliffe and the famous Lollards. Out of this came the great rising of the Commons under Richard the Second, half religious and half secular, which was crushed at last by sword and gallows, but not till it had shaken the English throne, and frightened the Church into a galvanic revival, which prolonged its sickly days for another century and a half. Part religious, part secular,—for amidst the outward splendor of the reign of Edward the Third there had flowed over England one of those periodic tides of ungodliness which

* (Ibid., p. 308.)

have recurred again and again, and have been the invariable precursors of convulsion. Prelates and nobles had abandoned themselves to luxury; men of intellect, in natural cynicism, had come to look on religion as an imposture, and on God and another world as a dream of knaves and fools.* Wages were ground down, and the taxes and exactions multiplied; trade became dishonest; false wares were passed off for good, and were forced on the workman in payment of hire. The world was the rich man's world, and the poor were bade scornfully look for better days in heaven, which might be or might not.

The poor had the labour, the ryche the winning,
This according noughte it was heavy parting.

Little can be said in this place of the spiritual side of Wickliffe's teaching. The movement began in indignation at lies and injustice; and the revival of earnestness was accompanied with a furious spirit of political revolt. Inquiries, ominous, and at such times inevitable, began to be made into the principles on which the good things of the world were distributed. Discussion rose as to the elemental rights of man, and as the result of them there was an explosion of communism. Labor only, it was said, gave a right to live, and those who were doing no intelligible work were denounced as thieves and drones.

It is to this, which is known in history as Wat Tyler's Rebellion, that we are now coming. The feuds between the abbots of St. Alban's and the neighboring people were typical of similar quarrels in every part of England. The same causes produced the same effects. But St. Alban's fell in for an exceptional share of the danger; and the account of what took place there is especially interesting and instructive.

The English peasantry and the smaller tenants were as yet, it is to be remembered, only partially emancipated. Serfdom and villanage were still parts of the Constitution. "There was an usage in England," says Froissart, speaking of this particular time, "that the noblemen had great franchise over the commons, and kept them in servage: that is so say, their tenants ought by custom

to labor the lords' lands, to gather and bring home their corn, and some to thresh and fan; and by servage to make their hay and hew their wood, and bring it home. All these things they ought to do by servage; and there are more of these people in England than in any other realm, and the noblemen and prelates were served by them. These unhappy people began to stir because they said they were kept in servage, and in the beginning of the world they said there were no bondsmen. They were men formed to the similitude of their lords; why should they be kept so under like beasts? the which they said they would no longer suffer; for they would be all one; and if they labored or did anything for their lords, they would have wages therefore as well as others."

"When the people complain," said a wise man, "the people are always right." The long-suffering of the poor under the inequalities of fortune is a phenomenon which, as long as it lasts, shows that the spring of all the virtues which have at any time done honor to humanity is still flowing among us. Cold, hunger, nakedness,—they bear them all with preternatural patience. Even injustice they endure till it becomes insolent. So long as masters condescend to be courteous, the drudges of society accept their inferiority, and honor and respect those whom Providence seems to have set over them. Only when the human relations are at an end, when they find themselves treated as if they were made of other clay, as if they were machines to extract wealth from the soil, and were rewarded sufficiently in being permitted to exist,—only then they begin to ask the meaning of the word gentleman, and for what purpose the lord and lady are robed in silks, and housed in palaces, while the peasant does the work, shivers in soiled fustian, and is worse lodged than his employer's cattle.

The abbot whose fate it was to encounter the skirts of the storm as it swept over Hertfordshire was Thomas de la Mare, son of a distinguished soldier, Sir John de la Mare, who had fought in the French wars. Thomas, who was a younger child and a boy of great personal beauty, was entered at St. Alban's at his own desire under Abbot Hugh. Rising rapidly through the inferior offices, he was sent, while still young, into Northumberland to govern the dependent Priory of Tyne-mouth, and while there became intimate with the great family of the Percies. In 1369 he was promoted to the rule of the abbey. He had the usual experiences at Rome. The Popes, whether infallible or not, have been at

* F. Walsingham, speculating on the causes of the rebellion of 1381, says some attributed it to the sins of the nobles: "*quidam illorum credebant (ut asseritur) nullum Deum esse, nihil esse sacramentum altaris, nullam post mortem resurrectionem, sed ut jumentum moritur ita hominem finire.*" *Historia Anglicana*, vol. ii., p. 12.

least homogeneous. "The sums," writes Walsingham, himself a monk at St. Alban's and the abbot's biographer, "the sums which Abbot Thomas spent at Rome would have been incredible, nisi nota fuit omnibus avaritia ejusdem curiæ, had not the avarice of the Papal court been so notorious." Cupidity grew by what it fed on. The fees for St. Alban's having been paid, a second charge was presented for the vacancy which the abbot had made at Tynemouth. It was without precedent; but the Pope threatened if the claim was resisted to appoint to Tynemouth himself by Provisor. Fusa est immensa pecunia—an immense sum of money had to go before the matter could be settled. But the abbot was firm, and at last, servatus est locus ille a prædationibus Harpyiarum,—the priory was rescued from the Harpies' claws. Nothing can show more clearly than these words of Walsingham the real attitude of the Church of England towards its Italian head. The statute of Provisors, which was passed shortly after, to put an end to such exactions, was no more than a formal expression of resentment on the part of the clergy at a system of unendurable extortion.

New brooms sweep clean. Abbot Thomas, like most of his predecessors, began with attempts at reformation. He perhaps succeeded unusually well, for Edward the Third employed him soon after to visit other abbeys which were under crown jurisdiction, ad reformandam religionem pœne collapsam in magnis monasteriis—to restore religion, which in the large monasteries had almost fallen to ruin. The abbeys of Abingdon, Battle and Reading were purged of gross scandals. The Abbot of Chester, who was exceptionally vicious, was deposed from office. Reforms, however, when institutions are worn out, are like the patch of new cloth on an old garment. The monks were so little used to discipline that they could not or would not bear it. Of the younger brethren many apostatized, deserted their order, and returned to the world.*

* *Note.* Some of them went in search of a purer life than could be found in the abbeys, and therefore fiercely repudiated the charge of "Apostasy."

"Full wisely," says one of these runaways,

"Can they preach and say

But as thai preche no thing do thai.

I was frere full many a day,

Therefore the sothe I wot (the truth I know).

But when I saw that thair lyeing

Acordyd not to thair preching,

Off I cast my frere clothyng,

And wyghtly went my gate :

Some became soldiers, betaking themselves ad res bellicas et armorum strepitus. Others (Pope Urban the Sixth being known to be in want of funds) sent money to Rome, ubi cognoscebant omnia fore venelia, and purchased their emancipation and admission among the secular clergy. The abbot, vir magnanimus et cordatus, drifted on as he could through his difficulties. When in extremity, pudit se ante corpus Dominicum vel corpus beati Albani, he threw himself before the wafer or the body of the blessed Alban, and never rose till one or the other had promised to help him. If he could not manage his monks he could at least fight for the abbey's rights and do battle with his dependent knights and tenantry. Never had any abbot been more litigious than Thomas de la Mare. Half his life was spent in lawsuits or distraining for his rents, driving his neighbors' cattle and starving them in his pounds. His high-handed ways answered with him; suit after suit he won. Fiery gentlemen swore revenge; they threatened to make the abbot pay for his oppression even if the lead had to be stripped from the abbey roof,—but Thomas de la Mare held on, and the courts at Westminster remained steadily his friends.

Under such a ruler the warren rights and fishing rights were upheld in all their stringency. Woe to the stray cow or horse that trespassed on the appropriated meadows once common to the town; woe to the luckless boy who snared a rabbit, or to the youth who sent a cross-bow bolt through a fat buck which had come out in the moonlight to feed. Jealously every sack of wheat was carried to the abbey mills. The stones of the hand-mills preached from the *parlor* pavement the story of the townsmen's defeat, and warned them against further resistance.

A few detailed instances of the abbot's proceedings show with painful clearness how

Other leve ne toke I none
Fro ham (them) whan I went,
But toke ham to the devel yehone
The prior and the covent.

"Out of the order thof I be gone,
Apostata ne am I none.
Of twelve months me wanted one,
And odd days nine or ten,
Away to wend I made me boun
Or tyme came of professioun.
I went my way throughout the town
In sight of many men,
And God that with paynes ille
Mankynd bought so dere
Let never man after me have wille
For to make him frere."

little yet was known in English law of the elementary principles of justice.

A claim for eighty shillings was presented against Nicholas Tybbeson, one of the abbey tenants. Tybbeson disputed the debt. The abbot's servants beat him, wounded him, shut him up in a dungeon till he paid the money. Tybbeson sued the abbot for assault and wrongful imprisonment. The abbot pleaded that Tybbeson was his born "bondman," and was therefore not entitled to be heard against his superior lord. The court ruled that the abbot was right. The complaint was dismissed, and the unlucky "villain" was further fined *pro falso clamore*, for bringing a false accusation.

The rule held throughout. In theory "villains" were entitled to protection from the law. In practice they found none. The abbot pretended that another tenant, John Albyn, of Winslow, a substantial farmer, owed him money. The debt was disputed, the abbot invaded him with a party of archers, broke into his yard, destroyed forty pounds' worth of property, and carried off a bull and twenty cows. Albyn brought an action against the abbot at the Hertford assizes. The abbot pleaded as before that Albyn was villanus suus; and it was sufficient answer—the plea was allowed.

Imagine all over England the lords of manors, secular and spiritual, carrying matters at this high rate; the knights and barons, some of them suspected of atheism, dining, drinking, hunting, and amusing themselves—squeezing their tenants at their pleasure, with the law ready-made at their backs;—the religious houses cruel as the lay lords, yet the members of them seen rollicking at fairs, haunting brothels and ale-houses, fighting, swearing, seducing honest men's wives; the world given over to blackguardism, and the clergy standing in the first rank of Satan's army. It was past bearing. Edward the Third died, watched over in his death-bed by his concubine.* The Black Prince, the best

hope of loyal men, had gone a few months before him. The crown fell to Richard of Bourdeaux, a boy of eleven. The reins fell loose on the horses' necks, and authority was dead. A priest named John Ball, said to be infected with Wickliffe's heresies—infected at any rate with impatience of wrong-dealing, and with visions of the *contrat social*—had been preaching for twenty years to the peasantry of Kent, on the brotherhood of mankind. Injustice in England has rarely taken the form of repression of free speech. Among us the origin of injustice has been excess of liberty, and the right, real or supposed, of every man to do as he wills with his own. As long as the rich can fill their pockets, they make a conscience of leaving the poor to talk. John Ball had taught liberty, equality and fraternity with little interruption from authority. All mankind have descended from the original gardener and his wife—

Whan Adam dalf and Eve span,
Wo was thanne a gentleman?

As nature meant it, those only were noble

Lady Alice Perrers was the daughter of Sir Richard Perrers, a gentleman of fortune in Hertfordshire. She was the wife of Lord Windsor, a nobleman attached to Edward's person, who had been a distinguished viceroy in Ireland. Her family had for many years been involved in angry law-suits with the Abbot of St. Alban's; and long after this affair, which Walsingham describes so rhetorically, we find her still a great lady, her father's heiress, carrying on the controversy with the abbey. She was evidently regarded there with bitter personal hostility, and charges from that quarter require to be scrutinized.

Turning now to other evidence against her, we find from the Rolls of Parliament that she was complained of by the House of Commons as presuming on the king's favor to interfere in the business of the courts of law. Although there is no hint in the Rolls that she was the king's mistress, the complaint has appeared to harmonize so well with Walsingham's charge as at least to confirm it.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, however, who presented the charge (*qui hæc universa proposuit*), was Peter de la Mare, the abbot's brother or cousin; and thus again there is a suggestion of personal motive. The particulars when looked into amount to no more than this: Lord Windsor was a favorite with Edward, and an object of jealousy both with other noblemen and with the popular party in Parliament. A hostile commission was to be appointed to inquire into Lord Windsor's conduct in Ireland. Lady Alice, who may have been a favorite with the king also without being a concubine, interceded with him successfully in her husband's defense to prevent his being sacrificed to his enemies.

Edward the Third is one of our great English Sovereigns. He was 65 at the time when this liaison is supposed to have taken place; and I decline, without better reason, to receive a story as proved which throws a stain of dishonor on his end.

* Alice Perrers. But the story of this lady's relations with Edward the Third has been accepted with too little inquiry. The authority is Walsingham, who describes her as *pellex, infanda meretrix*, a vile woman who acquired an influence over the king when in his dotage, and heartlessly robbed him of his rings when he was on his death-bed. The scene has formed a favorite subject for moralizing historians, who would have been better employed in examining the circumstances. The witness to the theft was a priest, who, Walsingham says, was the only other person present. But was it a theft? The king was alive and conscious. It may have been a parting gift. Who was the lady? and was she the king's concubine at all?

who were good. Those only were slaves who were slaves of sin. "It would never be merry in England till there were no bondmen and no gentlemen," but all shared together as children of their common parent.

Such doctrines found willing hearers. The people followed John Ball in crowds through field and market-place. He would catch them as they came on Sundays from mass in Canterbury Cathedral, and finish the service with a political sermon. Respectable gentlemen denounced him to the archbishop as dangerous to the state. The archbishop sent for him more than once, lectured him on his imprudence, and shut him up for a month or two, but to little purpose. He was urged to hang him, but "had conscience to let him die." In the summer of 1381, the period at which we have now arrived, Ball was for a third time in the archbishop's house of correction. The air was electric. Wickliffe was preaching at Oxford. Chaucer and Gower were in the meridian of their fame. English intellect was in full activity. But no outward signs portended immediate disturbance.

King Richard was then fifteen years old. A heavy tax had been granted by Parliament.

The commons, stripped bare already by priest and baron, were slow to pay, and crown officers had been sent about the country to lay on pressure. Local quarrels breaking out at twenty places at once, kindled into a universal conflagration. Kent, Essex and the eastern counties rose simultaneously to make an end of serfdom.

Sixty thousand men with pikes and pitchforks set out to march on London, to demand redress of grievances. The London mob, they had reason to know, were of the same mind as themselves, and were ready to receive them as friends. Their leaders were a second priest, named Jaques or Jack Straw, and a man described by Walsingham as *vir versutus et magno sensu præditus*—of strong sense and talent, named Walter or Wat Tyler, "who was indeed a tyler of houses." * Their first step was to break open the archbishop's prison and release Ball, and with these three at their head the insurgents pursued their way.

* One of the collectors had offered a gross insult to Tyler's daughter. Tyler struck him on the head on the spot and killed him.

(To be continued.)

EARTHEN PITCHERS.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER III.

THE morning, after Miss Derby and Kit had reached the cars, proved to be warm. The fire was suffered to die out in the stove, and the windows were opened that the few lazy travelers might feel the soft October air which always differs from the soft air of spring because it seems to carry with it the strength and vitality of the whole of summer. Whether because of this air or of some subtle influence in her errand, Jenny had an odd sense that everybody but herself was out for a holiday. The road hurried out from the walling streets of brick and marble into pretty glimpses of villas, with Greek fronts and Gothic stables and henneries; and beyond them out again into breezy slopes of stubble-fields, copper-colored, blackened in patches by the early frost; with a blaze here and there in the dark lines of fence of orange

butterfly-weed or the maroon velvet of the sumach. There were stretches of miles of peach orchards, too, when they had entered Delaware, the late pale green fruit clinging to the leafless boughs, dry and luscious, waiting to be plucked. A farm-house now and then showed itself on a sunny hillside, wide and pleasant and open-doored; a dog asleep on the porch, or fat brown cows huddled down in the muddy, lush meadow by the creek, would look up leisurely as the train went by, and drop their heads drowsily again. The few passengers in the car were peach farmers who had been up to close their accounts with their agents. The leisurely year was before them until the few busy weeks of harvest came again; why should they be in a hurry? The whole world was quiet and bright and still.

"The very sunshine is yellow and does not move," said Jenny, shuffling her feet

impatiently. "When we stop at a station every black and white lounge there is as glad to see you, Kit, as if you were the one friend of their souls, and they had no other business in life but to sit on the fence and watch for you."

"I know them all," quietly.

"Have they no work to do?" sharply. "Can all Delaware afford to go to sleep?" She had brought the items in her satchel out of which the next foreign letters were to be constructed; and even as she watched the people about her, she was dotting down notes for her woman's column of the next week. "I left word at the office to telegraph me in case a steamer comes in," she said, with a little importance, conscious of filling a place in the world unknown to Kit or Delaware.

As the still morning widened into stiller noon, however, she put away her notebook. She began to wish she too had gone out on a holiday. Her backbone felt heavy; shooting fibers of pain went through her legs, her arms, over the back of her head. It was only the neuralgia which she had every day; it never relaxed its grip of her; but she took time to think of it now, and of the doctor's warning stories of other newspaper people who had suddenly collapsed and dropped from overwork. When they reached Georgetown, she looked eagerly over the sleeping, sunny hills. One day, in a home among some of them, she too could rest. Kit, turning around as the train stopped, saw the rare bright and tender look again filling her eyes.

"Can you see Mr. Goddard's farm from here?" she asked.

"I don't know. I have never been there."

She was glad that he had not. Niel had not allowed any one to cross the threshold of his new home. He was waiting for her to come. It would be in keeping with his usual fancies. She felt as if she could taste the delight now of wandering over it step by step with him.

"Audrey," said her cousin, "thought it dead and unmeaning. But she would find that fault with any inland place."

"Miss Swenson has seen the farm then?"

"Yes. Mr. Goddard drove her over to look at it as soon as his title was secure."

"Secure!" she cried in a loud, undaunted voice. "Unless the Cortrells who have a prior claim should appear, you mean. No doubt," she added presently,

"Miss Swenson could give him valuable advice in the management of his property."

He laughed. "Audrey? She's not a capable woman like you, Jenny. She has no opinions. She never advised any body in her life. Not even herself," he added to himself. "Mr. Goddard," with a quizzical amusement in his heavy good-natured face, "professes to have unearthed some marvelous talent in her. But I fancy there's nothing in it."

The remainder of the afternoon was passed almost in silence. Jane, with her hand over her eyes, pretended to sleep. The sun was going down as they approached Lewes. When the clearing and thinning of the sky, and the salt gusts of wind over the low flats showed that they neared the sea, she grew nervous and irritable. She had quite forgotten the kinsfolk she was going to meet. The end of her journey was to her only Goddard and this Audrey.

At the next station above Lewes the train stopped for a moment; as it began its leisurely journey again Miss Derby heard a light footstep coming up the car behind her. She started and reddened like a school-girl. "Mr. Goddard—it's Niel coming!" just as a small hand tapped on Kit's hat.

"So Graff, you brought her? I knew you would. That lumbering, honest way of yours conquers the women. No, don't rise, I can stand. Ta ta ta!—well, if you insist—thanks." He sank in his light luxurious way into the seat opposite Jenny; so light and luxurious and dainty that for the glimmer of a moment the dirty plush seat appeared purple and royal. Graff, nodding good-naturedly, went out of the car, feeling snubbed, unreasonably enough, and heavy and earthy from his slow brain to his big feet.

"And now!"—said Goddard.

He leaned forward, putting the tips of his fingers on her satchel. His little body always seemed weighted too heavily with his soul, and now his small face was on fire with eagerness. The womanish, sensitive chin trembled. The red, curling hair waved impatiently back from his broad forehead to his neck. The large blue eyes were luminous, fixed on hers. From any other man words of irrepressible passion would have followed such a look.

"I thought you would come and see how I was," said Mr. Goddard. "I know those souls which are like a rock to be built

upon. Some day," thoughtfully, "I mean to place and define the different uses of friends. Those who serve us as the dull earth, and make us sure of our footing; those who give us water once, and no more, and those who lift—lift us!" with a quick glance at the clear sky. "*Tu es Petrus*, eh, Jenny? You may have the subject—nice little essay for the *Atlantic*—humorous, under-vein of pathos—or boil it down into a social-topic editorial. But how do you think I am looking? That demon of sleeplessness is routed; you can tell that by my complexion and the white of my eye. It's all owing to this place; no medicine. Nature and Man are asleep here together. You walk through this unalterable, waiting calm day after day, until you fancy that somewhere in the clear, bright air the fountain of life and youth which De Leon sought surely will open before you."

"You look as though you had found it," said Jenny, gently. "And the sailor clothes—why one would think they had been invented for you, Niel."

"Don't laugh at me," gaily picking at the blue flannel shirt and tarpaulin hat. "I sloughed off the cheviot clothes because they smelled of cigars and wines and printer's ink. Audrey knows nothing of these things, and I don't wish that she should." He paused a moment uncertainly. "Jenny"—leaning forward again, "there was once a younger son who sat all his life in the ashes, and he set off one day to seek his fortune by the sea, and he found ——"

"Audrey. I know." Miss Derby looked jaded with her long journey, but she smiled pleasantly. "You shall tell me all about her presently. As to the other part of the fortune—the farm turns out very well, Kit tells me. A snug income, not enough to give you a thorough-bred to ride or Château Lafitte to drink every day, but snug."

"It saves me," gravely, "from the necessity of selling whatever original power I have for mere food and clothes. That's enough!" in his usual light, half-ecstatic tone. "That means freedom! Love! Thorough-bred horses indeed? Why I shall walk on thrones. I shall out-Anthony Anthony!"

"How much a year does it bring in, Niel?"

"How much? Always 'how much?' Oh, Jenny come, let us go look for

De Leon's fountain; you need it. Here we are at Lewes." He rose gaily and preceded her to the platform. "You've a carry-all here, Graff? What a careful fellow you are! Just take Miss Derby's trunk and satchel up in it and I'll walk with her. Thanks. Now,—" drawing her arm in his with an air of thorough enjoyment when they were alone on the grassy road, in the melancholy twilight. Far off the lights of the village burned red in the gray cold; white dunes of sand which to her unpracticed eye appeared interminable, stretched drearily toward the sea, whose sullen roar was rising with the evening wind. Goddard's face, turned slowly from side to side, seemed to gather the meaning of it all.

"Do you feel the silence—the infinite rest?" he said. "Out on the prairies or the Western cañons there is a calm, but it is different. That is the sleep of Nature before it has been called on for its strength; an infant giant or god in his cradle. But this is a place which has tried all agitation and work, and found it vain. Lewes is an old settlement, full of wealth and still in the colonial times. Old legends hang about it of a tropical trade with the West Indies, of spicy breezes in the streets where stately ladies in brocade paced to church with a guard of black slaves. Now in its old age it has shaken off such frivolities, and fallen into a perpetual calm. Even the railroad, as you see, passes on one side and will not waken it."

They had reached the uneven street now, and were passing between the old solid stone houses, fenced by their double doors and windows against the winter storms; the quaint gardens smothered and hidden by old English ivy and hedges of box. Pale whiffs of smoke rose from the chimneys into the cold evening air; there was no other sign of life; the grass-grown streets, full of signs of long opulence, were abandoned to the damp fog coming up from the sea, and to a houseless dog that ran about without barking.

Miss Derby's eye glanced about contemptuously. "Is it possible for you to content yourself here, Niel? I see no signs of work; not even a blacksmith or shoemaker's shop. How can these people progress?"

"They don't progress, thank God!" cried Goddard. "There's not a newspaper in the town; their ideas of literature have halted back in the Elizabethan era.

What is our work at any rate?" pushing his thin fingers through the mass of red hair until in Jane's eyes it resembled a halo. "To grub for money, in order to wear fine clothes—or buy better pictures than our neighbors. A man of culture here is content to use the furniture of his grandfather, and dress in the same fashion. He needs so little money that he has leisure to study himself and his place in the legion of souls. His poor neighbor 'progs' instead of working, fishes, hunts crabs for one day in the week, and rests and tastes life in the other six. Do you see the cannon used to fence in the gutter? There are four others laid in the street to command the bay, all grown over with grass and lichen. A hundred or so years ago the town was bombarded and the pilots and fishermen sit in the sun now on these cannons, day by day, and watch for the besieging ships to come again. I tell you, Jenny," solemnly, "this calm, this tardiness of thought—this drowse has had a most wholesome effect on me. I mean to condense the whole idea into a picture or probably a story; but whichever it is, it will be my great work."

Miss Derby stopped and faced him in the dull twilight. When she spoke again it was with a forced smile.

"And this woman—Audrey—what is she to you?"

Goddard threw up his hands querulously: "Tut, tut! You bring the town with you, Jenny, with your sharp incisive questions. How can I tell what she is to me? Say that you go out and see the sea and the mountains for the first time, can you map and paint and label them out for your parlor at home? I cannot map out Audrey Swenson for you. To be with her is for any man to breathe a new and alien air."

"Don't be vexed with me, Niel," for his face wore the scowl which marked that his sensitive soul had been disturbed. Everybody knew Goddard's sensitive soul, and humored his insolence and ill-temper, knowing that they proceeded from the eccentricities of genius. He beamed forgiveness instantly on Jenny's submission. "Seriously, the girl," he said, loftily, "has had an inspiring effect on me. I find that my development requires me to come in contact with wealthy, original souls, from time to time, and so be lifted into fresh levels. Just as a child's body demands different food at different times, while it is

growing. You shall see Audrey to-morrow. I planned that we should spend the evening with her and her uncle. Ah! here is your cousin's house, and Graff waiting at the door. No; I'll not come in. Good night."

CHAPTER IV.

THE Swensons, of whom Audrey was the last representative, had been a Swedish colonial family of higher rank and wealth than any in Southern Delaware. Before going the next day to their house (where she thought, doubtless, the ancient stately grace still held sway), Jane gave many an anxious thought to her dress and demeanor. Her father had been originally a shoemaker; and though that was a secret known only to a few, it gave Miss Derby a double share of the usual American uneasiness about wealth and dress and position. In the afternoon she went down to the sea to clear her brain for this state supper with the heiress. It was a walk of two or three miles, but she reached the beach before the sun was down. She had brought paper and pencil, meaning to jot down a few ideas on the situation of the Papacy. But the ideas did not come. The town lay asleep behind her; at her left hand the Delaware Bay lapsed without a sound into the ocean; countless white sails hidden during the high wind behind the breakwater, were flitting out noiselessly to their far off havens; at her other side sand-hill beyond hill stretched bleakly from the sea landward. Despite the chilly salt air, and the pink sky, there was a mysterious ghost-like silence and meaning about her which the moan of the sea did not disturb, and which would not fit into Jane's patchworked items for the *Review*. It annoyed her, as anything always did which lay outside of her own shrewd comprehension. She was relieved by seeing something human and tangible on the sea-beach—a boy catching blue mackerel with a squid. Jane sat down on one of the sand-hills to watch him; the small, black figure coming into bold relief between her and the sky, like a fine sepia drawing. This, at least, she could comprehend; and it was a pretty picturesque sight. The lad, who had a curiously free, lithe movement, paced slowly along the beach, as he rolled the line into a coil on one arm, then darted breast-high into the breaker. The glittering lead was thrown like a lasso far out into the still water; then he walked backward with head thrown back, and high,

quick steps up the beach, drawing in the cord, hand over hand. At the end flapped a large shining fish. Jane, as pleased as though she had caught it herself, jumped up to go towards him when she perceived that her boy was a girl in a white flannel bathing suit. Just then Goddard, who had followed her, came up and stretched himself lazily on the sand.

"That fishwoman yonder has such a long, loping step that I took her for a boy, Niel. What magnificent build and freedom of action she has for a woman! Her feet scarcely make a dint in the sand."

"Sit still. She does not see us."

The girl came towards them, glancing at the sun to know the time. The truth was she had gone out to catch something to eat. No fish, no supper. As she neared them, Pike, one of the incorrigible progressers of the village, came creeping up, smelling of whiskey and tobacco, from a heap of kelp and clam shells. She held up the mackerel. "Is it a ten-pounder, Pike," anxiously. "I want it to be a ten-pounder."

"Dunno. Know you owe me de price of dat ar, Misses," hauling his hat over one eye.

She let the fish slip to the ground. "I don't know what you mean. Why, I caught it."

"Jess so. Ef you had'nt caught it, you'd hev bought one off of me. Why, God bless you, de Lord gib you de money an' me de fish. When you goes a fishin' you is robbin' ol'e Pike of his sheer of bread an' butter; dar's all about it."

The girl stood frightened and anxious staring at him.

"That seems fair," she said at last, putting her hand reluctantly to a pocket in her breast. "How much should I have paid you for it, Pike?"

He named a price and she paid him.

"But, my good girl, this is idiotic," cried Jane, getting up indignantly. "How can you let yourself be so swindled? I can't bear to see money wasted by anybody."

"You think he cheated me, then?" looking angrily after the slouching Pike. "You should n't laugh, Mr. Goddard. It is no laughing matter. I have been saving for months to buy a fall dress, and now I shall not have enough to do it. Well, no matter!" shaking off her irritation with a laughing shrug. "I forgot my slippers on the beach; I'll run for them."

Goddard did not offer to run for them, but watched her go with kindling eye. "That

white woolen hangs about her like the drapery of an antique statue! Do you see how noble and grave and innocent she is from head to foot? Do you see how she finishes and gives the key-note to this landscape, to its strength and untainted freshness? Audrey—"

"That Audrey?" cried Jane. "Why, that girl is stupid! She is an imbecile. You can't mean it, Neil?"

Goddard combed his beard with his fingers reflectively. "Yes, that is Audrey. I believe she *is* what one would call lacking in intelligence on some points. 'Imbecile' would be going too far, perhaps. But what of that? In old times they did not ask from the oracle, through whom the divine message came, any special shrewdness of her own."

"And how do you expect the divine message through this—this very remarkable fishwoman?"

"By her comprehension of music," coolly. "When Audrey Swenson has studied (and she has bent herself to dry, hard work like an artist), there will be no interpreter through harmony with such power as hers in the world."

"Ah, Niel! you have found so many lodes of gold that turned out to be nothing but poor quartz!" There was a pain and passion in Jane's sharp voice which made Mr. Goddard turn. His soul, as everybody knew, responded, like an Æolian harp, to every touch of emotion. His eyes, fixed on hers in silence for a moment, caught a subtle fire from them and burned tender and brilliant.

"I never said," he said in a low voice over which he had momentarily lost the control, "that divine messages came to the world through *you*. Your message is just a word or two of home and of womanly love. And I fancy sometimes it was sent only to me. Am I right, Jenny?" His face in his earnestness came close to hers. He took her short, thick hand in his delicate fingers; but dropped it again quickly. The fiery spirit in his veins rose to meet the heat in hers, and his womanish heart ached in pity for her jealous pain, but he really could not bear to see a young girl with a paw shaped like a man's.

A moment before, the gray dunes of sand had stretched dreary and blank before Jane to the drearier, blanner sea. Now they shone like hills of gold in the yellow light. The waves plashed in little glad pools at her feet. Waves and beach and

the vast sunset sky bending over were waiting breathless with her, listening for the words which her lover would say.

He *was* her lover? He lay in the warm, light sand, his chin resting in his hand, reading her face with the beatified, rapt look of some old star-gazer finding the secret of his future in the skies. No one but a lover could discover such meanings in her round, freckled visage. Now Niel Goddard, undersized though he was, was to her an exceptionally masculine, manly man; clear-minded too: while he usually bore down difficulties and swept people before him with a series of gusts of magnetic energy, the wind one felt was never unclean or malarious. Outside of his genius Jane had a keen pride in him as her own. He was her own! For years he had been wont thus to gaze in her face: there was a subtle fine kinship between them which in a crowd made them one by a touch or glance: there was not a secret or plan of his life which he had not brought to her: he had half finished a play once of which their exquisite sympathy and happy love had been the *motif*. He had never in so many words asked her to marry him: simply, as Miss Derby reasoned, because he had not the money. Now, he had it. It was hers, it is true, but it would soon be hers again of his free gift. So she waited, trembling with expectation. Mr. Goddard watched the fever heat and redden her cheeks with pleasure. It was contagious enough to excite him agreeably, and what a benefit, he thought, her love for him had been to Jenny! How it rarefied and ennobled an else commonplace character! His love for her too; how it calmed his nerves, and brought him *en rapport* with sea and sky and even the salt invigorating wind! No matter what rain fell, Goddard's cup was always ready and up. He enjoyed a dinner set out with artistic china and æsthetic cooking with just as much *gout* as this scene of his long-lived drama with Jenny and his share of their mutual fine-spun passion.

But he did not ask her to marry him, then.

"How wet those clouds are against the sun! One can almost feel the damp winds shut up in them!" he said, looking about him lazily. "We have lost Audrey. But her cousin Kit is with her, down on the sands."

"Until lately," Miss Derby said with a sudden keen watchfulness of him, "I in-

ferred that Miss Swenson was engaged to her cousin."

Goddard looked at them attentively a moment. "I don't know, I'm sure. A love affair loses its rare flavor of interest to me, as soon as the public is called in to see it and appraise it. There is no poem like the intangible accord of two spirits hymning their way through life together with a secret harmony of which no one knows but themselves and God. But when they make it a vulgar matter of engagements and wedding-rings, a community in clothes and marketing—pah! The flavor is gone for me, as I said."

Miss Derby rose. "I don't know any thing about hymning souls," bitterly. The tears came into the poor girl's eyes as she glanced down at the noble head lifted from the sand to look after the pair on the beach. How often she had thought of the keen delight of mending the clothes of this red-haired young Apollo, of marketing for him, saving the ten-cents and quarters for him, which he earned so slowly and flung about so recklessly! Her love was no intangible hymning. She was impatient to put it into matters which could be touched, tasted, handled. A pot or pan which had cooked anything for him, was as a sacred vessel in her eyes; she had an old hat-band which he had thrown aside long ago hanging next to her soft, hot bosom now.

"If Audrey should marry that unman-nered lout, Graff," continued Goddard, reflectively, "there is an end of *her*. In a dozen years she will be a tailoress and a cook for him and his children. It is intolerable!" rising, his fine features red with excitement. "I tell you, Jane, not one human being in a million is born into the world with such largess with her for mankind, as that girl!"

"You had better marry her yourself, Niel, and preserve the largess for mankind," said Miss Derby, suddenly.

He did not take his eyes from Audrey's distant figure. "Marry her? Marry Audrey? I had not thought of that," he said quietly after a long pause. "No, I never thought of that before."

CHAPTER V.

Christopher Graff had gone to find his cousin Audrey with a purpose. What the purpose was she discovered in the first half dozen words, and walked more slowly in order to fling pebbles at her ease into the

surf and to listen. People made such a habit of advising and lecturing Audrey, her ignorance and blunders were so great, in matters which were commonplace to all other girls, that she turned as readily to hear the advice and lecturing as a plant lifts its leaf to the rain when it is dry.

"You know I have been out in the world more than you, Audrey. I can compare this man by other men. Besides, you have no perception of human nature. Never had; not the slightest."

"Very likely not, Christopher," laughing.

"Besides—what does he mean? In Delaware, or among civilized people anywhere, when a gentleman waits upon a lady as he has done on you he means love and a proposal and marriage. Now he—"

"But I don't wish to marry Mr. Goddard. It is no disappointment to me. I did not even think of it," gravely.

"That has nothing to do with his conduct. It is all of a piece! He's an artist you say. Where are his pictures? Jane calls him a great writer; but he has not colored paper with ink in Lewes. That's what he is!" stopping wrathfully by a pond of salt water, and pointing down to the bloated little angel fish at the bottom. "In front you see his wings outspread ready to fly. But it all ends in a miserable wriggle."

"It is not like you to be coarse, or ill-tempered, Christopher," she said looking up at him anxiously.

"Because I cannot see you tampered with, Audrey." He put his hand on her shoulder as they walked, as though she were a child and going to fall. She might be dull, but she saw that the big man, ordinarily so good-humored, looking down at her, was now greatly moved, and forced himself to be calm.

"Now he has taken it into his cracked brain to convince you that you are like himself, and possess some exceptional power. What folly is that! You play very nicely, no doubt, though the piano is but a poor tinkling thing to my notion. And as for your singing, candidly, Audrey, I've heard one or two women in the choir at Georgetown whose voices were stronger than yours. More volume in them, eh? I wish you could go up to Georgetown some Sunday, and you'd see for yourself. But Goddard would persuade you to give years of your life to studying those cursed Do Re Mis, and, then he'd bring

you out on the stage of a theater. You, in a theater! What do you think of that?"

"I have never thought of the theater." She had stopped and was looking across the gray sand, not at Neil, her companion noted shrewdly, but far out to sea, as if behind that darkening horizon she had once found some secret of her life, and was searching for it again.

"To think of you—you in that tinsel, and bedaubed with paint, men reeking with liquor and tobacco flinging you bouquets! It was to-day Goddard broached the subject to me. He had much to say of the sympathetic quality of your voice, and its timbre, as if I cared for the damnable musical slang. Audrey," turning on her so as to put his burly body between her and the sea, "I must have the right to protect you from such meddling. A fellow like that," with a contemptuous nod towards Goddard, "such a wasp of a man as that only amuses me. If he struck me I believe I could laugh. But when he begins to finger and play with you as if you were his pet fiddle, and talk of your power and your future, it maddens me almost as if he had put his hand on your person. You know what I want, Audrey!" abruptly.

"Oh, yes. You wish me to marry you at once, Kit." She had clasped her hands behind her head, and stood looking past him. Goddard regarding her as a statue would have been thrilled anew by the noble, grave, innocence of the figure. But she was no statue to Graff.

"I wish you'd look at me, Audrey," irritably. "You have a bad habit of putting your hands over your head, and looking off in that way as if your concerns were elsewhere, and you had nothing to do with people. It's hardly civil, to my notion. Yes. Why shouldn't we be married now? We have talked of it since we were children. You surely cannot doubt my love for you?" his coarse, steady voice shaken more than she had ever known it before.

"No, I don't doubt you in any way," energetically. "I trust nobody as I do you." She laid her large white hand on his exactly as a man might do.

"Not even this Goddard?"

"I don't know whether I trust him at all or not. There are times when I think of him just as you do, but at others—"

"Why should you think of him at all?" his hands on her shoulders. "Good God! Audrey, don't you belong to me? Hasn't

all Sussex county talked for years of how you were to be my wife when you were grown? Have you forgotten that I built the addition to the house for you? Why, there's even the new heifer waiting for you to name."

"Yes, I know all that."

"And here at the eleventh hour comes this Goddard with his talk of pianos. I am expected to sit down in the chimney corner, while my wife sets off on a wild-geese chase through the world with her gift for humanity." He stopped hot and red, but she made no reply. "Now, perhaps," he resumed, coaxingly, "you are afraid of the work and responsibility at the head of a large farm? You shall not be a drudge, like these farmers' wives, Audrey. Mother will manage for you. And I'll have plenty of help in peach season, and you'll soon learn to can and dry peaches. It's really not difficult, either canning or drying. Mother says you have quite a nice talent for preserves now. Well?" after a breathless pause, "won't you answer me, Audrey? Just tell me exactly what you think of it."

But she did not answer him directly.

"I knew long ago," she said at last, "that if Audrey Swenson was not a musician, she was as poor material as ever a woman was made out of. As for canning or preserving or the heifers, they're nice enough. But I don't really often think about them. I'm afraid, Kit," with a quizzical laugh, the vexed tears ready to rise to her eyes, "I've no real genius for either house-keeping or love. But Mr. Goddard," going back to the first idea with a dogged, persistent nod, as she walked on, "told me nothing new about myself. I knew all that long ago—long ago."

CHAPTER VI.

MEANWHILE, the wet clouds against the sun had blown away; the tide was running out, and the light striking direct upon the flattened sea, two-thirds of the world seemed a vast plain of rippling, transparent yellow. The strip that was left was weird and dreary. The gray stretch of sand, Cape Henlopen light-house rising out of it, glittering and white, at the back of all the smoke of the village hanging blue in the cold air. Graff, as they walked, looked down at his companion anxiously, and cleared his throat once or twice.

"I hope you're enjoying this view, Audrey?" At least she should not suppose

Goddard's was the only soul alive to Nature's beauties. "Now there's a very pretty effect on the top of those rollers, d'ye see? I don't know that I ever saw a better yellow than that—a kind of a corn-color. On the whole, I believe I'd as lief look at the sea as at a landscape, though of course, one misses the houses and people. A human being must have something human, you know." He was very well satisfied with this little intellectual effort: he was used to look at the sea in the light of blue fish and sheepshead, but now that he chose to consider it æsthetically, he thought he had put the question as neatly as though, like Goddard, he had been in the habit of making pilgrimages to Concord to sit at the feet of the Yankee Gamaliel, Emerson. Miss Swenson was pleased, too, apparently, for her eye ran over him from head to foot, and she smiled a queer, slow smile peculiar to herself, that had in it something inexpressibly tender and loyal.

"So I am to name the house and the heifer? Heifer first, then. Now—let me see—" They walked on deliberating together. Miss Derby, as they came near, noted this slow, fine smile of the other woman and her movements, as leisurely as those of a deer at ease in its own covert. Audrey, she was sure, had never felt one throb of love in her soul or passion in her body. While she—she and Goddard, at least, had grasped life in *medias res* half an hour ago. They approached, they had almost touched, the imminent moment of their lives: all these long years of repressed fire and longing would have culminated in a few words, as they sat on the sand, if it had not been for this girl, whose every thought was single and cool, and alien to theirs. As for Audrey, she hardly observed the awkward constraint of her companions. To talk of love, in no wise embarrassed her. She was very fond of Kit, of course. Everybody was fond of Kit; marriage with him simply meant to live a little nearer to his good nature, to have a share in his house, heifers, and peach-canning.

Her eyes suddenly kindled: "Why here are all the guests, and here is the supper! Why not cook it now?" This was something at least with zest in it.

"Capital!" cried Niel, who had had enough of emotional entertainment for the day, and felt chowder to be a relief.

"Gather the wood, then; and you, Kit, go to the house for bread, butter, and coffee. You know as well as I do what is wanted."

Mr. Graff muttered irritably, for he had rather made a point to himself of this supper, and the effect which the Swenson china and old plate would have on Jane.

"It's not the thing at all which Miss Derby has a right to expect from you," following Audrey as she flew here and there, gathering dried sea-grass and bits of wreck. "A regular tea at least—"

"Oh, Kit, go!"

"If I do go, you must promise to call properly on her to-morrow. Wear that summer silk. It's not made as I saw them in town, but Jane's not particular as to fashion. But as for this absurd bathing rig—"

Jane, meanwhile, with the envy and jealous rage which belongs to women of her caliber, and which is so often kindled by a matter of hats and petticoats, watched the bathing rig: watched Niel Goddard's rapt scrutiny of it and every motion of its wearer, as he lay idle on the sand, the fire gone out in his cigar.

"Fleet-footed Atalanta skims across the plain," he murmured, his eyes passing critically over Audrey, from the wavy masses of reddish-brown hair to the delicate blue-veined feet.

"It would have been more to the pur-

pose if Atalanta had sent for her stockings," Miss Derby replied.

He laughed. "Jenny," flinging away his cigar, "I mean to give serious thought to that idea of yours, about making Audrey my wife. It strikes me as if you had drawn up the curtain from a landscape with which I was long familiar. A woman of absolute, original power is really, after all, what I need. It would be a daily cordial to give me life. Of course, I never should have burthened myself with work for the support of a wife. What I am I have dedicated to art." But the farm would clear away the money difficulty—"

"O, yes. The farm—it all arranges itself very comfortably." She got up as she spoke and fell to gathering sea-weed; but Niel did not follow her stumpy figure with his eyes.

"Though in fact, Jenny," he reflected, "has a narrow intense power of affection, as valuable in its way as grace of body or attractive features. That old, ever recurring domestic type of woman! There it comes again, even in a scribbler for the press who lives by her wits! Well, well! I wonder if it is not the best for a man to have about him, after all?"

(To be continued.)

A VIGIL.

DARK shore, and desolate sky
Unquickened by a star;
Sad sea where wandering sails are lost
In night afar!

No human presence sweet,
Nor other sound beside,
Save that to silence near akin—
The ebbing tide

Only a lonely wreck
High on the lonely beach,
Whose hopelessness defies at last
The breaker's reach.

O Earth that keeps no watch,
O Heaven that lights no star,
HE is who cares for every sail,
Each broken spar!

LUKE.

(IN THE COLORADO PARK, 1873.)

BY BRET HARTE.

WOT's that you're readin'?—a novel? A novel—well darn my skin!
 You a man grown and bearded and histin' such stuff ez that in—
 Stuff about gals and their sweethearts! No wonder you're thin ez a knife.
 Look at me!—clar two hundred—and never read one in my life!

That's my opinion o' novels. And ez to their lyin' round here,
 They belonged to the Jedge's daughter—the Jedge who came up last year
 On account of his lungs and the mountains and the balsam o' pine and fir;
 And his daughter—well, she read novels, and that's what's the matter with her.

Yet she was sweet on the Jedge, and stuck by him day and night,
 Alone in the cabin up yer—till she grew like a ghost, all white.
 She was only a slip of a thing, ez light and ez up and away
 Ez rifle smoke blown through the woods, but she wasn't my kind—no way!

Speakin o' gals, d'ye mind that house ez you rise the hill,
 A mile and a half from White's, and jist above Mattingly's mill?
 You do? Well now *thar's* a gal! What, you saw her? O, come now, *thar*, quit!
 She was only bedevlin' you boys, for to me she don't cotton one bit.

Now she's what I call a gal—ez pretty and plump ez a quail;
 Teeth ez white ez a hound's and they'd go through a tenpenny nail;
 Eyes that kin snap like a cap. So she asked to know "whar I was hid."
 She did! O, it's jist like her sass, for she's peart ez a Katy-did.

But what was I talking of?—O! the Jedge and his daughter—she read
 Novels the whole day long, and I reckon she read them abed,
 And sometimes she read them out loud to the Jedge on the porch where he sat,
 And 'twas how "Lord Augustus" said this, and how "Lady Blanche" she said that.

But the sickest of all that I heerd, was a yarn thet they read 'bout a chap,
 "Leather-stocking" by name, and a hunter chock full o' the greenest o' sap;
 And they asked me to hear, but I says, "Miss Mabel, not any for me;
 When I likes I kin sling my own lies, and thet chap and I shouldn't agree."

Yet somehow-or-other she was always sayin' I brought her to mind
 Of folks about whom she had read, or suthin belike of thet kind,
 And thar warn't no end o' the names that she give me thet summer up here,
 "Robin Hood," "Leather-stocking," "Rob Roy,"—O, I tell you, the critter was queen.

And yet ef she hadn't been spiled, she was harmless enough in her way,
 She could jabber in French to her dad, and they said that she knew how to play,
 And she worked me that shot-pouch up thar—which the man doesn't live ez kin use,
 And slippers—you see 'em down yer—ez would cradle an Injin's pappoose.

Yet along o' them novels, you see, she was wastin' and mopin' away,
 And then she got shy with her tongue, and at last had nothin' to say;
 And whenever I happened around, her face it was hid by a book,
 And it warn't until she left that she give me ez much ez a look.

And this was the way it was. It was night when I kem up here
 To say to 'em all "good-bye," for I reckoned to go for deer.

At "sun up" the day they left. So I shook 'em all round by the hand,
'Cept Mabel, and she was sick, ez they give me to understand.

But jist ez I passed the house next morning at dawn, some one,
Like a little waver o' mist, got up on the hill with the sun;
Miss Mabel it was, alone—all wrapped in a mantle o' lace—
And she stood there straight in the road, with a touch o' the sun in her face.

And she looked me right in the eye—I'd seen suthin like it before
When I hunted a wounded doe to the edge o' the Clear Lake shore,
And I had my knee on its neck, and jist was raisin' my knife
When it give me a look like that, and—well, it got off with its life.

"We are going to-day," she said, "and I thought I would say good-bye
To you in your own house, Luke—these woods, and the bright blue sky!
You've always been kind to us, Luke, and papa has found you still
As good as the air he breathes, and wholesome as Laurel Tree Hill.

"And we'll always think of you, Luke, as the thing we could not take away;
The balsam that dwells in the woods, the rainbow that lives in the spray.
And you'll sometimes think of *me*, Luke, as you know you once used to say,
A rifle smoke blown through the woods, a moment, but never to stay."

And then we shook hands. She turned, but a-sudden she tottered and fell,
And I caught her sharp by the waist, and held her a minit—well,
It was only a minit, you know, that ez cold and ez white she lay
Ez a snow-flake here on my breast, and then—well, she melted away—

And was gone * * * And thar are her books; but I says not any for me,
Good enough may be for some, but them and I mightn't agree.
They spiled a decent gal ez might hev made some chap a wife,
And look at me!—clar two hundred—and never read one in my life!

BLACK ROCK.

"—Life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet,
Where there are somber colors."

—JEAN INGELOW.

"MARTHY! there's a squall comin'; an' look at that yacht, will you. If there's a' one aboard of her as has a mite o' common sense he'll run her in here afore the storm comes."

"Well, there ain't, then," said Martha, sharply, "for they're turnin' her head straight out to sea, look if they ain't."

And Abram, shading his eyes with his hand, shook his head slowly. "So they be, Martha, so they be. Just fetch me my coat. I'll go down to the shore. There'll be a boat wantin' soon, I'm afeard."

A slant of sunshine from under the edge of the ragged cloud silvered the sails

of the little yacht and lit up the anxious face of the watcher. "There it is now;" and he looked up quickly, as a shivering blast rustled the leaves over his head. "It does seem as if the Lord made some folks just to act foolish;" and hurrying down the cliff he got out his boat, threw in an extra coil of rope, and then stood by her watching the little vessel as now, feeling the freshening breeze and seeing the white caps on the breakers, they changed her course and she came beating up against the wind, her sails fluttering, her slender mast creaking and straining.

"Land sakes! Better ha' stayed where she was ef they don't know the coast pretty well. Why on *airth* don't they reef that sail!" And Abram, in a kind of desperation, watched the feeble efforts to get the yacht ready for the squall which, even to the most unpracticed eye, was close upon them.

"What now, Abram! Watchin' that little craft out yonder? Likely to get a duckin' of they run her in here now, ain't they? Could ha' done it ten minutes ago." And the stalwart fisherman puffed away at his pipe, lounging on the side of the boat with his eyes fixed on the straining vessel.

"There she goes!" as the blast veered suddenly and drove her straight against the low rocks. "No, she's off—there, it's changed again—push off, Abram, I'll take an oar." And with their heads well bent to the driving rain, the two fishermen pulled steadily towards the dangerous rocks where they could still discern the dim outline of mast and spars.

But the fog came down thicker and thicker, and the wind changed from point to point, now in their faces, now behind them, till—knowing the coast as they did—they were at a loss as to their whereabouts.

"Lay to, Ben, till the fog lifts. We're fighting in the dark now." And with anxious eyes peering through the gloom, and ears strained to catch the faintest sound above the whistling of the wind, and the dash of the waves, they rested on their oars.

Suddenly Abram tightened his grasp. "Steady now, Ben, pull to wind'ard."

They rowed in silence for some minutes, the oars sounding muffled in the thick darkness that encompassed them.

"I thought we was right on her that time. I heerd a thud an' a shiver like, an' I thought she'd struck."

Ben Lawson was listening intently—

"Lay off, Abram, there's the waves on Black Rock."

"Well, the Lord help 'em."

Ben put his hand to his ear; a hail came from somewhere on their right.

"Ay, ay, mates."

"Abram, where's the yacht?"

"The Lord knows."

The fog thinned a little and another boat came up alongside.

"She's round the point by now. There's a big swell on where she struck."

"But them as was aboard of her?" said Abram, anxiously.

"There's an undertow to-day, mates," spoke up an old fisherman in one of the boats, "as 'ud draw the yacht herself, ef she only struck the bottom."

A murmur came from the boats, and the men's faces blanched. Abram broke the awful silence.

"Mates, s'pose you round the point, an' Ben an' me we'll keep this side o' Black

Rock. The wind is changed a point or two, an' the fog 'll lift soon; and mebbe we'll find 'some on 'em."

"Ay, ay, Abram. Pull away, lads," and the men bent to their oars, and the boats shot forward under the firm, steady strokes, vanishing like specters in the terrible white gloom.

"Now, Ben, you an' me's got the worst. but keep clear o' the rock an' we'll weather it yet. Pull to wind'ard, my lad, and we'll come to somethin' sure."

The cloud lifted a little as they came nearer, showing the jagged line over which the rising tide broke sullenly. "There's no use lookin' for 'em here,"—and Ben Lawson pointed to the line of foam circling the treacherous Black Rock. "What with the tide an' the undertow, they're lost sure." Abram shook his head grayely, but presently his cheeks flushed—"Pull in Ben, pull in close, there's somethin' on the rocks," and leaping out on one not yet covered by the water, he stooped over a bundle. "Ben, it's a child!" he cried excitedly, and carefully loosening the shawl, he lifted the little one in his arms. "She's fainted, poor dear, leastways she's cold an' limp like—but her heart beats yet, we'll save her any how. Now pull, Ben," he added as he took his place in the stern, "pull just as hard as ever you did, and Marthy 'll hev her all right in no time."

But it *did* take time to bring the child back to consciousness, for her soul had wandered so near the confines of another world that it seemed sorely loth to return to this: but Martha's nursing was at last rewarded by the little one opening her eyes; and looking from one to another, and then around the room, she said quietly—"I like this place."

"You do, dear?" said Abram, his face shining with his great delight, "Well, I'm mighty glad o' that now."

"Who are you?" asked the child, gravely, fixing her eyes on his without the slightest look of fear.

"Oh! I'm Uncle Abram," nodding and smiling re-assuringly.

"Oh!—and," turning to Martha, "you're Aunt Abram—very well," and, closing her eyes, she dropped asleep.

"Pretty dear," and Abram lifted one little hand tenderly, "how old is she, Marthy, do you think?"

"'Bout five, I guess; leastways she has a locket round her neck, with somethin'

'bout *fifth birthday* on it. But ain't there none of 'em found yet?"

Abram shook his head. "The yacht's ashore 'round the point, but there ain't a human critter dead or alive been found yet; mebbe the tide will wash 'em ashore when it's flood again."

But it never did, and though they watched it closely, the sea gave no clue to the resting place of those its strong arms had gathered and now held so closely. From the child's story it appeared that she had been asleep when the vessel struck, and so knew nothing of what had happened. For some days she talked of "her papa," who would "come for her," but when day after day she was disappointed she confided to Abram that "her papa had gone away again on a big ship, to take care of his soldiers,—he had told her he would some day," and they did not attempt to undeceive her.

"I'll go an' inquire arter her friends, Marthy," Abram said one day, "it ain't jest right to keep her, tho' she do seem to belong to us now."

But his search was useless. The yacht had been hired by a party of English tourists, two ladies, three gentlemen, and the little girl, and "the gentlemen *would* manage the boat themselves,"—this was all they could learn. So the child remained in Abram's cottage, delighting him with her pretty ways and quaint, sweet speeches, and winning her way slowly, but surely, into the sterner heart of "Aunt Abram," as she still called her. She was a strange contradiction, this little waif, sometimes appearing so much older, sometimes so much younger, than her age; but when Martha would express alarm at her ignorance, Abram would lay his broad hand gently on the golden curls—"Never mind, Marthy, she's all right; her little soul's only feelin' its way yet."

"Won't you come and talk to me a while, please, Aunt Abram?" said the child plaintively, one day.

Poor Martha looked sorely puzzled. "Talk! child, what about?"

"Oh, I don't know, I'm so very lonely, Aunt Abram."

She had been sitting quietly on the door-step, in the sun, watching the gulls as they flew over the water or followed the tide with their quick, graceful motions and watchful eyes; the fishing boats were a constant source of delight to her, but she had grown weary even of this; Abram was

away, and a tired, grieved look, painful to see on so young a face, had chased away the smiles. "What makes you call me 'Aunt Abram'?" asked Martha, glad of some subject to begin on.

"Oh! Aren't you Uncle Abram's wife?"

"No, child," said Martha, sharply, her thin cheeks flushing as she thought of what "might have been."

"His sister, then?"

"No."

"Why, he told me he *had* a sister, for he said her eyes were just like mine."

"Well, so he had," said Martha, looking down into the interested face at her knee, and thinking with a sudden thrill how strangely sweet it was to have a child's hand clinging to her dress, she paused so long that the little one became impatient. "Well, tell me about the sister."

"There ain't much to tell, dear, she was sick all the time, an' I come here to tend her, an' wait on her, an' then I just stayed on to look after the house an' the cow, for Abram he took on so when she died he didn't tend to nothin'."

"Died! what is *died*?" questioned the child. "Is it growing all cold and white like my pretty mamma, and being put in a stone house all over lions and swords like the spoons and things, to wait for the angels?"

And Martha completely at a loss how to answer, said "yes" to it all, then her conscience pricking her, she added—"Only Hetty wasn't put in a house all over lions, she was put out there in the ground, an' we covered her up with grass, an' the flowers grew on her." "Covered up with grass, and flowers growing on her," repeated the child musingly. "I'd like that better than a house, but if I mustn't call you Aunt Abram, who are you?"

"I'm Martha."

"Martha! Oh! then I know all about you."

"You do?" and the worthy spinster looked at the child with a curious mixture of awe and amusement. "Well, land! what next!"

"Oh! yes," and she nodded her head in a satisfied way, "somebody told me about you once, and your sister Mary, and your brother, what was his name?—Oh! I know, Lazarus, weren't you glad to get him back? I always thought it was very good of you to make nice things for dinner, and I think Mary *might* have helped you a little. I'm so glad I've found

you; but why isn't he"—pointing to Abram, who was coming slowly up the beach—"why isn't he Uncle *Lazarus*?"

"Land sakes! child, ask *him*; there's my milk boilin' over," and Martha hurried off to the kitchen, handing over the child and her perplexities to Abram, who, taking her out with him, found a sheltered place on the sand, and sitting down beside her, he patiently explained the difference between the Martha of Bethany and the brusque housekeeper up at the cottage, who was at that moment wondering "what on airth they was to do with the child, for she's wrong in the head, certain." And there in the shelter of an old boat, when the days grew long, they sat together, Abram and the child. "Tell me a story, Uncle Abram," was the constant appeal, and he to whom few books were open save God's and Nature's, was fain to tell her of the old-time days when angels walked the earth and the God-Man talked with men. Excepting the story which some one had told her of Martha and Mary, and which had taken fast hold of her memory as everything she fancied did, she was as ignorant of Bible characters and Bible history as the veriest little heathen, and with parted lips and eager eyes she listened as Abram in his simple words would tell her of Him who walked upon the sea, and dwelt with lowly fisher folk; and from those baby lips would come the cry so often wrung from sorrow-stricken hearts, "Why is all done, why isn't it *now*, Uncle Abram?" And he in his larger patience would respond, "Wait awhile, pretty one, wait awhile, you an' me we'll see Him yet."

As the months passed on, the child grew quite contented with the quiet life she led. Her brain was full of pretty fancies which she brought out before these two, without the slightest reserve, sometimes troubling "Aunt Martha" a little with doubts of her perfect sanity, but giving unfeigned delight to Abram, who often found his own tender thoughts put into words by the little prattler at his side. No one questioned his right to keep her, and when strangers attracted by her great beauty would ask her to whom she belonged, she always answered simply—"Uncle Abram found me in the sea; I'm his."

She had told them "her papa" called her "Alice," but my pretty mamma called me "*Blossom*," and Blossom she was to

Abram; then came suited her delicate face, which no sun or wind was strong enough to darken.

"Look at her eyes, Marthy, as blue as the sea when the sun shines," Abram would say, sometimes; and Martha, who thought much of the responsibility of her charge, would answer curtly—"Han'some is as han'some does, Abram." And Alice would shake her golden curls about her face with a laugh, knowing full well that all she "was" and "did" was "han'some" in "Aunt Martha's" eyes.

Three years passed, then one day Abram came in looking troubled.

"I met the Domine, Marthy, an' he sez to me, 'Abram what are you goin' to do with your little girl? She'd ought to larn some thin'.' Now she ain't fit to go to school anyways round here, Marthy, is she now?"

"If he's so awful anxious about it, why don't he offer to teach her himself," snapped Martha, relishing no interference with their little Alice.

"Mebbe he would, now. I never thought o' that. What a powerful hand you allus was to *think*, Marthy."

She smiled grimly, not displeased with the compliment, and so the matter of Alice's education was settled. For two hours a day she went to the parsonage, there learning not only from books, but lessons of nobleness and goodness from the patient, self-sacrificing life of the pastor, who in his humble way was following closely in the footsteps of the Master for whom he had given up all the world had to offer.

"I thought once my life was a failure, Alice," he said to his young pupil one day, "but just as that dull rock is made a stepping-stone for those who bring their boats ashore, I hope my life may help some other life to reach the shore of Heaven."

Nine years pass quickly. It is a warm, bright, summer afternoon. In a little cove Abram's boat is lying idly on the water; he is fishing, and Alice, in the stern, is watching him. She has taken off her hat, and the level sunbeams quiver through her golden curls, and dance over the white arms and restless little hands.

"Come, Uncle Abram, aren't you mostly ready? Aunt Martha will be so cross."

The artist up on the rocks who, unperceived, has been sketching the group, goes hastily on with his work.

"Pretty soon, Blossom, pretty soon now."

She leans back again, and sits quietly watching the white gulls flying out to sea. The golden brightness fades a little, and the young face takes a tenderer look. Abram is dimly conscious of something that makes different all the world to him, a something that is pain and pleasure both. He leans over and touches her hand softly—"Shall we go now, pretty Blossom?" and with a start the girl comes out of her dreaming and smiles up at him, a child again.

"I must have that girl's face!" And as Abram takes up the oars, a loud "Halloo!" comes to him from the rocks, and looking up he sees a figure springing down from point to point in evident haste to join him.

"We'll have to stop a minute, Blossom, yon lad 'll break his neck, I'm much afeard."

As he comes up the stranger doffs his hat to Alice, who blushes in pretty surprise and embarrassment. "Can you tell me sir," he says, turning to Abram, "of any place where I could stay for a week? Your coast is so beautiful, and I am an artist," he stops abruptly and looks at Alice, who, with downcast eyes is dipping her hand in the water. "What a lovely face!" he exclaims mentally.

"Well! mebbe Ben Lawson's wife could take you, ef you're willin' to eat fish an' eggs an' sech like."

Oh! quite willing is the stranger to eat anything, but where is 'Ben Lawson's wife' to be found? Then Abram, with his natural politeness, offers him a seat in his boat, and so for one short half hour, he has the happiness of sitting opposite his hoped-for model, and listening to her low, sweet replies to his lively conversation. Presently he lays his sketch-book on her lap, open at his late attempt.

Her eyes sparkle. "There is Uncle Abram and the old boat, but—I never looked like that, is it me?"

"Of course it is. You are not very complimentary to my skill, why is it not like you?"

"It is so very pretty," answers Alice with a shy blush, which makes her ten times more enchanting to the amused eyes watching her.

Then the boat grates on the sand and after receiving directions for finding Ben Lawson's cottage, the artist strides off up the beach, only to turn again to look at the two figures climbing up the cliff. They

are clearly outlined against the evening sky, the old man strong and hearty yet, head erect, clear eyes and firm, sure step, the young girl, now springing on before, now clinging to his hand with child-like confidence; and so they vanish under the shadow of the trees, and he walks on again with a sigh.

The next morning rose bright and sunny with just enough wind to ruffle the blue water. Outside the ledge of rock the sea was dotted with tiny sails, white in the morning sun. The little waves curled over with just a feather of foam, and the gulls were darting hither and thither, their long wings gleaming in the sunlight.

Ernest Hathaway strolling up the beach came suddenly upon Abram and his "little Blossom," cozily sheltered beneath the old boat.

"Good mornin', sir, you're out early," and Abram rose slowly.

"Don't get up; may n't I join you? This is such a shady nook in all this blaze of sunshine."

"Come an' welcome, sir, ef you're willin' to take the sand for a cheer; we aint got much furniture in our house, hev we, Blossom?"

And 'Blossom' smiled shyly, pushing away some sea-weed to make a place for the young artist.

"Do you come here often?" he asked as he threw himself down on the sand.

"Laws, yes, sir, Blossom an' me, we comes here most days that's fine, we could n't do without the old boat, could we, Blossom?"

And Alice laughs and shakes her head, then turns her eyes once more to the shimmering water. Ernest Hathaway follows her gaze, and the beautiful light strikes through and through his delicate appreciative face. "What a perfect morning this is!—nothing left to wish for."

"It's just that, sir, *perfect*, as you say. I often think folks talk 'bout how *they'd* do, but if any one of us had made this mornin', sir, we'd ha' left out somethin'. Mebbe it would ha' been the wind and the sparkle like it makes on the water, mebbe it would ha' been only the gulls, but anyway it would n't ha' been *perfect*; it takes God to do that."

They were all silent a few moments and then the stranger turned to Abram. "I almost forgot my errand, which was to ask you to take me off somewhere in your boat, where I can get a view of the coast

with this sparkling sea in front; you can fish while you wait for me, you know."

"Well, sir," the old man answered slowly, "not but what I'd like it, and I'm not uncivil I hope, but hadn't you oughter take young Ben's boat? You're stayin' there, an' he's only just started; the fishin's poor this year, an' young Ben he wants it more 'n me, an' so you see, sir, I'd rather not."

"Very well, if you would rather not, of course I won't urge you, but where's young Ben though?"

"I'll find him, sir," and Abram hurried off well pleased with his success.

Earnest Hathaway now set himself determinedly to overcome the shyness of his companion, and had so far succeeded that they were talking quite gayly before Abram's return.

"There's Uncle Abram now, and Aunt Martha wants me. I must go."

Ernest held out his hand. "Must you? Then good-bye—"

She understood his hesitation—"My name is Alice; I haven't any other; good-bye."

"Here he is, sir," and Abram came up with "young Ben"—an enlarged edition of his father—in his wake. "He'll do as well for you as any one, I'm sure, an' he's got a tidy boat of his own, sir."

"Perhaps I'll find out something about that enchanting little sprite from this young giant," thought Ernest Hathaway, as he settled himself in the stern opposite the shining delight embodied in the countenance of young Ben. And he was not disappointed; he soon learned all Alice's history, as far as it was known; and now not a day passed that he did not find some excuse for visiting Abram's cottage. Now it was some rare shell which he had found, some sketch he wanted to show Alice; then some information which only Abram could give him. It was the old, old story; he had

"Crossed the sea
And half the sphere to give her meeting."

Days lengthened into weeks, and one night when the stars were coming out one by one over the tranquil sea, he told her of the home that would be so lonely if she did not come to share it. The shy, sweet eyes were turned away as he pleaded; but in the blush that came and went upon her cheek he read his answer; and Abram, waiting for her coming, wondered why his

"Blossom's" eyes were wet with tears and her voice so tremulously happy as she said "good-night."

"Uncle Abram, come out on the beach with me awhile; it's so warm this morning," and Alice led him—a willing prisoner—to their favorite nook behind the boat, which, though older and frailer far than when she sat there years ago, a happy child, was still strong enough to shelter them from sun and wind.

"Well! Blossom, what now?"

"Tell me how you found me, Uncle Abram?"

And over again he told her of the sudden squall—the line of foam breaking over the low rocks, on one of which, in the rain and the storm, he found her. "I was lonely then, my little Blossom," he added fondly, "and you came to me like God's blessed sunshine on a wintry day."

She slipped her hand into his, and he pressed it gently.

"And my father was drowned, too?"

"Yes, dear, we never heard nothin' of none of 'em."

"Poor Papa," and the girl's face saddened. Then she looked out into the brightness and the sunshine, and her eyes grew soft and tender, and the sweet mouth smiled a little. The gulls were screaming and chattering on the rocks. The plash of the little waves came faintly up the beach. Two fisher boats were rocking gently on the shifting waters. A long way up the reach of sand there was some one coming.

Abram looked wistfully at her. He could not understand these moods that came so often now upon his "little Blossom." Alas! he had no part in her musings; she started when he spoke to her.

"What mought you be thinkin' of, Blossom? Won't you tell Uncle Abram?"

And then, with her face hidden on his shoulder, she told him how she had promised to sail across the seas with her lover. "He is all alone, as I am," she said, presently, "and I love him, Uncle Abram."

The strong, faithful heart contracted with a sudden pain, and the kind eyes grew dim, while his hand moved gently across and across the bright curls, for in that bitter moment the hopelessness of his own great love had come to him.

"There! pretty Blossom," he said, rising, "let me go away awhile and think it over."

"You're not angry, Uncle Abram," and the soft lips touched his hand.

"No, dear, no; why should I be angry?" he answered gravely; but as he turned away his head was bent, his step slow and heavy; those few moments had aged him more than years before.

When he came back again some one was in his place under the old boat; some one's hand was playing with the golden curls, whose every thread was dear to him. He was not needed now, and, with a sigh, he turned away. But Alice heard him, and, springing up, she ran down the yielding sand. "Uncle Abram! stop, please;" then, with a rosy blush, "Ernest wants to speak to you."

So the two men sat down together. Neither spoke for some minutes; both were watching the graceful figure moving slowly along the shore; one with the light of proud possession in his eyes, the other with the look one gives his dead.

Presently a rock hid her from their sight, and then Abram broke the silence, with a quiet dignity in his voice and manner.

"Alice tells me, sir"—he would not call her "Blossom" then—"as how you're wantin' to take her away from us here. It's sudden news to me, sir, very sudden."

The young man smiles a little. "So it is to us all, sir; but I hope it is not unwelcome?"

Abram looks up gravely. "Mebbe, sir, I'm not goin' to be civil; but I can't say as it's welcome. You see, Blossom"—the old name will out—"was all I had; an' tho' I knowed she wa'n't one of us, she's told me often and often 'bout houses an' trees an' han'some things she's seen; an' how she knowed she once rode on an elephant, and saw black people round her——"

"Ah! yes, in India. From what she has told me, I fancy her father was an officer. She is a lady, evidently. I am going to try and find out her family when we go back."

"Well, sir, mebbe you're right; you're a deal cleverer than me. But, as I was sayin', though I knowed she wa'n't like us, I thought mebbe she'd stay, like the flowers stay, and the sun, to cheer us up a bit; but it ain't to be so, and I ain't goin' to fret her by worritin'; but I'd like to know—you won't take no offense—poor lamb, she ain't got no one else to stand up for her—you ain't deceivin' her no way? You love her, as you say? You're takin'

her away from friends as has loved her all her life, an' friends as would give their own life for her as willin' an' as easy as ever wave come back to shore. An' you'll be true to her, will you? There ain't nothin' to hold you but your word, an' there ain't none to help her when she's gone but Him as is a 'Father to the fatherless.'"

The young man held out his hand—"Believe me, sir, I honor you for your frankness, and may 'God do so to me and more also,' if I fail in love and duty to the dear one given to my care."

Abram brushes his hand across his eyes—"Thank ye, sir, it's a relief to my mind to hear you, I hope you'll both be happy. This ain't no place for *her*, I see it now; we've never let nothin' noways rough come nigh her, but she's a lady, sir, as you say, an' we're nothin' but plain folks arter all, an' not her kind. Well, there ain't no more to say, so I'll just be goin'," and with his hat pulled well over his eyes Abram strode down the beach, sighing softly to himself. That night he told Martha—

"So your love's all wasted, eh! You ain't goin' to try."

He blushed like a girl. "How did you know?"

"Know! It's as plain as the nose on your face. Why didn't you try, though?"

"It ain't no use, Marthy, she couldn't care for me *that* way. I've tried to larn a little, thinkin' it might make it come easier, but 'twon't do. Don't tell *her* nothin', Marthy. I'll get over it, only it comes a little hard. I'm old you see, an' I s'pose ef you don't have it when you're young it comes mighty hard after. Blossom sets great store by her Uncle Abram, but she couldn't think of me that way; nobody couldn't," and with a patient sigh he went up to bed.

"Land sakes! man, as ef I hadn't been thinkin' of you all my life," said Martha, with a sort of dull impatience as she pushed back the chairs and swept in the hearth. "Things go mighty curus any-way."

There was a good deal of feeling in the little hamlet against the stranger who had come to rob them of their pet and pride, but when one and another spoke to Abram he had the same answer ready for all: "It's the Lord's doin', mates, an' we mustn't fight agin him."

To Martha none dared to speak—holding as she did the doctrine that "one's

feelin's is their own; nobody hain't got no right to meddle with them," but one morning, "Ben Lawson's wife," her sister, ventured to ask her what she "thought about it."

"Tain't my business to *think*. My work's to keep things clean, so, Jane Lawson, ef you 'd jest as leave set out doors as in—mebbe you 'll move your cheer. I'm goin' to sweep."

Abram had refused to go to see them sail. "No, no, I ain't used to city ways, an', sir," turning to Ernest, he speaks humbly—"you 'll let us keep her as long as you can, an' arter she's yourn I won't say nothin'. I don't want to interfere."

So in the little church on the cliff, Alice was married. "For better, for worse, till death us do part," she said the words firmly; but when the service was over, the blessing spoken, she turned from her husband to throw herself into the arms that trembled beneath her light weight. "Bless you, my pretty Blossom," murmurs the husky voice, fondly.

"It isn't for always, Uncle Abram," she says through her tears—we 'll sit under the old boat again. I'm coming back sometime."

"Are you, Blossom?" he says gently, but as she turns away he looks after her sadly. "The old boat an' me 'll be gone, Blossom, long afore you come back."

A week later a splendid vessel steamed out of the harbor, and on her deck a fair bride was standing, gazing at the fast receding shores through tears which her husband wiped away as quickly as they fell, and the setting sun shot its arrows across the water with a smile scarcely brighter or gayer than that which dimpled the cheek of the young wife.

Did the soft breeze bring her no whisper of a figure kneeling on the low rocks where once a child was found? Did it tell her of the boat that drifted out to sea? Of the cruel billows rolling in?

How cold the night grows!

The moon has risen, its light falls on her tender smile, as encircled by her husband's arm, she listens to his loving whispers. Does it tell her of an old man clinging to the rocks with tired arms almost letting go their hold?

"Pull gently, Father, there's something on the rocks," and Ben Lawson's son lifts the gray head tenderly. "It's Abram, Father,—poor old man!"

Faster and faster sails the ship, she is freighted with hope—good wishes follow her, the ripples part before her flying footsteps—she leaves a path of silver in her wake. "It is getting cold for you on deck, come, Blossom."

"Carry him gently, Ben, he's comin' round." The moon has gone under a cloud; the waves break hoarsely on the shore. "It's very cold; where's Blossom?"

Martha had been watching him a long time, when suddenly he started up with a cry—"There she is! Marthy, leanin' on his arm; it ain't rainin' there, the sun's shinin' down on 'em both, God bless 'em." Then he sinks back again, and the wind wakes up, and shrieks and thunders through the trees, rocking the little cottage as it sweeps over and around it, and the rain dashes heavily against the window, and patters noisily on the smooth stones at the door. The sea is lunging at the cliff, and the sound of it seems to wake him.

"It's very cold here," he mutters feebly; "I didn't think the tide 'd rise so soon." Martha covers him with another blanket and he opens his eyes and recognizes her. "You here, Marthy! out on the rocks? How did *you* come? Well you allers did stick by me, you 're a good girl, Marthy, a good girl." He moans a little, then speaks quickly—"Marthy, just hist my old cap on that long pole, an' mebbe they'll see it on the shore." And Martha, humoring his fancy gets the oar he points to and putting the old cap on it, sits patiently in his sight, furtively wiping the tears from her eyes.

Then he sleeps again. Outside a heavier, stronger wave catches the old boat stranded so long upon the beach, and whirls it out to sea, a plaything in its mighty grasp. He starts up. "There's a boat a comin' off for me, Marthy, an' Hetty's standin' on the shore. It's an awful night for her to be out, ain't it?"

Then a light breaks over his face—"The boat's a comin' nearer, an' there's one in her, Marthy, with his face all shinin', you an' me's prayed to him often an' often—Marthy, it's the Lord." And the rain falls, and the wind moans and mutters to the angry sea, which, like a child—it's fury over—sobs tempestuously, with ever and anon a sudden waking of the old remembrance, only to sink away again in sorrowful murmurs.

In the cottage all is silent save for a woman's weeping, a woman kneeling by a bed, gazing at the pale, still face on the pillow, with the love of years in her wet eyes. Her breast is heaving with the sobs she is choking back, with something of a man's shame for his weakness. Her hands have closed the kindly eyes,

and pushed back the gray hair from the forehead where death's touch is smoothing out the lines Life's hand had printed, and a softness and peace comes into the worn and sorrow-stricken face as she looks upon that one where lingers still the smile with which he met the Lord.

THE RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

THE golden sentence in the second inaugural of President Grant, in our judgment, was, in more senses than one, that in which he avowed his anxiety to bring our currency to a fixed (gold) value. It was the expectation of the country that this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, would be reached during his first Presidential term. The preservation of the faith of the nation by paying its debts in coin, when due, was almost ostentatiously prominent among the issues of the canvass, or declaration of principles, which raised him to power. That this has been neglected till a terrible financial panic forces attention to it, is deeply to be deplored,—nay, to vast multitudes it is the one profound regret in regard to the movement of our National politics. Of course we still more deeply deplore the developments of bribery, embezzlement, and rapacity in public office. But this we conceive has closer implications with the demoralization involved in this virtual, if as yet partial, repudiation of some of our national promises, than might at first sight appear. If the nation has promised, and does promise in its legal tender notes to pay three hundred and fifty millions of dollars, be the same more or less, and not only declines, but makes no serious attempt, or indication of a decided purpose, to pay them, is it keeping faith? Is it practicing honesty? Is it not delinquent in duty? Is it not setting an example of faithlessness through its government, the supreme exponent and executive of its will, which must inevitably spread its gangrene through its people, officers and servants of every grade? How deplorably do the States lately in rebellion, but subdued and reconstructed, follow this great example in reference to their own debts?

We plead for the resumption of coin payments, at the earliest day practicable

without producing serious financial stricture or commercial panic, because the national faith, morality, and honor require it. Surely the faith and honor of the nation require that it fulfill its promises and obligations voluntarily assumed. But this is precisely what the nation promises in its legal tenders. It promises to pay dollars. What dollars? Surely coin dollars, precisely what had always been meant by the dollars promised on every bank-bill or other paper then circulating as currency. That this is so, and cannot be otherwise, appears. 1. Because no other conceivable meaning attaches to the word. 2. The legal tender act did not undertake to demonetize the precious metals, or abolish the coin standard of value. It was simply a mode of deferring payment under constraint of overbearing necessity, by requiring the nation's, and other, creditors, for the present distress, to accept, in lieu of money, or rather as money, the promise to pay that money—no time of payment being named because it was the mutual understanding of all that it should be done as soon as government could command the means. It was like the case of other debtors of ample ultimate means which they cannot for the time realize in cash, whose creditors are therefore compelled to take up with promises to pay cash in future, instead of getting it at once.

That this is so, appears still further from the fact that the government even then maintained the coin standard without interruption in paying the interest and principal of the public debt, and in its receipts for custom dues. By excepting these from the operation of the legal tender measure, it most emphatically declared that measure exceptional and temporary—only for the present exigency—and this was still further indicated by making these legal ten-

ders themselves, convertible into bonds at par, payable principal and interest in coin. Thus coin was recognized as the true and enduring standard. It is therefore past all doubt that the greenback promises to pay dollars, are promises to pay coin dollars to the bearer on demand, at the earliest time reasonably practicable.

If there could be the shadow of doubt on this subject, Congress, speaking the mind and will of the nation, removed it in the solemn declaratory enactment which was the first bill signed by President Grant after his accession to the Presidency. As follows:

"NONE of said interest bearing obligations not already due shall be paid or redeemed before maturity, *unless at such time United States notes shall be convertible into coin at the option of the holder*, or unless, at such time, bonds of the United States bearing a lower rate of interest than the bonds to be redeemed can be sold at par in coin; and the United States also solemnly pledges its faith to make provision at the earliest practical period for the redemption of United States notes in coin."

Could words be plainer? Is it to be disputed longer what the nation has promised? or that it pledged itself to redeem these promises at the earliest practical period? What efforts have been made to redeem these pledges? The process contemplated in these promises has been completely reversed; not an effort has been made, or a step taken towards "the redemption of United States notes in coin." But means ample and more than ample to do this have been applied to redeem "those interest bearing obligations not already due," which it is declared shall not "be paid or redeemed before maturity, unless at such time United States notes shall be convertible into coin at the option of the holder." Nor has the other alternative allowing such redemption occurred—for notoriously the new five per cents could not be "sold at par in coin." The syndicate who paid nominal par, paid really between 98 and 99 through a dexterous arrangement for a three months' use of the money without interest. We have little doubt that if government had fulfilled its pledge to provide for its obligations due, it could have saved far more than the cost in the better terms it could have made for exchanging at a lower rate of interest its obligations not yet due—as we trust will yet more decisively appear. Why the government during the last four years should thus have gone back upon its own solemnly declared purpose, policy and

promise, has not yet appeared. We can conceive no shadow of a reason for it.

Still further, the legal tender act was nothing else than an extreme exercise of the war power, in order to save the national life. From overbearing necessity it took this method of raising a forced loan to be repaid at the earliest practicable moment, by a law impairing the obligation of contracts, such as the constitution expressly prohibits any State to pass. It destroyed the obligation of the contracts on the part of debtors to pay coin dollars. While justifiable as the exercise of a war power, and as one of the anomalies of war, (*inter arma leges silent*), its indefinite continuance, after the exigencies growing out of war no longer necessitate it, is no more defensible than continued conscriptions, military occupation and seizure, martial law, or suspension of habeas corpus.

We plant ourselves first of all then here, on this perfectly impregnable position. The national faith is pledged. National morality requires the fulfillment of the nation's promises "at the earliest practicable period." Not to struggle for it, with all its power, is national dishonor. This is enough. If all other arguments were adverse, this more than outweighs them. Even if it could be shown, as it cannot, for the contrary is true that it is hostile to national wealth or material interests, still the national faith, honor, and morality are more and higher than all these. What! will the nation unhesitatingly spend hundreds of millions to vindicate the honor of its flag against insult, and shall it grudge any sacrifices necessary to keep its word and pledge of honor untarnished? If once the mind of the nation is brought fairly to apprehend and face the alternatives involved, we cannot permit ourselves to doubt the issue.

But we are prepared to vindicate this measure from the lower stand-point of expediency as respects the material interest of the nation. Indeed, in the long run, honesty is always the best policy for nations as well as individuals.

The credit of the government would be so improved that it would speedily gain more than the cost of resumption in the improved terms it could make with its creditors. There is no question that the rates at which government can borrow, as in the case of individual borrowers, will be low in proportion to the confidence of lenders in the markets of the world, that it will religiously and punctually discharge

every pecuniary obligation or promise according to the tenor thereof. And on the other hand, in proportion as a nation staggers at or shrinks from the fulfillment of any of its promises, or leaves their fulfillment in doubt, will its credit be lowered, and the cost of, or interest on, all its loans enhanced. This is self-evident and evinced by all experience. Nor is the bearing of this on our own nation parried by the claim that our gold-bearing bonds and legal-tender notes stand on a different footing, and that the non-payment of the latter is no argument against the certain payment of the gold explicitly promised in the former. For have we not proved that the nation has just as explicitly pledged itself to pay the latter in coin as soon as practicable? If, therefore, it shrinks from doing this, or attempting to do it, "at the earliest practicable period," what guarantee have lenders that it may not shrink from paying other dues, when it becomes severely onerous? In our judgment, there is not the slightest question that the resumption of specie payments would enable the government at once to fund the national debt in the markets of the world at lower rates of interest.

Not only so, but our own people would much more eagerly seek these securities, both on account of the increased credit of the government, and because, even at a higher specie price, they would be more cheaply purchased in the actual currency of the country. As we now write, with gold ruling at 116 at 117*, if a creditor collects a mortgage in legal tender and invests it in U. S. 5 per cent. gold, he must pay full one sixth of his principal as premium—i. e. reduce his principal in that proportion, since when due they will be paid only for the amount of their face. This he will be slow to do, when so many forms of perfectly secure investment are open to him, which will yield him from 7 to 8 per cent, and in the end make good, and more than make good, the original investment. A 5, probably a 4½, if not 4 per cent., gold interest, U. S. bond at par, free of taxation, would be a favorite form of investment, in multitudes of our tax-ridden towns—and with free banking organized with proper safeguards, a still larger stimulus would be

given to the home demand for these securities.

This brings us to the next great head—viz., that the early resumption of specie payments is expedient and economical, not only for the government and for the people as represented and acting through the government, but for the people in their private material interests, and in all their business transactions as concerned in the production, exchange, and consumption of commodities.

1. Our present inconvertible and capriciously fluctuating currency greatly enhances the risks and other costs of legitimate business, and consequently the cost of all articles of subsistence. Over and above all other risks is that arising from the varying premium on gold to the importer, who must pay for his goods in gold or its equivalent at the price of purchase. Now, suppose that between the day of sale in this country, on time, for currency prices, and of getting his pay with which to discharge the foreign debt incurred in the original purchase, the price of gold rises five or six per cent., as more than once within the past twelve months, there is that amount of loss from this source. This repeated upon the vast amount of purchases and sales by importing houses, turning over their capital repeatedly during the year, is enough to make all the difference between large profits and heavy losses as the result of their trade. It makes no difference in the end, as to the ultimate effect on the cost of trade, if the importers sell exclusively for specie. The effect of this is to transfer the risk to the jobbers. It falls upon some stage of the trade so long as our legal currency is not of the standard adopted by the whole commercial world, or in any fixed ratio of approximation to it. Now, risk always enhances the cost of business, and of all the goods which that business is instrumental in bringing to the consumer. The profits, in the long run, and taking the average of business, must be so gauged as to insure against it, even as they must suffice to cover all kinds of risk or insurance—in other words, the expense of keeping the capital good, besides a net gain after these and all other expenses are paid. This capricious and volatile element in business in like manner affects our exports, here bought and sold on our legal tender basis, but exchanged in the markets of the world upon a gold basis.

*This paper was written when gold was ruling at these rates, and subject to the other phenomena noticed hereafter. The recent financial panic has served to illustrate and confirm several positions taken in this paper, and in that on Banking and Currency in the April number of this Magazine—both written months before its occurrence.

It throws another uncertain element, therefore, into all domestic products which enter the markets of the world. Thus all commodities of home or foreign production become dearer to the consumer, in consequence of the uncertainties and variations which aggravate the hazards and cost of trade. And this pernicious influence penetrates every industrial occupation, every department of production, and exchange. How greatly has it aggravated the unsatisfactory results of business for the last year?

2. This is closely connected with one of the financial pests growing out of our irredeemable currency—the gold exchange of New York city—an institution which lives and thrives, not chiefly upon the legitimate trade in specie rendered necessary in such circumstances, (this were enough,) but upon all manner of piratical raids and tricks to aggravate it. It opens a new field to the Nimrods of Wall street. The supply of gold is usually so closely graduated to the exigencies of the demand to settle foreign balances, that it is as easy to force an artificial scarcity and rise of price, by purchasing and segregating a few millions of it, as to tighten the loan market by locking up greenbacks, and forcing the banks below their legal tender limit, which disables them from further loans. Our inconvertible currency generates a class of speculators who thrive by preying upon the commerce, the industry, and the resources of the country. Their vocation is to unsettle values, and foment financial derangements. This sort of speculation, after luxuriating upon real and groundless panics and disasters of the war, which it used every bad and lying device to aggravate, reached its malign climax during peace, in the Black Friday made memorable in Wall street for a generation. But it is constantly felt now as a disturbing force, producing twinges and strictures of its own, which aggravate all other causes of financial disturbance in the country. Now, a return to the coin basis would make an end of this most mischievous, often nefarious, occupation.

3. For the reasons already mentioned, it would abridge the scope of vicious speculation. We say *vicious* speculation, for there is such a thing as legitimate speculative investment in commodities, which, there is reasonable ground for believing, will rise in price, without incurring unwarrantable risks, or resorting

to gambling adventures, or unprincipled methods of enhancing prices. But there is an illegitimate speculation, which differs little from gambling, and tasks the energies and resources of large numbers of men. A few of these, like keepers of gambling-houses, win large fortunes, and swallow up the fortunes of the great mass, who are enticed, by their glittering success, to make a like plunge for fortune, which is only a plunge to ruin. Now, this vast body of gambling speculators work unmitigated evil. They force stocks, and other commodities which they touch, up or down, by devices wholly irrespective of their real value; by monopolizing a given kind, and tempting large numbers to agree to sell and deliver the article to them at a certain figure, they themselves, meanwhile, having so manipulated or monopolized it that the dupe of their tricks is compelled to buy of them, at rates far above what they agreed to pay him, in order to fulfill his contract. Or *vice versa*; they agree to sell for delivery at a future time, at what seems a low rate, to others whom they tempt to agree to take it at this rate. Then they resort to the opposite device of contriving by various arts, prominent among which are damaging fictitious reports, for the purpose of unduly lowering the price; so that thus they may buy at a low rate what others have agreed to take from them at a higher rate.

This gambling speculation is evil, and evil only, in all its aspects—moral, economical, commercial. It has all the pernicious excitements of gambling. It instigates a multitude of immoral stratagems. It contributes in no way to the production of a tittle of wealth. It subverts no end useful to society. It is simply a process by which a class of men, who contribute nothing to the support of society, manage to seize the wealth produced by others. The railroads, for example, that have been so largely gulped by speculators, were the products of the industry, earnings, and savings of others. The colossal fortunes of the former consist of what they have wrrenched, by the deal and throw of their cards, from the vast number of weaklings foolish enough to play with them, and of the earnings of others who sunk their money and labor in the road thus passed into the possession of the speculator. As a stupendous example, whose money built the Erie Railroad, and who have made fortunes by grasping or robbing it? Pro-

lific, however, as this subject is, we will not be seduced from our main topic into any lengthened discussion of this or any merely subsidiary point. It may safely be assumed that gambling speculations are among the great moral, social, and financial evils of the country. Now, an inconvertible currency, of variable and uncertain value, immensely increases the facilities and temptations to a vocation which thrives on uncertainties. That specie payments would put an end to such speculation, and its enormous evils, it would surely be chimerical to maintain. That it would abate them, and the great loss to the industry and wealth of the nation caused by them, is undeniable.

4. The mischiefs of a currency not conformed to the monetary standards of the commercial world are already developing in formidable proportions, which seem to us but the beginning of the end, in the shape which railway and other loans are taking. In order to improve our vast undeveloped regions and resources, it is necessary to attract capital here from the great loan-markets of the world. This is especially necessary to the construction of the vast lines of railways, inchoate and projected, without which, in this era, all other means for developing resources are unavailing. In order to attract this capital, not only are high rates of interest necessary, but the medium of payment, principal and interest, must be in what the commercial world recognizes as the only money—*i.e.*, the precious metals. The consequence is that nearly all recent railway and, more or less, other loans, are made with the pledge of payment in gold, principal and interest. Now, these, added to the gold loans of the government, create a great and increasing demand for coin, even to meet the semi-annual interest. Only the loans of old-established and prosperous railways can of late be negotiated on any other basis. Even these are rapidly coming to it. One effect of this is already apparent, along with other causes yet to be noted, in the frequent raising of the premium on gold, and depreciation of our currency. This tendency, it seems to us, must continue and increase till rendered unnecessary by earnest and real movements towards the resumption of specie payments. The disastrous consequences must be more pervading than appears on a superficial view. It not only means all the mischiefs of every kind resulting from a

depreciation of the currency going lengths which none can foresee, but it means enormous and constantly-increasing rates of interest for these railway loans. The average net yield of these loans to the roads is not over eighty-five per cent. in currency. On this, seven dollars, or about eight per cent. interest, in gold, must be paid, while the ultimate payment of the principal must be in gold for their face. Now, it is easy to see that, if the gold premium advances, the annual interest charge for these loans must become prodigious. The consequence is that their charges for transportation must be increasingly severe, in order to keep out of bankruptcy, much more to earn any profit on the share capital. Not only so; but these enormous rates for so large a class of the loans of the country must stiffen the rates of interest universally. They compete with all other loans. How much they have to do with the present (March, 1873) dear rates of money may be conjectured, but not certainly known. We cannot forecast how far this may run. It is quite certain that, with our present currency system, railway loans will be pushed till they directly or indirectly exceed the capacity or the disposition of the loan markets of the world to take them, or, under the thin disguise of seven or eight per cent., gold, at our indefinitely advancing premiums, reach a grade of currency interest virtually ruinous.

When these last and the following sentences were written, gold was rising at the rate of 3 or 4 per cent. a week with panicky predictions of a further rapid and indefinite rise. The default of interest payments on railroad loans has since gone so far as to render the negotiation of bonds of unfinished roads impossible. The floating railroad debentures which awaited the sale of such bonds for their liquidation have therefore gone to protest, the whole culminating in the commercial panic which reached its terrific climax on September 20th. In its antecedents and consequents this has more than verified our predictions and reasonings.

5. The absence of specie payments removes one of the chief checks to the excessive accumulation of foreign indebtedness, as well as other forms of feverish and exaggerated commercial action. We are not of those who entertain a rabid dread of all foreign indebtedness. So long as capital can be borrowed from the old world, at rates which enable us to em-

ploy it in developing the resources of our own country at a profit, we hold that such use of it is alike advantageous to Europe and the United States. Indebtedness to Europe thus incurred is not a bad omen. Indebtedness incurred for luxuries which we consume, but cannot pay for, or for internal improvements and railroads, which will not pay interest on the loans obtained to construct them, are evil, evil only, and that continually. The further it goes on the more disastrous the financial convulsion in which it must always terminate. And it is likely to go on to a greater and more pernicious length with an irredeemable than a metallic currency. Any unhealthy foreign indebtedness of this kind is sure to make itself felt on a specie system in ways which must arrest it. The balances against us must be met in coin. This will instantly draw upon the coin reserves in banks and elsewhere, thus contracting currency and loan facilities, under the threatened danger of being compelled to stop specie payments—a crisis, which, under a specie system, all commercial interests must gird themselves to avert. Thus the unhealthy increase of foreign debt promptly manifests itself, and is as promptly arrested. But under an inconvertible currency it can go on much further, because more stealthily. No such crisis is *at once* brought on in our present monetary and commercial system. Gold indeed grows scarce. It commands an increasing premium. But this is readily paid by those in want of foreign goods or capital. Eager borrowers, for railways, or luxurious indulgence, or speculations, will not stop on this account. They go on increasing their loans and their interest obligations as long as they can induce lenders to trust them at whatever rates, until at last they are crushed beyond recovery by the burdens they have assumed. Is it not perfectly notorious that from 20 to 100 per cent. interest has been paid during the last year for weeks and months, in order to attract the funds of lenders? Can legitimate business long endure such a cost of its capital? Or can such a course of things go on without ending in the direst financial upturnings and convulsions? And all the worse the longer it goes on? Were it not far better that such morbid inflation of credit be quickly and sharply punctured by the inexorable demands of a specie standard, than stealthily protracted and aggravated by the insidious working of irredeemable paper? The recent commercial

crisis would have come earlier, and with far less severity, under a specie standard.

A PERMANENTLY INCONVERTIBLE CURRENCY EXAMINED.

But the treatment of this subject is incomplete till we consider the scheme of a currency perpetually inconvertible, made legal tender, now put forward by many as the true ideal of a money system. Of this there are two principal forms.

1. Those who say that we need no change in our present currency, that it is the best we have ever had, and will only be the worse for all tinkering. As to the perfection of our present currency, we add nothing to what has already been said. Argument is lost upon those who think a currency has reached ideal perfection which fluctuates several per cent. in a week, and holds over us the menace of a continual shrinkage of its value.

But there is one ground of plausibility in this representation of the comparative superiority of our present currency, which is wholly disconnected with its specie or non-specie paying qualities. We refer to its being, as it always should have been, of national instead of State issue, and secured by pledge of national stocks, which make it of equal value, and current without discount, in all parts of the country. This characteristic adheres to it whether its value be 5, 50, or 100 per cent. of coin. This is an inestimable advantage. But it has nothing to do with the irredeemability of our currency, or rather mitigates its evils, and would be all the greater if it were redeemable. Yet, great as were the inconvenience and loss from the merely locally bankable character of the bills of the old State banks, they were very slight in comparison with the enormous evils now suffered from an irredeemable currency. We will only add, that while specie redemption will secure this in addition to all other advantages, on the other hand, the project of making our present currency forever, or indefinitely, inconvertible, promises only an increasing aggravation of the evils which we now suffer. The moment the currency comes to be regarded as permanently irredeemable, it is quite likely to enter on a course of permanent and indefinite depreciation. Its promises to pay come to mean promises to pay itself, or one promise to pay with another promise to pay, one bit of en-

graved paper with another bit of engraved paper, and so on *ad infinitum*. It derives its whole value from its debt-paying power arbitrarily given, in fraud and robbery of creditors. But even this constantly grows less. For in all subsequent transactions creditors will lend less and less commodities to be repaid in such a medium. That is, its purchasing power will decline. As this grows less, increased amounts of it are required to purchase a given quantity of goods whether for cash or on credit; *i. e.*, it requires a greater number of dollars to pay or discharge a debt for a given quantity of commodities. In other words, after the robbery of successive sets of creditors by discharging their dues in a depreciated medium, debts are ultimately contracted on the basis of this depreciated currency, and it can pay for no more than it is counted worth.

A consequence of this is, that a given amount of money becomes adequate to exchange only a less amount of commodities. Hence increasing amounts are necessary to perform the exchanges of society. Therefore, unless the nominal amount be increased, money must become scarce and in demand at high rates of interest in proportion to its depreciation. We have the paradox of money at once cheap and dear, but in different senses—cheap as to exchangeable value, but dear as to rate per cent. at which it can be borrowed. This is precisely the phenomenon we have been witnessing, money scarce and dear, yet constantly depreciated. This evokes a loud cry for more currency or legal tenders, which, by further diluting the money standard, aggravates all these evils.

This brings us to the second project for demonetizing the precious metals, and substituting for them a permanently inconvertible currency, which contemplates not only its indefinite continuance, but indefinite increase. It is the pet scheme of labor reformers and other visionaries. It proposes to make an end of the precious metals as money; to have the government issue, as now, legal tender treasury notes, redeemable at all times in a government bond, at a low rate of interest, some say 2, others 3; others 3.65 per cent. of these same legal tenders at the pleasure of the holder. These bonds in return to be convertible for their face in greenbacks at the pleasure of the holder. This is a bright scheme for providing plenty of money and plenty of stocks and bonds for the government and the people.

But like other bubbles it quickly bursts. According to this scheme 100 dollars in greenbacks is to be worth a hundred dollar bond, yielding 2, 3, or 3.65 per cent. yearly of similar greenbacks. They would be of inferior value even if this rate of interest were payable in gold. But what can they be worth when it is payable only in bits of paper like themselves, forever irredeemable, and irrelative to coin or other substances of real value? The value of any promise to pay a dollar depends wholly on its adequacy to secure what it promises, and is proportional to the prospect, the immediateness, or remoteness of its convertibility into it. Aside of this it is a nullity, no better than any other bit of paper. The value of our greenbacks in the past has arisen from their debt-paying power; also their convertibility during the war into gold-bearing bonds at 5 and 6 per cent; their limitation in quantity to something like the amount of specie that would take their place if abolished; and above all, to the expectation of their being paid in coin at no distant period. Remove the two latter, and the former will soon be of little avail.

But it is said their value is ensured because they are backed by the faith and property of the whole nation to insure their payment. No silver or gold can be so certain and solid a security as this. It is amazing with how thin a veil of gossamer men can hide from themselves the plainest facts,—especially if they do not want to see them. The whole faith and property of the nation are pledged—are they? For what, to pay or secure what? and echo answers, what? Who can tell? Why for nothing less than to pay one bit of paper with another bit of paper just like it! Oh, but it is rejoined, these bits of paper are dollars. Is not the word engraved on them, and do they not promise dollars? But by the very hypothesis this does not mean a promise to pay a coin dollar, nor has it any reference to such a standard. It is a mere bald promise to pay it with another like piece of paper. This is all that the faith and property of the nation pledge or secure on such a system. No matter how vast or illimitable the security; the question is, what does it secure? If it be a promise of coin dollars, it insures the payment of them. If it be a promise of a bit of paper called or stamped "Dollar," and that only, it secures that and that only. The mind is only bewildered here because it is called by the same name with

other promises to pay coin dollars which are good for what they promise, and therefore themselves called dollars because immediately convertible into them. But when these paper promises mean promises to pay nothing but themselves, they might as well be called anything else as dollars. We might invert the spelling and call them "rallods," or Lincolns, or Thumperlandaggon, or Abracadabras. Suppose then we substitute one of these words in the mutually convertible treasury notes and bonds which this scheme contemplates, and let them read, "The United States will pay pay Five Rallods to bearer, Washington, April 18, 1873." Suppose these convertible into bonds at par of like denomination, and that the faith and property of the nation are pledged to secure these "Rallods" in bonds with "Rallods" in bills, and "Rallods" in bills with "Rallods" in bonds, what does it all amount to? The security is good enough, if anything were promised worth securing. It will secure the paper "Rallods," worth just the paper and ink which make them.

This securing of irredeemable notes by bonds at a low interest payable in these notes, and insuring the value of these bonds by their convertibility into such notes, is like buoying up one bubble by another blown out of it, which in turn rests upon the former; like a man borrowing money on credit, and using this money to extend his credit, and his expanded credit to get more money and so on, *ad infinitum*; the kite supporting its tail and the tail supporting the kite; like a man who is excellent because he belongs to an excellent party, which in turn is excellent because composed of such excellent men; like the earth resting on a serpent and the serpent on the tortoise—and the tortoise on what? This paper rests on that paper, and that paper on this, and both on vacuity.

This is no mere theorizing. It is corroborated by all experience. The French assignats of the Revolution secured by vast landed estates; our old Continental currency, the late Confederate Treasury notes and bonds, the vast depreciation of our own greenbacks in the darker stages of the war when the hope of their redemption drooped; their renewed depreciation as the purpose of returning to specie payments seemed more feeble and wavering, furnish the cumulative and irresistible confirmation of the justness of this reasoning.

Here again we have to enter the lists in defense of the very rudiments of political economy on another branch of this subject, which have commanded the assent and governed the practice of the civilized nations. Under the intoxication and bewilderment of our irredeemable currency, many have been led to assert the superiority of irredeemable paper issued by government to the precious metals for the purposes of money; *i. e.*, as a standard of value or medium of exchange. We have, therefore, to go back to the A, B, C of the subject. The reason why they have been universally adopted for this purpose is that they combine more requisites than any other substances for fulfilling it. The first and most indispensable of these is actual value equal to that of the things they exchange for. Herein is found the utter inadequacy, for this purpose, of irredeemable paper. By value we mean that in human services or products useful or desirable to man, which will command other equivalent human services or products in exchange. Beyond all doubt the precious metals have this attribute in a high degree irrespective of their use as money. Otherwise they would be unavailable for use as money. Hence mere bits of paper or marble, however stamped, are unavailable for this purpose, unless the image and superscription upon them makes them virtually redeemable promises to pay valuable things. 2. Portability, *i. e.*, large value in small bulk and weight. The importance of this is obvious. Precious stones also have it, but want other essential qualities for this purpose yet to be noted. Iron and other metals which have other qualities in a good degree want this. 3. Easy and indefinite divisibility in equal portions, or multiples of the same, or by exact degrees of fineness, with a capacity of receiving, or being separated from, alloys in mathematically exact proportions. How indispensable this is in a material to be used as a measure of value, is self-evident. 4. Durability. This the precious metals have in common with many minerals which want the other requisites specified. 5. Comparative constancy and uniformity of value. Such uniformity cannot be absolute with regard to any material substance or product. But on the whole, it is far more nearly so, especially from one generation or decade to another, and during the life of most contracts, than any other substance having not only value, but the other

requisites above noted to fit it to be the measure of value, *i. e.*, the standard by which all other values are computed.

The attempt is made to confuse careless thinkers on the subject by the allegation that the precious metals are no uniform standard of value; that they have undergone great fluctuations from age to age, and hence are no suitable standard or measure of value now, as compared with the "paper money tokens" already discussed. These irredeemable paper tickets we need not further consider as respects their intrinsic merits. We will only compare them with gold and silver in this single point of steadiness or unsteadiness in value. It is not denied that gold and silver fluctuate somewhat in value relatively to other things, and to each other, as, from various causes the comparative labor of producing them respectively may vary. But it can be easily shown that, compared with all other articles, their value from year to year, and from one decade to another, is subject to slight fluctuations; not enough to impair their substantial uniformity of value for all practical purposes during the life of a generation, and the life of nearly all contracts between men and men; certainly so, as compared with irredeemable bits of paper capable of indefinite multiplication. Did not legal tender-notes, during the last part of the war, lose the most of their purchasing power, *i. e.*, their exchangeable value? But did the precious metals suffer a proportional decline? Or, whatever decline they experienced, did not the inconvertible legal tenders suffer ten times as much as gold, being at one time 280? It is as we write these words 112. Which has undergone the change in value or purchasing power indicated by these figures? The gold or the greenbacks? Surely the question answers itself. Moreover, in all cases of practically illimitable issue, as in the French assignats, the Continentals, and the late Confederate irredeemable paper money issue, they sink beneath all appreciable value as compared with gold and silver. There is no comparison between the two as to stability and uniformity of value.

MEANS OF EFFECTING RESUMPTION OF COIN PAYMENTS.

Various methods have been proposed for effecting this consummation. Certain principles may be laid down which should control it. 1. It is to be accomplished by

raising the government legal tenders to the coin standard. If these are redeemable in specie, all other bills, promises, contracts, or obligations to pay money, are at once brought to the coin standard. If they remain broken promises, it matters little what else pays specie, so long as the legal tender for debts is irredeemable paper. 2. It should be done gradually so as to cause the least possible shock or disturbance to mercantile transactions. With due notice, moreover, that government is moving in this direction, all parties can shape their plans and arrangements accordingly. Thus less actual disturbance to business would be caused in the process of returning to specie payments than now constantly arises from the capricious and unlooked for fluctuations of the gold premium. 3. There must be both the declaration of the purpose and *active measures to provide the means* to pay specie. Both these must go hand in hand. They will be mutually auxiliary. The very expectation that coin payments are to be resumed will promote that resumption, and facilitate approximation to it. Taking actual measures to provide the means for it will give the declared purpose to resume, meaning and substantive force in the view of the people. Otherwise it will as now be nugatory. The simple declaration of the purpose to resume at the threshold of General Grant's first Presidential term had the effect to cause a gradual reduction of the premium on gold, until the treatment by Congress of proposed measures for this purpose, last winter, made it clear that there was no purpose, seriously, to attempt it, or to make provision for it in the future. Since that time legal tenders have been depreciating until made scarce by being locked up, during the recent panic, which drew gold from abroad to fill the vacuum, thus reducing the premium upon it. This has increased both the desire and the facilities for resumption. Such ample and effectual provision should be made for it, however, as to preclude all danger of failure, and all attempts among the harpies of the stock-market to produce it.

Combining all these principles together, we think the simple way for the government to provide means for resumption is that which it adopts for keeping faith with all creditors, and discharging all obligations for which its immediate revenues are insufficient, *i. e.*, by borrowing in the markets

of the world gold sufficient to redeem its legal tenders as fast as presented, and to keep up a gold reserve in the Treasury vaults, which could at once defy and prevent all attempts of the bandits of Wall street to make raids upon it. This is simply, so far forth, exchanging a part of the debt which the government now, in breach of its faith, forces on the people without interest, for one on which it pays interest, in order to discharge the former. This seems to us the true and safe way.

The other methods proposed tend at first to counterwork themselves and produce monetary strictures. They involve some form of husbanding the gold in the country either in the Treasury vaults, or those of the National Banks. This involves keeping it out of market and thus rendering the article scarcer and dearer. This tends to increase the premium on gold and the distance between paper and coin, thus counterworking the tendency of the accumulation of gold as means for resumption, in the opposite direction. Moreover the accumulation of gold by the banks does not provide means for redeeming the Government Treasury Notes—the essential requisite to specie payments. Nor can they be compelled to redeem their own obligations in gold while the law makes greenbacks legal tender for all obligations due to and from them. On the other hand, gold procured by borrowing to redeem our greenbacks, at once takes their place for purposes of banking and currency to the full extent to which it is employed to retire them. Moreover, government is still at liberty to re-issue the redeemed greenbacks to any extent to which, while kept redeemable, they will keep afloat. If deemed expedient, probably when once made redeemable, as large a quantity as the present issue would easily float, and government might have nearly as large a gratuitous loan from the people as now. The currency, both metallic, and convertible paper, might be more abundant than now. The same quantity would be more serviceable because more valuable, and therefore capable of effecting a larger amount of exchanges. We see then no way of correcting our anomalous and morbid monetary phenomena short of a return to specie payments; no safe way of effecting this without attracting some of the gold to the country, which an inconvertible currency has driven away; no safe way of accomplishing this but by borrow-

ing in the markets of the world to pay treasury notes now and for years due, as we are actually borrowing to pay those bonds not now, nor for years to come, due. This would be the surest way to obtain on the most favorable terms means to pay the debt not yet due.

And we would not undertake this thing grudgingly, nor by halves. Let an unquestionably ample supply be secured to put the result beyond all doubt. The surest will in the end be the cheapest way of accomplishing it. If such a mass of coin is once accumulated as to make redemption sure in any contingency, no greenbacks will be offered in demand for coin beyond what is requisite to liquidate European balances against us. All experience proves that a perfectly convertible paper currency will in all ordinary circumstances be preferred to coin by the people. This was so even with the currency of the old State banks having only a local credit. Much more will it be so with National Treasury notes convertible into gold, dollar for dollar. Not only will the people prefer them for currency. The banks will prefer them for their reserve, if instantly convertible into specie, and, like specie, made legal tender. On a specie basis, the demand for liquidation of foreign balances will be held within reasonable bounds, because, when foreign indebtedness is stretched to an unhealthy excess, it is thus speedily, as we have already shown, brought to a pause. In short, the gold reserve of the government should be so ample and so practically inexhaustible as to frustrate and discourage all attempts of stock gambling harpies to exhaust or seriously weaken it. Then the occupation of these pests of trade would be gone. The same reasons urge this ample specie reserve in government vaults, which demand a good *average* reserve of genuine money in the banks. These reasons we have exhibited at length in this Magazine, and cannot now repeat. This would ensure its being kept good with small replenishment and at small cost.

We think favorably of the scheme which permits the government at its discretion to redeem its greenbacks in coin, or in bonds payable principal and interest in coin, at a rate of interest never exceeding 6 per cent. which, at the time, will command their face in coin in the open market. This secures the government against any possibility of bankruptcy or suspension of pay-

ment. We would not plan the administration of the National Treasury with the expectation that such an expedient is likely to be necessary in practice, except in the rarest emergencies. But the possibility of resorting to it would be a great safeguard against the occurrence of such emergencies. It would utterly disarm the great gold gamblers and other marauders on the money market, of the weapons of their warfare. The certainty of failure in any attempt to bankrupt the government would prevent the attempt, and all the mischievous fears in the commercial mind arising from the apprehension of it. We would not fix on a bond to be used for this purpose at 3.65 gold interest, or any other rate which would put it essentially below par in coin in the markets of the world. For we would have coin payments or a *bona fide* equivalent. We have shown in the article just referred to, that redeeming our treasury notes with 3.65 gold interest bonds practically makes them worth about 75 per cent. of their face in gold.

The only objection against this proceeding is its cost, that is, as before shown, at the worst, the cost of national honesty, of curing the morbid commercial risks, speculation, gambling, capricious business hazards now stimulated, *i. e.*, the cost of saving the country from untold losses—and of delivering the people from the terrible financial rule of a few audacious and unprincipled desperadoes. What these gigantic knaves gain and wrest from others by their iniquitous locking up of greenbacks, and gold squeezes, involves not merely the damage done to their immediate victims. It is a damage done to the whole trading, producing and consuming community, *i. e.*, the whole people; for it perverts and deranges the common instrument of exchange and measure of value for all; that they make, and buy, and sell. It thus increases the risks, perils, and costs of every sort of commodity produced, sold or consumed. It is not like poisoning a single man and doing an injury which terminates on him. It is rather like diffusing poison through the air or water of a country which sickens all, and kills multitudes. Is this great nation to quail before a few monsters in iniquity and rapacity, and suffer its business to be ravaged by them because it will cost something to defeat them, while it will save ten times that cost in the stability and safety it will impart to the business of the country? Shall we lavish

millions of treasure and blood in subduing other foes, and grudge the insignificant cost of keeping these at bay?

It is the constitutional prerogative and duty of Congress to "coin money and regulate the value thereof." This is now largely abdicated and handed over to speculators and gamblers. So it must be, so long as anything less than given amounts of precious metals, or other tokens convertible into them, or their equivalents, are made legal tender.

MUTUAL RELATION OF LEGAL TENDER TREASURY NOTES, AND NATIONAL BANK CIRCULATION AS BEARING ON THIS SUBJECT.

The notion that the present national bank notes might with advantage be retired, and their place filled with Treasury legal tenders, at a proportionate saving to the nation, has been a favorite one—especially with demagogues who are usually incapable of more than a crude, *ad captandum* view of this or other subjects. It is alleged that this circulation is a pure gratuity to the banks which might be saved to the resources of the nation, enabling it to substitute non-interest bearing, for interest-bearing obligations to this amount: that thus, instead of a gratuitous loan of \$350,000 which it now forces on the people, it could force \$700,000,000, on equally gratuitous terms, so saving millions of interest annually. In respect to this

SUBSTITUTION OF LEGAL TENDERS FOR NATIONAL BANK NOTES

we are inclined to believe first, that, if gradually done, it would do the national banks no special harm, except as it would do universal harm by unsettling values, and by greatly depreciating the value of all credits, in depreciating the value of legal tenders. Here lie the poison and plague of the scheme. For government now to double, or considerably augment its legal tender notes, would be to put them beyond hope of redemption in this generation, and equivalent to a declaration of purpose to maintain a currency perpetually inconvertible. What dilution of its purchasing power and exchangeable value this would cause it is impossible to forecast. We have no heart to dwell upon the sickening prospect of social disorganization and financial chaos.

It is generally overlooked by those who advocate this substitution of greenbacks

for national bank bills, that the bearing of the two sorts of currency on inflation and depreciation of the money standard is very unlike. This results from the fact that the greenbacks are at once inconvertible and legal tender; the national bank notes are not legal tender, but are convertible into legal tender. These legal tender notes are the real standard of money value; therefore, all other notes, bills, etc., have a legal money value, at any given time, proportioned to their convertibility into these. Now, if these legal tenders were convertible into coin, the increase of them to any extent to which due provision is made for their redemption, would have no effect in depreciating the standard of value. A dollar of them would always be worth a dollar of gold, or whatever that amount of gold would exchange for. But so long as they are at once inconvertible and legal tender, the more they are multiplied, the more do they depreciate the standard of value, the worth of the legal dollar, and expand, with empty inflation, the whole banking and credit operations of the country. If they are doubled while inconvertible, they will be twice, probably thrice, and more than thrice, depreciated, and so depreciate every other form of dollar, or paper substitute for or promise of a dollar, based upon them.

Thus, for example, with legal tender in place of national bank bills in their vaults, and this legal tender now doubled, and legally admitting, as now, four times its amount of deposits in New York city banks, and seven and a half times its amount in others, the deposit movement of banks, and their discount and loan movement as founded on deposits, could be doubled also: indeed, it would require to be enlarged to cover the exchange of as much property as before the depreciation, which depreciation, in turn, this expansion would tend to aggravate. Now, the deposits form a far larger part of the national bank movement than bank-bills, especially in commercial centers—in New York city many times as much. Thus from this, as well as every other aspect of the subject, it appears that the legal-tender notes are the pivot on which the whole working of our currency system depends. If they are made sound and equivalent to specie, all other reliable promises and contracts to pay dollars are so likewise. If they are multiplied while inconvertible,

they become proportionately depreciated, and drag down all else with them.

CONTRARY EFFECT OF INCREASE OF NATIONAL BANK NOTES.

On the other hand, the increase of national bank notes, in any normal and appropriate conditions for their increase, duly secured by national stocks, and an adequate legal tender *average* reserve, and without any increase of legal tender issues, may tend to promote instead of hindering specie payments. For as national banking increases its volume of notes and deposits, the amount of legal tenders thus locked up in reserves is increased. This in itself tends to render them scarcer, and so dearer, and so far forth to approximate to the specie standard—only, however, on the inexorable condition that there is no augmentation of their quantity, which always involves, *while they remain inconvertible*, a proportionate deterioration of their quality.

FREE BANKING.

However this may be, on the condition of maintaining a specie standard, we are in favor of free banking, guarded by an *adequate average, but not inflexible*, reserve of specie, or specie-paying paper money in proportion to immediate liabilities, and with circulation secured as now by national stocks. This will supply all needed currency. It will be carried to the simple extent that combines profit with safety. The public will pay enough for what of bank notes and other loans they want, to induce capitalists to supply them. With the above condition of national stocks pledged as security for bills, and average reserve, it will not be profitable to carry this free banking to excess. This was abundantly proved by the operation of the old free State bank system in New York State, after it was once severely limited to the stock of the State and nation as security for bills. On a specie basis, with other present safeguards, and relaxing the present inflexible for a flexible average reserve, we hold that free banking would be salutary, safe, and self-regulating.

There are a few other collateral topics, pertaining to a complete view of the subject, on which we had prepared a brief discussion, which we are compelled to omit for want of space. Among these is the abolition of the usury laws, which only hamper the beneficent operation of the

free banking we have advocated, and, indeed, of the whole loan market under any monetary system, when, for any reason, money is scarce and dear. It is simply a device for enhancing the cost of money to borrowers, and aggravating all other causes of financial stricture and panic. Of this the experience of the past year has furnished abundant and painful proof.

Another point on which we desired to dispel some prevailing illusions is the supposed influence bank-bills, *whose convertibility into coin for their face is reasonably provided for*, exert in promoting commercial and speculative inflations with consequent collapses and panics. All increase of irredeemable paper money, of course, has this tendency. But as to convertible bank-bills, any undue expansion of them, by irreversible laws, quickly corrects and regulates itself. They cannot inflate things more than an undue increase of the gold itself into which they are convertible, and to which, for this purpose, they are therefore equivalent. Any such excess in any quarter quickly reacts upon itself to insure reduction to the normal amount. Moreover, so far as inflation is concerned, convertible bank-bills are only one very inconsiderable form of the credit, whose undue expansion and consequent collapse is the chief cause of financial crises and

panics. Such phenomena, as various writers, and notably J. S. Mill, have proved, may occur, and have often occurred, from the operation of simple credit, where the currency is exclusively metallic. This is given in the form of book-debt, notes, bonds, mortgages, and especially in the form of drafts, bills of exchange, checks passing as money, to an extent hundreds of times as great as all credit given in convertible bank-bills. Of course, the collapse of such an amount of credit produces a proportional explosion. Checks alone pay a hundred times the amount of debts paid by bank-bills. It came out in a recent debate in the English Parliament that, without any increase of bank circulation since 1844, the exchanges at the London clearing house were then forty times, and are now one hundred and thirty-five times, the whole amount of that circulation. That is, checks alone do one hundred and thirty-five times as much in effecting exchanges as money, whether paper or metallic. We will simply add,—the recent financial panic, so far from furnishing reason, as some maintain, for the indefinite postponement of all attempts to resume specie payments, is a most powerful argument for adopting a policy earnestly aiming at the earliest practicable resumption of them.

CARLISM IN SPAIN.

FEW persons, we imagine, have the patience, even if they have the leisure, to inform themselves upon the political condition of Spain. Seditions, insurrections, and civil wars have so long and so often afflicted that beautiful but unhappy country, that we are apt to look upon such a condition as quite the natural and normal one. Those whose memories carry them back thirty or forty years, and whose reading has kept them familiar with the political changes, the various parties, their claims and pretensions, will find little difficulty in comprehending the cause and the object of any new outbreak, inasmuch as the political troubles of Spain, other than the recent republican movement, are old, chronic sores, which never heal, and which break out from time to time with the same old virulence, and indicate the same old disease of the body politic.

"Don Carlos," "Carlism," "Carlists," "Pragmatic Sanctions," the "Basque Provinces," etc., are familiar terms to newspaper readers of thirty or forty years standing, though one can easily imagine that, to the younger portion of our countrymen, they have little other than a confusing sound, and are passed over with indifference if not aversion, when they meet the eye in the daily telegraphic columns.

And yet the Carlist movement is easily explained and understood, and a very little study will make it quite clear.

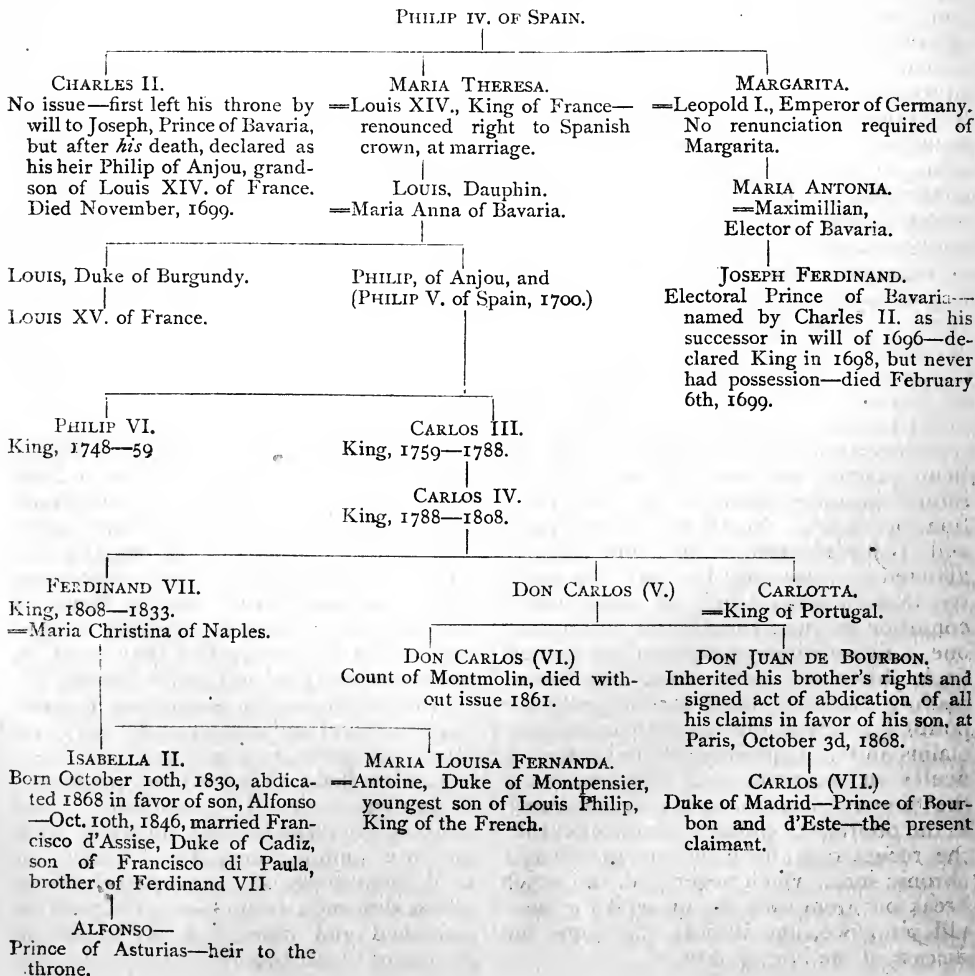
Carlism had its birth no longer ago than March 29, 1830, and yet its causes reach back for centuries beyond the middle ages, and are found among the domestic and civil institutions of the barbarous tribes, whose descendants are to-day the most enlightened and influential people on the continent of Europe.

In the second and third centuries after Christ, there lived, on both banks of the Rhine, and in that very region which has been the scene, within the last three years, of the gigantic struggles of French and German foes, between the Meuse and the Moselle, and in the so-called Rhenish Provinces, several tribes of fierce and warlike barbarians. They probably all had a common origin, and were different branches of one family. In the earliest times, it is not known that they were called by any common name.

There were two of these tribes, however, which seem to have been more prominent than the others, either because they were fiercer and more warlike, or perhaps because

they dwelt nearer the banks of the great river and were therefore more intelligent. One of these tribes was that of the *Salii*, or the Salians, so-called probably because they resided along the river Sala, now the Yssel, and the other the *Ripuarii*, or Ripuarians, from *ripa*, the bank—because they lived on the bank of the Rhine itself. On very ancient maps, it is said that the region of country inhabited by these cognate tribes is called *Francia*; at any rate, after one or two hundred years, when they began to take a prominent part in the wars and violent practices of the various peoples of Europe, all these tribes were called *Franks*, and their descendants are to-day called the *French*. The

THE SPANISH SUCCESSION.



word *frank* meant nothing more than fierce, ungovernable, unrestrained, free. Of all of these Frankish tribes, the Salians seem to have taken the lead, and to have furnished a chief whom the others were willing to follow, in their warlike or predatory expeditions. It is settled that such a chief was Merovig, or as he was called by the Latins, Meroveus, of whose descendants we shall have occasion to speak again.

These warlike people, like most of the barbarous tribes of Europe, had many encounters with the armies of the Roman Empire, in some of which the barbarians appear to have got the best of it, though on the whole the advantage lay with the party of the greater civilization. But there soon came a time when the Roman armies were needed at home, to prop up and defend the Empire itself, and then the provinces which Rome had conquered centuries before, and where that wonderful people had planted its civilization, which had taken root and thriven, were left to the tender mercies of the barbarous clans, which only the Roman armies had kept at bay during many years. The Franks overran the greater part of Gaul, now called France, and having conquered the inhabitants, set up their government over them, and established a monarchy which became the grandest and proudest in all Europe.

Clodion, the son of Meroveus the Salian, was the first king of the Franks in Gaul, and is reckoned as the founder of the Merovingian dynasty. His reign extended from the year 427 to 448, when he was succeeded by his son Meroveus, from 448 to 458, whose son Childeric I. succeeded him and reigned till the year 481. At the death of the latter the crown passed to the head of Clovis, who reigned from 481 to 511. This king's reign is considered to be the beginning of the French Monarchy, his predecessors having ruled over comparatively small portions of the country of Gaul. After Clovis the kingdom was divided several times among the sons of the different monarchs, and again united; and although there were twenty or more kings of this dynasty, the crown went by inheritance in every instance, and *there was no instance of descent in the female line*. This dynasty ceased in 752 when it was supplanted by the Carolingian line of kings, beginning with Pepin the Short, and embracing Charlemagne, the greatest monarch of his times, and sixteen or eighteen

other kings, counting the princes of the collateral branches who ruled over the fragments of Charlemagne's empire. Among these Carolingians was Charles the Bald, grandson of Charlemagne, who reigned over that part of the divided empire which is properly called France, and with his reign commences exclusively French History. *And each of the kings of this dynasty, also, took by inheritance from his father, and there was not a female monarch in the whole line.*

At length, towards the beginning of the eleventh century, the last named dynasty was replaced by the Capetian line, beginning with Hugh Capet, a descendant of Robert the Strong, and a son of Hugh *le Grand*, a baron whose power overtopped that of the king himself. These different dynasties were all descendants of the original Franks, though of different families. These Capetian kings transmitted the crown from father to son through ten generations without a break, and *without the intervention of a single female on the throne*. It fact there had never arisen any question, as yet, as to the right of females to inherit the throne. There had never been wanting a male heir in the direct line, from the first of the Merovingian kings down to the end of the reign of Louis X. whose death occurred June 5th, 1316.

We have now arrived at the very point in the history of the French monarchy, at which the originating cause of the Carlist troubles in Spain comes to the surface, and is never for a moment lost sight of again.

This Louis X. was twice married, first to Marguerite, a sister of the Duke of Burgundy, by whom he had a daughter Jeanne. Marguerite was convicted of infidelity to her husband, and strangled in the Château Gaillard. Louis then married the Princess Clemence, sister of the King of Hungary, and niece of Robert II., King of Naples. The King Louis X. died, as we have said, on the 5th of June, and on the 15th of the following November, his widowed queen gave birth to a son, who lived only six days. This little babe, though born King of France, is never reckoned, by historians, as among the French monarchs. Here then had occurred an event for which there had been made no provision. There was no male heir in the direct line, and the question arose at once,—can the Princess Jeanne, the daughter of Louis X., inherit the throne? Philip, the brother of Louis X.,

was regent, and declaring that the law of the French monarchy did not admit of the inheritance of the crown by a female, caused himself to be solemnly crowned on January 9th, 1317, as Philip V.

Nevertheless, the Princess Jeanne's uncle, the Duke of Burgundy, did not fail to assert the right of his niece to the crown and there was a great deal of debate, and no little feeling on the subject. In order to determine the question in the most deliberate and authoritative manner, Philip V. called together the grand council of the nation, the States General, and laid the question before it.

A decree was published by that body, declaring that females were incapable of inheriting the crown of France. Some writers call Philip's assumption of the crown a usurpation, but if it was true, as the States General declared it was, that the laws of the barbarous Salians, from whom these kings descended, and about whom we have already spoken, had always been the acknowledged law of the French monarchy, and those laws forbade the inheritance by females, then it was no usurpation, but a lawful inheritance of the royal power. At any rate from that time down to this day, the Salic law has been regarded as an essential constitutional principle in France.

And now a word or two about these Salian laws. It may seem a little strange that such fierce and roving barbarians as those Goths and Vandals, Huns and Franks and Lombards, who roamed and robbed and warred up and down through Europe, pulling down, rooting up and destroying, should have had any fixed laws, especially any laws and institutions which were worthy of being obeyed and preserved through all the centuries of increasing light and knowledge and wisdom. But so it was,—and it is very curious and interesting to see how many of the laws and customs, which prevail at the present day, had their origin in those times of darkness, violence and blood.

There are two bodies, or codes of laws, now extant, written mostly in Latin, and named respectively the *Salian Code* and the *Riparian Code*, being little else than a compilation of the customs, institutions and regulations which prevailed among, and governed those two tribes of Franks, principally in relation to crimes, their penalties and compensations. "Before the election of the Merovingian Kings,"

—says Gibbon—"the most powerful tribe or nation of the Franks appointed four venerable chieftains, to compose the Salic laws; and their labors were examined and approved in three successive assemblies of the people. After the baptism of Clovis, he reformed several articles that appeared incompatible with Christianity; the Salic law was again amended by his sons, and at length, under the reign of Dagobert, the Code was revised and promulgated in its actual form." Dagobert reigned from 628 to 638.

It was with some reason, then, that the States General, in answer to the question of Philip V., may have declared that the Salian Code had always been the acknowledged law of the French monarchy. Whatever other provisions that code may contain of interest to people of the present day, we are now concerned with that regulation only of the Code, which refers to the descent of property, and titles, and their inheritance by female heirs, and particularly that aspect of this regulation, which denied, or was alleged to deny, the right of female descendants to inherit the crown of France. There never was a reigning queen of France and there probably never will be. This law has always been observed. Philip V., himself, had a daughter, who was not allowed to inherit the crown, but was obliged to give way to her father's brother, Charles IV. *le Bel*. So on the death of Charles IV., there being no male heirs, the crown passed to the Valois branch of the Capetian family, and rested on the head of Philip VI., son of Charles of Valois, younger son of Philip III.

If we follow the crown of France in its descent we shall find that from the first King Clovis, if you please, down to Charles X., the last of the Bourbon kings, it has been an inherited crown. There were exceptions, but even in the exceptional cases there was no intention of establishing any other rule. The French crown has always been held to be an hereditary one. Louis Philippe was the only French king, whose elevation to the throne was the result of an election. Pepin *le Bref*, usurped, and so did Hugh Capet. Henry of Navarre succeeded as the most prominent royal personage of the realm, after the assassination of Henry III. And this inheritance has always been in the male line, in accordance with the Salic law.

And here it is to be remarked, that the French monarchy, established by the

Franks, was in both of these respects different from the Spanish monarchy, which was established by the Visigoths. The latter was elective from its origin, and the power and the right of election was not only declared in their laws, but was repeatedly exercised, up to the time of the invasion and conquest of Spain by the Saracens. After the expulsion of the Saracens, and the restoration of Spanish monarchy, like all the crowns of modern Europe, that of Spain became hereditary. But there never was any pretense that females could not inherit it; the Salic law of male succession only, was unknown in the Spanish monarchy. Isabella I., the Catholic, was Queen of Castile, and by marrying Ferdinand, united her crown to that of Aragon, and in fact consolidated the Spanish monarchy. Again, Charles V. of Austria, inherited the crown of Spain in the right of his mother Juana the Mad. Her right was never denied. Again, when Louis XIV. of France married Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV. of Spain, the marriage contract contained an absolute renunciation of the presumptive right of the Infanta to the crown of Spain, the express object of that renunciation being to prevent the union of the crowns of France and Spain.

It is important to notice this fundamental difference between the laws of descent of these two neighboring kingdoms.

And now for a bit of Spanish history.

In the year 1699, died Charles II. of Spain without issue. He had two sisters: Maria Theresa, married, as we have seen, to Louis XIV. of France, and Marguerita, married to Leopold I., Emperor of Germany. The first named sister was heiress to the crown, but she and her husband had formerly renounced her right. Marguerita had not done so. Her daughter Maria Antonia had married Maximilian, Elector of Bavaria, and their son, Joseph Ferdinand, Electoral Prince of Bavaria, had been named in the first will of Charles II., made in 1696, as his successor and was generally regarded by the Court and people of Spain, as the rightful heir. Indeed he was declared king in 1698, two years before the death of Charles. This will was afterwards destroyed, but subsequently, the Prince of Bavaria was again declared by Charles to be the universal heir to the Spanish throne. His death, however, occurred February 6th, 1699, nine or ten months before that of Charles, when the latter made another will, in which he named as his heir, Philip of

Anjou, second son of the Dauphin of France, and grandson of Louis XIV. and Maria Theresa.

It is not necessary to narrate the events which grew out of this failure of an heir to the throne of Spain, the intrigues and the wars, in which it involved all Western Europe for twelve years. These wars were called the *Wars of the Spanish Succession*. It is enough to say that Philip, after fighting for his throne for twelve years, was at length enabled to occupy it in comparative peace.

But Philip V. of Spain was a Bourbon, a scion of the French monarchy, and like all his race, had an exalted idea of the rights and prerogatives of royalty and especially of the Bourbon branch. He thought that what was good for France, was also good for Spain; and accordingly he changed the law of succession, which had come down from the Goths, through the Aragonese and Castilians. He introduced, with the consent, it is true, of the Cortes, the Salic law, the law of the French monarchy, and by thus engrafting a foreign shoot upon the Spanish royal tree, gave rise to the quarrel which has afflicted Spain for forty years.

It may be said that he did not introduce the Salic law pure and unmixed, and this is true, since he did allow of inheritance by females, in case there were no heirs male in the direct descent from the reigning king, nor in the collateral branches, a case that has not yet happened, and is not likely to happen in the course of centuries. It is a singular coincidence, that Philip V. of France was the first monarch who procured the declaration of the Salic law in his kingdom, and that Philip V. of Spain, engrafted the same law upon the Spanish royal code.

Philip V. had two sons, the elder of whom, Philip VI., succeeded him and died without heirs in 1759, and left the throne to his brother Charles, or Carlos III.

The latter died in 1788 and was succeeded by his son Carlos IV.; and this brings us to another landmark in the history of the Carlist troubles. Carlos IV. had a daughter and two sons—the former, Donna Carlotta, was married to the King of Portugal. The two sons, Ferdinand and Carlos, were very puny children. Their health was so delicate that there was very little hope of either of them living to maturity. When the elder was four years, and the younger eight months old, Carlos IV., through fear lest their deaths should

allow the throne to pass out of his family, by virtue of the Salic law, which Philip V. had established, signed and promulgated, with the consent of the Cortes again, a royal decree, called the Pragmatic Sanction, or the Pragmatica, which, in default of male heirs, invested the right to the throne in his daughter Carlotta, the Queen Consort of Portugal, thus restoring the ancient principle of the Spanish laws.

But it so happened that the two royal boys did not die, but both of them lived to worry each other, and keep the kingdom in turmoil for years, and to transmit a quarrel to their posterity, which bids fair to be interminable. Ferdinand VII., the elder of these two sons, had been married three times, and his third wife, Maria Amelia of Saxony, having died leaving him childless, he was seized with mortal dread lest his kingdom should fall into the hands of his brother, Don Carlos. Salic laws and Pragmatic Sanctions made no difference with him, for he had no children, male nor female. This was the situation of affairs it 1829. To prevent such a catastrophe, the anxious king looked about him for another wife, and by the end of the year, selected and espoused his niece Maria Christina, of Naples,—daughter of Isabella, Queen of the Two Sicilies,—a woman of some force of character, who had conducted herself with credit, amid the political turmoils which surrounded her. In due time the young queen gave evidence of being about to present an heir or an heiress, as the future should determine, to the throne of Ferdinand VII. "To make assurance doubly sure," on the 29th of March, 1830, Ferdinand caused to be republished, with additional sanctions, the Pragmatica of his father, Carlos IV., in order to remove every obstacle which might lie in the way of the succession of the little unborn, whatever its sex might prove to be. On the 10th October, 1830, a little princess was born, with whom all intelligent American readers are acquainted, under the name of Queen Isabella II., the present unfortunate exile from her throne and country, and who abdicated in 1868 in favor of her son Alphonso, Prince of Asturias.

While Ferdinand VII. was childless, and there seemed no hope that he would ever have an heir of his own, although he was but 46 years old, many of those who surrounded him busied themselves with providing an heir for him. Some even went

so far as to suggest his resigning in favor of his brother, Don Carlos. The latter was a great favorite with the absolutist party in Spain, and on account of his religious devotion, which he carried to the extreme of bigotry and mysticism, he was almost worshipped by the popular clergy. In the estimation of these men, Ferdinand had committed an unpardonable sin, by swearing to the Constitutions of 1812 and 1823; he was too liberal to suit the ideas of high old Spanish toriyism; whereas Carlos was exactly of their way of thinking, while the clergy made no doubt of being able to mold him to their will. Several fruitless attempts were made, even during the life time of Ferdinand VII., to give the throne to Don Carlos. The revolt of Bessières in 1825, and the troubles which spread through Aragon in 1827, ended disastrously. In 1832 Queen Maria Christina brought the happy though somewhat disappointed king another daughter, Maria Louisa Fernanda, who married Antoine, Duc de Montpensier, the youngest son of Louis Philippe, King of the French. A few months after the birth of this child, in August, Ferdinand VII. was seized with a violent fit of gout, which brought him to death's door. At this juncture the absolutist and clerical party, in whose interest was Calomarde, the Prime Minister, taking advantage of the feebleness of the king's mind, occasioned by his sufferings, forced from him a revocation of the Pragmatica, thus destroying the expectation of his daughter Isabella, and clearing the way for the succession of his brother, Don Carlos. The rumor of this revocation spread like wild-fire, and soon reached the ears of the Queen Maria Christina's sister, Donna Louisa Carlotta, a lady who was a great favorite with the king and who possessed a great influence over him. She lost not a moment, but hastened from Cadiz to the royal residence, snatched the act of revocation from his hand, reminding the monarch of the work of his father, of his own oaths, of his young daughter, the innocent Isabella, whom court intriguers were endeavoring to despoil of her rights, and induced him to annul the revocation and to reaffirm the Pragmatica. Indeed, on the 3d of December following, Ferdinand VII. convoked his ministers, the deputation of the nobility, the Archbishop of Toledo, the Patriarch of the Indies and the dignitaries of the crown, and in their presence protested against the violence which had been done him, and

solemnly declared that his daughter, the Infanta Isabella, was the sole and legitimate heir to the throne.

This declaration put the capstone upon the wrath of the absolutist party, at whose instigation insurrections broke out at Burgos, Toledo, Valencia, Leon, and in Catalonia, in favor of Don Carlos. Ferdinand, following the advice of his new minister, Zea Bermudez, exiled his brother to Portugal, called together the Cortes, and in a ceremony which was celebrated with all the pomp of the ancient court, and in which the famous formula, "Let Burgos swear, and Toledo will swear when I order it," was not forgotten, he made a public affirmation of the Pragmatic Sanction. In a little less than a year thereafter, September 29th, 1833, Ferdinand died.

His daughter Isabella II. was proclaimed Queen of Spain, under the regency of her mother, Maria Christina, and immediately thereupon commenced the war of revindication, or of the rival claims to the throne of Spain. Such was the origin of the Carlism party.

The Don Carlos of that day styled himself Carlos V., as though he were in reality a king, unjustly deprived of his throne. His son, Carlos VI., Count of Montmolín, perpetuated the claim, but died in 1861, without issue, when his brother, Don Juan de Bourbon, inherited his brother's rights, but instead of pursuing them signed an act of abdication at Paris, October 3d, 1868, in favor of his son, the Duke of Madrid, who now represents the Carlos interests under the name of Carlos VII.

As between the opposing claims of the Duke of Madrid, and Alphonso, the Prince of Asturias, it seems to us that there can be no question. The right of Alphonso rests upon the ancient and undeniable law of the Spanish monarchy. If it be asserted, in opposition to his claim, that Philip V. changed the old Spanish law and substituted the Salic law, which prevailed in France, with the consent of the Cortes, it may be answered that Carlos IV. and Ferdinand VII. changed the law back again, with the consent of the Cortes, and restored the ancient law of the realm—and their act was surely as valid and effective as that of Philip V. Alphonso is the son of Isabella II. and Francisco d'Assise, Duke of Cadiz, who were married October 10th, 1846. The Duke of Cadiz is son of the Infant Francisco de Paula, brother of Ferdinand VII.

The Duke of Madrid, Carlos VII., the Pretender, Prince of Bourbon and Este, was born at Venice, March 29th, 1848, of Don Juan de Bourbon and Donna Beatrix d'Este, archduchess of Austria. He was educated in the Military Academy at Vienna. In 1867 he married at Gratz, Styria, the Princess Margarita de Bourbon, daughter of the duchess of Parma, and niece of Comte de Chambord, the claimant of the French crown, as heir of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon.

As Americans we can have but little sympathy with either of these claimants to the ancient throne of Spain. The cause of Don Carlos cannot but excite, however, the prejudices of all lovers of republican liberty in whatever country. It is advocated and sustained by bigoted old sticklers for old things because they are old; by opponents of all change, except change back to the ideas and practices of the past, and by the clergy: not however by the higher clergy, for the archbishop, the titularies of the high ecclesiastical charges, the canons of cathedrals, and the *curés* of the large cities, are almost all of them Alfonsists. Carlism has its stronghold among the country clergy, and in the rural parishes, in which the priests come in contact with the masses of the people. Of all the countries of Europe, Spain is perhaps the most completely under the influence of the priesthood. The lower clergy do not hesitate to preach Carlism, and to advocate openly the establishment of Carlos VII., the king after God's own heart, the church's king, the king absolute, omnipotent, the king pure and unadulterated.

On the other hand, among those who resisted the claim of Carlos, and stood by Queen Maria Christina, while regent, and Isabella II., and who now advocate the claim of the Prince of Asturias as against Carlism, were the liberals, the progressivists, the Constitutional monarchists, and the tolerationists.

Whether a republic can stand in Spain remains to be seen. We are sure that every American heart wishes well to the noble men who would give civil and religious freedom, and stability to that glorious but distracted country, and watches with great interest and anxiety the result of the present complications in Spain.

NOTE.—For much of the personal history comprised within the last thirty or forty years, we acknowledge our indebtedness to the elegant letters of Louis Teste, published last year in Paris.

FOR HIS SAKE.

HOLD closer still my hand, dear love,
 Nor fear its touch will soil thine own;
 No palm is cleaner now than this,
 So free from earth-stain has it grown
 Since last you held it clasped so close,
 And with it held my life and heart.
 For my heart beat but in your smile,
 And life was Death, we two apart.

I loved you so. And you? Ah, well!
 I have no word or thought of blame;
 And even now my voice grows low
 And tender, whispering your name.
 You gauged my love by yours; that's all.
 I do not think you understood:
 There is a point you men can't reach,
 Up the white heights of womanhood.

You love us,—so at least you say,
 With many a tender smile and word;
 You kiss us close on mouth and brow,
 Till all our heart within is stirred:
 And having, unlike you, you see,
 No other interests at stake,
 We give our best, and count that Death
 Is blessed when suffered for your sake.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Some Religious Newspapers.

IF it were not so sad, and so pitiful, and so criminal, the position which some religious newspapers have assumed with relation to this Magazine would be ludicrous. The one lament of these newspapers, upon which a thousand changes have been rung through many years, has been, that magazine literature ignores, or is opposed to, Christianity. There may or may not be justice in this general and chronic complaint. We have nothing to do with it, except to say that when it is applied to this Magazine it is untrue, and that if they do not know it to be untrue they are inexcusably ignorant. If there is one subject on which we have been more thoroughly pronounced than upon any other, it is precisely this one. We have believed for many years that the one hope of humanity, the very foundation-stone of a perfect civilization—to say nothing of that which relates to another sphere of being—is Christianity, in the restored form in which Protestantism generally holds it. Every intelligent reader of these pages will testify that we have never written anything, or suffered others to write anything for us, inconsistent with this belief.

Every Christian reform in morals and habits has had our voice on its behalf; and even the stringency of our "orthodoxy," in matters of opinion and sentiment, has been made a reproach to us, among those whose sympathies run in other directions.

Many religious newspapers have recognized these facts with generous testimony; and they manfully and Christianly stand by that testimony to-day. They would be offended were we to thank them for this; for they have had the pleasure of doing their duty and satisfying their sense of justice. They ask no thanks and expect none; but others have exhibited an injustice, and been guilty of an outrage, which no adjectives at our command may fitly characterize. And why have they done this? Simply because we have permitted three orthodox clergymen, "in good and regular standing" in their respective churches, to criticise, first, "the bondage of the pulpit"; second, the "liberty of Protestantism"; and, third, the methods by which Christianity is, has been, and must be defended against the attacks of modern skepticism. Below, our readers have a specimen of the kind of attack to which we allude. That no other newspaper may be suspected

of having published it, it is proper to state that it is from the *Watchman and Reflector*, published in Boston :

"There is a wide-spread feeling that there has been a breach of trust in the management of that magazine. We do not call in question Dr. Holland's piety, or the soundness of his own faith. If his religious experience is like that of Arthur Bonnicastle, it appears to us genuine, but not normal. Neither is Dr. Bradford the typical Christian. Nor are the Rev. Messrs. Grimshaw, Bedlow and Mullen fair samples of our ministers. And Augustus Blauvelt's theology is not that of the Christian Church. The Magazine, then, has betrayed its trust. One thing is clear to a vast number of those who subscribed to SCRIBNER at the beginning of 1873, or earlier, under the impression that it was true to the faith of the evangelical churches—they have been disappointed, if not deceived. They have a right to demand a change in the management of it, and that there should be placed upon its staff at least one man in whom the churches have confidence; *addictus jurare in verba* MAGISTRI. There will otherwise be a stampede at the close of the year, and there ought to be."

The type of idiocy which demands that a novelist's characters shall all be what they ought to be, when he is trying to show what they ought not to be, is so fresh and unique as to challenge the attention of the mental pathologist with a problem which is at once serious and funny. Comments on this portion of our indictment are unnecessary.

One would suppose, by the closing portion of this precious paragraph, that the editor of this Magazine is some man's man, which he is not, and is not likely to become; that he has been guilty of obtaining money under false pretenses; that somebody has a right to demand that he shall vacate his chair; and that nothing hereafter shall be published in the Magazine which the editor of the *Watchman and Reflector* does not approve. The penalty proposed for non-conformity to the wishes of our critic is proscription. Whether this is put forward as an illustration of "the liberty of Protestantism," or of that liberty with which Christ makes all his followers free, does not appear. At any rate, it smacks so heartily of impertinence, and reminds one so forcibly of the old inquisitional scourge, as to lay it open to some doubts. How do our Christian readers like this kind of talk on the part of their religious newspapers? Is it charitable? Is it courteous? Is it decent? It is none of these. It is the voice and blow of a bully, who ought to be ashamed of himself. There is no possible justification for it in any good and generous motive.

And now, on behalf of Christianity, on behalf of Christian liberty, on behalf of Christian progress, on behalf of peace and unity in the Christian Church and among those who work for its up-building, on behalf of Christian courtesy, and on behalf of fair play in the literary competitions of the country, we protest against this outrageous and contemptible style of treatment. The world has had enough of it, and is tired of it. The judicious

grieve over it, and the unskillful laugh about it. For let our readers mark that all this relates to matters of opinion. Even the *Watchman and Reflector* impugns no man's piety; it is only his opinions, which he not only has the right to hold, but proclaim.

It has been the habit of the Protestant public to find fault with the Catholic priesthood for undertaking to keep the children of their flocks out of the public schools, and in those under their own direction and control. We all understand the object of this policy: it is to maintain the power of the Church over them, and to shut them away, if possible, from all religious teaching that does not come from their Church. If the kind of talk in the religious newspapers upon which we have animadverted is kept up, and regarded with any degree of toleration by the Protestant community, let us forever close our mouths about the intolerance of the Catholic priesthood, and about the fear they entertain that children will come into contact with religious opinions differing in any respect from their own. The demand made in the extract we have published is the offspring of precisely the same spirit which, in Romanism, all Protestantism unites to condemn. It is a spirit unworthy of the age, unworthy of our institutions, and unworthy of Christianity.

Provision for Wives and Children.

THE disasters that have occurred in the business circles of New York during the last few months are full of practical suggestions, upon which the daily press has made abundant comment; but one of them has received but little notice—viz., the effect of these disasters upon the families of the sufferers. These, with many dependents, were sharers in the prosperity of those who have gone down to poverty. They lived in fine houses, and had all the privileges which wealth bestowed. Many of these business men had wives, who had been helpers and household economists through all the years of early struggle, and who held a strong moral claim upon a portion of the wealth which they have seen swept away without the power to lift a finger or say a word in self-protection. In a day, they have seen the accumulations of years melt away, and themselves and their little ones made poor. The husband and father, with burdens too heavy to be borne in his office or his counting-room, goes to his home to be tortured with the spectacle of a straitened life, among those who are more precious to him than all his wealth had been. It is quite likely that he will find heroism and self-denial and cheerfulness there; but his pain will not be wholly cured by these, and he must always regret that when he had the power to secure a competence to his dependents he did not do it.

A large majority of the business men of New York carry a heavy life insurance; but this, at the

very moment of the failure of any one of them, is not only no help to him, but, by its yearly demands upon his resources, a constant drag upon his efforts and prosperity. It may be, indeed, that he will be unable to keep up his yearly premiums, and so be obliged to sacrifice all that he has paid during the previous years. Life insurance makes a provision for his death, but none at all for a disaster that may destroy his power to provide for his family just as effectually as his removal from the world. His power even to keep his life insured goes with his power to make money, and thus his family is left helpless whether he live or die.

All men who deal in stocks, all who are in commercial or mercantile life, and all who are engaged in manufactures, have much at risk. Wars, revolutions, bad crops, capricious legislation, changes in the channels of trade, over-production—one or more of these, and other adverse causes, come in at unlooked-for seasons, and prove to them all that they hold their wealth by a very uncertain tenure. There is no man who does business at all who may not be ruined by a combination of circumstances that he can neither foresee nor control.

Now, we know of no way by which a man can protect his family but by taking a competent sum from his business and bestowing it upon them outright, and securing it to them, in the days of actual wealth and prosperity. A man who, by honest enterprise, has secured wealth, has the right to bestow it where he chooses. When such a man endows a seminary, or establishes a charity of any sort, we praise him. We acknowledge his right to do what he will with his own; and we ought not only to acknowledge his right to endow his family with the means of support, but insist that it is his duty to do so, even before he endows his seminary or establishes his charity.

There are two objections to this course, one of them coming from the man himself, and the other from the community. The man insists, either that he cannot spare the necessary sum from his business or that he believes he can do better for his family by risking his all; while the community, trusting him, reckons among his means that which he seems to own, even when, in fact, it is owned by his wife, the transfer never having been publicly known. It is against the man's mistakes that we wish specially to protest. He has no moral right to risk his all, when its loss would make his family poor, provided he has more than enough to do a fair, safe business. This is the fatal blunder that nearly all men make. Their business grows, and its requirements grow, with their consent, or by their strenuous efforts. Large, superfluous wealth is their aim, and it is this inexcusable motive which prevents them from doing justice to their dependents. If they would abandon this aim, there would be nothing in the way of a wise and provident policy.

The objection on the part of the community is, under the present condition of affairs, a sound one;

but a little legislation would set this aside. If the transfer of money or property to one's wife and family were legally required to be made as public as the gift of a considerable sum to a public institution is naturally made, there would be no difficulty in the matter. If, when a man endows his wife with property, the act could only be made legal by the publication of the fact, and by a public statement of the sum transferred, showing that his available capital had been reduced by that amount, the business community would be protected. We see no valid objection to this. There are many ways in which, for public reasons, the private affairs of a man are required to be made known, and there is nothing in this transaction which should exempt it from publicity. Rascality would avail itself of this privilege, without doubt, if it could; but the privilege may be protected by all the safe-guards that legislation can throw around it. A man may be compelled to prove that he has the right to dispose of a portion of his estate in the way proposed, without prejudice to his creditors or the community. We write without any knowledge of what the laws are, but with a very distinct idea of what they may and ought to be. We are at least, sure that there ought to be some way in which men of wealth may justly,—with every obligation to the community fairly considered,—protect their wives and little ones in the possession of a portion of their means honestly won; and we hope that those who are wise and powerful will see to it before new disasters come to plunge other families into ruin, and remind them of a duty too long neglected.

The American Gentleman of Leisure.

DID the reader ever see a lost dog in a great city? Not a dog recently lost, full of wild anxiety and restless pain and bewilderment, but one who had given up the search for a master in despair, and had become consciously a vagabond? If so, he has seen an animal that has lost his self-respect, traveling in the gutters, slinking along by fences, making acquaintance with dirty boys, becoming a thorough coward, and losing every admirable characteristic of a dog. A cat is a cat even in vagabondage; but a dog that does not belong to somebody is as hopeless a specimen of demoralization as can be found in the superior race among which he has sought in vain for his master. We know him at first sight, and he knows that we know him. The loss of his place in the world, and the loss of his objects of loyalty, personal and official, have taken the significance out of his life and the spirit out of him. He has become a dog of leisure.

We do not know how it may be in trans-Atlantic countries. It is quite possible that in Constantinople, where dogs are plenty and masters comparatively scarce, the canine vagabonds keep each other in countenance. There is a sort of self-respect among human thieves, if only enough of them get together.

Where beggars are plenty, there are sometimes generated a sort of professional ambition and a semblance, at least, of professional pride and honor. Liquor-dealers form a society, publish a newspaper, call themselves "Wine Merchants," and make themselves believe that they are respectable. Stock-gamblers in Wall street, by sheer force of numbers in combination, make a business semi-respectable which never added a dollar of wealth to the country and never will, and which constantly places the business interests of the country in jeopardy. So it is possible that in Constantinople lost dogs maintain their self-respect, by community of feeling and a consciousness that they are neither exceptional nor eccentric. A dog's sense of vagabondage would seem, therefore, to depend much upon his atmosphere and circumstances. In New York he loses himself with his home; in Constantinople he joins a community.

The American man of leisure is a sort of lost dog. The people are so busy, they have so long associated personal importance with action and usefulness, that it is all a man's life is worth to drop out of active employment. If a Vanderbilt should quietly release his hold of the vast railroad interests now in his hands, and should never more show his face in Wall street, he would practically shrink to a nonentity. If a Stewart should retire to enjoy his piled-up millions in the quiet repose of his palace, he would cease to be an object of interest to anybody. It is undeniably true that there is nobody in America who has so hard a time as the man of leisure. The man who has nothing to do, and nobody to help him do nothing, may properly be counted among the unfortunate classes, without regard to the amount of wealth he possesses. This is, doubtless, the reason why so many who retire from a life of profitable labor come back, after a few months or years, to their old haunts and old pursuits. They see that the moment they count themselves out of active life, they are counted by their old acquaintances out of the world. They become mere loafers and hangers-on; and a certain sense of vagabondage depresses them. The climate is stimulating, time hangs heavy on their hands, business is exciting, business associations are congenial and attractive; and so they go back to their industries, never to leave them again till sickness or death or old age removes them from the theater of their efforts.

In Europe we know that the case is widely different. The number of men who live upon their estates,—estates either won by trade or inherited from rich ancestors,—is very large, while those who have small, fixed incomes, which they never undertake to increase, is larger still. The Englishman of leisure who cannot live at home on his income goes to the Continent, and seeks a place where his limited number of pounds *per annum* will give him genteel lodgings, with a life of idle leisure. In such a place he finds others in plenty who are as idle as he, and

who have come there for the same reason that brings him. He finds it quite respectable to do nothing, and knows that his command of the means that give him leisure is the subject of envy on the part of the inhabitants. He eats, sleeps, reads, visits, writes letters, and kills time without any loss of self-respect, and without feeling the slightest attraction for busier life. Indeed, the tradesmen who are active around him are looked down upon as social inferiors, on account of the fact that they are under the necessity of work. Work is not a genteel thing to do, unless it be done in an office or profession. Shop-keeping and labor of the hands are accounted vulgar.

It seems impossible to conclude that the man of leisure can ever hold a desirable position where labor holds its legitimate position. We wish the American could have more leisure than he has. It would, in many respects, be well for society that men who have property enough, and ten times more than enough, should retire from active life to make place for others rather than go on accumulating gigantic fortunes which become curses to their owners and the community. After all, if idleness can only be made respectable and desirable by making labor vulgar, we trust that the American gentleman of leisure will be as rare in the future as he has been in the past.

We are glad, on the whole, that every American deems it essential to belong to somebody, to belong to something, to sustain some active relation to some industry, or enterprise, or charity, to be counted in at some point among the useful forces of society. He is the better and the happier for it, and he helps to sustain the honor and self-respect of all those with whom labor is a constant necessity.

How Much Has Been Gained ?

AMONG the various important topics discussed by the Evangelical Alliance, which lately met in this city, there was none that awoke more interest or more genuine feeling than "Christian Unity." It was a topic which, under the circumstances, naturally came first to hand, and which accompanied the other topics all through the programme. It was recognized, indeed, as the root of the whole enterprise, and it gave occasion for the expression and demonstration of a great deal of true Christian feeling. More than that, the vast numbers of people who listened to these expressions, and the still larger numbers who read the report of them in the newspapers, gave a hearty "amen" to them all.

Now, there ought to come out of all this some high practical result; but we fear that it will be a long time coming. The first conclusion that the outside world arrives at, is, that the recognition of all the sects by each, as Christian, and as possessing real unity of spirit and life, is an open confession that nothing but non-essential questions and opinions keep the sects from actual unity. It is a

declaration, emphasized in many notable ways, that all the sectarian quarrels of the past, and all the sectarian differences of the present, relate to matters that do not touch the essentials of Christian salvation and Christian character. If it does not mean exactly this, it does not mean anything. If it does not mean exactly this, then all the words that were uttered with such a show of earnestness, and endorsed with such rounds of applause, were a cheat. So much has been gained; and, this gained, we have a right to ask that the natural consequences of the step shall not be hindered or set aside. The first natural consequence is that no sect can claim the right to make a creed that shuts out a Christian from its fellowship, and that every sect is bound to give the same latitude of opinion within its communion, on all non-essential questions, that it yields to other sects. Now let us see how much real sincerity there has been in the declarations so eloquently made and reiterated and popularly responded to in the meetings of the Alliance!

Another natural consequence is the consolidation of all the sects in those localities where, by multiplication of sectarian churches, Christian work is feeble, and Christian enterprise is burdened with poverty and poisoned by jealousies and competitions. We spent the last summer in a country town containing many families of intelligence and culture, supported by an interesting and thrifty husbandry. It had two Presbyterian churches, two meetings of Friends,—the progressive and the orthodox,—one Methodist church, and one Episcopal. With all this machinery, it could hardly be claimed that there was an active interest in religious affairs in the town, and the fact was patent that not one of those churches was either well attended or well supported. They were feeble, struggling churches, every one of them; and at least one of them went outside for funds to keep itself alive. There are ten thousand just such towns in America—sect-ridden, with feeble churches, usually a feeble and discouraged ministry, and a population grown dead for lack of unity in the church, and brains and culture and fervor in the pulpit. To build a large church in such a town as we have described, to fill its pulpit with a first-rate man, to bring all those churches together in a union that is actual and not sentimental, would be like bringing life to the dead. If so simple a thing as this cannot be done, for reasons that no sane man can dispute, then let the

talk about Christian unity cease until we get a little further along.

It is claimed by those who represent the various sectarian organizations that the people are not ready for changes so radical as this would be. We know something of the views and feelings of the people on this subject, and we declare our conviction that they are half a century in advance of the clergy. It is not the people who are against actual Christian unity, where such unity is absolutely essential to Christian success. The sectarian organizations oppose it. The sectarian newspapers oppose it. The sectarian colleges and theological institutions oppose it. The sectarian clergy oppose it. It is from the church leaders that the opposition comes. The entire sectarian machinery and policy of the various churches are against it. Can an instance be given where the governing sectarian influences have combined to reduce to harmony the denominational differences in a town, and bring all into one fold, under one shepherd? We shall be glad to hear of such an instance; we certainly never heard of one.

The question may legitimately be asked of those who declare that the people are not ready for this change, whether they are doing anything to prepare them for it. Do they propose to do anything in the future? If not, then we can arrive at a just estimate of the importance which actual Christian unity and sectarian success relatively obtain in their judgments and hearts.

But it is claimed that there can be true unity of spirit among various denominations. We do not deny it. We believe there has been this among those who have constituted the membership of the Alliance, to a very great extent. We do not expect the destruction of denominationalism for many years. With its present machinery, it can do much for Christianity in many places, particularly in large towns and cities; but there is a multitude of places where it is a constant curse. Is denominationalism willing to sink itself there? If not, then there is no use in talking about Christian unity, or about the love of it, or about devotion to it. The people desire to see a practical embodiment of all this pleasantness between the sects, in our own home affairs, as well as on foreign ground; and they have a right to expect it. If they do not get it, we trust they will undertake the matter for themselves. They have done this thing more than once, and they can do it again.

THE OLD CABINET.

AT the corner of Charles and Abercrombie streets, in our town, is a small plain house, which I pass every day on my way to the cars. I have often looked at it and wondered if anything could be more commonplace, outside and in; for of the latter I have had occasional glimpses when the win-

dows were thrown open in the morning for 'airings.' The parlor walls, I saw, were dead white, though elegantly relieved by a gilt-framed certificate of membership of the Missionary Society, the last chromo of the *Heathen Fortnightly*, a wreath of wax flowers in an oval frame, an elaborately colored

photograph or two, and the crimson cords where-with the aforementioned were severally suspended.

The white-boarded, green-blinded exterior had not a single indication of individuality—if you except the little tin sign nailed under one of the parlor windows proclaiming the profession of the head of the family to be that of an “ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.”

The fact that never, save in a single instance, have I happened to see any one go in or come out at the front door, and that no member of the family has ever been visible at any of the windows, from garret to cellar, has doubtless given a certain airy freedom to my imaginations concerning this house's inhabitants. But my wildest imaginings never carried a single member of that mysterious family beyond the domain of the commonplace. In my mind I have followed the fancied father to and from his daily work; the probable mother up and down the unseen staircase, intent upon the most primitive domestic drudgery; the needle of the supposititious grandmother back and forth across the all too possible hole in the stocking; I have seen the ideal baby tended and tossed, day in and day out, by the daughter in curl-papers,—of whose existence I felt well assured, from the fact that I one evening observed the young gentleman clerk of the neighboring ribbon store, standing upon the front steps, arrayed in red necktie, green kids, and a twenty-five cent cane, and with that air of embarrassed astonishment with which one sometimes listens to the clamor of a door-bell one's own hand has set going.

How could I know that the leaves of the maples that trembled about those second-story windows were listening daily to a story of shame and agony and heart-break; that within those four commonplace walls a tragedy was being enacted, upon the last terrible scene of which the world would soon look with horror! How could I know that one day people would speak in whispers when they passed beneath those windows; that even the little front stoop and the missionary certificate would, ere long, be invested with tragic interest.

After all, my lords and ladies, your houses, your husks, your arts, your manners, your dresses and your deductions, are nothing—and your humanity is everything. And yet your houses and your dresses and all about you are much; because they have to do with the human. And nothing that has to do with the human can be commonplace. Certainly I think I shall never again call any house commonplace, no matter how ordinary it may appear; no matter how much bad taste may be evident through the windows open for airings.

A great many human beings themselves are just like my little house on the corner. I've considered them in the same way, God forgive me,—and have lived to be astonished and ashamed, thank God!

I AM very sure that whatever may be the idea, in any one's mind, of the Divinity that shapes our beginnings and our ends, it must form itself about a thought of omniscience. And knowing that the Divine Being knows all things, and has a higher test than ours of the original and the refined, see how confident we can be that to him not only nothing human is commonplace, but absolutely nothing is commonplace! I think that MacDonald never said a truer thing than that the commonplace exists only as the creation of commonplace people.

THE man who sees most of truth sees the least necessity for greatly concerning himself about the statement of it. He needs must say the thing, but he is not greatly exercised in that matter. He has found that every rounded system soon loosens at an invisible hinge and stretches to a mere segment of the mighty circle; that truth is one; that perhaps any motto, true in itself, clearly and honestly apprehended and lived upon, will answer; that perhaps the shortest statement is best.

Christ wrote no book; he, the living Truth, never told what truth was, though he gave the world brief parables that have each a thousand true meanings.

So dear ‘liberal’ friends—may we not sometimes be too severe upon these ‘narrow’ people whose preaching, whose reform, is tied to a system? Their little system, their pet doctrine, has a part, and therefore in a sense, the whole of the truth. Your old-fashioned parson, for whom the latest ‘Institutes’ of the most ‘orthodox’ of the latter-day theologians is a pestilent heresy, finds something in his heart and in the hearts of his devout hearers that no false science can give or take away.

Is it strange that he should impute divinity to even the husky errors of a system, in which he has found the divine kernel? Shall we be impatient with his impatience of the science, so-called, that puts an ignorant negation upon what he knows to be vital? We may be sorry that he is not wider and wiser in his reading of Revelation, but a thousand times is he wiser and wider than the small-brained and petty-souled philosopher who denies, in one of these little ones, the truth of the living God!

SPEAKING of truth—we take it for granted,—probably basing our belief upon the assumptions of public speakers and newspaper writers, and all who address audiences of more than two or three sympathetic persons,—that the one desirable thing among men is the truth. That the truth is desirable seems indeed to be a self-evident proposition. But if you look into history, and, still more remarkable, if you look around you, into your own time, among your own friends; still more startling, if you look into your own heart of hearts, I think you will find that among the things that men can in nowise abide, is this same truth. I do not mean ignorant men, or

bad men, or men known as dishonest—I mean just the ordinary human; and I mean that with the ordinary human, and I say it in the light of some talks I have had with him quite lately, there does seem to be something more desirable than the truth,

if that something be nothing more ignoble in itself than a certain peace of mind, which may by some be easily obtained by the stopping of the ears, and the shutting of the eyes, and the folding of the hands to sleep.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Cloaks.

THE law of compensation is sustained when the year that produces such undesirable head-coverings also brings us such attractive cloaks—if the pretentious title can be applied to the outer garments now exhibited. They are suitable, simple, and becoming, and are held at fairly reasonable prices. The favorite shapes are the double-breasted English walking-jacket and the yachting-jacket, the latter fitting the figure closely. Besides these are two or three half-sacque, half-paletot styles that are newer, but not so enticing. One of these garments has regular coat-skirts sewed on at the waist, and is cut away in the front, fastening on the breast with a single button, over a cloth vest. It is piped with silk cords; sometimes a different shade from the sacque, sometimes a match; and the buttons appearing on pockets, cuffs, and frequently on the rolling collar, are steel, oxydized silver, or jet.

The hussar-jacket shapes to the figure in the back, is loose in front, and has long, wide, square sleeves, through which the arm passes in the inside seam, to permit the sleeve to hang smoothly down, even if the arm be raised. It is finished with pipings of silk, and brave with bright buttons and gimp cords.

The English jackets of last year were left open in the middle seam behind, and finished like a masculine overcoat. This season, the seams are all closed; but in the side-seams are set narrow vertical strips of cloth, scalloped on the edge, and held down with buttons, to simulate the lapels of a pocket. The pockets, to match, are broad and shallow, the front end straight, the other slightly slanting, the bottom scalloped, and held down by three buttons. The pockets are put so far under the arm as to give the appearance of having slipped out of place. Instead of the inch-wide facing of silk—the popular design last season—a single cord of velvet completes the trimming. The collars and cuffs are sometimes merely piped with velvet, and sometimes made entirely of velvet, as fancy dictates. Silk facings are seldom seen, perhaps because experience has shown that they do not wear so well as velvet.

A certain long basquine in cloth, fitting the figure behind, and having a rolling velvet collar—its sole ornament, save cuffs and pockets—is called the ladies' overcoat. It is intended solely for the coldest

weather, and the days when one cares little for elegance, but much for warmth.

Cashmere sacques and those of the lighter cloths are often covered with braiding and hand embroidery, and picked out with jet, even steel beads. This produces a decidedly novel, not to say startling, effect, which is not in accordance with strict good taste. A few long sacques, with dolman sleeves, made of camel's-hair cloth, lined with bright flannel and trimmed with gimp and fur, are intended for wraps over a velvet or other light sacque. With these the list is complete—the styles for velvet cloaks being similar to those of cloth.

The most popular materials for winter sacques are beaver cloths—to be had in all the "invisible" colors as well as black—and fine Irish frieze, in numerous shades of gray and brown. These are the warmest, and, therefore, the most suitable fabrics, and as they are very wide—a yard and a quarter to a yard and a half, ordinarily—are economical withal. Twice the length of an English jacket will, with care, cut the garment, and leave as many pieces as one cares to have of such a thing.

Domestic Products.

To appeal to the women of the country to come to the relief in the present financial troubles may at first seem absurd; but there is a reason for it that more specious calls have not. It is not asked of them to be more economical; to save money, and contribute it to the poor; or to change their expenditure a whit; but to turn their monetary brooklets into a different channel—in short, to buy domestic instead of imported goods. No great perspicacity is needed to comprehend that, while the Republic is paying, yearly, millions and millions more of gold for imports than it gets for exports, it can hardly return to specie payment; and just so long as that is deferred, we must have panics and all sorts of monetary derangements.

So, if the buying of imported goods be the source of so much trouble, would it not be well to refrain from buying them, and keep the gold we need, instead of sending it abroad? There is no need of leagues and clubs and much palaver to make this a practical movement. All that the wisest and most earnest woman can do is simply to ask for a domestic brand when she is making a purchase. It is to

women that the appeal is made, because it is for their benefit that the majority of costly imports are brought. It is they who demand and use them; and therefore it is for them to act against the tyranny of mode.

The sacrifice will not be so great or so difficult as might seem. We manufacture elegant silks, only less beautiful than their French and Belgian counterparts. We make as fine ribbons and flowers as are made anywhere. Our alpacas and other stuff goods are not excelled; while all our cotton fabrics are world-renowned. We manufacture beautiful cloakings, often sold under the head of "imported"—a word having a mysterious but very powerful attraction for most women. The flannels and feltings of certain American houses are proverbial for their fineness. We make fringes, fancy trimmings, and certain kinds of lace. Shawls, shoes, woven underclothing, stockings—all kinds and qualities of goods are in the catalogue of our products.

We do not suppose the Treasury Department will immediately resume specie payment because of our little suggestion; but we do believe that if it were widely acted upon, it would greatly lessen the monetary troubles of the nation.

Bonnets and Hats.

To be neither young nor comely would seem a crime from the modern milliner's point of view. All the new bonnets and hats appear to have been designed for women with these virtues alone; and they with whom Time has not dealt gently, or Nature been free-handed, are left to choose between freezing without hats, or mortifying their vanity in them. Never have the styles been less adapted to plain and middle-aged people than this season. The bonnets are so far from pretty themselves that they need all the aid of youth and good looks to make them tolerable; and the hats are so pert with their odd, little turned-up corners, so semi-rapid in air, perched half-way back on the head, that only the freshest and sweetest of faces is in keeping with them. What the unfortunates, adapted to neither, will do, remains an open question; but let us hope something may be evolved for their benefit, from the brain of some friendly milliner whose plethoric exchequer shall have made her sympathetic.

The shapes of the bonnets are hardly more than variations of last winter's styles; most of them having coronet fronts more or less rolling, with rather high, broad, flat crowns. It is difficult, however, to describe their form accurately; for they are quite different before and after trimming, especially after—if we may be allowed the Celticism. Such quantities of velvet and silk, ribbon and lace, flowers and feathers, steel and jet, as are loaded and piled upon the unoffending frames, we have never before seen. Each bonnet looks as if it weighed ten pounds at the very least, and were surrounded by an atmosphere of headaches. The autumn styles were

unpromising enough; but these edifices (they are nothing less) for winter are the exaggerated result of those suggestions.

Most of the bonnets are in two shades,—one silk and the other velvet,—while the plumes—every one has either a long ostrich feather or a bunch of curled tips—are generally shaded to match. The trimming, as heretofore, is massed far behind on the left side,—sometimes in the middle of the back. It is usually a conglomerate of velvet loops, flowers, lace and feathers, tipped by some remarkable ornament in jet or steel. When long feathers are employed, they are placed on the right side, and curl lightly over the crown to the left. If wreaths or vines are used, they are caught on the left side, and twisted toward the middle of the back, where they fall behind. If single blossoms or small sprays are preferred, they are generally placed under the edge on the left, so that their effect is of lying directly on the hair. A favorite decoration is a Chantilly or black thread lace veil, held to the crown by a wreath or fanciful pin; and for this an old-style round veil—such, as were fashionable ten years ago to wear over the face,—will do perfectly well, and save the buying of a yard or two of expensive thread edging beside the net for the center of the veil.

There is a positive change in favor of face trimmings of some sort; and, though narrow and inconspicuous at present, they serve to note the change. The favored styles are coronets of fine jet work, sewed over the fronts, on which the velvet or silk is slightly frilled; and a narrow, flat band of curled ostrich, similar to the recent mode of dress-trimming. Strings are wider than formerly, three inches being the proper width. When two shades are used in the bonnet, the ribbons are frequently of the double-faced kind mentioned sometime since.

In hats only two prominent varieties appear, and of these neither can be called the favorite. Both have semi-high, sloping, flat-topped crowns, rather wide brims before and behind; and their only perceptible difference is that one has the brim turned up in a point against the crown on the left side, and the other on both sides. Of course there are several shapes beside, but these are the prettiest and the best-liked. As to their decoration, what applies to bonnets also applies to them, except that the long plumes, so universal, are often fastened in front, carried over the crown so high that you can see under them, and induced to hang straight down behind. In place of the buckles, fans, lyres, etc., of metal put on bonnets, dangerous-looking daggers and arrows are used to impale the bows on hats.

There is no part of feminine wardrobe where domestic skill may be turned to so good account as in the manufacture of head-coverings. On no article of attire are the trade profits so large. Of the many hats we have examined this season, not one was less than \$18, and for that price only the simplest article in plain black velvet could be ob-

tained. There is no reason for asking such enormous prices, and no sense in paying them, when, for one-third the sum, can be purchased at retail good materials which deft fingers can readily put into as attractive form at home.

Private Correspondence.

CERTAIN amiable cynics are so gracious as to say that most of the trouble in the world comes from women's writing letters. With this kindly remark they dismiss the epistolary subject as one too trivial for their mighty regard. Fortunately, this opinion is seldom expressed, and letter-writing has not therefore fallen into such disrepute as it must have done, had this view been widely held. Good correspondence is one of the social graces. To compose a really excellent letter is a most difficult and delicate task, calling into play all the intellectual faculties, and exercising them each in turn. Thousands of persons, of good position and average culture, go to their graves without ever having written a creditable epistle during their whole lives. Most people do not correspond with persons with whom they are on formal terms; and when they write to relatives and intimates, they scratch off something about Jane's engagement, Harry's sprained ankle, or Mr. Jones' change of business, and call it a letter. These family matters are undoubtedly inter-

esting to the recipients; but it would also be pleasant to know the writer's opinion of a new book, the last picture from some celebrated easel, or the cause of some great national agitation. It is only through letters that widely separated friends can keep pace with each other's mental and spiritual growth; and if these subjects are never touched upon, how can either tell whether the other has become an intellectual dwarf or giant since they met?

The gift of language, of correct word-using, is bestowed on few by Mother Nature; but it is susceptible of great cultivation, and no method so easily and naturally cultivates facility of expression as the habit of writing thoughtful letters. Instead of fewer letters, more and better ones ought to be written. Children should be encouraged and aided in their feeble attempts at correspondence, for they are laying the foundation of future intellectual delight, if they but carefully try each time to do their best. Felicities of phrase, the power of expressing delicate shades of meaning will come with practice. The habit of writing induces verbal exactness which conversation rarely or never does, and is advantageous in many ways. The interchange of ideas and sentiments in private correspondence is a mental stimulus too little appreciated and heeded, and, where time and circumstances favor, cannot be too sedulously improved.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Salvini.

AT this writing Signor Salvini has appeared in six different rôles,—*Othello*, *Ingomar*, *Corrado* in "La Morte Civile," *Hamlet*, *Paolo* in "Francesca da Rimini," and the *Gladiator*; a range of character which affords ample data for criticism. Appearing in New York almost unknown, save through the business 'puffs preliminary' that heralded his approach, and addressing for the first time a strange audience in a strange tongue, Signor Salvini achieved from the outset an undeniably brilliant success. Among the various and conflicting judgments passed on his performances, this one fact stands out boldly and indisputably, as a sort of first truth which no person thinks of denying—he is a great actor. Critics may decry the worth of his Shakespearean assumptions as reflecting the gist and spirit of the text, and take exception to his superabundant muscularity, but it is impossible for even the most exacting to deny that Signor Salvini is a great, original tragedian. It is hard to believe that an actor ever trod

the boards better qualified to give physical embodiment to the heroic creations of tragedy. To a tall, erect, massive, and kingly physique, Salvini unites a handsome, strongly intellectual and extraordinarily expressive face, a majestic grace of carriage, and a voice, that for richness, volume and pliability, has never been surpassed on the modern stage. His command of facial, accurately reflects his command of emotional, expression. He is so completely master of himself that in a moment, with the quickness of thought, he can pass from the most tragic attitude of soul-harrowing anguish, to the easy indifference and *nonchalance* of social life. His knowledge of the details and niceties of his art, of all that in the slang of the stage is called 'business,' including the arrangement of lights and shades, the grouping of contrastive colors, and the like, is complete and thorough. Every look, every gesture, every inflection of voice, is calculated with the nicest eye to effect; yet with an absence of all appearance of effort that marks the consummate artist. In the expression of violent, painful emotion, Salvini has proba-

bly never been surpassed. It is indeed impossible to imagine anything more sublimely and terribly thrilling in its way than his acting in the murder scenes in "Othello," his death in "La Morte Civile," and his confession of love in "Francesca da Rimini." When in these, and kindred passages, he gives loose rein to the volcano of passion that boils and surges within his breast, we shudder and hold our breath. Literally, and without any exaggeration, he fills the stage, and in the presence of his majestic agony, the other actors are instantaneously and utterly dwarfed. In all that calls for dignity of action and impressive repose, Salvini is superlatively good. His very appearance on his first entrance in "Othello," with his mantle draped round his magnificent chest as only an Italian knows how, was so grandly imposing that it lives in the memory of the spectator for ever. And every fresh attitude forms by itself a complete and soul-satisfying picture. Yet with all this studied perfection of manner Salvini is never otherwise than natural; his action seeming to be, not the result of deliberate study and forethought, but the spontaneous expression of instantaneous sentiment. It is not pieced together as was Joseph's coat, with traditions of the schools, and bits from the old masters, but grows naturally and of necessity out of the very nature of the situation, as the flower from its seed. Again, with all his fierce, tempestuous, emotional paroxysms, that shake and shatter his entire nature,—even in those supreme moments when he has to all appearance become literally and wholly possessed of the passion of the moment,—Salvini never rants: there is no suggestion of falsetto in his magnificently rounded voice.

But having said this, we have about said all. In his own sphere, and in the charmed circle in which his genius finds its fullest development, he is unapproached and unapproachable. But that sphere is limited, and Salvini's greatness like that of our own Bryant, is narrow. In the portrayal of ordinary mental phases, he is too ponderously majestic. He cannot stoop, or bend the knee to the conventional courtesies of everyday life. His stride betrays the god. Even his love-making in its lighter moods, when undisturbed by conflicting emotions, is not without a suspicion of mawkishness. He leers and simpers on *Desdemona* like an overgrown and love-sick school-boy. In ordinary dialogue, when giving utterance to any airy satire or light wit, he is labored and forced. *Bon mots* come as awkwardly from his lips as parlor crackers might from the hands of Jove. His acting, also, lacks variety. Having seen him in "Othello," we have seen him in all. It exhausts the measure of his greatness, and, with all its shortcomings and defects, remains the one supreme effort of his genius. In after years, when we tell our children of the great Italian whom we heard at the Academy of Music, it is not his *Ingomar*, or *Hamlet*, his *Gladiator* or *Corrado*, that will live again in our minds, but his *Othello*.

In all his other personations we have the same tricks of action and elocution; the same whirlwinds of passion; the fierce vehement sweep of arm; the biting of the finger and thumb; the stately entrances and exits. With all its superlative finish, too, his art is purely sensuous. Take his *Othello*; take his *Hamlet*. In both plays the text is mangled and slashed, rearranged and rewritten, in order to give fuller scope for the display, not of Shakespeare, but of Salvini. The poet is subordinated to the actor, and everything is cut out which might in any way withdraw our attention from the central figure, even to the destruction of the meaning of the dramatist. Thus, his hasty entrance in the brawling scene in "Othello," armed *cap-a-pie* but without a sword; the manner in which he murders *Desdemona* and kills himself; and the whole arrangement of the Italian version of "Hamlet,"—are gross violations of the spirit of the original. Salvini addresses himself to the senses more than to the intellect. His art is hard, palpable, sensuous, complete in itself but gross. It is intelligible to the meanest understanding. In "Othello" and "Ingomar" he is at home, but in "Hamlet," he is painfully, even absurdly, out of place. In his hands all the delicate intellectuality of Shakespeare, the poetic suggestiveness, the fine flush of feeling vanishes, and the brutal,—we use the word in a restricted sense,—realism of the actor leaves nothing to be hinted or supplied by the imagination of his audience. He strips poor *Hamlet* bare; robs him of the subtle poetic charm, the indefinable, mysterious beauty, with which the thought and traditions of two centuries have surrounded him, and presents him to us shivering and nude,—a weak, pitiful, brutal, smart, sneaking, cowardly scoundrel, without one solitary claim on our regard, or pretension to be thought a gentleman. Salvini stands in the same kind of relation to contemporary actors, that the authors of "Ouida" and "Guy Livingstone" do to contemporary novelists. We mean the same kind; not degree; for it would be an insult to the tragedian to place him on a level with these writers. What we mean is that his personations furnish the most complete embodiment of what we may call muscular sensationalism in acting, as do the works just mentioned of the same element in fiction.

Perhaps we have dwelt too much upon the distinguished Italian's faults and too little on his excellences. After making full allowance for the former it still remains to be said, that Salvini's *Othello* is the greatest piece of acting of its kind within the recollection of a generation not unfamiliar with great actors. Whether it be Shakespeare's *Othello* or not, and we hardly think the critics have made sufficient allowance for the strong personality of the actor, it is a magnificent performance, and stands out from contemporary acting like a Colossus from the huts of a country village. It came upon us like a revelation from another world; stunning us into silence

with its appalling force; thrilling us with its super-human energy; and acting like a second Dante to reveal to us by the lurid glare of its demoniacal passion the flames and furies of a lower world.

Lombard Street and the London Money Market.*

MR. BAGEHOT has written a most lucid and readable book upon a difficult and intricate subject. Here is a whole volume in which there is not a single sensational, untruthful or half-truthful word from the beginning to the end of it. Of course, we do not mean to say that all of Mr. Bagehot's opinions are the right ones. We speak rather of his manner than his matter. He is too sincere a writer to intend to be false, and he is much too acute to stumble upon falsehood and not know it. Few subjects could have more practical importance than the present one, but his clear perception and perspicuous expression are gifts so rare that we should like to see them devoted to some higher theme. That alert intellectual attention of his, that satisfying sense of certainty are qualities which naturally desire to feed upon the conduct and conversation of living men, but they would be equally valuable should their possessor turn his attention to history.

But Mr. Bagehot has a mind remarkably fitted to treat of finance; the subject is delicate and intricate, and his intellect is delicate and subtle. His book purports to be "a Description of the Money Market." It does describe the money market, but such is only its secondary purpose. The ultimate object upon which every chapter bears is the obligation of the Bank of England to provide against a panic by keeping a larger reserve. We are given a general view of Lombard street; we are told how it came to exist, and why it assumed its present form. The position of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the money market is defined, and the mode in which the value of money is settled in Lombard street is also made plain. A very interesting chapter tells why Lombard street is sometimes very dull, and sometimes extremely excited. The government of the Bank of England is described. We are told all about the joint stock banks, the private banks, and the bill brokers. All is very lucid, and wonderfully entertaining, but every word of it is subsidiary to his ultimate principle that the Bank of England should keep a larger reserve.

The Bank of England must keep its own reserve like any other bank. A joint stock bank in London prefers that the Bank of England shall have the custody of its reserve. It would naturally like to get rid of it, if it could do so safely, and the Bank of England is the strongest financial institution in the country. The joint stock banks, the private bankers, and the bill-brokers keep their reserve at the Bank

of England, so that the Bank of England keeps the entire reserve of London. Not only so, but every bank in England, Scotland and Ireland keeps by it only so much money as is necessary for its running expenses. The rest it sends to London; part of it goes into securities, and the rest of it is laid up as a reserve in some bank. In this way the Bank of England keeps the reserve not only of London, but of Great Britain and Ireland. It rests, therefore, with the directors of the Bank whether England is to be solvent or insolvent. In case of a panic, a country bank must draw its reserve from the joint stock bank in London which holds it, and the joint stock bank must, in its turn, ask its own reserve from the Bank of England. If the Bank of England fails, so must the joint stock bank, so must the Glasgow bank, and so must the merchants; all England is bankrupt.

The duty of the Bank to keep the reserve for the country is warmly repudiated by many, among others by Mr. Hankey, an old director, and one of the first authorities upon the subject. But as to the fact that the single reserve system is the existing system of English finance, there is, we imagine, very little dispute. There has never been, however, any official acknowledgment of it on the part of the Bank, nor has any English statesman ever uttered such an opinion in the House of Commons. Still less has there been any acknowledgment of the duty of the Bank to keep a reserve for the entire country. The general teaching of politicians and of economical writers has been, that the Bank is but a joint stock company like any other bank, and is only bound to look after itself. This, too, has been the professed position of the Bank. But it has been better than its word. In 1866, not only did it pay out by the millions to its depositors without making a wry face, but to every borrower who came with good security they gave all he asked. The Bank did this for the best of all reasons, because it had to do it. It is of prime importance to check panic in its incipency, and if the Bank had shown any timidity the community would have been alarmed, panic would have been imminent, and the Bank itself would have been in danger. Merchants and bill-brokers and banks would have toppled, one against the other, like a falling row of bricks. The last brick would have been the Bank of England, and it could more easily sustain the weight of the first brick than the weight of the whole.

We can give no idea of the involution with which Mr. Bagehot threads his way through this subject. He states at the close of his book just what sum the Bank should fix upon as the "apprehension minimum," *i. e.*, that point at which the public begins to grow uneasy. After watching the market for many years, he thinks that point is in the neighborhood of £10,000,000. This being the case, he says that the Bank should never let the reserve fall below £11,000,000, because experience shows that a million may be taken away at any moment. The first

* *Lombard Street: A Description of the Money Market.* By Walter Bagehot. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

step by which the bank recalls money which is leaving England is by raising the rate of interest. But it needs some time for this measure to take effect, and, in the meantime, there may be a panic. The author, therefore, suggests that the bank begin to act when the reserve has fallen to fourteen or fifteen millions.

But it must be remembered that the Bank of England is a joint stock company, and, like any other joint stock company, wishes to make as much money as possible. There will be very great unwillingness on the part of directors to let so much money lie idle. What reason should they have for liking small dividends? Should Mr. Bagehot succeed in saddling them with the monied conscience of the English nation, they might be willing to sacrifice themselves for their country's sake. But it is not likely. There can be no question, however, that the very clever editor of the *Economist* has made a most instructive and fascinating book. It is abler, to our notion, than *Physics and Politics*, and worthy to be ranked with his most admirable and amusing work on the English constitution.

Professor Hadley's Essays.*

It sometimes happens that our most learned and accomplished scholars leave behind them very little that can be added to our stock of permanent literature, having been too busily employed in the accumulation of knowledge to find time for imparting what they have acquired. When we remember, for example, the wonderful elegance and perfectness of scholarship which so characterized the late Professor Hadley, of Yale College, as to rank him (in the judgment of his friends and colleagues) first among American scholars, it seems a pity that so much of his time was spent in the routine drudgery of a college class-room, and so little given to the broader fields of literature in which he might have taken so illustrious a position. Not that we would underestimate the value of his work as a teacher, so thorough, so conscientious, so patient, so consummately skillful; but such noble volumes as this, containing selections from his critical and philological essays, (and the "Introduction") are so unfrequently to be met with in any language, that we cannot help wishing that the author might have had the time and strength for more work of the same sort.

Some of the essays have been in print in the journals of learned societies and elsewhere, but are now for the first time collected. And Professor Hadley's old students will be glad that the volume contains some of his decisions on the class "disputes" which came under his supervision. It is fine to see how skillfully, with what learned exactness and scholarly fairness, and with what unerring instinct of truth, he deals with the various topics on which he was required to give his judgment.

Hadley's "Introduction to Roman Law."*

THE Roman system of Law arose four centuries and a half earlier than the Christian system of Religion. It grew and developed for a thousand years with the growing needs and changing political states of the most vigorous and practical people of antiquity, until it became condensed in an authentic and permanent form under the Byzantine Emperor Justinian. Later, it prevailed or declined, according as the fortunes of the empire fluctuated. Some among the northern invaders of its western half adopted certain earlier codifications as the basis of law for their subjects. In the latter part of the middle ages the Justinian system shared in the general awakening of the intellect of Europe. At Bologna, in the twelfth and the following century, a famous school of teachers and commentators devoted itself to the study and interpretation of the Digest especially. Their labors, aided in many instances by the political interest of princes, accomplished the introduction of Roman private law as fundamental and authoritative throughout the greater part of Europe. But the sway of this scientific symmetrical system of principles and precepts over the Germanic customs and unwritten usages which it supplanted, reached no further than the Continent. Britain had had its own legal traditions and practices, not displaced, but strengthened, by Saxon and Norman invasions. England clung to these as its Common Law. There is no instance of her insular arrogance more striking than the continual and often contemptuous disparagement of the Civil Law in which her legal writers indulged until very recent times. Still, wisdom will always be justified of its work, and no resistance of national obstinacy can exclude forever the master-thoughts of a foreign people. In spite of judicial protests and legislative barriers, the Civil Law did make its way and share the field in England with the Common Law, first by necessity, in the ecclesiastical courts, then with tolerance through the jurisdiction of Chancery, and lastly and chiefly, by the convenience and completeness of the developed ideas and forms which it lent to the modern needs of trade and commerce. Inheriting from the mother country those portions of the Roman system thus imbedded in her law, we have further adopted certain of its peculiar principles in our own legislation upon some important subjects.

Considered merely as a historical phenomenon, the Civil Law therefore commands attention by its antiquity and wide-spread influence. The study of its origin in the wants of men coming together into societies has supplied material for philosophic treatises. The praises of its ethics, so inspired by a sense of natural justice as to govern social ar-

* *Essays. Philological and Critical.* By James Hadley, LL.D. New York, Holt & Williams.

* *Introduction to Roman Law.* In twelve Academical Lectures. By James Hadley, LL.D. Late Professor of Greek Literature in Yale College. New York, D. Appleton & Co.

rangements and the relations of men with one another wisely and impartially, have been high and constant. The unfolding course of its political connections, as it attended the change from commonwealth to heathen empire, and spread over modern Christendom, has employed the pen of historians. No other monument of human wisdom can be named which is at the same time so practically important and valuable, and so interesting in its relations to the progress of the race.

Of course this modest volume of about three hundred pages, arranged on the formal plan of a series of lectures to a class, can enter but very slightly into the depths of so vast a subject. We cannot ask of its author that he shall dig to the roots of institutions, as Maine has done. Still less could we expect in this small compass such elaborate studies of development as Mommsen's, or sketches of political changes affecting legislation, like those that enliven the pages of Guizot and Merivale. But he has performed in a thorough and interesting way his proposed task of giving a succinct view of the history of written Roman private Law, and an outline of its main divisions and leading principles. And he has made judicious use of incidental occasions for reflections leading the reader to discriminate between what is special or narrow in the Civil Law, and what is permanent and true for all time and all men. He is no partisan, refusing to acknowledge blemishes in the system he explains, or merit in others, and can censure Blackstone without imitating his tone. One-third of the volume is devoted to a sketch of the progress, and some description of the forms, of Roman Law. The subjects of personal capacity for legal rights, and of the family relations, are next briefly dealt with, and the law of property, regulating the different modes of acquiring, enjoying and disposing of it, occupies the remainder of the volume.

What the Romans understood by *status*, or personal capacity for legal rights, held an important place in their frame of state and domestic arrangements—a place wholly unknown to modern thought in some respects, and fast becoming so in others. A man might be, as to his *status*, either free or slave, citizen or alien, head of a family or subject to paternal authority. As to a woman, it was of little consequence what she was—she could never be independent. Of these distinctions, that between freedom and slavery has almost passed away from the civilized world, and among us at least will leave no trace after this generation, however permanent the deeper difference of race may be. That between citizen and alien is almost effaced among commercial nations in practice, though held to in theory. And the *patria potestas*, the life-long control of parent and grandparent over descendants, extending to power of life and death, has dwindled into tutelage during minority in name, and young-Americanism in fact. So that the controlling idea among the ancients of personal condition that, of

being born into, and living in, some fixed state as to rights depending upon the state of other persons, is one scarcely recognized in modern society among people of age to take care of themselves. If we would measure the distance in this respect between that time and our own, ask what a Roman would have thought of woman-suffrage. The author takes occasion to compare the subject state of woman under the Civil Law with the English legal fiction which merges the wife's personality in her husband's, and ingeniously traces both this condition of the sex, and the paternal power which seems to modern thought so monstrous, back to the primal idea of the family as the true social unit, under one undivided will.

With respect to the tenure and mode of disposing of property, the author supplies the materials for an instructive contrast between the highly artificial system of the English law of real property built upon feudal fictions, and the simple distinct notions guiding the provisions of the civil law on this subject. Even here, our wisest regulations upon the neighborly use of property, the rights in it that must be yielded to the convenience of others, are borrowed from the Roman law. Few conveyancers remember that while the rules as to title in lands and houses are of English origin, the principles as to easements and conditions which they have daily occasion to apply come mainly from an older source. In providing for the ownership and transfer of personal property, the civil law seems to have anticipated almost all the complexities and refinements in such transactions which modern progress might occasion. Their law of contracts especially was ingeniously and scientifically worked out. It has been adopted almost bodily in most modern systems of law; and if the precise new conditions that arise in human affairs are not met by its rules, at least principles and analogies sufficient for the solution of new legal problems may almost always be found among them. Again, as to the transmission of property upon the death of the owner, a subject treated with great clearness through its complicated details in the closing lectures of the volume, the author expresses a preference for the rules of the civil law over those of the common law. The latter indeed borrows from the former its regulations for the distribution of the personal property of intestates. And as to real property, the law of primogeniture, definitely feudal and Germanic in its origin, never disfigured Roman jurisprudence. Napoleon attempted with small success to transplant it into France under the device of Majorats. It has grown to be a belated anomaly; and the attack upon the system in England, which cannot be long delayed, will be strengthened by considerations drawn from the higher natural equity in this respect of the Civil Law.

These lectures compose a book much more readable than a mere professional one. They do not bristle with law-phrases, partly because Professor

Hadley's precise habits of thoughts easily supplied him with equivalents for technical terms, and partly because he viewed his subject as a necessary branch of a liberal education. We do not mean to say that lawyers might not gain by reading it. As an introduction to profounder study of a system on which so much of our own law is founded, it is attractive and stimulating. If it serves at all to increase an interest in the Civil Law, and to lead lawyers especially in their character as legislators, to pay more attention to that ancient system than is usual with the profession, the author will have rendered no small service to his country. We have borrowed something from the civil law in liberal legislation upon the relation of husband and wife. Can we not learn something from it in the way of warning as to the dangers of too easy divorce threatened by the drift of modern sentiment? From the philosophy that underlies its theories upon slander and libel, might we not gain some useful hints, before the license of journalism becomes intolerable? Would the revived notion of an honorarium, a professional fee not recoverable by suit, be of any use in checking the rapacity we sometimes hear of? Is it not worth considering whether the Roman idea that an action would not lie for breach of promise of marriage may not be a trifle more fine and honorable than our modern view? What would the prætor have had to say to the existence and proceedings of corporations as they now are and act? Might it not be possible by combining the simple equity that inspired Roman condemnation of a *societas leonina* with the ancient conception of *bona fides* as an element, an enforceable element too, in all contracts, to formulate certain propositions upon that subject which the public mind is in a temper to welcome?

Such suggestions, we are quite aware, are perfectly old-fashioned and fanciful; but if the reading of such a book as this of Professor Hadley's prompts them, it will have the beneficial effect at least of lifting the legal mind for a moment out of the rut of professional routine.

"Church and State in the United States."

The Rev. Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, formerly Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church in this City, but at present residing in Berlin, has evidently "vexed his righteous soul from day to day" as he has witnessed the gross misconceptions, sometimes of mere ignorance, but sometimes not without malice, by which some phases of American society are made to suffer in the judgment of scholarly men upon the Continent. What Dr. Thompson has seen and heard is what a great many Americans abroad have seen and heard in greater or less degree. But there are very few who could have commanded the attention of educated men in Germany, or could have set forth the relations of Church and State in America with such force and truthfulness as Dr.

Thompson has shown in the little volume which Messrs. Osgood and Co. have reprinted under the above title. No such effective tract in defense of republican institutions and of the society which such institutions can produce and foster, has for a long time appeared. It is a pleasure to know that, by the patriotic liberality of a distinguished New York merchant, a thousand copies of the book were placed at Dr. Thompson's disposal for distribution among the scholars and literary men of Germany, for whom the essay was especially designed.

But its usefulness will be hardly less important here at home. We see so much of the sordid ignorance and knavery which obtrudes itself upon our attention, that we need to be reminded of the other and better phases of our social life, lest we should be discouraged for the future, or faint-hearted in our experiment of free self-government. "To see ourselves as others see us" is doubly helpful, when it leads us to the recognition not alone of what is bad in us but of what is good also. And we have to thank Dr. Thompson that he has rendered so useful a service not only to those who criticise us from without, but to ourselves in such wise and necessary national self-examination as may become us.

Mr. Maurice's Sermons.

To the long list of valuable volumes from the pen of the late Rev. F. D. Maurice, his publishers, Messrs. Macmillan and Co., have now added a posthumous volume made up of *Sermons Preached in Country Churches*. A few lines of introduction from his widow explain the title of the book. By way of summer vacation, Mr. Maurice would often undertake to minister to some country church where he could be of service to the poorest and most ignorant of audiences. To those who know the average intelligence of the congregation in an English country church, it will be no wonder that Mr. Maurice has studied to put the message which he preached in words the very simplest. The only wonder is that in such careful endeavor for simplicity there is no sacrifice of dignity, no puerility of thought, no weakening of truth. It is beautiful to see the man to whom universities listened with reverence, teaching, with no air of condescension, but with a tender and tremulous eagerness to make his gospel understood by the most unlettered and unthoughtful peasantry. The result is a volume which clergymen would do well to study as a model, and in which devout laymen will find food for thought and for growth in holiness, none the less wholesome and nutritious that it is so plain. In some ways this volume shows us Mr. Maurice at his best. And it is easy, for those of us who have ever heard his voice, to imagine the fine fervor and persuasive power with which the sermons must have come to the people who listened to them from the preacher's lips.

"The Fair God." *

WE have great reason to be thankful to the writers of fiction in prose or verse who supplement the graver labors of historians. A condensed narrative of great events leaves little room for the study of individual character, and philosophical theories upon the course of empire are apt to make small account of manners. The romancer can select his hero from the mass of men, attaching interest to his separate career in the field provided by his times. So that it happens that most readers know history best through fiction. The wars of the Roses are more real in the great dramatist's historical plays than in Hume's chronicle. Louis the Eleventh lives for us in Quentin Durward most distinctly—our Maid of Orleans is the creation of poems rather than of records—and even of the devil most people's conceptions are to be traced straighter to Milton and the Pilgrim's Progress than to any other source. When a writer then attempts to deepen the effect of Prescott's stately history by filling out his sketches with the personal story of passions, motives and fortunes for the men and women named in them, he is sure of readers willing to be interested and amused.

It will not be our author's fault if they are disappointed in the latter hope. Let them not be deterred by the imposing phrase borrowed from Dr. Draper's tumultuous book on the Intellectual Development of Europe to decorate the title-page and startle us with the idea that Mexican civilization might have instructed Europe. It is not that paradox that the story will labor to uphold. If that rests on the existence of orders of chivalry and simple rules of justice in Mexico, the tale will substitute for these an easier display of frothed chocolate and feather-cloaks. Nor will the imagination grow fatigued by keeping up with splendid descriptions of landscape and vivid pictures of ceremonial. All that is in the history already. The romance chooses the airier, vaguer region of smells and savors. Flowers and censers perfume its pages, dashed with the casual reek of blood. The barkeeper of the future, too, is prefigured in the Chalcán inventor of drinks—perhaps one of the teachings of a higher civilization. Nor shall the reader's feelings be harrowed by the depicted cruelties of a gloomy religion. He will not be held through the fascination of its horrors, but allured by its splendors and riches, beyond the dreams of Arabian nights. There are caverns beneath the temples bright with prophetic paintings, verdant and glowing with lamps among perennial blossoms. There is a girl in them who never saw the sun, and knows no human being but the white-bearded clergyman of the established church, who beguiles his leisure moments with mesmerizing her. There are wedges of gold, and brazen tables heaped with emeralds. There are the things supplied which Sinbad forgot to invent.

Much space is gained for the parade of these wonders by the device of amputating the Mexican names, and saving from the unutterable wreck of consonants only a head or tail to seize them by. Instead of extending this process of excision, as might wisely have been done, until it involved all the printed characters in the book, our author, more cruel than Cortez, imports into the unhappy country a jargon compounded from all the worst styles of lofty writing. The ordinary passages, it is true, filling the greater part of the book, are traced with the penny-a-liner's just and delicate touch. And when the personages speak, they speak as personages doubtless should, with amplitude of mouthing. As is natural, they regard others, instead of looking at them, they lavish guerdons, and wish to know what boots it, and deign no reply, and ill-brook things, and request the gods to forfend, expressing themselves generally as well-conducted personages in melodramas are expected to do. But it is in the mutterings of the priests and the windy wail of the minstrels that the finer hybrid effects are produced.

Blasts from Ossian and gushes of the red man's familiar natural eloquence blend into rhapsodies the comic almanacs might envy. And with the entrance of the Spaniards on the scene, a flood of approved mediæval lingo rushes over the page. They swear great oaths by various saints of blessed memory, they toy with their sword-hilts, they lavish also car-ambas, and look to girth and buckle, and ask varlets to come to the purpose, and will now tilt with Satan, and all the rest of it. To this mazy wealth of expression two or three gems of Western dialect must be added such as bidding people quit eating, and lead the way out of this; and then the author crowns the whole extraordinary edifice of language with novel vague suggestions, as that of a hurly wind, and a droned song. After this, nothing is wanting but the device of upsetting his sentences, pitching the verb into the noun's place, and writing "flashed the king's eyes" "rose and fell the good swords," to create a medley of style far more entertaining and not a great deal more tiresome than the labored facetiousness of our modern humorists.

The construction of the characters who emit these monstrous utterances is much less complex. Long robes and black hoods, a white beard and reeking hands compose the Mexican priest. The Spanish one has nearly the same make-up, substituting dirty hands for bloody ones, and adding beads and an unctuous smile. The native noble consists of a silver helmet, a red quilted cotton jerkin, and a javelin and cutting blade; and a few green feathers topping this equipment make a being every inch a king. The Spaniards all alike are filled with strange oaths and bearded like a pard, and that is all there is of them. The persons of the story are almost wholly vague and shadowy. There is the faintest possible attempt to individualize, and discriminate character, coming nearest to success, in the fanaticism of the priest Mualox, and in Guatimo-

* *The Fair God. A Tale of the Conquest of Mexico.* By Lew. Wallace. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

zin's patriotism. It is less the author's fault than the subject's, that poverty of incident leads him to excessive indulgence in battles and sudden death. Two of the scenes, that of the seizure of Montezuma and the retreat in the famous *noche trista* are really well described. But the romance of Prescott's history yet remains to be written. It is to be hoped that its writer will be more judicious in his philosophical reflections than the author of this book, who describes Montezuma as the image of a man breaking because he happened to be in God's way, and can find no better generalization than this, the single one he indulges in, to describe the most atrocious piece of diabolism recorded in history, of which the conquest of Mexico forms one chapter.

W. D. Howells' Poems.*

Mr. Howells has produced a volume of verse which will at once give him an honorable place among American poets. The poems are marked by rare delicacy of expression and elegance of form. They show sensibility, pathos and a very exquisite, genial gayety; they especially exhibit a strong and fine appreciation of nature. Some of his adjectives are very bold and felicitous. He speaks of the "robins *strange* and *mute*" in the "silent orchard aisles." The "moody, absent rains" and the "*crude* and rugged ground" are fine expressions. Often, in his descriptions of nature, he has bent this imagination very intently and laboriously upon some natural fact without achieving a very happy word. The "shrewd and curious wind" does not seem to be good enough to compensate for the somewhat forced and obsolete adjective.

Of his geniality and a certain pathetic gayety (if such an expression may be used), the volume has innumerable examples. It would be difficult to get anything of its kind better than this—

"For you know, old friend, I haven't eaten
A mulberry since the ignorant joy
Of anything sweet in the mouth could sweeten
All this bitter world for a boy."

It will be useless for anybody to try to say that again.

The "Elegy on John Butler Howells" will bear comparison with any poem of its class of which we know. It is a tender, perfect and most exquisite production. Such a work deserves to live and will live. The time cannot come when the reader will rise from the perusal of this poem without a heart stirred by pure and pathetic influences.

A number of the longer poems are written in hexameters, and Mr. Howells handles the measure very successfully. We have, indeed, the same difficulty in scanning his lines as those of Clough and Longfellow. Dactyls will be anapests and spondees will be iambs and trochees. But then the writer who prefers hexameters will, no doubt, say: "If they are not hexameters, why then they are some-

thing else, and I choose to write in that something else." Such is the ground, we think, which a poet who has a bias for that measure may very reasonably take.

The Bible Commentary.

THE general characteristics of the work known in England as "The Speakers' Commentary," and in America under the title above given, are so well known as to need no further notice. But the new volume just issued by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., commends itself especially to the approval of scholars by the singular fitness of its editorship. The volume comprises the Second Book of Kings, both books of Chronicles, together with Ezra, Nehemiah and Esther. The period covered by these books is one in which the Hebrew history was intimately connected with the history of the Mesopotamian and Persian kingdoms; and there is, probably, among English scholars, no one whose familiarity with these Oriental histories is superior to that of Canon Rawlinson. It is therefore a matter of general congratulation that his skill and learning and his devout and Christian spirit have been enlisted for the interpretation of this portion of the sacred text. In the picturesque story of Esther, for example, the labors of the editor give wonderful freshness and vivacity to the narration, and we get glimpses of life in the palace of Xerxes almost as vivid as if our eyes had witnessed them. Certainly, with the help of the comment and illustration which this volume furnishes, these historical books need no longer be avoided by Bible students as too difficult or too dry for spiritual edification. As in the previous volumes, the notes are brief, compact and simple, and level to the comprehension of the average layman.

"Marjorie Daw and Other People."*

AMONG our few genuine story-writers, there certainly is no one who has brought the gift of inventing and perfecting a short prose tale to a higher degree of refinement than the poet Aldrich. Perhaps it is because he is a poet that his stories are so charming. They display the finish and artless art gained by practice in the most subtle department of literature. In each there is a dominant idea, conceit, or action, to which everything subserves. They are written in pure and graceful English, of which few words can be advantageously spared; and the reader is specially allured by the dainty and fanciful humor which adds such a sparkling quality to the merits of their fruity wine.

Frequent distinctions have been made between imagination and fancy; yet, after all, what is fancy but the imaginative faculty dealing with the slight and delicate materials of art rather than with the grand, solemn, or majestic? It is the sweet fancy of imaginative writers which has won them the affection of the popular heart. In Mr. Aldrich's stories

*Poems. By W. D. Howells. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

*Marjorie Daw and Other People. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

this quality is everywhere buoyant, sustained by an arch and blithesome naturalness which is one of the most pleasing elements of this author's style.

Poet and novelist seldom are united in one individual, though romance-writers have been eminent as poets. The poetry of successful novelists, admirable enough as a diversion, is generally below the level of their prose creations. But there are many instances of poets who have excelled in writing short tales, often of the "grotesque and arabesque" order, sometimes highly artistic and refined, and among these Aldrich stands well in the front rank. The German and French literatures are more fortunate than the English in examples of this compound gift; but such tales as these under review show how readily America assimilates the best flavor of every foreign method, for they are strikingly marked by the grace, epigrammatic point, and aerial lightness of touch, which combine to render the stories of the modern French school unquestionable works of art. At the same time, each of these tales is wholly American in color, treatment and theme.

There is much variety in the volume before us, though the surprise-story from which it takes its name is so widely known that it gives a certain character to the book. "Marjorie Daw" and a still more admirable companion-piece, "Miss Mehetable's Son," are as familiar personages as any of Bret Harte's, though decidedly more intangible. To airy nothing was never more jauntily given a local habitation and a name. Their conceptions and, in a less degree, those of "A Struggle for Life" and "Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski," are unique for sheer audacity of invention and tricky humor—the latter what we might expect from the author of that perennial book, "The Story of a Bad Boy," not the jest of a *farceur*, but the savor of that lightsome spirit which is such a boon alike to reader and possessor. The sketches of our humorist are true to the material and human traits of the sea-board where his studies have been made; for, after all, there is nature everywhere, and scenery and lingo are not restricted to the frontier and the Pacific coast. Nothing in this book is more to our taste than "A Rivermouth Romance" and "The Friend of My Youth"—the latter depicting, at

once, the career of a certain volatile "Governor Dorr," and the lesson "that whatever gifts a man may possess, if he have no moral principle he is a failure." As a piece of English prose it is quite perfect, and like a sketch by Elia. In "Quite So" and other tales, the author has poetry and pathos at ready command. For both these qualities "Père Antoine's Date Palm" was liked by his earlier readers; the conceit is not unlike that of Cecil Roystone's story in the extravaganza "Out of His Head," the first six chapters of which we wish Mr. Aldrich had found it in his heart to retouch and include with the present collection.

All in all, this beautiful volume, from the press of J. R. Osgood & Co., is as welcome a panacea as one could desire for the ills of this troublous season. Mr. Aldrich's gifts of invention and character-drawing are so decided that we are inclined to forego, in his behalf, our doubt that a poet can be a novelist, and to look hereafter in his direction for that more sustained production to which these are haply the preliminary roulades.

Indian Bibliography.*

THE above named work is an exhaustive catalogue of those publications of this country and Europe which bear upon the origin, history, and literature of the American Indians. The authorities are classified alphabetically as to authors, the titles given in full, and the date and house of publication added, with, in most cases, a brief synopsis of the contents, in which the compiler takes pains to call attention to the points for which each work is especially valuable. The way is thus paved for a comprehensive work upon this strange race—a race which has been coeval with the civilization of so many centuries, and which, in its decay, can bring so many data to bear upon the philosophy of history. When the time comes for such a work, the historian will find this volume making smooth many a rough place over which he now toils for his evidence, and leaving him free for the conclusions of the thinker. Thus it is not only valuable intrinsically, but also as a preliminary step to a better method of writing history.

* *An Essay toward an Indian Bibliography.* By Thomas W. Field. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Science and Manufactures.

In the inaugural address before the recent meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Williamson says: There is an urgent need of accurate scientific knowledge for the direction of manufacturing processes, and there could not be a greater mistake than to suppose that such knowledge need not go beyond the elementary truths of science. In every branch of manufacture

improvements are made, from time to time, by the introduction of new or modified processes, which are discovered by means of investigations as arduous as those conducted for purely scientific purposes, and involving as great powers and accomplishments on the part of those who conduct them.

Any manufacturer of the present day who does not make efficient arrangements for gradually perfecting and improving processes ought to make at

ence enough money to retire; for so many are moving onward in England and other countries that he would soon be left behind.

It would be well worth while to establish a system of scientific education for the sake of training men to the habits of mind which are required for the improvement of the manufacturing arts, and I have no doubt that the expense of working the system would be repaid a hundred times over by the increase of wealth of the community; but I only mention this as a secondary advantage of national education.

If it should appear possible to establish a system for the efficient advancement of science, which would be productive of direct good to the community in other important ways, I think you will agree with me that we ought to do all we can to promote its adoption.

Let the most intelligent and studious children from every private school be sent, free of expense, to the most accessible secondary school for one year; let the best of these be selected and allowed to continue for a second year, and so on, until the *élite* of them have learned all that there is to be learned to advantage. Let the best pupils from the secondary schools be sent to a college, and there subjected to a similar process of annual weeding; and, finally, let those who get satisfactorily to the end of a college curriculum be supplied with an allowance sufficient for their maintenance for a year, on condition of their devoting their undivided energies to research, under the inspection of competent authorities, while allowed such aid and facilities as the college can supply, with the addition of money-grants for special purposes. Let all who do well during the first year be allowed similar advantages for a second and even a third year.

Fish Chemically and Physiologically Considered.

IN an interesting article, Dr. Wetherbee presents one of the views held on this subject as follows: By chemical analysis it is found that fish contains a greater proportion of phosphorus than any other class of animal food, and therefore must be considered the richest "brain food." In land animals the phosphorus is contained, for the most part, in the bones, in combination with lime, as a phosphate, while the muscle is rich in fibrine. But, on the other hand, the various genera of fish, although not abounding in fibrine, are much richer in phosphorus, and this element, as a general rule, varies according as the fish is lively or slow in its movements and habits. Upon this difference depends, in a great measure, the relative value of different kinds, those containing the greatest proportion of phosphorus, and, consequently, those of the most rapid movement, commanding the highest prices. Thus the salmon, a fish of remarkable agility in its movements, and its nearest relative, the trout, are among the most expensive of the varieties in our market, while the less active kinds command but

inferior prices. Nations which eat fish with one meal a day are undoubtedly the most active in intellect, and the most capable of brain labor without exhaustion or fatigue. Even those savage tribes which subsist, in a great measure, upon fish, no doubt possess very active, quick minds, although they are uncultivated and ignorant; and other causes may also tend to keep them in a deplorable and degraded condition. But when once civilized and Christianized, these tribes of *Ichthyophagi* become quick and active in intellect, even to put to shame the more stolid beef-eaters of the inland towns of Christian lands.

Embalming the Dead.

FOR the following concise description of the "Brunetti Process" for the preservation of the dead we are indebted to the *Journal of Applied Chemistry*. The steps are as follows: 1. The circulatory system is cleansed by washing with cold water till it issues quite clear from the body. This may occupy from two to five hours. 2. Alcohol is injected so as to abstract as much water as possible. This occupies about a quarter of an hour. 3. Ether is then injected to abstract the fatty matters. This occupies from two to ten hours. 4. A strong solution of tannin is then injected. This occupies for imbibition two to ten hours. 5. The body is then dried in a current of warm air passed over heated chloride of calcium. This may occupy two to five hours. The body is thus perfectly preserved, and resists decay. The Italians exhibit specimens which are as hard as stone, retain the shape perfectly and are equal to the best wax models.

In this process it will be noticed that those substances most prone to decay are removed and the remaining portions are converted by the tannin into a substance resembling leather, and thus effectively protected against decomposition for years.

Restoration of Oil Paintings.

RADLKOFER has proved that the deterioration of paintings is not due, as was suspected, to organic formations. It is evident that colors, even the most stable, cannot preserve their original shade and brightness except on condition that the drying oil, which has penetrated them, and in which they are in a manner suspended, retains its optical properties. The most important part of the oils employed by artists is linoleine. This body not being procurable in a state of purity, painters are obliged to use linseed oil in which it is present in the proportion of 80 per cent. Originally liquid linoleine solidifies by oxidation, it is then a hard transparent mass which encloses the colors and remaining portions of the oil. In this dried material molecular changes are slowly produced in the lapse of time, and these it is proposed to reverse by the following process: The picture having been secured to the lid of a box of suitable size; alcohol of 80 per cent, is poured on the bottom of the box on a layer of flannel

with which it has been previously lined. The box is then closed and the restoration of the picture is accomplished by the action of the vapors of alcohol to which it is exposed.—(*Chemical News*.)

Scientific Education.

IN the inaugural address before the French Association for the Advancement of Science, the President, M. de Quatrefages, said: "The devotees of literature accuse science of stifling sentiment and imagination. What?" answers the President, "science stifles sentiment, imagination, she who brings us every hour into the presence of wonders! She lowers intelligence who touches on all the infinities! When *littérateurs* and poets know science better, they will come and draw from her living fountain, like Byron of our time, like Homer of yore, they will borrow from her striking imagery, descriptions whose grandeur will be doubled by their truth. No, the study of science will never suppress the genius of an inspired poet, of a true painter, of a great sculptor. But she will bring more light to the path of an erring soul. She will, perhaps, transform into a wise man, or, at least, into a citizen, useful to himself and others, one who, without her, would only have been one of those pretended incomprehensible geniuses, destined to perish of misery, of impotency, and of pride."

Consumption.

IN a new work on consumption by Dr. Henry MacCormac of London, the theory is maintained that consumption, or tubercular disease, is caused solely by breathing air which has already been breathed, either by animals or human beings. The hourly elimination of carbonic acid by the lungs, amounts to ten or twelve hundred cubic inches, and if the air is already contaminated with that gas and with other organic effete substances, its power to remove these from the body is seriously injured, and the detritus of degeneration being retained, becomes tubercle.

After reviewing the death-rates of different capitals, the doctor concludes that the prevalence of consumption in Vienna may be traced directly to the use of close stoves, doubly-glazed and padded windows, which are never opened, and consequently to living in chambers which are never ventilated. The case is the same in St. Petersburg, where out of an annual mortality of 5,000, 1,900 die from consumption. In this capital double doors and windows, every interstice being carefully closed with wadded cloth, or *violoh*, exclude the currents of air, and along with the close stove, render stagnant the stunted breathfouled atmosphere, effectively hindering its replacement from without, and, in fine, entailing the direful scourge of tubercular disease, from which no class or condition of the community is exempt.

Plants In Rooms.

PROFESSOR Kedsie has submitted the air of the

greenhouse of the Michigan Agricultural College to analysis. His results show that while the air of such a space contains more carbonic acid at night than in the day-time, it, on the whole, contains less carbonic acid than the open air, owing to the increase in the amount of oxygen by keeping the plants in an enclosed space. He therefore concludes that plants in rooms are not unhealthy, so far as the excretion of carbonic acid during night-time in the winter is concerned, but he says nothing regarding their excretion of carbonic acid during the period of inflorescence when it is increased enormously, and he is silent regarding the other exhalations that escape from these organisms, and which often have a very unpleasant if not absolutely deleterious effect on certain persons.

National Science Professorships.

IN the report of the Science Commission on the Old Universities in England, we find the following recommendation for the advancement of scientific research: A Natural Science Professor should have, in the first place, sufficient skilled assistance to relieve him from all mere drudgery in the preparation of his lectures. In the second place, he should have such further assistance as may be necessary to enable him to carry on original researches; and thirdly, although no professor would wish to hand over the superintendence of the practical teaching in his laboratories entirely to others, he should be enabled to discharge this duty of superintendence without an undue sacrifice of time. The work should be done under the professor's eye, but its details should be intrusted to competent demonstrators appointed by and responsible to him.

Memoranda.

ALFRED CORNU has recently made an experimental determination of the velocity of light. The rate of movement obtained is 189,200 miles per second in a vacuum. This agrees very closely with the result obtained by Foucault by a different method in calculating the parallax of the sun. This number gives the value 8".86, which agrees with that obtained recently by M. Leverrier; it must, therefore, be accepted as being very near the true number.

IN Bermondsey, England, there are certain manufacturing factories in which fleshy matter is employed; the waste from these passing into the sewers caused such an accumulation of grease in the latter, that on being removed and sold it yielded £104 over and above all expenses of collection and removal.—(*The Builder*.)

Mm. Tommasi and Michel propose a new method of pneumatic telegraph for parcels. In place of driving the boxes containing the parcels by compressed air they propose the use of ammoniacal gas. By the action of heat on aqua ammonia at one end of the tube the ammonia is evolved, and by its pres-

sure urges the box forward ; at the same time, by the action of cold water at the opposite end of the tube, the ammonia in front of the tube is absorbed, a vacuum produced, and the parcel acted on by traction as it were. The tube being always full of ammonia, and the same supply being used over and over, it is supposed that a sufficient economy in working pneumatic tubes may be obtained to render their general introduction possible.

Nature says : A correspondent puts the following case : A strong man is suddenly struck dead by lightning. What has become of the potential energy he possessed the instant before he was struck ? To this we have received the following reply : This potential energy would be where it was before, viz., within the space bounded by his external surface. What the lightning has done has been to destroy the mechanism for realizing that potential energy. A small portion of the man's potential energy might have been converted into actual energy by the lightning, as, for instance, in the shape of heat ; but the great bulk would be got by anybody who chose to eat his body.

As the result of more than thirty experiments on the feeding of animals on meat taken from tuberculous creatures, M. Collet concludes that such flesh does not develop tubercles in healthy animals. Where other experimenters have obtained opposite results, he believes that they have experimented on animals already diseased, or have allowed portions of tuberculous matter to gain admission to the lungs of the animals in the air they breathed.

A French medical writer has examined 900 cases of suicide, and deduces therefrom the following conclusions : Philosophical or premeditated suicide is accomplished usually during the night or a little before daybreak ; accidental suicide, on the contrary, during the day, because then the exciting cause appears. The manner also varies with the age. In early youth it is usually by hanging ; this, during manhood, is abandoned for the use of fire-arms ; and as the bodily vigor declines in old age, the method by hanging is again adopted.

The dredge on the Challenger has brought up nodules of peroxide of manganese. Mr. Buchanan found that these presented the concentric layers and intimate structure of coral, and is of the opinion that they have been formed by the slow substitution of peroxide of manganese for calcic carbonate in the original coral.

Those who have delicate galvanometers should be careful to see that they are not kept in the field of permanent magnets, unless, as in the case of the mariner's compass, they are free to move in the direction of the lines of forces of the magnetic field in which they lie, otherwise they will quickly lose their magnetism. (W. H. Preece.)

MM. Tréve and Chedeville find that if a current of electricity traverses a coil of wire that surrounds a cooling ingot of cast steel, the steel, when perfectly cold, shows on fracture a finer grain than when the current is not passed. The magnetized steel also had less power of resisting forces of extension and compression.

During August 251 feet of the Hoosac tunnel were opened. The whole length of the tunnel is 25,031 feet, of this only 868 feet remain to be pierced.

Lobsters are now cultivated in a salt-water pond on the New England coast. The pond covers 30 acres, and is so arranged that the water is partially changed at each tide. The food supply consists of refuse from the Boston fish markets, and during the first year 15,000 marketable lobsters were sold.

Of the use of soda light in alkalimetry Mr. L. DeHenry says : So lighted, red litmus solution appears colorless as water, while blue litmus solution is black and opaque as ink. It is, hence, a more delicate means of detecting the change in color in alkalimetry.

M. Marion states that paper prepared with ferrocyanide of potassium is affected by light, and when the light is transmitted through a design or picture, a copy will be obtained, which needs only to be washed to be preserved.

F. Hamel describes a new coloring matter from aniline. On treating aniline with a few drops of chloride of sulphur a solid red body is obtained, acting upon this with acetic acid and filtering and evaporating a brilliant black residue remains.

The new phosphor-bronze is extensively employed in France in the construction of the bearings of different kinds of machinery. One bearing of this alloy will outlast two of ordinary bronze.

Professor Emerson Reynolds has published a discourse in the *Chemical News* in which he argues the feasibility of making a complete series of alcohols in which flint or silica may take the place of carbon.

The Greeks and Persians use a hair-dye made from walnut rinds. Kurtz recommends that it should be prepared by boiling the green rinds in water and adding alum to the decoction.

M. G. Colin, as the result of experiments, concludes that the introduction of the flesh, blood, or even of the tubercle itself of a tuberculous animal into the digestive apparatus of a healthy animal, will not produce tubercle in the healthy creature.

Mm. Pierre and Puchot find that all the principal derivatives of amylic alcohol exercise a rotatory power over polarized light.

M. Faye thinks that the spots on the sun are formed of vapors that are too heavy to be drawn over the photosphere by the hydrogen eruptions.

ETCHINGS.

AN EPISODE OF CENTRAL PARK.

VISITORS ARE
REQUESTED NOT TO
DINNOY OR FEED
THE ANIMALS



"OH, YOU CUNNING LITTLE CREATURE!"



"LET GO! YOU HATEFUL LITTLE WRETCH!"



"I'M SORRY, MUM, BUT YOU HAD OUGHT TO STUCK TO THE RULES AND YOU WOULDN'T GOT IN NO TROUBLE."



THE CURTAIN DROPS.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

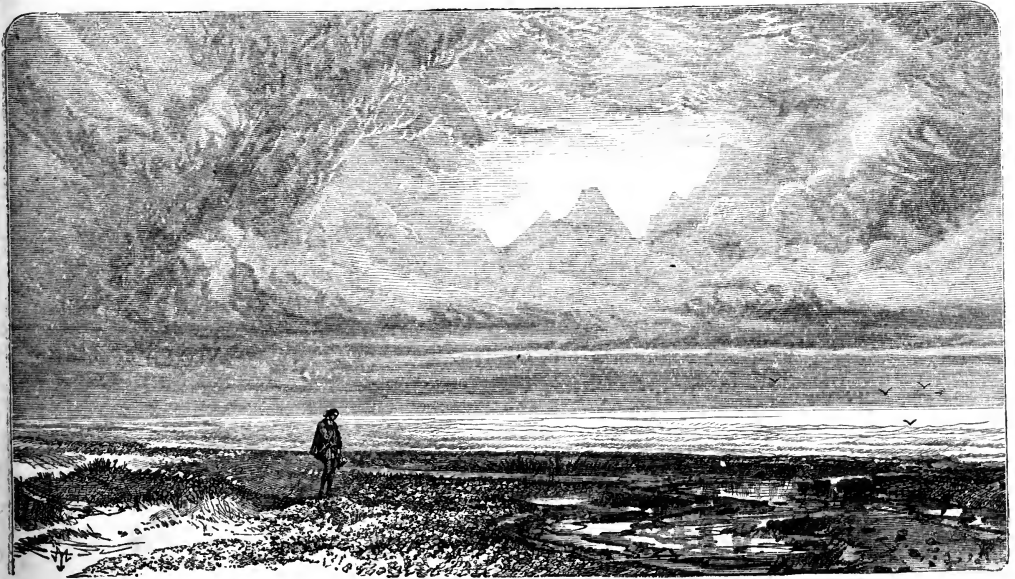
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JANUARY, 1874.

No. 3.

THE SINGER'S HILLS.

HE dwelt where level lands lay low and drear,
Long stretches of waste meadow pale and sere,
With dull seas languid tiding up and down,
Turning the lifeless sands from white to brown,—
Wide barren fields for miles and miles, until
The pale horizon walled them in, and still
No lifted peak, no slope, not even mound
To raise and cheer the weary eye was found.



From boyhood up and down these dismal lands,
And pacing to and fro the barren sands
And always gazing, gazing seaward, went
The Singer. Daily with the sad winds blent
His yearning voice,
“There must be hills,” he said,
“I know they stand at sunset rosy red,
And purple in the dewy shadowed morn;
Great forest trees like babes are rocked and borne
Upon their breasts, and flowers like jewels shine
Around their feet, and gold and silver line
Their hidden chambers, and great cities rise
Stately where their protecting shadow lies,
And men grow brave and women are more fair
’Neath higher skies, and in the clearer air!”

One day thus longing, gazing, lo, in awe,
 Made calm by ecstasy, he sudden saw,
 Far out to seaward, mountain peaks appear,
 Slow rising from the water pale and clear.
 Purple and azure, there they were, as he
 Had faithful yearning visions they must be;
 Purple and azure and bright rosy red,
 Like flashing jewels, on the sea they shed
 Their quenchless light.

Great tears ran down
 The Singer's cheeks, and through the busy town,
 And all across the dreary meadow lands
 And all along the dreary lifeless sands
 He called aloud,

"Ho! Tarry! Tarry ye,
 Behold those purple mountains in the sea!"
 The people saw no mountains!

"He is mad,"
 They careless said, and went their way and had
 No farther thought of him.

And so, among
 His fellows' noisy, idle, crowding throng,
 The Singer walked, as strangers walk who speak
 A foreign tongue and have no friend to seek.
 And yet the silent joy which filled his face,
 Sometimes their wonder stirred a little space,
 And following his constant seaward look,
 One wistful gaze they also seaward took.
 One day the Singer was not seen. Men said
 That as the early day was breaking red
 He rowed far out to sea, rowed swift and strong,
 Toward the spot where he had gazed so long.
 Then all the people shook their heads, and went
 A little sadly, thinking he had spent
 His life in vain, and sorry they no more
 Should hear his sweet mad songs along their shore.
 But when the sea with sunset hues was dyed
 A boat came slowly drifting with the tide,
 Nor oar nor rudder set to turn or stay,
 And on the crimson deck the Singer lay.
 "Ah, he is dead," some cried. "No! he but sleeps,"
 Said others, "madman that he is, joy keeps
 Sweet vigils with him now."

The light keel grazed
 The sands; alert and swift the Singer raised
 His head, and with red cheeks and eyes aflame
 Leaped out, and shouted loud, and called by name
 Each man, and breathlessly his story told.
 "Lo, I have landed on the hills of gold!
 See, these are flowers, and these are fruits and these
 Are boughs from off the giant forest trees;
 And these are jewels which lie loosely there,
 And these are stuffs which beauteous maidens wear!"
 And staggering he knelt upon the sands
 As laying burdens down.

But empty hands
 His fellows saw, and passed on smiling. Yet,
 The ecstasy in which his face was set
 Again smote on their hearts with sudden sense

Of half involuntary reverence.

And some said, whispering, "Alack, is he
The madman? Have ye never heard there be
Some spells which make men blind?"

And thenceforth they

More closely watched the Singer day by day,
Till finally they said, "He is not mad.
There be such hills, and treasure to be had
For seeking there! We too without delay
Will sail."

And of the men who sailed that way
Some found the purple mountains in the sea,
Landed, and roamed their treasure countries free,
And drifted back with brimming laden hands.
Walking along the lifeless silent sands,
The Singer, gazing ever seaward, knew,
Well knew the odors which the soft wind blew
Of all the fruits and flowers and boughs they bore.
Standing with hands stretched eager on the shore,
When they leaped out, he called "Now God be praised,
Sweet comrades, were they then not fair?"

Amazed

And with dull scorn the other men who brought
No treasures, found no mountains, and saw naught
In these men's hands, beheld them kneeling low,
Lifting, shouting, and running to and fro
As men unlading argosies whose freight
Of gorgeous things bewildered by its weight.
Tireless the great years waxed; the great years waned;
Slowly the Singer's comrades grew and gained
Till they were goodly number.

No man's scorn

Could hurt or hinder them. No pity born
Of it could make them blush, or once make less
Their joy's estate; and as for loneliness
They knew it not.

Still rise the magic hills,
Purple and gold and red; the shore still thrills
With fragrance when the sunset winds begin
To blow and waft the subtle odors in
From treasure-laden boats that drift and bide
The hours and moments of the wave and tide,
Laden with fruits and boughs and flowers rare,
And jewels such as monarchs do not wear,
And costly stuffs which dazzle on the sight,
Stuffs wrought for purest virgin, bravest knight:
And men with cheeks all red, and eyes aflame,
And hearts that call to hearts by brothers' name,
Still leap out on the silent lifeless sands,
And staggering with overburdened hands
Joyous lay down the treasures they have brought,
While smiling, pitying, the world sees naught!

THE GREAT AIR LINE TO THE MOON.

It is quite possible that there are many persons who have never heard the story of the Gun Club of Baltimore and its remarkable transactions. If so, it is well that they should be informed of those great events which, not many years ago, caused such a sensation in the civilized world. Monsieur Jules Verne, a Frenchman, has taken the pains to collect all the facts in regard to the Gun Club and its wonderful scheme, and it is to his work on the subject that we are indebted for the information contained in this article.*

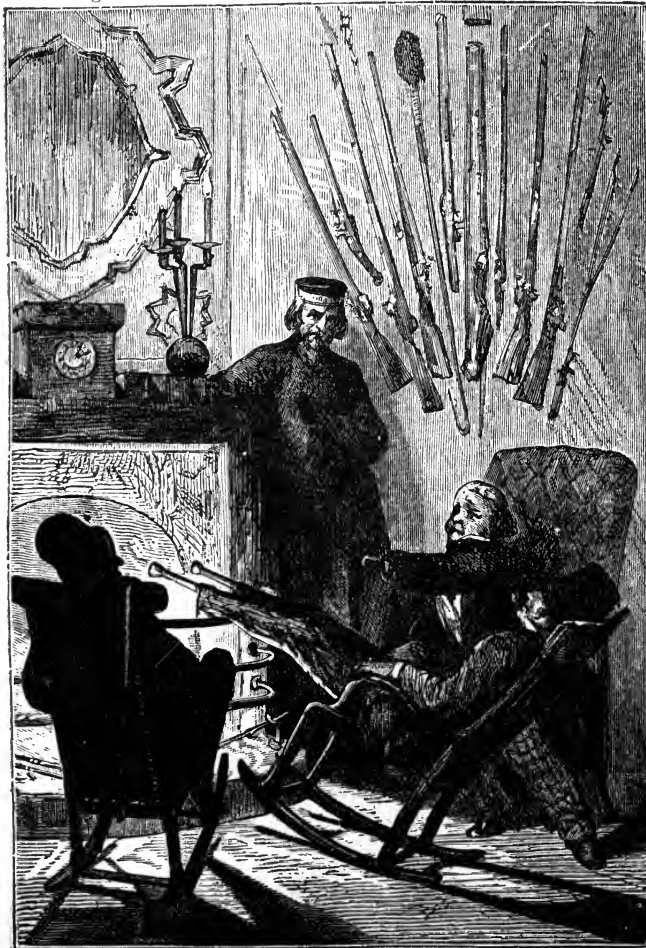
The Gun Club, which was founded during our late civil war, had for its principal

**From the Earth to the Moon, and A Journey Around the Moon. By Jules Verne. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.*

object the improvement of artillery. No one could belong to the Club who had not invented, or at least improved, a cannon or a firearm of some kind. In the words of M. Verne, the esteem in which the members were held was "proportioned to the massiveness of their cannon, and in a direct ratio to the squares of the distances reached by their projectiles." It is impossible in our pages to relate all the results of the labors of this Club, and we will merely remark that, at the end of the war, they showed in their own persons the earnestness with which they carried out their enterprises. In the entire Club there was hardly a whole man, and, indeed, there was but one arm for every four persons, and but two legs for every six of them. No-

where was there such place for crutches, wooden legs, patent arms, india-rubber-jaws, silver skulls, platina noses, and gutta-percha ears.

When peace was declared, these poor fellows were very doleful; there was nothing more for them to do. And so they sat about idly in their Club-house, where everything reminded them of war, where the mantel-piece was a fortress, and the clock was set in an embrasured tower, where bayonets, stuck in a cannon ball, served as candlesticks, and where the very frames of the looking-glasses were fashioned after the manner of lines of fortifications. There they would lean back, and toast their wooden toes, and gesticulate with their hooked hands, and mourn the good old times. Some of them,—J. T. Maston in particular,—were extremely anxious for another war. J. T. Maston was a most enthusiastic artilleryman. He had invented a mortar which killed three hundred and thirty-seven persons the first time it was fired. To be sure, it blew itself all into little bits, and the persons killed were the



SOME MEMBERS OF THE GUN CLUB.

spectators around it; but, then, there are very few mortars, even if they have been carefully fired for many years, which can show a sum total of killed so large as this. J. T. Maston's voice was for continual cannon-firing, and, consequently, for continual war. "Why should we sit thus with our hands in our pockets?" cried J. T. Maston. (He had lost one of his arms in the beginning of the war). "There are plenty of reasons for fighting, and why shouldn't we fight? For instance, did not this country once belong to the English?" "Of course," replied Colonel Bilsby, an armless and harmless bystander.

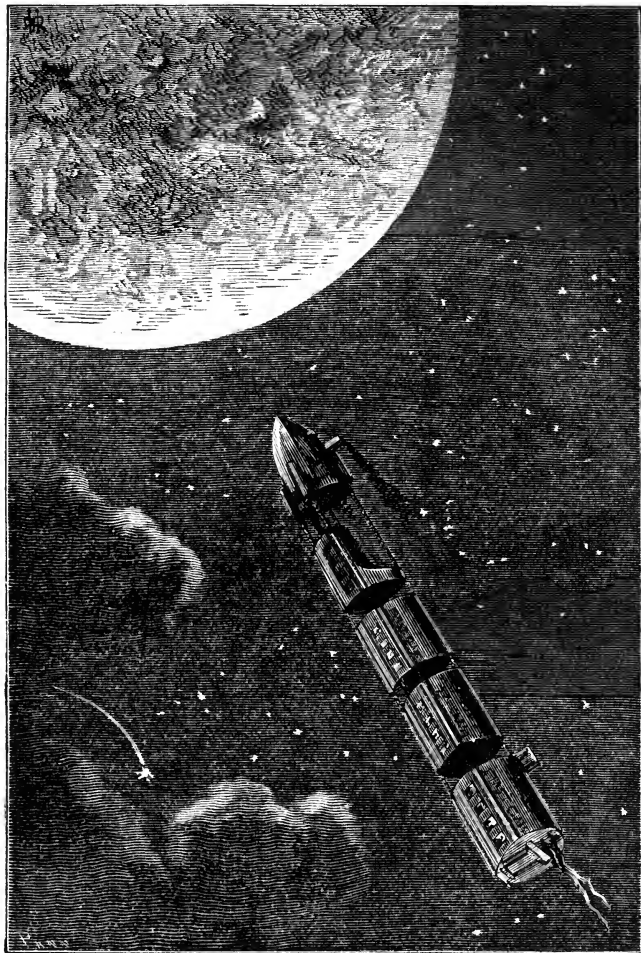
"Well, then," said J. T. Maston, "why then should not England in her turn belong to us?"

This proposition was received with great favor by the Gun Club in general, and it is probable some action would have been taken upon it if it had not been that the attention of the members was unexpectedly occupied by the announcement that a grand meeting had been called by the President of the Club to consider some extremely important business. The meeting was held at 8 P. M., on the fifth of October, eighteen-hundred-and-after-the-war. The great hall of the Club was tightly jammed with members and visitors. Corresponding and honorary members, from all parts of the Union, filled up every room and passage, and the streets and alleys of the neighborhood were crowded with people who could not get into the building.

When the great clock in the hall fired eight, President Barbicane arose and addressed the assembly. The substance of his address was as follows:

He lamented the idleness of the Club caused by the recent peace.

He desired that it should undertake some great work.



A PROJECTILE TRAIN TO THE MOON.

He supposed that the members had all seen the Moon, or had heard it spoken of.

He stated that although the Moon had been thoroughly studied by astronomers, no communication between it and the Earth had been considered possible up to that date.

He proposed, therefore, that the Gun Club should open such communication; and that they should do it by making a cannon sufficiently large to send a ball—bang! to the Moon.

At these last words the great hall, and the very streets around it, trembled with the thunders of applause which broke from that vast crowd. It was many minutes before the President could again make himself heard, when he proceeded to state that this thing was easy enough to do. It was only necessary to give the ball an ini-

tial velocity of twelve thousand yards per second, and it would certainly reach the moon, provided the cannon was pointed properly. Then the meeting adjourned.

It was determined, after a vast amount of additional scientific calculation by the Gun Club, to fire the ball from some point between the Equator and 28° north or south of the Equator, to point the cannon directly at the zenith and to fire it precisely at thirteen minutes and twenty seconds of eleven o'clock, A.M., on the first day of the next December.

An Executive Committee of the Gun Club held a meeting at the house of President Barbicane, October 8. The matter of the ball was the first thing to be settled. Of what should they make it? How big should it be? And what shape should it have? J. T. Maston was wild with enthusiasm, and, waving in the air his iron hook, with a pen screwed into it, he made a speech full of eloquent figures. J. T. Maston was great on figures; not only figures of speech, but numerical figures. He liked nothing better than to lie awake at night, and calculate with what rapidity a ball weighing three quarters of a certain weight, and moving with a velocity equal to seventeen-nineteenths of some other velocity, would pass over a distance equal to thirteen hundred times the square root of some other distance. And, when he made speeches before the committee he introduced all these calculations.

But the President was a much more practical man. He could perceive in an instant exactly what he wanted, and he settled the question of the size of the ball without any trouble. "You will understand," said he, "that it will be of no use for us to fire a ball at the Moon if we are not able to see whether it gets there or not. So the ball must be big enough for us to see it all the way. Now, with the largest telescope that we are able to make, the smallest object visible on the Moon is sixty feet in diameter."

"Well, then, our ball must be sixty feet in diameter!" cried J. T. Maston.

"No, that will not be necessary," said the President, "if we place a telescope on a very high mountain, the atmosphere will be so much rarer that we will be able to see objects on the Moon only nine feet in diameter."

"Splendid!" cried J. T. Maston. "Then

we will make our ball nine feet in diameter."

So this matter was settled.

There was now a discussion upon the weight of the ball. Some of the Committee thought a ball nine feet in diameter would be very heavy. The President conceded this fact, especially if the ball were solid, "but," said he, "it will be hollow."

"Hurrah!" cried J. T. Maston. "We will put dispatches in it, and samples of the exports of the United States, with the price list for the current month."

But even this ball, with comparatively thin sides, if made of cast-iron, would be too heavy for the initial velocity intended to give it. So the Committee went to work to calculate what some other metals would weigh. After spending some time in extracting cube-roots, and elevating *xs* and *zs* to the second power, they came to a triumphant conclusion. They would make the ball of aluminum!

They calculated that a ball of that metal would only cost \$173,250.

"Hurrah!" cried J. T. Maston, "I didn't think we could get a ball so cheap as that."

At the next session of the Committee the question of the cannon was considered. It was unanimously agreed that it would require a large cannon to carry a ball nine feet in diameter; and, as the cannon of the Gun Club must throw its ball 257,542 miles, so it was evident it would have to be pretty long.

"Yes, indeed," cried J. T. Maston. "Our cannon must be half-a-mile long at the very least!"

"Half-a-mile!" exclaimed the Committee, in astonishment.

"Yes," cried J. T. Maston, "and then it will be too short by at least one-half."

"Come, come, J. T. Maston," said one of the Committee, "you are going too far."

"Sir," replied J. T. Maston, proudly, striking his breast with his iron hook, "you must know that an artilleryman is like a cannon-ball—he can never go too far!"

The matter was now getting a little personal, and the President interfered. "Be calm, gentlemen, and let us reason this matter gravely. The ordinary length of a cannon is from twenty to twenty-five times the diameter of the ball, and from two hundred and thirty to two hundred and forty times its weight."

"That won't do," cried J. T. Maston.

"I know it," said the President; "for, if we constructed our cannon according to those proportions, it would only be two hundred and twenty-five feet long."

"Perfectly ridiculous!" cried J. T. Maston. "You might as well take a pistol!"

"Just so," answered the President, "and for that reason I propose to make our cannon nine hundred feet long."

This was agreed to, and the length of the cannon was settled. It was then determined that the sides should be six feet thick.

"You will probably not mount it on a carriage?" said one of the Committee.

"Oh, that would be grand," said J. T. Maston.

"But impracticable," said the President. "I shall cast the gun in the ground, and it will thus have all the resistance of the earth around it."

It was, subsequently, determined to make the cannon of cast-iron, and it was believed that such a gun, perpendicularly and solidly set in the earth, would not be likely to burst.

The Committee then went to work to calculate the weight of a cast-iron cannon, nine hundred feet long, with a bore nine feet in diameter, and with sides six feet thick; and soon ascertained that the cannon would weigh 68,040 tons, and would cost, at two cents a pound, \$2,721,600. So this little matter was also settled.

The next day the powder question was before the Committee. One of the members, Major Elphistone, who had had charge of Government gunpowder during the war, and who was therefore supposed to know all about the matter, made a short address. "Now," said he, "a twenty-four pound ball is fired by sixteen pounds of powder. The Armstrong cannon requires seventy-five pounds of powder for an eight hundred pound ball, and the Rodman Columbiad sends a half ton ball six miles with a hundred and sixty pounds of powder. So, you see, the necessary proportion of powder diminishes as the size of the ball increases."

"I see that," said J. T. Maston, "and if you only make your ball big enough we won't want any powder at all."

The Committee smiled, and the major then stated that he had calculated that the weight of powder necessary in their cannon would be equal to one-tenth the weight of the ball, and it will therefore require 500,000 pounds of powder.

"Better have 800,000 pounds," cried J. T. Maston.

The idea of this enormous mass of powder was so impressive and awful, that the Committee, for a few moments, sat in silence. But they were still more astonished when the President directly announced that in his opinion 800,000 pounds would not be enough.

"We will want the force of twice as much powder," said he.

"That will never do!" cried J. T. Maston, "never do! 1,600,000 pounds of powder will occupy a space of 22,000 cubic feet and, as the cannon will only hold 54,000 cubic feet, your powder will nearly half fill it, and there won't be room enough left to give the ball a decent start."

"I know all that," said the President, "and I do not intend to use that much powder—I only want the force of that quantity, and so I propose that, instead of powder, we use gun-cotton, of which 400,000 pounds will be equal to 1,600,000 pounds of powder, and it will occupy so little space that the ball will have more than seven hundred feet to run before taking its grand flight towards the Queen of Night."

And so the powder question was settled.

Among the 40,000,000 inhabitants of the United States there was but one man who doubted the success of the great scheme of the Gun Club. This man was Captain Nichol, and he lived in Philadelphia. It was natural for him to be an enemy to the Gun Club, for he was a manufacturer of armor-plates. During the whole war, whenever the artillerists invented a new projectile, or an unusually powerful cannon, Nichol invented a new armor-plate. Whenever Nichol dreamed, President Barbicane of the Gun Club appeared to him in the form of a conical ball which pierced him through and through. And whenever Barbicane dreamed, he saw Nichol in the shape of an immense iron-clad against the impenetrable sides of which he was obliged to batter his unfortunate head. Nichol was on particularly bad terms with Barbicane, because, on the very day on which peace was declared, the former had finished a plate of an entirely new kind of steel armor, and, though he dared the President of the Gun Club to fire at it his best cannon and his most perfect ball, the proposition was declined. Nichol waxed extremely angry at this, and offered Barbicane the most astounding advantages. He propos-



FIRE!!! (p. 269.)

ed to set up his plate two hundred yards from the cannon, but this was refused, as well as subsequent offers of a hundred yards, seventy-five yards, and fifty yards. At last the Captain, perfectly furious, offered to place his plate twenty-five yards from the cannon, and to stand behind it! But Barbicane answered that he would not make the experiment,—not even if Captain Nichol stood before his plate.

Then Captain Nichol attacked Barbicane through the newspapers. He asserted that the plan was all nonsense, and proposed a series of wagers as follows :

- | | |
|---|---------|
| 1st. That the money would never be raised for the big gun, - - - - - | \$1,000 |
| 2nd. That they could not cast the cannon after they got the money, - - - - - | 2,000 |
| 3d. That they could not load the cannon, and that the gun-cotton would go off of its own accord before they were ready, - - - | 3,000 |

- | | |
|---|---------|
| 4th. That the cannon would burst at the first fire, - - - - - | \$4,000 |
| 5th. That the ball would only go about six miles, and would come tumbling back in a few seconds - - - - - | 5,000 |

On the nineteenth of October Nichol received the following note :

Baltimore, Oct. 18.

Taken.

BARBICANE.

One question now remained to be decided, and that was—Where should the experiment be tried? The Gun Club held a meeting to consider this subject, and it was agreed that the southern portions of Texas and of Florida lay beyond the twenty-eighth parallel of latitude, and that any place in those sections would answer the purpose.

The question was settled on this basis, and the consequence was that there arose an unparalleled rivalry between the cities of southern Texas and Florida. The whole country was agitated by the controversy. The newspapers and periodicals took it up. Such publications as the *New York Herald*, the *Philadelphia Post*, and the *Riverside Magazine* sustained Texas, while the *Washington Chronicle*, the *New York Tribune*, and the *Newark Register* stood up boldly for Florida.

The matter became embarrassing. A war between Florida and Texas was threatened. At last Barbicane settled the matter. "Texas," said he, "has, at least, eleven cities which will answer our purpose very well. Now, if we decide in favor of Texas, those eleven cities will be fighting for the honor of the enterprise. There is but one town in Florida suitably situated; so, let us go for Florida and the town of Tampa!"

The Texas party was disgusted. "A little place like Florida," said their principal organ, "almost an island, squeezed between two seas, will never be able to resist the tremendous concussion, and will be blown away the instant the cannon is fired!"

"All right!" said the Floridians, "let her blow!"

It now became necessary to raise the money for this great work, and subscription-books were opened in all the principal cities of the Union, and also in various foreign countries.

The total subscriptions from all parts of the world, counting nothing from England,—where not a farthing was subscribed, as the English people expected to have to

pay the Alabama claims,—amounted to \$5,446,675.

Captain Nichol now paid his first wager, one thousand dollars.

On the twentieth of October a contract was made with the Cold Spring Iron Works, near New York, for the transportation of the materials to Tampa, Florida, and for casting there the great gun. It was stipulated that the cannon should be finished, and in perfect order for firing, on the fifteenth of the following October, under forfeiture of one hundred dollars a day until the moon should present herself in the same favorable conditions, which would be in eighteen years and eleven days.

President Barbicane placed at the disposal of the Observatory of Cambridge the necessary funds for the construction of an enormous telescope, and contracted with

the house of Breadwill & Co., of Albany, for the manufacture of the hollow ball of aluminum; and, then, accompanied by J. T. Maston, Major Elphistone of the Gun Club, and J. Murphison, director of the Cold Spring Iron Works, he started for Florida, and arrived at Tampa on the twenty-second of October. But the President of the Gun Club and his companions did not remain long in this little town. They explored the surrounding country and soon selected a suitable location for their operations.

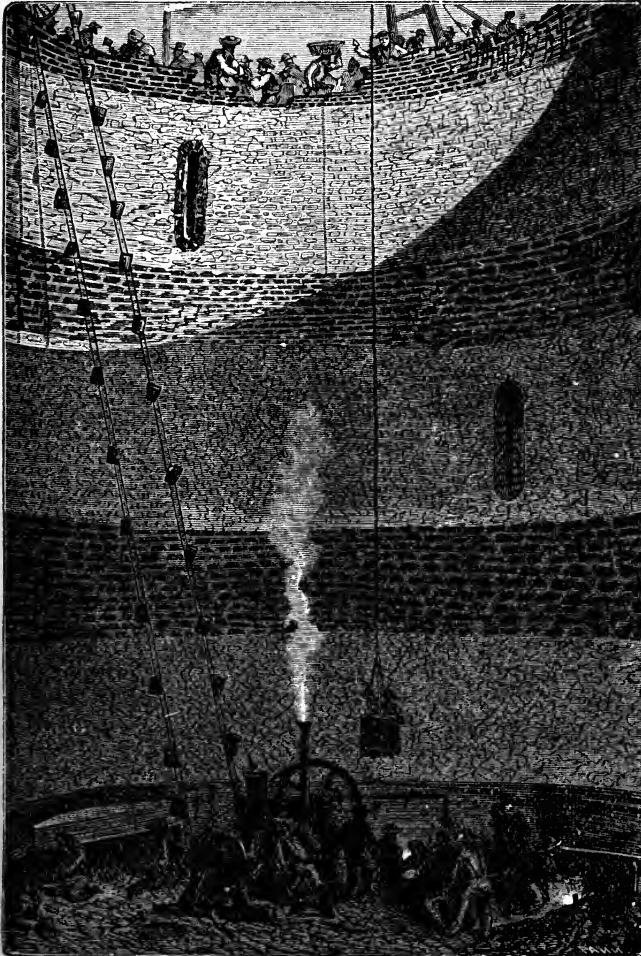
This place was called Stone's Hill and was situated 1920 feet above the level of the sea, in latitude $27^{\circ} 7'$, and $5^{\circ} 7'$ West longitude. "It is from here," said Barbicane, stamping upon the summit of the hill, "that the projectile of the Gun Club shall take its flight into the depth of the Solar System."

This was putting the matter rather strongly, because the ball was only intended to go to the Moon—but it sounded well.

Eight days after this a fleet of steamers arrived at Tampa laden with the material for the great gun and with fifteen hundred workmen. The little town became populous, not only with these, but with thousands of inquisitive persons who gathered from all parts of the country to watch this great undertaking. A railroad was built from Tampa to Stone's Hill, and, in a short time, a village of workmen's houses arose at the latter place. Barbicane was everywhere, and J. T. Maston was with him.

On the 4th of November the works were commenced.

By the light of the sun during the day, and under a great electric light at night, the pick and shovel and the steam-engines never ceased to work; and on the 10th of June, twenty days inside of the date fixed upon, the well with its lining of masonry had reached the desired depth of nine hundred feet, the stone-work resting on a rock bottom, thirty feet deep.



EXCAVATING THE PIT FOR THE GREAT CANNON.

While the great well had been in course of construction preparations had been making for casting the cannon.

In a wide circle around the open top of the well had been built twelve hundred reverberatory furnaces. These furnaces charmed our old friend J. T. Maston. He had never seen anything more beautiful, he said, not even in Greece, where, however, as he remarked, he had never been.

When the vast pit was finished, President Barbicane and his men went to work to build the great central core. This was to be a solid cylinder, nine hundred feet high, and nine feet in diameter, in other words, exactly the size of the bore of the great cannon.

When this cylinder was finished, a space of about six feet was left around it, between it and the sides of the wall. This space would be filled with the melted iron which was to form the cannon.

The ninth of July was the day appointed for casting, and the evening before each furnace had been charged with a hundred and fourteen thousand pounds of metal, and the fires lighted.

The black smoke covered the sky, and the roar of the furnaces resembled thunder. Barbicane and the Committee of the Gun Club stood on a hill near by, with a small cannon before them which was to be fired when the engineer should signal that all was ready.

Precisely at noon the cannon sounded from the hill.

At this moment twelve hundred valves were opened, and twelve hundred fiery serpents crawled towards the great well, hissing, and glistening, and writhing. Then they plunged, with a dreadful noise, nine hundred feet down. It was an awful spectacle. The earth shook, and clouds of steam escaping from the vents in the walls of the well rose up in a vast column three or four thousand feet high. At last all the melted metal had run into the mould. The Niagara of iron had ceased to flow.

Whether the casting had succeeded or not was a question that could not be determined immediately. Fifteen days after the casting the great cannon was still covered by a vast cloud of smoke, and the ground was so hot, three or four hundred feet from the mouth of the well, that no one could tread upon it. It was the 22nd of August before the ground had cooled sufficiently to allow anybody to approach the casting, and then the workmen, finding

that the interior core was sufficiently cool, proceeded to dig it out, and it was entirely removed by the 3rd of September. The bore was then drilled smooth, and everything was ready.

If the Moon only came along in time, and it was generally believed that she could be depended upon, there was no reason to expect anything but success.

As the cannon was now cast, Captain Nichol paid his second wager—two thousand dollars.

The great event of the casting attracted people from all parts of the country, and the population of Tampa increased to a hundred and fifty thousand. Excursions were organized to the bottom of the cannon, and a steam elevator was kept going night and day. The proceeds from the sale of tickets for this trip amounted during the season to nearly five hundred thousand dollars.

On the 30th of September, at thirty-seven minutes past three in the afternoon, a telegram, by ocean cable, came to President Barbicane. This was the dispatch:

"FRANCE, PARIS,
"29th September, 4 A.M.

"Barbicane, Tampa, Florida,
United States.

"Substitute cylindro-conical projectile for spherical shell. Shall go inside. Shall arrive by steamer *Atlanta*.

"MICHEL ARDAN."

Of course this proposition created the greatest excitement in the Gun Club, and throughout the United States. At first everybody treated the proposition with ridicule. Then they began to think about it, and President Barbicane actually wrote to the New York iron founders to defer the casting of the projectile until further orders.

On the twentieth of October the *Atlanta* arrived at Tampa, and in it was Michel Ardan. He was about forty-two years old, tall, vigorous, nervous, combative, earnest, eminently bold and audacious, and, above all, he was the first man in the solar system who had determined to make a trip from one planet to another. His reception was most enthusiastic, and, after he had shaken hands with about six thousand people he was obliged to retreat to the cabin of the steamer. And there Barbicane had an interview with him.

The President of the Gun Club found



THE INTERIOR OF THE PROJECTILE.

that the Frenchman was fully determined upon his project. He had occasion to go to the Moon, he said, and here was an excellent opportunity. He might have to wait a long time before another conveyance would offer itself.

Finding the Frenchman so fully in earnest, Barbicane respected him. Nothing so thoroughly commands respect in this world as earnestness. What it commands in the Moon remained to be seen.

In the meantime a quarrel had arisen between Captain Nichol and Barbicane, and a duel was agreed upon. But on the field Ardan made a proposition.

"Friend Barbicane," he said, "believes that his projectile will go straight to the Moon."

"Certainly, I do," replied the President of the Gun Club.

"And friend Nichol believes it will fall back on the earth?"

"I am sure of that!" cried the Captain.

"Well then," said Michel Ardan, "this is the way we will settle it. Both of you take the trip with me, and then you will know certainly whether or not the ball will go to the Moon."

The two rivals looked at each other, and then they shook hands, and agreed to the proposition. J. T. Maston groaned. Nobody had asked him to go.

On the tenth of November, the great passenger-projectile arrived from New York. The great shell came by railway, and was received with delight and enthusiasm.

The inner walls of the projectile were covered with a thick lining of steel springs, and leather padding. Several small windows of enormously thick glass were constructed in the sides of the cone, an ingenious water-spring was constructed to counteract the initial shock at the moment of firing, and everything necessary for the comfort of the travelers was provided. There were receptacles for water and food, and there was a tank of gas suf-

ficient to light and warm them for six days. But there was one little difficulty—they must breathe during the trip, which it was calculated would last about four days. The oxygen inside the cell certainly would not last them very long and the carbonic acid gas which they would expire would soon be sufficient to kill them. The question then amounted to this; the oxygen destroyed must be restored; the carbonic acid gas produced must be destroyed. All this is easy enough to do by means of chlorate of potash and caustic potash. The first of these, under a very high temperature gives out oxygen; the second absorbs carbonic acid; thus the valuable oxygen would be produced, and the destructive carbonic acid gas destroyed. The great chemists Messrs. Reiset and Regnault had demonstrated that this operation was easy enough. But as their experiments had only been

tried upon the lower animals, J. T. Maston offered to prove that it would be successful in the case of man.

"Since I cannot take the trip," he said, "shut me up in the shell for eight days. I will thus discover whether or not atmospheric air can be produced by artificial means."

The offer was accepted, and a sufficient quantity of the necessary chemicals, with food enough to last eight days, were placed inside of the shell; and on the twelfth of November, at six o'clock in the evening, J. T. Maston took leave of his friends, mounted the ladder, and disappeared through the aperture in the top of the cone. The cover was then screwed down tight. How he liked it inside it was impossible to know. The walls were so thick that nothing could be heard from him.

On the twentieth of November, precisely at six o'clock in the evening, the hole in the shell was opened. Maston's friends were naturally a little uneasy; but they were soon encouraged by a shout that came from the inside of the shell, and in a moment J. T. Maston appeared on the top of the cone in a triumphant attitude.

He had actually grown fat!

We must now go back a little in our story. On the twentieth of October of the preceding year sufficient money had been paid over to the University of Cambridge to construct a telescope large enough to observe the course of the projectile which was to be sent to the Moon.

There was no reason why such a telescope should not be constructed. There was money enough, there was iron enough, and brass enough, and glass enough. And the Gun Club had faith enough and energy enough to do almost anything. And so, after great labors, and the most unheard of victories over mechanical difficulties, the telescope was finished. It was two hundred and eighty feet long, and sixteen feet in diameter.

The next question that arose was that of situation, and it was necessary to choose a high mountain. So the requisite materials were taken to one of the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains. It was almost as difficult to set up this telescope in the position selected, as it had been to make it. It was necessary to transport enormous stones, weighty pieces of forged metal, heavy corner stones, the vast sections of the cylinder, and the object glass, which weighed itself nearly thirty thousand pounds, into

the region of eternal snow. But all difficulties were surmounted and, in less than a year from the commencement of the work, the great telescope sat proudly on the summit of the rocky peak.

It was now the twenty-second of November. In ten days the great event would take place. There was only one thing now to be done, and that was to load the cannon, and it was rather a delicate operation to stow away four hundred thousand pounds of gun-cotton. But Barbicane was equal to most difficulties, and he had this cannon loaded under his own eyes. The gun-cotton was brought from Pensacola by rail, ten great cartridges at a time, and these were carried to the mouth of the cannon by workmen in their bare feet. They were then lowered to their position by means of windlasses worked by hand. No steam engine was allowed to be used, and fires were forbidden within a distance of two miles. It was even necessary to guard against the heat of the sun, and so all the work was done at night by the light of an electric lamp. The cartridges were placed in order in the bottom of the cannon, and were all connected by wires in such a way that they could be exploded by means of an electric battery. All the wires were united in a single conductor, which ran through a hole in the side of the casting, and then through one of the vents in the stone lining, to the surface of the earth. There this wire was supported on telegraph posts for a distance of two miles, where it was connected with a powerful battery. All that was necessary then, when everything was in order, was to press a little button, and the four hundred thousand pounds of gun-cotton would be instantly ignited.

On the twenty-eighth of November the work of charging the cannon with gun-cotton was completed. Nothing now remained to be done but to lower the conical shell to its place in the great cannon. But, before this was done, the passenger-projectile was furnished for the journey; a number of thermometers and barometers were placed in a suitable case, and to facilitate their observations on arriving at the Moon, the travelers took with them Beer and Moedler's selenographic map, a most admirable publication which no traveler to the Moon should be without. The travelers also provided pistols, rifles, powder and shot, for there was no knowing what enemies they might meet; and spades, shovels,

saws, hammers and gimlets; for how could they be certain that they would not have to build themselves a lunar habitation?

Michel Ardan would have liked to have carried some animals. He did not desire to take snakes, or tigers, or alligators, for there might be nothing of the kind in the Moon, and he would not care to be the means of introducing them there. All he wanted to take with him was a horse, or an ox, or a cow or two. But Barbicane objected. He never had traveled with a cow on his lap, and he did not want to try it at his age. And so, although Ardan thought it would be a very nice thing to have fresh milk on the trip, it was agreed to take no animals but a couple of dogs.

Several bags of grain of different kinds were packed away in the shell, and Michel Ardan was very anxious to carry along some earth to sow them in. This was not allowed, but he took a bundle of young fruit trees of the most approved varieties, which were carefully wrapped in straw, for transplanting in lunar soil.

Besides all this, food enough for a year was packed in the projectile. There were also about fifty gallons of brandy, and water enough to last for two months. The travelers had no doubt they would find water on the Moon, and food too, for that matter. They were not so certain, however, about brandy.

Everything was now prepared. The great cone was brought to the cannon's mouth, and elevated by enormous windlasses. Here was delicacy and danger. If those chains had broken, the fall of such an immense mass would surely have exploded the gun-cotton, and the shell would have traveled Moon-ward without waiting for its passengers. But nothing untoward happened; and, after several hours' work, the shell was safely lowered to its proper position on the mass of gun-cotton.

As soon as this operation was satisfactorily completed, Captain Nichol paid to President Barbicane three thousand dollars, the amount of the third wager. Barbicane was not willing to receive the money under the circumstances, but Nichol insisted. He wished to pay all his debts before he left this world.

The first day of December now arrived—a very important day. For, if the passenger projectile were not started on its way to the Moon at exactly forty-six minutes and forty seconds after ten o'clock that evening, more than eighteen years would

elapse before the Moon would again be found in the proper positions of zenith and perigee.

A perfectly enormous crowd surrounded Stone's Hill. From every portion of the United States, and from various parts of the old world, spectators were assembled.

About seven o'clock the Moon arose above the horizon. Grandly and brightly she mounted the skies, punctual to a minute to her appointment. Never did the Moon receive so magnificent a welcome! Cheer after cheer arose from five million throats.

Every one was now wild with excitement. Before the applause which greeted the Moon had died away, the three lunar travelers appeared ready for their voyage. On their appearance the applause burst forth with redoubled force; and then, impelled by national enthusiasm, the whole crowd began to sing, in thundering chorus, the national air of Yankee Doodle.

At last the singing ceased; all sound died away, and everybody looked and listened. The three travelers now approached the mouth of the cannon. They shook hands with their friends. It was a touching scene. J. T. Maston wept; and, at this last moment, implored to be allowed to go along. But Barbicane shook his head. It was impossible.

The three companions descended to the shell. They entered it, and screwed the plate over the orifice in the top. Then the windlasses and ladders were removed from the mouth of the cannon.

Everything was ready.

Two miles away, the civil engineer, Murchison, stood, with his finger over the button of the electric battery.

The silence became awful; people scarcely dared to breathe. Every eye was centered on the gaping mouth of the great gun.

Now there were but forty seconds remaining. Each of these seemed an age. At the twentieth second the crowd fairly trembled with nervous excitement. Some people sobbed, some fainted. Then through the silence came the sound of counting: "thirty-five!—thirty-six!—thirty-seven!—thirty-eight!—thirty-nine!—forty! FIRE!!!"

Then Murchison touched the button.

Immediately the most awful and unheard-of explosion took place. Nothing like it was ever imagined. If a mighty volcano had burst into atoms the detonation could not have been more fearful. A

straight jet of fire sprang into the air, and seemed to pierce the very sky, and the whole country, for hundreds of miles, was lighted up. The ground shook as if an earthquake had rumbled beneath it. Not one of that vast assemblage remained upright: men, women and children were hurled upon the ground together. The heated gas that arose from the mouth of the cannon in such vast quantities, created a partial vacuum, which was followed by an awful hurricane, which swept down every hut and tent in the vicinity, and every tree within twenty miles; and burst upon the town of Tampa, destroying hundreds of houses, among others St. Mary's Church and the new Exchange building. Great damage was also done to the shipping in the port, many vessels being torn from their anchorage and dashed upon the shore. Ships, even at a great distance upon the ocean, felt the effects of this artificial storm, and the wreck of the *Childe Harold*, of Liverpool, which occurred in consequence of the hurricane, was made the subject of diplomatic remonstrances on the part of England, which came near producing war between that country and the United States.

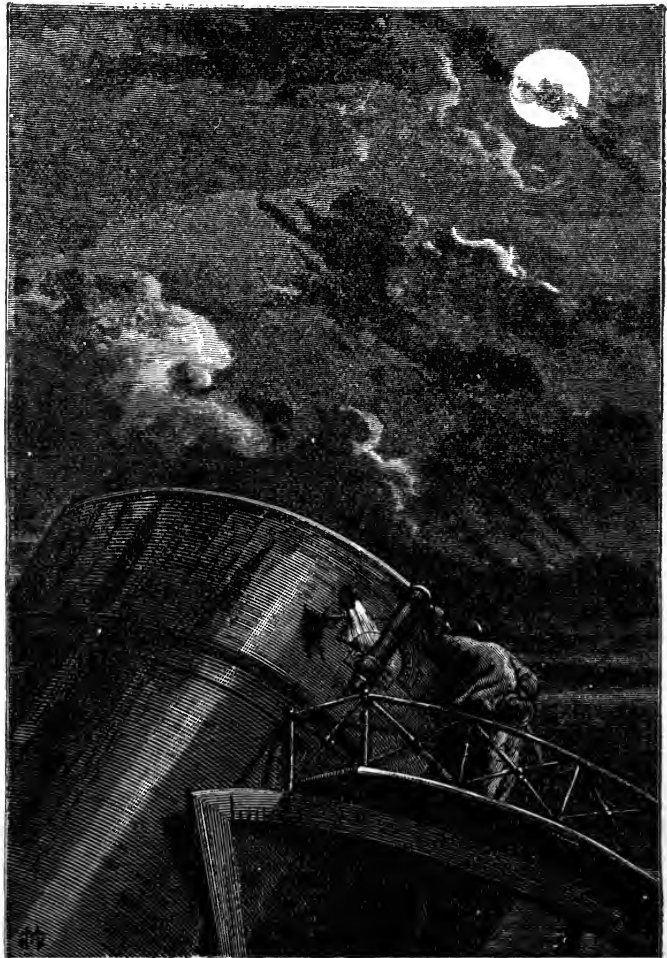
When all was again quiet, and the people could once more stand erect, several millions of telescopes and opera-glasses were pointed towards the Moon. But they could not see the passenger projectile: it had passed entirely out of sight.

Nothing was now to be done but to wait for telegrams from the observatory on the Rocky Mountains.

The projectile was due at the Moon at midnight of the fourth of December; and, from eight o'clock until midnight of that day, it might have been possible, under favorable circumstances, to have watched the course of the shell, which would have appear-

ed like a black point moving over a portion of the bright face of the Moon. But from the time of firing until the night of the twelfth of December the sky had been overcast; nothing could be seen. On that night a great wind-storm arose, and the clouds were swept away; and, sailing through the heavens, appeared the glorious Moon. Then came news from the observatory of the Rocky Mountains, which was telegraphed all over the world. The projectile had been perceived through the great telescope of the Gun Club! The following is the substance of the dispatch:

"The projectile fired from the great gun at Stone's Hill, December first, has been perceived at forty-seven minutes past eight o'clock P. M., December twelfth. The projectile has not reached the Moon. It has passed to one side; but it is near



OBSERVING THE PASSENGER PROJECTILE.

enough, however, to be retained by the lunar attraction. In this position its movement has been changed to a circular motion of great velocity, and it describes an elliptical orbit around the Moon, of which it has become a satellite. The laws which govern this new star have not yet been calculated; but it is distant from the surface of the Moon about two thousand eight hundred and thirty-three miles. Either the attraction of the Moon will gradually draw the projectile to its surface, in which case the travelers may attain the object of their voyage; or the projectile will continue to revolve around the Moon until the end of time. This question will be settled some day; but, at the present, the experiment of the Gun Club has only resulted in giving a new star to our solar system.

(Signed) J. T. BELFAST.

There was nothing more for anybody to do in this business. No assistance could be rendered the unfortunate travelers.

One man alone would not admit that the

situation was hopeless: this was the brave, indomitable J. T. Maston. He did not entirely lose sight of his friends. He took up his residence at the observatory on the Rocky Mountains, by the great telescope.

Every night when the Moon was visible he gazed at it through this instrument and watched the passage of the passenger projectile over its glittering face. And thus he remained, as it were, in perpetual communication with his three friends, who probably felt happy, in the certainty they must have felt that the worthy J. T. Maston would keep his eye upon them as long as he lived and the telescope held together.

He did not despair of meeting them some day. "We will correspond with them," he would say, to those who wished to hear, "when circumstances permit. I know them. They are ingenious men; and they carry through space all the resources of Art, Science, and Industry. With these they can do what they wish; and you will see that they will yet come out all right."

BOUDOIR PROPHECIES.

ONE day in the Tuileries,
When a south-west Spanish breeze
Brought scandalous news of the Queen,
The fair, proud Empress said,
"My good friend loses her head;
If matters go on this way,
I shall see her shopping some day
In the Boulevard-Capucines."

The saying swiftly went
To the Place of the Orient,
And the stout Queen sneered "Ah well!
You are proud and prude, ma belle!
But I think I will hazard a guess,
I shall see you one day playing chess
With the curé of Carabanchel."

Both ladies, though not over wise,
Were lucky in prophecies.
For the Boulevard shopmen well
Know the form of stout Isabel,
As she buys her *modes de Paris*;
And after Sedan, in despair,
The Empress, prude and fair,
Went to visit *Madame sa Mère*
In her villa at Carabanchel—
But the Queen was not there to see.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.



I.

THIS must be the very night !
 The moon knows it !—and the trees—
 They stand straight upright,
 Each a sentinel drawn up,
 As if they dared not know
 Which way the wind might blow !
 The very pool, with dead gray eye,
 Dully expectant, feels it nigh,
 And begins to curdle and freeze !
 And the dark night,
 With its fringe of light,
 Holds the secret in its cup !

II.

What can it be, to make
 The poplars cease to shiver and shake,
 And up in the dismal air
 Stand straight and stiff as the human hair,
 When the human soul is dizzy with dread—
 All but those two that strain
 Aside in a frenzy of speechless pain,
 Though never a wind sends out a breath
 To tunnel the foggy rheum of death ?
 What can it be has power to scare
 The full-grown moon to the idiot stare
 Of a blasted eye in the midnight air ?
 Something has gone wrong ;
 A scream will come tearing out ere long !

III.

Still as death,
 Although I listen with bated breath !
 Yet something is coming, I know—is coming ;
 With an inward soundless humming,
 Somewhere in me or in the air—
 I cannot tell—but its wing is there !
 Marching on to an unheard drumming,
 Something is coming—coming—
 Growing and coming ;
 And the moon is aware—
 Aghast in the air,
 At the thing that is only coming
 With an inward soundless humming,
 And an unheard spectral drumming !

IV

Nothing to see and nothing to hear !
 Only across the inner sky
 The wing of a shadowy thought flits by,
 Vague and featureless, faceless, drear—
 Only a thinness to catch the eye :
 Is it a dim foreboding unborn,
 Or a buried memory, wasted and worn
 As the fading frost of a wintry sigh ?
 Anon I shall have it !—anon !—It draws nigh
 A night when—a something it was took place
 That drove the blood from that scared
 moon-face !

Hark ! was that the cry of a goat,
 Or the gurgle of water in a throat ?
 Hush ! there is nothing to see or hear,
 Only a silent something is near ;
 No knock, no footsteps three or four,
 Only a presence outside the door !
 See ! the moon is remembering—what ?
 The wail of a mother-left, lie-alone brat ?
 Or a raven sharpening its beak to peck ?
 Or a cold blue knife and a warm white neck ?
 Or only a heart that burst and ceased
 For a man that went away released ?
 I know not—know not, but something is
 coming
 Somehow back with an inward humming.

V.

Ha ! Look there ! Look at that house—
 Forsaken of all things—beetle and mouse !
 Mark how it looks ! It must have a soul !
 It looks, it looks, though it cannot stir ;
 See the ribs of it—how they stare !
 Its blind eyes yet have a seeing air !
 It *knows* it has a soul !
 Haggard it hangs o'er the slimy pool,
 And gapes wide open as corpses gape :
 It is the very murderer !
 For the ghost has modeled himself to the shape
 Of this house all sodden with woe,
 Where the deed was done long, long ago,
 And filled with himself his new body full—
 To haunt forever his ghastly crime,
 And see it come and go—
 Brooding around it like motionless Time,
 With a mouth that gapes and eyes that yawn,
 Blear and blintring and full of the moon,
 Like one aghast at a hellish dawn.
 —It is coming, coming soon !

VI.

For, ever and always, when round the tune
 Grinds on the barrel of organ-Time,
 The deed is done ;—and it comes anon—
 True to the roll of the clock-faced moon,
 True to the ring of the spheric chime,
 True to the cosmic rhythm and rhyme ;
 Every point as it first went on,
 Will come and go till all is gone ;
 And palsied with horror from garret to core,
 The house cannot shut its gaping door ;
 Its burst eye stares as if trying to see,
 And it leans as if settling heavily,
 Settling heavy with sickness dull :
 It also is hearing the soundless humming
 Of the wheel that is turning—the thing that is
 coming.

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On the naked rafters of its brain,
 Gaunt and wintred, see the train
 Of gossiping, scandal-mongering crows,
 That watch, all silent, with necks a-strain,
 Wickedly knowing, with heads awry,
 And the sharpened gleam of a cunning eye—
 Watch, through the cracks of the ruined skull,
 How the evil business goes !
 —Beyond the eyes of the cherubim,
 Beyond the ears of the seraphim,
 Outside, forsaken, in the dim,
 Phantom-haunted chaos grin,
 He stands with the deed going on in him !

VII.

O winds, winds ! that lurk and peep
 Under the edge of the moony fringe !
 O winds, winds ! up and sweep ;
 Up, and blow and billow the air,
 Billow the air with blow and swinge ;
 Rend me this ghastly house of groans ;
 Rend and scatter the skeleton's bones
 Over the deserts and mountains bare ;
 Blast and hurl and shiver aside
 Nailed sticks and mortared stones ;
 Clear the phantom, with torrent and tide,
 Out of the moon and out of my brain,
 That the light may fall shadowless in again !

VIII.

But alas ! then the ghost
 O'er mountain and coast
 Would go roaming, roaming ; and not a swine,
 Grubbing and talking with snork and whine
 On Gadarene mountains, had taken him in,
 But would rush to the lake to unhouse the sin !
 For any charnel
 This ghost is too carnal ;
 There is no volcano, burnt out and cold,
 Whose very ashes are gray and old,
 But would cast him forth in reviving flame,
 To blister the sky with a smudge of shame.

IX.

Is there no help—none anywhere,
 Under the earth, or above the air ?
 —Come, come, sad woman, whose tender
 throat
 Has a red-lipped mouth that can sing no note !
 Child, whose midwife, the third grim Fate,
 Shears in hand, thy coming did wait !
 Father, with blood-bedabbled hair !
 Mother, all withered with love's despair !
 Come, broken heart, whatever thou be,
 Hasten to help this misery !

Thou wast only murdered, or left forlorn :
 He is a horror, a hate, a scorn !
 Come, if out of the holiest blue
 That the sapphire throne shines through ;
 For pity come, though thy fair feet stand
 Next to the elder-band ;
 Fling thy harp on the hyaline,
 Hurry thee down the spheres divine ;
 Come, and drive those ravens away ;
 Cover his eyes from the pitiless moon ;
 Shadow his brain from her stinging spray ;
 Droop around him, a tent of love,
 An odor of grace, a fanning dove ;
 Walk through the house with the healing
 tune
 Of gentle footsteps ; banish the shape
 Remorse calls up, thyself to ape ;
 Comfort him, dear, with pardon sweet ;
 Cool his heart from its burning heat
 With the water of life that laves the feet
 Of the throne of God, and the holy street.

X.

O God, he is but a living blot,
 Yet he lives by thee—for if thou wast not,
 They would vanish together, self-forgot,
 He and his crime :—one breathing blown
 From thy spirit on his would all atone,
 Would scatter the horror, and bring relief
 In an amber dawn of holy grief :
 God, give him sorrow ; arise from within :
 Art thou not in him, silence in din,
 Stronger than anguish, deeper than sin ?

XI.

Why do I tremble, a creature at bay !
 'Tis but a dream—I drive it away.
 Back comes a full breath ; bounds again
 My heart released from the nightmare train ;
 God is in heaven—yes, everywhere ;
 And Love, the all-shining, will kill Despair.
 I turn the picture to the wall,
 And go away.

XII.

But why is the moon so bare, up there ?
 And why is she so white ?
 And why does the moon so stare, up there—
 Strangely stare, out of the night ?
 Why stand up the poplars
 That still way ?
 And why do those two of them
 Start astray ?
 And out of the black why hangs the gray ?
 Why does it hang down so, I say,
 Over that house, like a fringed pall
 Where the dead goes by in a funeral ?
 —Soul of mine,
 Thou the reason canst divine :—
 Into *thee* the moon doth stare
 With pallid, terror-smitten air :
 Thou, and the Horror lonely-stark,
 Outcast of eternal dark,
 Are in nature same and one,
 And *thy* story is not done.
 —So hang the picture on thy chamber wall,
 And let the white moon stare.

EARTHEN PITCHERS.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE fish was not made into chowder ;
 Audrey broiled it a golden brown over the
 hot coals ; Goddard, who had the palate
 of an epicure, and the deft fingers of a
 cook, seasoned it. He was as pleased as a
 baby with a toy at the sight of the old da-
 mask cloth which Graff had brought and
 pinned down on the sand with half a dozen
 pieces of the famous Swenson china. But
 Jane, stunned as she was at the wreck of
 her life which she foresaw, could not help
 scolding at Audrey's folly in risking such
 priceless pottery. Her dread of Goddard's
 fickleness was not as overwhelming, how-
 ever, as it would have been had she not
 known him so long.

"He has had such fancies and fevers a
 dozen times," she thought, as she stood,
 pale and jaded, watching him fluttering
 and beaming down on Audrey and the
 coffee-pot, radiant as a winged Mercury
 just lighted on the earth. "There was
 that pious Madame La Rouche, hippopo-
 tamus of a woman as she was ; his taste
 for six months ran into devotion and fatness
 and that silly Quaker girl with her bee-
 tles last summer ; and the jolly burlesque
 actress afterward. It was always the good
 in them that he loved—some good—that
 I had not. His taste is so pure !" and the
 poor young woman groaned almost audi-
 bly. "It will be the same after we are mar-
 ried, I suppose. Though he always comes
 back to me as he would to a comfortable

old coat that he liked." As she buttered the biscuit, which was her share of the work, she set herself again as she had done every day for so many years, to find out how she was to strain her nature to match it with his. It was, she felt, the bare stalk of corn with its one or two ears stretching itself to mate with the great blossoming tree which flung wide its branches to catch every breeze.

"If he had been like Kit Graff? If I could have just canned peaches or buttered biscuit for him and satisfied him with that and—" She did not say "love," only looked across the fire at the handsome little man until the water stood in her eyes with the hunger of them. It was for him, Jenny Derby with her dull intellect and sharp perception had worked half her life to be *Bohémienne* and *littérateur*, and groped and stretched after the æsthetic tastes and fancies so real to him, but to her such airy, unconquerable nothings.

After all, the little feast was gay and hearty enough. Goddard and Audrey, like two children out on a frolic, cooked and told stories, and sang by turns: Graff after consoling himself with observing that Goddard actually wore No. 4 boots, and that no sensible woman could care for such a little gadfly, ate his supper comfortably. Besides, the sea air had made them all hungry, except Miss Derby, who tasted nothing but talked more than anyone, her cheeks colorless and eyes burning. When the supper was over she got up and walked about.

"You will make a picture of it, you say, Niel?" shivering and glancing about her. "I never want to see the picture, then, I'm sure. These gray sands and the eternal wash of water and the dull red blotch of fire with your three faces behind it—it is all unreal and ghastly to me. As if some final crisis for one of us was coming to-night, and these common things had taken on life, and, somehow, had a prophetic meaning."

"I think I know what you mean," said Audrey, eagerly. "I have seen it when death came suddenly. The very walls and trees had a prophecy of evil. My grandmother," turning earnestly to Goddard, "had the second sight. Many a time when she was spinning, she said that she held in her hand instead of thread the bride's dress or shroud it was to be. Miss Derby is the same. She touched the shroud just now."

"Miss Derby," irritably, "has nerves, and you are a silly, superstitious child, I'm

afraid. Do sit down, Jane, and talk common sense. You do not know how real such things are to people on the sea coast."

"We live nearer to Nature; so it is natural that she should take part with us and make some sign when we are about to die." Audrey tried to joke the matter away; but she was ill at ease, and watched Miss Derby anxiously.

"I had no intention of playing seeress or medium," said Jenny tartly. But she still went to and fro; she could not be quiet; every nerve was strung and rasped. Audrey, before night fell, had wrapped a waterproof cloak about her. It was her head rising out of this mass of black drapery, and lighted by the dull burning fire that Jane saw instead of any spirit; its rare sweetness and power made her draw her breath more quickly; what must it be then to Goddard? The poor girl did not need second sight to tell her the crisis of life was coming to her to-night; and the sands and sky and wash of water seemed to wait and listen with her.

Graff cleared his throat once or twice. "There are some queer beliefs hung around Henlopen Cape," he said, ponderously. "I don't make much account of them, though Audrey does. These old pilots and fishermen have so much time on their hands that they spend it in seeing ghosts. They'll tell you that the old Swensons and Rodneys keep guard over the Cape to this day. By the way," hesitating a little, "there was an odd thing happened to me a year or two ago. I set one of my men, a stout mulatto (Henry it was, Audrey) to ploughing a certain pasture land, one morning. Presently he came to me, his yellow skin actually spotted with his fright. A man on horseback, with flowing gray hair, and sword in hand, had suddenly stood before him and commanded him to stop. His dress, as the lad described it, was that of an officer in the Continental uniform. On going to the place I found the fellow had, without knowing it, ploughed up the grave where a hundred years ago Colonel Dagmar Graff had been laid—not to rest, as it seems, but to keep watch," forcing an uneasy laugh. "There's the fact. I don't pretend to explain it. Of course Henry had never heard of Colonel Graff."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Usually, Goddard would have relished a well authenticated ghost-story as he would a good cigar, but now he was busied with the effect on Audrey. In his opinion, if

she had a fault, it was that of indifference. Very few subjects interested her; but to-night she was roused and excited by these trifles. "Not," thought Goddard, shrewdly, "that she cares for these dead Graffs, but this lonely coast and sea have come to be the reallest thing in the world to her, and she fancies through these superstitions she will get at their secrets."

Graff had beckoned one of his men who was in waiting, to carry home the basket, and now began to throw sand on the fire. "Time for home and bed," he said, hiding a yawn. They strolled slowly all together down the beach. The sun had long gone down. Inland was an unbroken, sullen darkness, except where the five gigantic white hills of sand loomed in spectral procession. A low moon hung over the sea in the far horizon, hardly strong enough to throw their shadows upon the beach. The sea was to-night simply an unknown dark and cold; the waves flowed out of it to their feet and ebbed into it again unseen but for an instant flash of dappled light on the wet sand as each died away.

"The old settlers at the Cape will tell you these sands are alive," said Audrey, with a good deal of embarrassment. "These great mountains rise out of the sea year after year, and march steadily southward. No one knows whence they came, or why they move. It is a thing which I suppose nobody could explain," she added gravely.

"Any geography would give you the reason for it," retorted Jane sharply. "In the Landes of Gascony these dunes are—"

"These are very different, of course, as Audrey says, from any European hills," interrupted Graff, gruffly. "Where do they come from?—there's the question. Do you see those green twigs at the top of that first hill? That is not grass, but the highest branches of a pine forest under which Audrey and I have played many a day. Fourteen feet and a half these hills move southward every year; not an inch more or less. Do you think there's no intelligence in that? But they have their object," dropping his tone, "and they are following it, as sure and certain as death; and no man can stop them."

Miss Derby was hurrying on with her scientific explanation, but Goddard checked her by an amused look. "What is their purpose?" he said gently.

"It may be only a foolish tale to you," Audrey said, "but it is a fact that these mys-

terious hills were not always here. The story is that shipwrecks were once so common on this coast that the people grew hardened, and would risk nothing to save the crews. One ship was suffered to go down within sight of land when a single boat could have rescued the men on board. A man named Cortrell was the only one who saw it, and he sat quiet, too selfish to venture to their help. One of the sailors, who was washed ashore, lived long enough, the story goes, to pray that the vengeance of God might pursue this man from out of the sea until there should be not one drop of his blood, or trace that he had lived, left on the earth; he swore too that he would not sleep in his grave until this vengeance was fulfilled."

"Well?"

"That is the legend; the facts are that these dunes did rise out of the sea that very year, and have gone down the coast until every hearth-stone of the Cortrells is buried out of sight. The old man's two sons went down at sea: he was lost in a quicksand, it is supposed; for he went out one day and never returned. Only his whip and a sunken spot in the sand showed where the sea had stretched its fingers inland to claim him."

"The rest of the story may be true, too," said Graff, "for all ship-wrecked sailors were buried hereabout in the sand, and here—you see the result." He stopped and pointed to the side of a white hillock, whence protruded a broken coffin and some glistening polished bones. "Hide them as you will, the wind uncovers them. The sailors are keeping watch still."

"What beastly inhumanity! The town of Lewes ought to look for the fate of the Cortrells," said Goddard, with a shudder. "Come away, Audrey."

"The whole tradition has taken a curious meaning here," said Audrey. "They say that the sea stretches out its hands to punish selfishness. Sand or wave creeps over every man's life who lives for himself alone. He is sure to die by the one or the other."

They had reached the Graff house now, and paused at the gate to bid good night to Jane. Kit went in with her, as bound by hospitality. "Mr. Goddard will leave you safely at home, Audrey," he said with an air of ownership. When he entered the house he found, much to his relief, that Jane had gone to her own room. She was watching from the windows the two dark figures passing down the road. They did

not turn to the Swenson house, but went back to the beach. After a moment, Jane, wrapping a cloak about her, followed them.

CHAPTER VIII.

"CERTAINLY," said Audrey. "I will go down to the sands for a while. Unless," bluntly, "your being with me would annoy Miss Derby. I will not do that. Going or not going, is of no importance to me."

Of no importance? Niel Goddard looked at her. The grapes out of reach became desirable. At that moment he first felt a real love for her. It was real, though purely of the Goddard kind.

"There is no reason why it should matter anything to Jane," he said quietly.

"None?" Yea was yea to Audrey Swenson, and nay, nay. Her large blue eyes rested on him steadily for a minute as they walked on together. After that some impalpable veil which she had let fall between them was gone.

There is so little to tell of these two who were going down together, and of Jane following behind, that I am tempted to give up the story. But after all what is all life but the history of some man and some woman—lovers, or husband and wife, or mother and child, with a background of sea sand or farm-house or city street, trying to catch hands—to find in each other something which they lack in themselves or in God? Marriage seldom makes a break in the story. Sometimes the knife or pistol interferes to put a vulgar, bloody, cluttered end to the fine tragedy or comedy, and then it becomes public.

The mist was heavy, and not only hid Jane, but carried their voices toward her. No scruples had she about eaves-dropping; her notions of honor were never accurate nor neat. Fighting for her life as she was just now, all the world for her had gone down into those two shadows in the mist—the woman's a little taller than the man's, and held carefully apart; for Audrey had an odd habit of walking free, and alone. "If she once touches hands with him, that will be the sign it is all over," thought Jane, guessing at even the personal whims of the woman who had taken her place. She knew well—no guessing there—all that would go in that other and smaller shadow, into the marriage. Just now, when she loved him best, she held up his faults and *minauderies* and jeered at them savagely. "If she knew him as I do, she would

not care for him; she is not a fool!" she said. She knew by the merest drift of a word the current of their talk; for Niel, like all "brilliant conversationalists" was apt to repeat himself. "Now he is telling her about his mother; every woman cries when he tells about his mother; now he is on his struggles to keep art out of trade; he makes the common run of women think he could feed himself on fame and his aspirations without market-money. Aspirations, indeed! Though it does seem as if his soul kept his body alive," said Jane, faithful in her rage, with a choke and sob in her throat. "And now—now he is letting silence speak for him." One of his maxims was, that "with souls nearest akin to our own, intuition took the place of words." She knew all his maxims as she did her alphabet; they were a sort of alphabet to her, in fact.

Dropping the cloak-hood from her ears, Jane came closer to catch their words more distinctly. They had stopped below a headland on the beach. She was hidden in its shadow; between them lay a patch of wet sand. The moon was bright enough for her to see Goddard's face. She knew it in all its moods, but never had seen it kindled with such resolve and intentness as now. But could she have heard their words she would have found that this was assuredly on Audrey's part no love-making.

"What I want from you," deliberately as if she were buying sugar from a grocer, "is to tell me what my voice, touch, and knowledge of music are worth. These are only my tools, to be sure, but I must know whether they are good tools or not. I never met anybody before who could tell me."

"It would need five years, at least, of severe study to give you such power of expression as would content you."

She nodded gravely. "I thought it would be longer. Well, I can give that."

"You would not be a very young girl at the end of five years," essayed Goddard, after a cautious pause. "It is the very time of life which most women give to dreams and fancy, and to—love."

She was looking at him anxiously, with precisely the practical air that she might have worn had she doubted that the sugar was good. "I'm not sure," thoughtfully, "but I don't think that I know what dreams and love are, as other women do."

Niel Goddard was no sensualist, but he drew his breath faster as his eye ran over the delicate yet strong hand and arm which

the cloak left bare. The swelling throat, the erect head of the girl, held at a level with his own, were unique, in his knowledge of women, in their beauty and power. Nature, he remembered, made no mistakes. Cleopatra in soul or body was not better fitted for the subtle communion of spirit, the kindling of passion, than this cold, unawakened child. "I don't believe," she continued with a grave simplicity, "that God made me to be a wife or mother."

"You think," said Goddard, as grave as she, "that instead, he has given you a message to deliver?"

She turned sharply. "Who told you that I thought that? I never did. I never put that into words." She was greatly shaken, and finally, without recovering herself, walked hastily away from him. He followed her, speaking as though she had not answered him at all.

"You are not sure of your means of expression in music. But are you sure of what you want to say?"

"Yes. I know that. I do know that. If I were not sure of that—what would become of me?"

Goddard stopped to consider. He began to comprehend how this one idea possessed this lonely woman, almost to insanity. She had always been so simple in words and manner that he had begun to think her ignorant of her exceptional power, and shallow in feeling, to deficiency. Now, he feared to meddle, to suggest an idea to her, as though he had been about to thrust his rough hand into the chorded strings of a harp. If his words should be coarse, jar against this belief, offend her!

"In your message is it only the sky or sea you must interpret? Has no other woman a share in it? No man?"

She laughed. Her secret was shut down by this time quite out of sight—no glimpse of emotion in the steady blue eye. Outside of her secret, the world was still but a cheerful holiday ground to Audrey. "What could I have to say for humanity? Humanity for me means my uncle and Kit."

"And me?" carelessly.

"And you." Surely he detected a pale pink on her face that had not been there before. There was a sudden silence, too, which they found it difficult to break.

Miss Derby, unable to hear what they said, had had time to decide upon a plan of action. There was something in Goddard's manner different from anything she had ever seen there with the women who

had been the objects of his fervent short-lived friendships. "All other women have petted Niel. This is the first one whom he could protect," she thought shrewdly. The danger, therefore, was real.

But Jane tapped her thin breast, under which a paper rustled. "He will never marry her while he is a poor man. And the Stonepost Farm is mine—mine."

Nothing was easier than to join them; to prevent Goddard, by her mere presence, from betraying his feeling, and when they were alone together to show him the paper,—"in a light, joking way," she resolved, "as if it would be impossible for me to interfere with his good fortune. It is precisely the absurd romantic kind of generosity which Niel would appreciate. He will believe afterward in this girl's 'largesse for mankind' just as entirely; he will pay homage to her hair and eyes and genius, for a week or two, but he will never make her his wife while I own the Stonepost Farm. Market-money *versus* Aspiration! I know which will win." With bitter tears in her eyes she buttoned her cloak, looking for a dry path, for the sand on which she stood was uncomfortably wet and clammy, but seeing none, struck boldly across the sunken space between herself and him. The next moment she looked down. Was it mud on which she walked? It gave way quickly to her tread, but closed and clung about her shoes. Her feet sank deeper with each step; the weight of the wet sand, if sand it were, grew heavy on them as though it were glue. Before she was one-third of the way across her ankles were not strong enough to drag them out.

"Niel! Niel!" she cried.

"Miss Derby has followed us," Audrey exclaimed, and hurried to meet her. Goddard came slowly after her with an impatient shrug, muttering something about being spied upon perpetually. Audrey stopped.

"She does not move," turning to him startled, "and this is near—"

"I cannot move," cried Jane. "It feels as if some one were dragging my feet down."

"So like a woman!" muttered Goddard. "She has run open-eyed into a swamp, and cries to be taken out of it." But Audrey caught him by the shoulder breathlessly.

"Stop! Let me see where we are," turning her pale face from side to side. "The lighthouse to the left. Symme's pond at our back. Merciful God! she is in the quicksand!"

Goddard shook her off. "Let me go. Keep still, Jenny. Don't struggle, I'm coming. Let go my arm, I say!" But Audrey held him in a grip like iron.

"No, I'll not let you go. You don't understand. Three men have been lost in that quicksand, with the whole village looking on. There's no help possible. You would only sink with her."

"Yes, I am heavier than she, that's true," wiping the cold sweat from his face.

"But, good God! I can't stand here and see Jenny Derby die! You don't know what she has been to me, woman! Let me go. I can die with her." He shook her off, and shivering and quaking stretched out his hands to Jane, who stood quite motionless, hearing every word that was spoken, but uttering neither word nor cry.

"It was natural that the other woman should hold him back. But he loves me! *Me.*" The thought flashed through her like a fiery heat of triumph. For herself she suffered no physical pain. It was incredible that she could be in imminent danger. Her feet and ankles were buried in the sand, which had now closed quite firmly about them. She was not conscious of the slow, steady sinking.

Audrey had loosed her hold. "But you will not go," she said, as an older person speaks to a younger. "I do not mean that she shall die. There must be a way. We shall find one. I am going for Kit and the people. Stand here, Mr. Goddard. Just here. You can give her great comfort and strength by speaking to her. But if you go to her you only cause her to sink faster. Remember that." She disappeared swift as a shadow.

Goddard held out his arms across the dull gray space. "I could not bear the agony of seeing her die!" glancing up to heaven in a confidential way, and wiping the cold sweat from his face. Then he called to her: "If I cannot devise a way to save you, I will come, and we will die together, Jenny."

"Yes, Niel," she said quietly. Her head fell upon her breast. In her ordinary moods Jane would have struggled against dying, tried medicines and doctors with all the alertness and shrewdness of her small body and small mind, but death had taken her by the throat when she was in a manner lifted above her usual self by passion and jealousy. She was calm to heroism. It seemed to her a simple and natural thing that this man whom she loved should come to die with her.

As for Goddard, he stood still. Ten steps would bring him at any minute beside her, on to the swaying shadow which the moon made of her figure on the fatal glistening flat of sand. Death seemed to him at that moment a drink divine. Surrounded by the somber majesty of the night, in the vast silence of sea and shore, going like a young god to the side of this faithful creature who loved him with dog-like affection—it was to pass the dark portals as a hero or a king! Indeed, the first line of a poem descriptive of the sacrifice he meant to make rushed into his heated brain.

Meanwhile, with his hands outstretched, the wind blowing back his hair from his white, set face, instinct with all its noble meanings, he was a very fair type of a hero.

CHAPTER IX.

GODDARD, after awhile, recovering from his rapt contemplation of death, was conscious of a crowd of people ringed about the quicksand. There was but little noise: the most of them being horrified into silence. Kit Graff's big, burly figure was nearest to him. "Tut! tut!" was all that Kit could find to say, now that the crisis which poor Jenny had foreseen was upon her. Goddard turned from him disgusted.

"You might as well have brought one of his own oxen," he thundered to Audrey. The little man's fiery indignation was always ready to blaze forth recklessly at any hint of cowardice or lack of feeling.

The moon was up now; sea and quicksand, the whispering groups of women and arguing men, stood out clear against its ghastly pallor to Goddard's eye as a black picture on a white ground—one of Fuseli's terrible outlines. In the midst, with the treacherous pitfall around her, underneath which lay death and the grave, Jane crouched on the ground a black tumbled heap. Her heroism had evaporated; she struggled and cried and shrieked and threw herself to and fro as any other poor unreasoning animal would do, sucked into the jaws of death inch by inch. How far her body had really sunken it was impossible to tell owing to her crouching position.

But now that she had wakened to the fear of death for herself, she was suddenly conscious that it might come to Goddard. She stopped short in her cries for help (which had been so shrill and piteous as

to drive the blood to the heart of every man there) the moment she heard his loud protestation of his resolve to die with her, and listened intently. Then she stood up and called out to them with a certain tone of authority.

"You men, I'll not cry for you to help me again. I don't want to vex any of my friends. But I'll pay any man well that will come to save me. And I'll pay you double if you will keep Mr. Goddard back. For God's sake keep him back."

The moonlight showed her her Apollo, poised vehement, as though ready to spring to her from the heights of heaven. She could see the upturned flash of his blue eyes, the moonlight was so bright; see even the intaglio which dangled from his watch-chain over his blue sailor shirt; and she remembered, poor Jane, how she had gone without meat and butter for a year, to buy and send it to him anonymously. "He thought old Shively sent it; and that pleased him better," she thought, looking at him with a queer, tender smile, even while the dead weight on her legs tugged cold and heavy, as though her feet were in truth already in the grave. So that he were pleased, what did it matter who had had the credit?

The hum of voices began to grow dull to her ears; the black encircling line of figures swam and swayed like a mist; only Goddard stood out distinct. If she died he would suffer so! It seemed to her but little matter whether she lived or died if he could be kept safe in his youth and brilliance and power. And yet an hour ago she had intended, in her mean, selfish spite, to rob him of his inheritance, to keep him from marrying the woman she thought he loved. She stretched out her hands to him. If she could but creep into some corner of the world, and watch him from there, happy with any woman, even with Audrey! What! was poor Jane Derby to be the wife of such a man!

It was but a little while that she was thus driven in on herself by the hold of death, but it first taught her what love was, as it does many a woman and man. After that the very cold and pain and physical nervous shock conquered her, and she fell into a sort of stupor.

The villagers, during those few minutes, had great difficulty in keeping Goddard back. He was quite sincere in his efforts to dash across the sand and perish with her. However, they held him, while they

laid plans for her rescue, and discussed the situation with that deliberative zeal about to-morrow's work peculiar to people in Delaware and Jersey.

"I do allow," said Pike, "that she could have been got out of any other sands or swamp than this by means of ropes and drags such as Mr. Graff there is preparing. But not out of this. No sir. It's noted dangerous, this quicksand is."

Audrey, who was the only woman who was not weeping, and who did not join the men in their talk, came up now to Graff. "I thought or heard of a way, long ago, that seems worth trying. If she had thin, stout planks, such as the staves of a hog-head, and could drive them into the sand about her, in a circle—sloping in, you understand, until they met below her feet—the sand in which she stood would then be motionless and we could easily drag her out of it."

There was the usual civil, doubting pause with which men receive a practical suggestion from women. Then Pike nodded. "Seems to be somethin' in that, Mr. Graff, provided we had the staves. But staves don't lie loose around hyar on the beach. Nor axes to drive 'em. Before we'd bring 'em, that poor young creature 'll be drawed out of sight."

"The difficulty would be," said Graff, "that she is not strong enough to drive the staves sufficiently deep. But—we'll go for them, boys," nodding to a group of young men. After they were gone the others went on talking.

"Who is this young woman? Derby? Don't know the name. Don't belong to Sussex county." Audrey paid no heed to those whisperings going about, until one question made her prick up her ears. "Is she got any Cortrell blood? 'd like to know that. If she has there's no chance for her. The sea'll never give up its old grudge agin the Cortrells."

"It is not possible that she should have any Cortrell blood in her veins?" going up anxiously to Goddard as he stood gloomily apart, his eyes closed to keep out the death scene in which he could not share. "Her foreboding to-night was strange. Women with the second-sight always have those clear gray eyes. What do you think, eh?"

Audrey's shudder, her evident belief in the superstition itself threw Goddard quite out of his agony, just as a switch puts a train off one track on to another. He stared at her as Hamlet at

the murdered Dane. "Her grandfather or aunt or somebody *was* a Cortrell! I remember now hearing her once talk of them."

"Now," said Graff to the men, who, like himself carried a lot of these planks on their backs, "Lay them here. Stand out of the way, if you please, Mr. Goddard. You're the strongest, Joe. When I call out to you, 'steady!' you're to throw the planks to me, one at a time."

"Where are you going?" Audrey stepped in front of him. Her face more than her hand barred his way.

"Stand aside, child. There's no time to lose. She's not able to drive the staves, but I am, I fancy. I can reach her safe enough, and when I reach her we're safe enough, too." Goddard wondered why the man, if he did propose to play the hero, could not shape his sentences more grammatically and dramatically.

"This is *my* errand," stepping forward

and thrusting Graff aside, "I am ready, God knows, to risk or give my life for her."

"Very likely," said Graff, coolly, "you can find another axe and follow if you like. You can't have this one. I don't reckon you're much of a pile-driver, though," looking down contemptuously on the thin little man dilated with heroic resolve. "You understand, boys? Heft me the planks as I call for them. Bye-bye, child," looking down at Audrey for an instant, and then turning quickly away.

"You must not go, Kit," and down went her voice to a whisper,—"*She is a Cortrell.*"

Graff unquestionably lost color. "The devil!" stopping short, axe in hand. "So she is. I remember now. Well," drawing breath, "no matter." He turned to the quicksand again. But as he passed Audrey he laid his hand on her shoulder, and looking at her steadily, said, "Good-bye, child," once more.

(To be continued.)

IRREPARABLE.

THE sorrow of all sorrows
Was never sung or said,
Though many a poet borrows
The mourning of the dead,
And darkly buries pleasure
In some melodious measure.

The loss of youth is sadness
To all who think, or feel,—
A wound no after gladness
Can ever wholly heal;
And yet, so many share it,
We learn at last to bear it.

The faltering and the failing
Of friends is sadder still;
For friends grown foes, assailing,
Know when and where to kill;
But souls themselves sustaining,
Have still a friend remaining!

The death of those who love us,
And those we love, is sore:
But think they are above us,
Or think they are no more,—
We bear the blows that sever,
We cannot weep forever!

The sorrow of all sorrows
 Is deeper than all these,
 And all that anguish borrows
 Upon its bended knees ;
 No tears nor prayers relieve it,
 No loving vows deceive it.

It is one day to waken
 And find that love is flown,
 And cannot be o'ertaken,
 And we are left alone :—
 No wo that can be spoken,
 No heart that can be broken !

No wish for love's returning,
 Or something in its stead ;
 No missing it, and yearning
 As for the dearer dead :
 No yesterday, no morrow,—
 But everlasting sorrow !

ANNALS OF AN ENGLISH ABBEY.

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

PART III.

It was not an age of newspapers or public meetings, popular debating assemblies, or stump oratory. When the people rose they rose meaning business, in a temper which was the bursting of pent and smothered fury.

Instinct pointed out to them their immediate enemies. It was the lawyer who had ruled that "a villain" could not sue his lord. It was the lawyer's parchment by which the tenantry were held as chattels,—part and parcel of the soil. It was the lawyer again who lay in watch for them like some wild beast, dragging them through king's court, bishop's court or abbot's court, serving writs upon them for any trifling oath or hasty sin, or enforcing dues and fines at the pleasure of the manorial chief.*

Pinched, ground and starved as they had

been in the name of law, they fell at once on the instruments of their oppression.

"Let us hang all lawyers," was the cry which Shakespeare places on their lips in describing the later insurrection of Jack Cade, and Cade is made to answer:

"Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment—that parchment scribbled over should undo a man?"

Shakespeare in his account of Cade was but translating (though giving life by his own touch to the dead words) from the Monk Walsingham's history of the rebellion of 1381. In those inarticulate days passion turned instantly to act. With a sharp axe (hanging had not yet come into fashion) the Kent insurgents chopped off the heads of every

* The exactions of the spiritual courts were peculiarly hateful.

The king taxeth not his men
 But by assent of the communalte,
 But these each yeare will ransom them,
 Maisterfully more than doth he.

Her scales each yeare better be
 Than is the king's in extend
 Her officers have greater fee,
 But this mischef God amend.

[Complaint of the Ploughman. *Political Songs and Poems*, vol. i., p. 323.]

judge, lawyer or lawyer's clerk that they could catch upon their march. To be able to write was sufficient evidence of guilt.

"Dost thou use to write thy name?" says Cade to a clerk who was brought before him with his implements in his satchel, "or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest, plain-dealing man?"

"I thank God," the clerk answers, "I have been so well brought up that I can write my name."

"Away with him," cry the mob, "he hath confessed." "Away with him," says Cade. "Hang him up with his pen and inkhorn about his neck."

This is no more than a paraphrase from Walsingham. *Periculosum erat agnoscere pro clerico, sed multo periculosius si ad latus alicujus atramentarium inventum fuisset. Nam tales vix aut nunquam ab eorum manibus evaserunt.*

The abbeys and manor-houses on their route were broken open and sacked. The muniment chests were searched, and every roll and deed was taken out and burnt.

Then gathering frenzy and growing savage with the taste of blood, the wild army swept on over Blackheath to London Bridge. The city had risen as they expected at the news of their approach. The counties to the west and south had taken fire, and troops of villagers were streaming up along the road from Hertfordshire and Bucks. The gentlemen, fluttered and helpless, gathered into small knots for self-protection, but, without orders from the court, knew not which way to turn. The gates on the bridge had been closed; but they were opened by the mob from within. Peasants and citizens flung themselves into each others' arms; and London and all that it contained lay at the mercy of a hundred thousand madmen.

It was Corpus Christi day, the 13th of June, when Wat Tyler entered the city. The enormous multitude was parted into three divisions. Jack Straw made his head-quarters at Highbury Barn, outside the walls, on the North Road. Half the rest seized Tower Hill. The others lay at Mile End, at the head of Whitechapel Road.

With method in their fury they sent separate detachments on the work of destruction. The King, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was Lord Chancellor, Sir Nicholas Waltham, the Mayor of London, the Earls of Salisbury, Warwick and Suffolk had shut themselves into the Tower without attempting resistance. Still aiming at the lawyers, the people attacked the Temple and burnt it,

with the records which it contained.* They proceeded next to destroy the Savoy Palace belonging to the Duke of Lancaster, the most beautiful house in England, and afterwards the Hospital of the Knights of Rhodes, the bloody axe beating time to their march, and every supposed enemy of popular rights that was unable to escape being dragged to the block.

Another section attacked Lombard Street. There dwelt the bankers, the Flemish merchants, the money-lenders, those who fixed the rate of interest and were the representatives of the usurers, who took advantage of the poor man's necessities and ground him to grist in their mills. On these poor wretches wild vengeance alighted; scaffolds were extemporized in the streets, and their bloody heads rolled in the kennels.

"So the ungracious people demeaned themselves like men enraged and wode (mad), and did much sorrow in London."

The fury waxed through all that midsummer day, Thursday, the 13th of June. In the evening the tide rolled up against the Tower. All night it raged about the gates—a crowd of furious men crying for the king, swearing they would not go till they had the king at their pleasure, and till they brought to his account the head of the legal profession in England, the Archbishop-Chancellor, Simon of Sudbury. Unhappy Archbishop Simon! not specially guilty above other chancellors, judges, magistrates, officers of an unjust law; but having the bad luck to be the foremost representative of all the heedless wrong which had been heaped for generations on the back of the English commons, at an hour when authority was struck down, and the forces of nature had broken loose to bring all these things to judgment.

Inside the Tower there were 1,200 soldiers besides the retainers of the king and the nobles. Waltham the Mayor proposed a night-sally on the half-armed, half-drunken mass of howling frenzy. A few determined men might slay the rebels in their sleep—slay them, as was said, "like fleas." What more horrible than a murdering crowd of maniacs! What more likely than that London itself might perish, as the Savoy Palace had perished, unless order dared to assert itself? Blood enough was on the hands of the miserable wretches. Little cause might a brave magistrate have seen to hesitate. But behind the mob lay the crimes which had kindled the

* *Ubi plura munimenta quæ juridici in custodia habuerunt igne consumpta sunt.*

conflagration and unnerved the hands of the saviors of society. "The Earl of Salisbury and the wise men about the king said, 'Sir, if ye can appease them with fairness it were best and most profitable, and to grant them all that they desire; for if we should begin a thing which we could not achieve we should never recover it again, but we and our heirs ever to be disinherited.'"

The earl's "counsel was taken." Another victim, the most innocent and the most illustrious, was yet necessary before the plague could be stayed. As day broke the mob again roused themselves to action. Dark gangs of workmen swarmed about the Tower archway, while a yell rose from sixty thousand throats, "Bring out the Archbishop." The gates were opened and the human torrent poured through them. The men-at-arms stood in files with their halberds and battle-axes, but with orders not to resist, and "more dead than alive." Horny hands caught the knights by their beards and stroked them. Artisans in their greasy jerkins surged into the royal apartments, flung themselves into the satin chairs and rolled on the velvet counterpanes. The Princess of Wales, the king's mother, was there. Some workman or practical preacher of equality begged a kiss from her. But for the present at least the people meant no hurt to her or the king. The cry was still for the traitor prelate, the oppressor of the commons. Where was he? They seized a servant in the archbishop's livery, a dagger was held at his heart, and he was told to lead them to his master's hiding-place. He brought them to the vaulted chapel in the central tower, where the old man was kneeling before the altar, foreseeing his fate, and impatient to have the business over, "*moras eorum arguens.*"

He rose to meet them. "Welcome, my children!" he said; "I am he that you seek, though no traitor and no oppressor." They rushed upon him. His chaplain held up the Corpus Dominicum. They flung him aside and dragged their prisoner unresisting across the court, and through the Tower gates to Tower Hill. As he appeared there rose a yell from the crowd not like any human shout, but like "a scream from Satan's peacocks"—"*voci-bus pavonum diabolicis*"—swords flashed over the venerable head. "What means this?" he said. "What have I done? If you kill me, the Pope will lay you under an interdict."

"Pope and interdict go to their own place," was the answer. "Thou art a false traitor. Lay down thy head." The archbishop was most eloquent—eloquent, it was

said, above all Englishmen of his day. He pleaded hard, but it availed nothing. A ruffian struck at him. "Ah, ah," he cried, putting his hand to the wound in his neck, "it is the hand of the Lord." The next stroke severed his fingers and cut an artery. At last, with eight blows they hacked the head from the body, and left him in dust and blood.

The story now returns to St. Alban's, where we left the townsfolk and the abbey tenants smarting under the hands of Abbot Thomas de la Mare. The news of the insurrection shot through the midland counties. The passionate cry was heard everywhere that serfdom and villanage were at an end—Englishmen were to receive at last their eternal birthright of freedom.

On the same Corpus Christi day, the 13th of June, on which Wat Tyler entered London, companies of men came trooping into St. Alban's, old and young, horse and foot, from the neighboring towns. They were received with shouts of welcome, and quia totum genus humanum pro majori parte ad malum citius quam in bonum semper est proclivum, peasants, farmers, and burgesses at once addressed themselves to the abbey to demand their liberties once more. Dusty messengers were following one another from London, some from Wat inviting the commons of Hertfordshire to his standard; some to tell the abbot that London was in the insurgents' hands. The abbot proposed that a joint deputation should go up and learn the king's pleasure; what the king should order, he said that he was ready to do. The leader of the St. Alban's rising was a burgess named William Grindcobbe,* who had been educated at the abbey school. His experience of the monks, either then or afterwards, had not disposed him to look favorably on them, and the dislike was mutual. There had been a quarrel between the abbey and the town about the limits of the abbey precincts. Grindcobbe's house, it was pretended, encroached on the abbot's premises. The abbot had sent officials to inspect; Grindcobbe had beaten them, and had been excommunicated in consequence, and been compelled to do penance naked in the presence of the assembled convent. It was now Grindcobbe's turn. The required respite was conceded, and the next morning (Friday, the day of the archbishop's murder) he started with a few hundred of his best-armed followers to see how matters were going.

* Patriotism ran in the family. The name of another Grindcobbe appears on the charter granted by Abbot Hugh, among the signatures of the burgesses.

He found Wat holding his ragged court at Mile End. The king, despairing of immediate assistance, had conceded every request that was presented to him. He had abolished serfdom so far as an act of the crown could abolish it. He had granted charters to all who asked for them. He had pardoned all the murderers. In a word, the English peasantry were free, and multitudes of the country-people, supposing their object gained, were trailing back to their homes. Wat himself, who knew the difference between paper grants and real victories, intended to take more substantial guarantees, and had determined to remain till he got them. It may be that he had views for himself too. For a leader who had climbed to so high an eminence, there was no easy or safe descent. Grindcobbe was admitted to an interview, and told the story of the abbot of St. Alban's misdoings. Wat sent him on to Richard. The king gave him a letter to the abbot, and promised, as he was pressing to be gone, to send a charter after him: Wat undertook to see that the promise should be kept, bade Grindcobbe return in peace and tell the abbot that unless justice was done immediately he would go to St. Alban's himself with twenty thousand men and shave the monks' beards for them. With this message, and the king's promise, Grindcobbe rode back in the gloaming. The news of the murder of the archbishop in the morning had gone before him. The prior who managed the estates, and knew himself to be specially hated, seeing how things were going, had slipped out at a postern with his attorney and his clerks, and had ridden for his life to the North.

The following morning, Saturday, June 15th, St. Alban's was early astir to assert its regained rights. Every gentleman and commoner residing within the liberties of the abbey had been ordered by the delegates of the people to attend on pain of death. So had commanded Wat Tyler, champion of England's freedom. The inhabitants marshalled in procession, moved once more upon the detested fences which shut them out from their woods and meadows. Swearing first a solemn oath to stand by each other, they leveled the walls and paling. A rabbit starting from its seat among them, they speared it, carried it on a lance-point into the market-place, and set it up there as a symbol of free warren. "Wherefore," comments the chronicler, characteristically, "because they had infringed Christ's patrimony, their leaders were afterwards dragged over those meadows and through those woods, and then hanged ac-

cording to their demerits, as shall be hereafter told."

Christ's patrimony was the abbot's game preserve; so thought the monk Thomas of Walsingham. Under such convictions are serious, well-intentioned men permitted to live and act, and sow the seeds of revolutions to come, as history has also to tell.

The impaled rabbit thus duly being set on high, Grindcobbe led his company to the abbey once more. The abbot's order was to make no resistance, and to leave the gate open. The first step was to break the door of the abbey jail and release the prisoners. Most of them probably were, like Nicholas Tybbeson, confined for non-payment of questionable exactions. One unhappy wretch, for an unnamed reason, perhaps because he was a real criminal, who had claimed benefit of clergy, the mob decided to lynch. A block and axe were extemporized—they struck his head off under the abbot's windows and set it beside the rabbit's. So far they had gone when a horn was heard, and a company of horse galloped up with the royal standard flying. It was Richard of Wallingford, one of the chief burgesses, who had accompanied Grindcobbe to London the day before, and had been left behind to receive the king's letter, which he was now bringing with him. The standard was planted; the people were directed to remain by it, and Grindcobbe, Richard, and other delegates, entered the church and sent to the abbot to come to them.

The abbot had been sitting in sad chapter with the convent. He had said that he would rather die than yield the Church's rights. The brethren had told him that his death would not help the situation. The people would either have their way or would kill them all and burn the abbey. Thus pressed, the abbot repaired to the insurgent leaders. Richard of Wallingford placed in his hand a command from the king to restore the charters which had been granted by Abbot Hugh; to grant a complete release of all rights over wood and meadow; all rights of corn-mill and fulling-mill, *ceo que lei et reson le requeront*—as law and reason required. This done, all grudges should be thenceforth removed.

The abbot said, feebly, that although it was true his predecessors had granted such a charter, it had been afterwards surrendered.

Richard of Wallingford answered that times were changed. The people were now masters, and the people meant to have their way. "There stand," he continued, as he saw the abbot still hesitating, "a thousand men

before your gate waiting your answer. Either yield, or we send word to Wat Tyler, who will burn your abbey to the ground."

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the abbot. "For these thirty-two years I have been your father. I have injured none of you; and now without cause will you destroy your kind master?"

It was to no purpose. Richard of Walmingford said he must have a yes or no.

Abbas librans pericula yielded. He gave up the charters, and certain bonds with them into which the burgesses had entered to submit for the future. The bonds were carried off and burnt at the market-cross under the rabbit's and the prisoner's head. Another charter was promised *de libertatibus villanorum*, setting the "villains" free. One more piece of justice, this time an innocent one, the people executed for themselves. The millstones in the floor of the "parlor" were torn up and broken, and the fragments distributed through the town "as if they had been pieces of holy bread."

The abbey was now left to itself. The citizens withdrew. The monks went to dinner, which they ate in sorrow, "mixing their meat with tears and their drink with lamentations." Here was a change. Richard the clockmaker's work all undone again. The master down, the servants up, the abbey likely to be burnt, and their very lives in the hands of clowns. At night the mob were at the gates again crying for the promised emancipation charter. Five hundred peasants bivouacked under the walls, threatening to break in at any moment, and were only kept in good humor by bread and beer from the buttery. All persons who had claims on the abbey were invited to bring them in for settlement. "An abbey tenant, who himself owed us money, came and demanded a hundred marks, of which he said the prior had robbed him. The wretch at last accepted twenty pounds, saying he would gladly lose all if he could but catch the prior and settle scores with him."

The night wore away in misery. The monks were meditating flight and meant to be off in the morning. The day when it came brought news that the tide had turned.

Not this time, nor for many an age to come, was England to be a commonwealth after Wat Tyler's pattern. Commonwealth indeed on such terms it could never be, but only a pile of units without power or coherence, ready at the first blast of wind to be scattered like dust. It would be no very excellent England when a Wat Tyler's or a

Cade's mouth was to be its parliament.* This, and all nations which deserve the name, can exist only where there is settled order and settled rule, and where fools and knaves submit to let wise men guide them; yet with this condition also laid down in the *Eternal Statute-Book*, that the wise shall also be just,—or red republics will rise and again rise, and mad socialisms, and reigns of terror, and archbishops must be shot on barricades, or have their heads hacked from their shoulders by the swords of clowns.

Wat Tyler's work was done. The bloody lesson had been read, and a small step gained for suffering mankind. Nature or destiny was for the time satisfied, and the tools with which she had worked were flung away.

This same Saturday morning, Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and Ball lay with twenty thousand of their followers in Smithfield. They were meditating, it was said, a general confiscation of property. London was to be plundered and the spoil divided. The king's person was then to be secured, and the new triumphs were to govern England in his name on communist principles. Richard—so the story goes—was intending to escape, if possible, from London, and with the mayor and forty gentlemen about him left the town and rode past the skirts of the mob. If he had really meant to fly, it is singular that he should have chosen the route which exposed him most certainly to interruption. At all events he appeared in Smithfield. Wat Tyler, on horseback, placed himself in the king's path, struck at one of the equerries, Sir John Newton, and then insolently addressed the king. Walworth, the mayor, coming up at the moment with a party of horse, rode in upon the rebel leader and bore him to the ground. One of the king's attendants sprang off and ran him through the body with his sword, and at once all was confusion. Wat Tyler had been the life of the insurgents. The sudden blow upon the head stunned and stupefied them. Other parties of gentlemen with armed servants were riding in from the cross streets, likely enough with preconcerted purpose. The king, with a courage which promised a better future for him than he lived to realize, rode forward and spoke

* DICK.—I have a suit to your lordship: that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

CADE.—I have thought upon it. It shall be so. Burn all the records of the realm. "My mouth shall be the parliament of England."

Wat Tyler declared, says Walsingham, "that all things should be in common, and the laws should come out of his lips."

with address and presence of mind. He renewed his promise of emancipation, with pardon for all that had passed. The crowd melted away. The two priests went off with the rest. Ball was immediately taken. Jack Straw escaped into the eastern counties.

It was now the turn of the ruling powers. Promises freely given might require to be observed. Promises made to rebels in arms were binding only while the force which extorted them remained. Walworth, with the city guard, seized such straggling wretches as had been left behind and struck their heads off. Knights and barons came up with their followers in haste from the country, to prevent the disgrace of the crown and to "save society." In four days the king had forty thousand men-at-arms about him. Justice was not allowed to linger. A special commission was appointed to try offenders, and Richard, with Chief-Justice Tressilian, went down into Kent to hold his court. The miserable people inquired with wonder if they were in a dream. "Had they not been promised pardon and promised freedom?" "Rustici fuistis et estis," the king replied—"Clowns ye have been, and clowns ye are. In bondage permanebitis, non ut hactenus, sed incomparabiliter viliori—In your bondage ye shall remain: not as heretofore, but infinitely worse. So long as I live and reign I will make you an example to future ages."

"My father chastised you with whips, and I will chastise you with scorpions." So answered a foolish Hebrew king, and lost an empire for his pains. So often answer the rulers of this world in the pride of their power. But there is a higher power in nature which will not be so answered—as Richard found when Henry of Lancaster hurled him from his throne; and as the barons found when, a generation later, they watered the English meadows with each other's blood. For the present it was the hour of authority,—authority which had forgotten its own injustice in the crimes of those who had risen in arms against it. Prisoners were brought in in gangs, and sent at first with short shrift to the block. Propter multitudinem perimendorum, "on account of the multitude of those who were to be executed," there was no leisure for more discriminating proceedings. When the first fever of revenge was slaked, Tressilian sat for ordered justice, and the criminals were hanged, drawn, and quartered with the usual ceremonious ferocity.

The insurrection died hard. Jack Straw fled to Norfolk, where the commons were still unbroken. They knew now the mercy for

which they had to look. A crowd of infuriated people, said to have numbered fifty thousand, again gathered about him. Sir John Cavendish, one of the judges, was in the county. They killed him and set his head on a spike in Bury St. Edmunds. Off too went the head of the prior of St. Edmund's monastery, and was set lip to lip with the head of Cavendish. Less happy he than his brother of St. Alban's, who was safe in Northumberland. A mock monarch was set up to succeed the Tyler, one John Littestere. They called him "King of the Commons," and set themselves in force to attack Norwich.

But the tide had turned, and the barons were now on their guard. Henry le Spencer, a fiery youth whom the fates and a disordered age had made into a bishop, gathered his lances round him. He found Straw and Littestere entrenched at North Walsham, behind a ditch and a barricade of carts. Le Spencer, in full armor, snatched a spear from a comrade, put his horse at the water, and flew over it *velut aper frendens dentibus*—"like a boar grinding his tusks." The first man that he encountered he pinned to the ground. Then, with a huge double-edged sword, he plunged into the crowd, hewing round him and lopping heads and arms. Fast after the bishop came his mailed companions. The wretched commons were cut down in heaps till none were left to be killed. Straw was sent to London, where Walworth promptly hanged him. The bishop himself took charge of the King of the Commons. Combining the functions of a ghostly father and provost-marshal, he first heard the poor king's confession and made him ready for eternity. Then throwing him on the hurdle and with his own hand holding up his head—*ne collideretur a terra*—"lest it should be dashed against the ground" as he was being dragged to the gallows, he hung him in chains for the crows to feast on as a lesson to all revolvers against the rule of priests and barons.

Sharp practice, and perhaps necessary; yet to be followed promptly by the division of these same high persons into two camps, like the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, two-thirds of them to perish by each other's swords.

Thus rapidly was Wat Tyler's rebellion extinguished in its own blood. The last scene of the drama remained only to be played out before the curtain fell. The stage chosen for the close of the performance was St. Alban's.

We left the abbot in despair—the monks preparing to fly; the Hertfordshire mob drinking the abbot's ale before the gates; Wat

Tyler, perhaps, looked for in the morning to reduce the abbey to ashes. So had passed the night of Saturday, the 15th of June. Sunrise brought news of the change in London. The king and the mayor had recovered the city, and Wat Tyler was dead.

A knight followed on a horse, bloody with spurring, bringing orders in the king's name for every one to return to his house. Events had followed so thick one upon the other, that the meaning of the new catastrophe was not at once understood. King Richard had renewed his promise of emancipation. The cause survived, if the leader was gone. The mob were not savage, but they persevered in demanding what they considered their rights. Reinforced by the tenants of every farm in the county which the abbey possessed, they required a paper under the abbot's hand, guaranteeing to them in perpetuity a list of specified concessions. Their leaders dictated the principal points in the abbot's chamber. It was not necessary to insist further on emancipation. The king, it was assumed, had put an end to serfdom, by an act which he had solemnly renewed in Smithfield over Wat Tyler's body. The burgesses of the town and the tenants required further their pasture rights, their fishing and warren rights, and the right to grind their corn, free of toll and tithe to the abbot's mills.

A clerk took down their words. The charter of rights was reduced to form, was duly signed and sealed, and was carried off and read at the market-cross. Villanage, and all forms of forced labor were declared to be abolished. Carts went round distributing bread and beer. Peace and good-will were to reign thenceforward between high and low, and the day was spent in jollity and mutual congratulations.

"The fools believed," says Walsingham, "that all were now as noble as the family of the king himself, and that there were to be no more masters upon earth."

For several days they were left in their illusion. A few St. Alban's people had been taken in Essex, and were in danger of the gallows. They sent word to their friends. The abbot was appealed to, and the abbot swore, *se maluisse trajectum fuisse gladio quam talia audisse*—"he would rather have been run through with a sword than have heard such a thing." He and his monks were still defenseless, and, if the people suspected that they were betrayed, the abbey might be destroyed before help could reach them. He dispatched a courier to the court,

bidding him spare neither whip nor spur. The prisoners were released, after taking an oath of fealty, and the alarm passed off.

Shortly after, it was reported that Sir Walter at Lee, a Hertfordshire knight, was coming with a party of soldiers to quarter himself at St. Alban's to preserve the peace of the county.

What was the meaning of this? Grindcobbe the champion of the burgesses, "*plenus improbe animositatis*," "full of wicked resolution," came once more to the front.

"Pluck up your hearts, my friends," he said; "we are rich; we shall not want friends while our money holds. There are eight or ten townships of us confederated. Let us mount our horses and meet this Sir Walter, and learn if he comes in peace."

Out of the nettle danger was to be plucked the flower safety. They encountered Sir Walter, Grindcobbe at their head. Sir Walter had but fifty lances and a company of archers, who, if he tried violence, might go over to the people's side.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Walter smoothly, "his Majesty, who is patron of the Abbey of St. Alban's, has heard of certain wrongs being done to the abbot. He was coming hither himself with a force so large that it would have consumed the whole country. Out of my affection for you I persuaded him to leave the inquiry to me. If you can satisfy the abbot, you have nothing to fear from the king. Let me know who the persons are that have occasioned the riot."

The speech was apparently well received. The two parties rode together to the town. Sir Walter selected twelve burgesses as a grand jury to present the names of the men who had done anything wrong. The grand jury returned for answer that no wrong had been done. They were all loyal subjects together.

Sir Walter and his company passed on to the abbey and heard mass, and having then a stout wall and a barred gate to shelter him, he informed the citizens that they must surrender the charters which they had forced the abbot to give them. The citizens answered promptly that they neither could nor would. The country would tear them to pieces.

Sir Walter's followers were not to be relied on. A body of three hundred archers, who had come into the town to support the people, were handling their bows ominously. He waited till night, and then, with a small party, he contrived to surprise Grindcobbe in his bed, and with a certain John the Barber,

who had been prominent in tearing up the millstones in the abbey parlor, he sent him under a strong guard to Hertford jail.

At Hertford these two gentlemen were likely to have received summary treatment. They were taken before the magistrates in the early morning, and were on the point of being ordered for execution, when an express came from the abbey. The people had risen again, swearing that if their fellow-citizens were injured they would take a hundred lives for one. The garrison was too weak to be depended on, and justice must pause. Grindcobbe and the Barber were released on bail, the burgesses undertaking that they should surrender on the following Sunday, if peace had not been made meanwhile.

This was on Tuesday, the 18th. Again at St. Alban's they called a meeting, and Grindcobbe, *cujus cor induratum in malo fuerat*, whose heart was hardened in evil, rose and spoke: "Fellow-townsmen," he said, "after long oppression, you have at last secured your freedom. Stand now, therefore, while stand you may. Fear not for me. If they take my life it will prove better in the end for you. I shall count myself happy if I am a martyr in your cause. Act for yourselves as you would have acted if my head had fallen yesterday at Hertford. Nothing saved me then but the abbot's message. The judge was sitting, and they were calling out for my blood."

Of course there were cheers for Grindcobbe. They were free men, and sooner than their liberty should be torn from them they would all die. They would have Sir Walter's head, and set it on a pole as a warning to tyrants.

Hard as Walsingham considered Grindcobbe's heart, he kept his word which he had given at Hertford. The town held out as he recommended. He himself, when the week was out, went back to jail, and too probably to death.

Fate was closing round him. Sword and rope having done their work elsewhere; Jack Straw and the King of the Commons hanged, and the towns of Kent and Essex and the eastern counties duly decorated with the heads and quarters of the executed criminals, the king and his chief-justice were at leisure to attend to Hertfordshire, and put the finishing stroke to the work of justice. As the month came to its end, there was no longer a doubt that the royal army was really approaching. The fate of the other counties told but too surely what would follow on its arrival.

In honest alarm for the imprisoned Grindcobbe, the burgesses now fell on their knees. Rights, charters, all should be surrendered.

They offered the abbot two hundred pounds, equal perhaps to three thousand of our modern money. In vain. The time of grace was past. *Abbas non reputavit illam horam idoneam esse ad tractandum cum illis super rem arduâ.* "The abbot did not think it a fitting moment to treat with them on a matter of such importance." The meaning of this was not to be mistaken. As it had been in Kent, so it was to be in Hertfordshire. The humbled wretches carried back the fragments of the millstones and replaced them in the floor. They flung their charters at the abbot's feet. They brought their gold in bags and meekly prayed the abbot to accept it. The abbot took the gold, but the king came, notwithstanding, with his knights and barons and his chief-justice, and St. Alban's, like other places, was to taste the value of royal promises.

A jury of burgesses was again empaneled. Tressilian told them that if they trifled again they should be indicted themselves for treason; and between terror and skillful handling they were drilled into complacency. Grindcobbe and the Barber were brought back from Hertford, and, with thirteen other citizens, were tried, found guilty, and hanged.

A wail of indignant lamentation rose from the town; execrations were heaped upon the abbot, the women especially being eloquent in their fury; and the soldiers who had come with the king, and had little love for churchmen, were suspected of being seduced by the women's arts to listen.* Stake and gallows were threatened freely to silence their slanderous tongues. But the abbot was his own worst accuser. What deeper condemnation could be pronounced against a house of religion than to have inspired all its dependants with so deadly hatred?

One more victim had yet to be sacrificed,—the original cause of the rebellion, the preacher who had questioned the existence of gentlemen, when Adam dived and Eve was learning to spin. John Ball had been taken at Coventry and been handed over to Tressilian. The Bishop of London had procured him a few days' respite, being anxious for his soul, *quia circa salutem suæ animæ sollicitus fuit*. The saving state of mind being arrived at, he too was made over to the executioner, and on the 15th of July—a month and two days after his triumphal entry into London, fate having overtaken

* *Suadebant et mulieres eorum quod viri non valebant, quæ satis communes fuerunt eisdem tempore hospitalitatis.*

him at last, he was hanged, drawn and quartered at St. Alban's in the king's presence.

Richard, who had found the month a trying one, and required some amusement after it, now went off on a hunting-party. The mourners left behind in the town less easily recovered their spirits. The night of the king's departure the bodies of the burgesses were taken down from the gibbets and buried. The news of the daring exploit found Richard at Berkhamstead. He did not return; but he, or those about him, sent back orders with which it was necessary to comply. The people were compelled to take the bodies out of the earth and again hang them up in chains.

"Such," says Walsingham, with childish malignity, "such was the liberty which they had won for themselves, the liberty of being made into hangmen."

All was now over, and the chains were once more riveted on the English commons. Something had been gained. The barons recognized that slavery could not last forever; that means must be found for gradual emancipation; and from this time the serfs and villains were allowed, when their lords were willing, to purchase their freedom. All else settled back into the old grooves. The commons failed to rescue themselves from the gripe of the manorial lords. The Wickliffites, who at one time were likely to have antedated the Reformation, were soon after beaten back in the same way along the lines of the spiritual revival. The barons were brought to justice in the wars of the following century, when the feudal system virtually perished. The monasteries, with the superstitions on which they rested, prolonged their sickly days for another hundred and fifty years. So much grace was granted them if haply they could learn their lesson and repent. On them, alas! the storm had swept in vain; and they used their respite only that monks and monkery might steep themselves in deeper infamy, and make their very names loathsome in the nostrils of honest Englishmen.

Not willingly did the St. Alban's tenants bend again into obedience to Abbot Thomas de la Mare. Their handmills were gone, but sooner than grind at the abbey mills they carted their corn to be ground many miles away beyond the abbot's jurisdiction. The relations of the poor men who had been executed, "so deadly was their malice," set fire to one of the abbot's barns. For many months the bitterness and hate continued. Gradually, however, they bowed their necks

to the inevitable. Life in town and convent fell back into the old routine, and the abbot recovered his spirits and forgot his calamities. The king and his soldiers had eaten him bare, but another harvest or two replenished his stores. The lawsuits which he won brought him wealth, and with the wealth he added splendor to the abbey. He bought pictures for the church in Italy. He regilt the shrine, rebuilt the hall and gateway; he glazed the cloister, and found an artist to paint in fresco in front of the chapter house the likeness *suzæ Majestatis*, *i.e.*, of God Almighty. Sore at the attacks upon his warrens, he became the strictest of game-preservers. The monks complained that they could not be allowed now and then a day's shooting. Otherwise they admitted that he was a kindly old gentleman, good to the sick, gracious in manner to all, and not too harsh in enforcing austerities upon others which he scrupulously practiced himself. He wore a hair-shirt, with which he never parted. Once or twice a week "*corporales disciplinas satis asperas suscepit*,"—he gave himself a severe flogging. At length, growing very old, he became helpless in body and imbecile in mind. In this state he lingered till he was 87 years old, and when he died, there died with him all that was left of worth in the Abbey of St. Alban's.

The Prior, brother de la Moote, who had for some years managed everything, had made his own arrangements for his election as successor. No sooner was the breath out of Abbot Thomas's body, than the prior's friends voted him in by acclamation without prayer or ceremony; seized him in their arms, carried him into the church, and seated him on the altar. Huge presents to the king and Pope secured the ratification of the otherwise scandalous proceeding, and then set in in earnest the age of riot and extravagance. The monks did not fill up their numbers, that there might be more money to share among those who remained. Their complement was a hundred. They fell away to sixty-four and thence to fifty. The abbot lavished the revenues upon costly buildings—the most worthless of these great persons being always those whose tastes were most magnificent. He spent large sums at St. Alban's. He spent sums still larger on a private palace which he erected on a distant estate. He kept no accounts; all was waste and confusion. No note was taken of days of rest or saints' days. Alike on fast and festival, spade and pickaxe, trowel and hammer were kept busy. All regard for religion appeared to have perished. At length the "pains of

"Gehenna" overtook him. He died of remorse and pleurisy.

There is no occasion to follow step by step the descent of the stair which ended in destruction. Two abbots only remain to be noticed, the second of whom may be said to have achieved a supremacy of infamy; the other at the better end of the scale lived to show how well-intentioned men found their moral nature contaminated in the conventual atmosphere.

Abbot John, of Whethampsteade, having held office for some years in the early part of the 15th century, retired as unable to conduct the business satisfactorily to himself or others. He was succeeded by an Abbot Stokes, whose administration was again a scene of confusion and peculation. At Stokes's death, in 1452, there being no other tolerable candidate, the convent invited the aged Abbot John to resume the ungrateful duty. On taking the reins once more, Abbot John found the management of the house had fallen entirely into the hands of a young monk of sharp business qualities, named William of Wallingford. On this William were heaped the offices of arch-deacon, cellarer, sub-cellarer, bursar, forester and chamberlain. He was officarius generalis, official general, in fact, and was known by that name in the abbey.

Abbot Stokes, among his other delinquencies, had been a miser. On his death-bed he was surrounded by a group of brethren, among whom the prior, as spokesman for the rest, thus addressed him:

"Sir," he said to the dying man, "you have been a Midas, seeking only for gold. For the Church you have done nothing. To us monks you have been mean and parsimonious. Death is now at your door, and has almost sealed your lips. Tell us now, while you are able to speak, what have you been doing these eleven years with the abbey revenues?"

The abbot muttered feebly that he had saved and secreted a thousand marks. Four hundred of them he left to the convent for repairs. The rest he bequeathed to the next abbot, who would find the accounts in disorder.

The prior inquired where the hoard would be found. The abbot pointed to the officarius and his brother Thomas. They could point out the place, he said. It was in a chest under the dormitory. The abbot died. The officarius was invited to produce the treasure. He brought out two small locked boxes which, when opened, were found to contain two hundred and fifty marks. He protested that he knew of no more.

The prior, stupefactus, said no more at the time. This little incident was probably the secret of the recall of Abbot John, whose age and weight might counterbalance the power of this questionable William. Abbot John, after his second installation, long felt himself unequal to pressing so delicate an inquiry. It was plain to him that in the official and his brothers he had to deal with an Ananias and Sapphira; but he knew not precisely how to act towards them. In theory the possession of private property was a breach of the monastic vow; but the rule had been effete too long to bear sudden revival. At length he collected his courage, sent for the officarius, and questioned him.

The unabashed officarius stood to his story. He admitted that Abbot Stokes had spoken of a thousand marks; but the abbot's senses must have been wandering. He swore by God and all the saints, he even offered to swear on the sacraments, that for his part he knew of nothing but what he had produced.

"Brother," Abbot John answered, "no God-fearing man can believe that my predecessor told a lie when he was dying. To lie at that time is to go straight to the author of sin and everlasting darkness. Do not slander his memory. If you have kept back the money, confess. You commit one sin in having money at all; you commit another; and a worse, when you perjure yourself."

The officarius had gone too far to draw back. He persisted in his innocence. His brother Thomas persisted with equal confidence. Both wished they might go to hell, and never see paradise, if they were not speaking the truth.

The abbot bade them have mercy on their souls. They were doing worse than murder. The pit might swallow them up.

They had probably come to consider the pit a highly problematical place. They swore again, with all most solemn attestations, that Abbot Stokes had been mistaken; and the Abbot John, knowing that they had a strong party in the convent and out of it, at their backs, and that if he pressed too hard, odium potius quam aurum extorqueret, he might extort more hate than gold, he again seemed to let the inquiry drop.

But he kept his eyes open. Two accounts are given, slightly differing, of what followed. Substantially, however, it was something of this kind. The most cautious rogues are not always consistent in their stories. At one time the officarius admitted, in confession, that he owned property to the amount of £160. At another he said, in conversa-

tion, that he had paid a hundred and forty pounds to the abbot. The abbot sent for his accounts under the heads of his different offices: under each head the convent was made out to be in debt. The abbot asking what was to be done, the officarius said coolly that the treasury was empty, and he must borrow. It was too much. Secret investigations had revealed that the officarius had been speculating with the funds of the abbey "like a child of this world," *filius hujus sæculi*. He had been buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market,* and pocketing his gains. On his first entrance into the convent, while yet a lad, he had been a capitalist, and was found to have lent money on usury. As bursar he had cut down wood and sold it, and had made no entry of the payments. He had manumitted "villains," and the price of their freedom had gone to his private purse.

The abbot, in mente abhorrens, delivered his soul!

"What!" he exclaimed, "have you not confessed? Is not the whole convent ringing with it, that you have a hundred and sixty pounds? Have you not said that you have brought a hundred and forty pounds to me? Blush, brother, blush. This is the most audacious lie that you have yet told. Under what planet were you born? You know well you have brought me no money. You so swear and forswear and contradict yourself that there is no truth in you. It is now plain, as others have told me, that you will say anything. You are not to be believed though you swear on book or sacrament. You have plundered us in your places of trust; we are in debt and cannot maintain our state. How unfit are you then to hold office in the family of the Lord! Where is the money for which you sold our woods? Where is the price of our villains' freedom?"

In Abbot Paul's time the punishment for such an officarius would have been excommunication till full confession; after confession the hair-shirt, the scourge, the penitential vigil; years of disgrace and suffering; and absolution hardly earned at last. Times were changed. The new age had trampled out the old, and penance was out of fashion.

Abbot John was a good man in his way, but he was more anxious to recover his money

than to punish sin. If he could wring out of the alarms of the officarius a share of the spoils, convent discipline might lie over till better times, and brother William's talents for business might be useful to the abbey.

"Go now," he continued; "in recompense for these transgressions bring the late abbot's hoard. Bring what you have yourself gained by your unlawful tradings. The brother that conceals treasure departs from God and becomes one of the family of the Devil. Dives, for his avarice, had his reward in hell. Lest you too go to the same place, fetch the money. It must be a thousand pounds in all. If you refuse, I will proceed against you by the canons. Use no more vain subterfuges. The good servant may live by his office, but if he is a robber and a thief, he is fit only to be hanged, and to burst asunder like Judas. Tell no more lies. Peccatores, are they, brother, not precatore (the abbot condescending to pun), who heap up riches and deny the possession of them? Prævaricatores, are they not prædicatores, who justify themselves, and wash their hands in innocency when they are really guilty? Bring the money, I say; bring it, and you shall find me your gracious lord. You may keep something in your own purse, that you may live like an honest fellow. You must not pile up gold for yourself, and give nothing to your brethren. I can allow you to do a stroke of business now and then for yourself. Confine yourself within the limits which I prescribe, and you shall not be worried about your vow of property;* but do not plunge into the mire, or for a little gain risk being swallowed in the pit forever."

So ended the abbot's harangue, and the officarius withdrew to bethink himself. If he gave up the money, he confessed to perjury. If he held out, he might be prosecuted and the whole convent might turn against him. He was a monk of resources. He went privately to the abbot's chaplain. If the abbot, he said, would indeed be his gracious lord, and would leave him in his offices, he would pay all the outstanding debts of the abbey. He would pay the sums which were due to the Pope and king on the last election; and he would undertake further that in three years his abbot should have three hundred pounds in the treasury, and should owe nothing to any man.

Here was something like an official gen-

* *Studuisti assidue bono pretio emere et caro pretio vendere*. It is interesting to find a man charged as a crime with having acted on the cardinal maxim of the modern science of sciences. The art of successful trade was understood before Adam Smith, but was less highly appreciated.

* *Et nullus contra te objiciet aut super vitio proprietatis improperebit in æternum*—a faint pun again on the word property.

eral. What more could be desired? Gold flowing like the stream of Pactolus; and scandals smoothed over and buried.

Abbas gavisus non modice. The abbot was delighted. Brother William, who had been filius perditionis, was once more an heir of salvation. The chaplain was empowered to say that, on these terms, all should be forgotten. The officarius "was as glad as one that had found great spoils." The debts were paid; the abbey flourished, as well as the Roses wars would allow, so long as Abbot John lived; and when he died, we read without wonder that, after a short interval, this William of Wallingford, by consent of the whole house, reigned in his stead.

Little more remains to be said. We shall read without wonder also, that of all abbots of St. Alban's, this William of Wallingford contributed more towards the erection of that magnificent pile of buildings whose ruins breathe celestial music in the spirit of sentimental pietism.

It was the same William of Wallingford who made the Abbey of St. Alban's, while he ruled over it, a nest of sodomy and fornication—the very aisles of the church itself being defiled with the abominable orgies of incestuous monks and nuns.

The evidence of their infamy lies recorded with deadly conclusiveness. The cry of indignation against the condition of the exempt English abbeys reached to Rome, and shocked even the tolerant worldliness of the much-enduring Pope. When the civil war was over, and Henry the Seventh was settled on the throne, Innocent the Eighth enjoined Cardinal Morton to visit St. Alban's, and report upon it. Cardinal Morton, after examination of witnesses, has left in his Register * as the result of his inquiry, that the brethren of the abbey were living in filth and lasciviousness with the inmates of the dependent sisterhoods; that the adjoining Nunnery of Pray was a common brothel; the prioress setting the example, by living in unrebuked adultery with one of the monks. The abbot himself, too old for pleasures of the flesh, had reverted to his early habits; had cut down the

woods and sold them; had made away with the altar-vessels, and stolen and disposed of the jewels of the shrine. The few members of the house who retained a sense of decency were oppressed and persecuted, and the beautiful abbey, the home of the proto-martyr, which had been born in miracles and cradled in asceticism, was given over to the abomination of desolation.

Another fifty years, and the religious houses in England,—the soul of them long dead, the body putrefying and poisoning the air,—were swept away by the besom of Henry the Eighth. The land could bear with them no longer. So abhorred were they, that in many places the country-people rose on them and, when the Government gave the word, tore them down, aisle and tower, groined arch and fluted column, down to the very ground, not leaving one stone upon another, and driving the plough over the spot where they stood. In the general ruin, the church of St. Alban's was saved by the burgesses. The long battle was over at last. The scene of so many struggles was endeared to them by the recollection of the fight. On the passing of the Act of Suppression, they purchased the buildings from the Crown for £400; and the church itself has been used since the Reformation for the Protestant service.

The ruins of the rest have stood, for three centuries, instructive emblems of the fate of noble institutions which survive the spirit which gave them meaning and utility. They preach with a silent force more eloquent than the tongues of a thousand orators, that the most saintly professions are not safe from the grossest corruption, and that the more ambitious the pretensions to piety, the more austere is the vengeance on the neglect of it.

There is a talk now of restoring St. Alban's. We are affecting penitence for the vandalism of our Puritan forefathers, and are anxious to atone for it.

Cursed is he that rebuildeth Jericho. Never were any institutions brought to a more deserved judgment than the monastic orders of England; and a deeper irreverence than the Puritan lies in the spurious devotion-alism of an age which has lost its faith, and with its faith has lost the power to recognize the visible workings of the ineffable Being by whose breath we are allowed to exist.

* Cardinal Morton's letter to the abbot, detailing the scandals which had been discovered, is printed in the third volume of Wilkin's Concilia.

SPEECH-MAKING IN CONGRESS.

ACCORDING to those who have heard Clay and Webster, there was something in their eloquence which carried people away, and, according to the accounts of the biographers of Patrick Henry, there was something still more effective in his; and these statements are doubtless correct. The probability is, however, that the power was not altogether in their gift of speech, but also in having a receptive, impressionable people to listen to them. Naturally, there must have been that sympathetic relation between the listener and the speaker which enabled the one to work up the other to a white heat, as a blacksmith does his iron, to be made malleable and shaped according to his will.

This receptive, impressible character of the people arose from its being young; for nations, like individuals, have their youth, prime, and old age. The secret of the power which, according to the writers of his time, Patrick Henry exercised, lies in his audience—a virgin people, living in a heroic age. Since then, with each succeeding generation, as the nation has grown older, the hold of the orator on the people has grown correspondingly weaker. During the war, before which the orator was gradually disappearing, there was something of a revival of eloquence, for misfortune and struggle impart the faculty of noble speech to the speaker and the power of song to the poet, and for a time men spoke as they had not done for a score of years. Among these, notably, was Lincoln, who on several occasions rose into biblical imagery and a charity that was heaven-born. A great moral idea was the key-note of his theme; the people were receptive, and they listened to him because they were under the stroke of adversity; for it is incontestable that they who suffer always listen to the teachings of virtue better than they who are happy. Others beside the President touched the hearts of those who asked for nothing better than to be soothed in their affliction and stimulated in their patriotic resolution. Men acquired stronger convictions and gave their lives freely to the country, and, as a consequence, things mundane fell correspondingly in value. Houses, land, food and raiment were no longer necessary; to save the country was the only recognized

necessity of the time. Thus, the pervading feeling was like a dry, thirsting, August prairie, requiring only the fire of the orator to set it in a blaze. Such a season the orators fell upon, and they set the country in a glow from one end to the other, and they who did it must regard this as the brightest page of their histories. It is not probable that such an opportunity for the display of oratory and patriotism will ever again occur in the lives of the present citizens of the republic.

Eight years of material prosperity has made a change. Public feeling is no longer a tinder to be set ablaze by the speech of orators. What would most strike the people, were Patrick Henry to speak to them to-day, would be the absence of those very marvelous effects in which they have been taught to believe from childhood up, for the bond of sympathy indispensable to the orator in moving an audience would be broken. Henry's burning sentences would now be called gush, his elaborate rhetoric stilted. The country is no longer young and impressible, and patriotic exhortation has degenerated into the diffusive, ardent harangue of the stump. Everything that sounds like an appeal to conscience or patriotism is rejected as buncombe; for there is little of one or the other in public life, and such rejection is logical. Thus, however much our elders were electrified with the words of Henry Clay, the men of to-day could sit under them, cool and calm as a May morning.

The sneer at the old-fashioned orator has got into the school-houses and pervades journalism. It has taken the emotional feature of speech out of the young men who are coming forward to make laws and govern the country. There always has been a jealousy, latent or apparent, between the speaker and the writer, and the latter now takes his revenge and calls the former a blatant blatherskite—a vacuous vapor; and here the orator is at a disadvantage, for his work spreads thin in comparison with that of the writer, who has the time to arrange his thoughts in compact form. The old-fashioned orator himself either recognizes the change in public sentiment or the fire of his early manhood is burnt out by age, for he

no longer exhibits the heat and vociferation of his younger days. He is lost in the general level of conservatism, and has become, like the messenger of bad tidings to Macduff, niggard of his speech.

A gulf separates these conservatives, young and old, from those enthusiasts of war-time who, from the stump, the school-house, and the church, hurried the people into the ranks, and joined with them in their march to the front, to the rude, wild air of "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave, but his soul is marching on"—the Marseillaise of the American war. The air and the words of the song are ordinary, but the time gave it an extraordinary significance, and heroes, with riddled flags and stout hearts, sang it like men inspired as they marched to death or victory. The same men could now listen to it with very slight emotion—the remote and dying ripple of a mighty wave.

John J. Crittenden, who lingered behind Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Benton, on the Congressional stage as a member of the lower House, must have been struck with the change that had even then come over that body. Instead of the old legislative assembly to which he had been accustomed, where men hung on the eloquence of an orator of the old school, he found himself in the midst of a kind of legislative mob, where ten minutes' attention was rarely given to any man's speaking. It was like going from a quiet country village into the whirl and roar of Broadway. Every day there was the rush of business, the "fillibustering," and the crack of Thaddeus Stevens's whip with his "previous question." The old Kentuckian was so bewildered by this state of things that he remained a passive spectator in what took place about him—he was in it, but not of it. Under new rules and ways, he saw that it was impossible for him to take an active part, and he wisely refrained.

Although the bombast of the past was wearisome, it had its virtue in the patriotism by which it was usually inspired. This virtue gave it attraction, and there are few of our elders who have not been thrilled by the diffusive, burning harangue of the stump; but to our ears the wild cry of the bird of freedom has become a disagreeable squawk. After a while, its voice got into the throats of demagogues oftener than those of true men, and thus it went out of fashion. Now, when a man begins

to talk about this great and glorious country, and her manifest destiny, we suspect him of a scheme to obtain land grants or subventions for steamship lines—to extend the area of freedom. When he speaks of the sufferings of his community through the want of internal improvements, we suspect him of a desire to get his hand into the meal-bag; and when he says he is ready to lay down his life on the altar of liberty, our suspicions grow almost to convictions. If, in addition to this, he invokes the name of his Maker as to the purity and patriotism of his motives, our mind is made up.

A score of years ago and less, it was enough for a man to declaim his glowing tribute to the country: after that he sat down satisfied. His ambition seldom went beyond this, and he would work weeks and months on a speech to perfect it to the standard of his time. Doing this once or twice a year, he thought he was fulfilling all his obligations to his constituency. To talk eloquently was the chief business, and all had the time to listen. Some of the contents which agitated the soul of the old orator, appear to us like tempests in a tea-pot in these latter days, so full of big events. Now, the man who occupies his place does his earnest talking with his colleagues in the committee-room. He who speaks in the old way is regarded as superannuated or weak in mind. Now, men are expected to make their points quickly and in a business-like way. The business which was formerly conducted on the floor of the chamber, is rapidly passing into the Committee-room, and the tendency to strangle extended debate is growing stronger every session. The raw member, living in the old traditions, who wishes to "save the country" in a speech modeled after Clay or Webster, is unmercifully knocked down with the gavel, or is sure of a hard fall or two at the hands of experienced athletes who devote themselves to tripping up new men and bringing them under discipline. The utilitarian has killed the orator, and the glory of grand sentences has departed.

The increase of Congressional business has rendered necessary the transfer of the talking, or at least much of it, from the chamber to the Committee-room. In this way, the Committee-rooms have become miniature legislatures, all working at the same time. Most of the measures which pass through these hidden bodies, are rejected or accepted according to their

recommendation. If there is one of too great importance to be acted upon without general debate, the report of the Committee presents the vital points of it, and thus facilitates action in the chamber. Congress has much business before it now, but it has much more in the future. The business has been increasing ever since the centralizing tendencies, developed by the war, have manifested themselves. No man or set of men can be held responsible for these tendencies, for they are in a great measure the logical effects of certain causes which were beyond control. Several agencies have brought this about and are still at work. The extraordinary condition of some of the Southern States calls for federal interference and the Executive officer steps in to restore order and a republican form of government. People are getting into the habit of looking to the central government to right them in their wrongs. There is now an outcry against the oppression of telegraph and express companies and great railway corporations, and an appeal is made to the national government to put an end to two of them by purchase, and thus become the owner of several principal lines of railways, like Belgium, to compete with the others in private hands in order to reduce the rates,—and of all the telegraphs in order to furnish faithful service as well as low rates. Some remedy must be had, and this is the only one which so far presents itself. If it should be applied, Congress and the President will become the standing directory of a national telegraph company and a national railway company. Whether the remedy is worse than the disease, is a difficult question to determine. Compared to such a project, Nicholas Biddle's National Bank was pale business. The power and the affairs of the central government have been much augmented through its financial department, whose collectors and assessors are stationed in every part of the country, and its banking system which makes every bank responsible for its circulation by deposit of bonds in the hands of the government. Thus, the financial system is a gigantic tree whose roots extend through every state, county and town of the Union. This is in addition to the mysterious power conferred on the Secretary of the Treasury to sell gold and greenbacks and withdraw bonds, at discretion. Besides these elements of centralization, there is another now assuming colossal proportions,—the

internal improvement plan to which the President committed himself in his last inaugural message, and in favor of which members of Congress from different parts of the Union have made speeches. This plan comprises the dredging and clearing out of rivers and the building of locks from the head waters of the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Illinois and the Ohio, down to the Delta, in Louisiana; and the construction of canals through Virginia, Georgia, Louisiana, New York, and other parts of the Union. This project, from a financial point of view, is the most stupendous ever submitted to an American Congress, and what was given in aid of the construction of the Pacific Railway will appear small in comparison with what will be required for this. There is but little doubt that a sweeping measure of this kind will be passed within a few years, for almost all sections of the Union demand something of the kind, and the members of Congress will strike hands and make a general bargain by which one will help the other in order that all may get what they want.

All this makes business for Congress, and shows how necessary to its expedient dispatch are the Committee-rooms, which may be regarded as threshing and winnowing machines that prepare the wheat for the great hopper—the Legislative Chamber; and it also shows that where there is so much work to be done there is not so much time for talking.

There is necessarily a good deal of acting in legislative debates, and if the truth were known, it would be discovered that a bold front often hides a sinking heart. A man is conscious that his argument has been crushed like an egg-shell by a cunning adversary, and yet he wears the air of a victor. Retreating, he feigns to be advancing; besieged, he looks as if he were laying siege. He tries his best to hide a breach, and direct attention to a point yet unassailed, and if such strategy is transparent to the skilled, it often carries conviction to the galleries and the unpracticed. It is a point of honor to act out the rôle of one who holds his ground, but occasionally the player throws off the mask in the coat-room before his adversary and frankly acknowledges defeat. This arises partly from native pluck, but more from that settled determination of every member to retain his prestige in the eyes of his constituency, under all circumstances. He is

possessed of the idea that his personality is so identified with his district or his state, that deterioration in one correspondingly affects the other. The constituency of which he is the interpreter, is constantly before him. He professes to know it from head to foot as the skillful surgeon and psychologist knows the individual body—its inmost feelings and aspirations, its very heart and soul; and to hint that he is wanting in such knowledge is to express the most disagreeable thing that can be said. He is confident that he knows everything that it wants from Constitutional changes to *ad valorem* duties, and to say to him that he does not, would be like telling an editor that he does not know how to edit a newspaper.

Eccentricities in speaking are not lacking. Under Johnson's administration there was one senator from the Northwest, who, occupying one of the back-seats next to the aisle, began, as soon as he spoke, to move out from behind his desk to the aisle, stepping slowly down the first steps as he progressed in his speed, and then at right angles in behind the second row of desks, until he reached the third desk. It took him about fifteen minutes' speaking to bring him to this point; then he slowly retraced his steps, backward, adroitly raising himself upon the step, heel foremost, thus usually reaching his desk at the completion of his speech. If at a distance, waves of sound gently fell on the ear at regularly recurring intervals. But, in listening to his words, however much the ear was pleased with the soft swell and fall of voice, the mind remained unsatisfied, for the sounds were vastly better than the words.

A contemporary of this senator from one of the middle States, occupied one of the middle seats to the left of the aisle. When he began to speak he edged off to the right and came in contact with a neighbor and spoke partly over his desk. To have a man gesticulating over one's head is an untenable position to the most pre-occupied, and the neighbor usually vacated his place when he saw the senator moving on him with a set speech. Having thus routed the first neighbor, the speaker victoriously continued to advance to the right, over the ground from which the other had retreated, until he reached the second obstacle, another senator, whom he usually put to flight in the same manner. He was as singular in his manner of speak-

ing as he was in his movements. For a few moments his words ran in a low and sometimes inaudible tone; then they rose, at a jump, into a shriek which fell brusquely again into the monotonous, low tone and badly-articulated words. His speeches were made rather to be read than heard; for he was a man of unusual talent.

There are fewer bellicose scenes now than formerly. Were another Thomas H. Benton now to advance upon an opponent, dramatically throw open the lapel of his coat and ask him to fire, the affair would be treated as an extravagant farce. The war-whoop of the old warriors, with its dramatic accompaniments, has died away. If there is truculence now, it appears to be for show rather than anything else, and men pass with felicity from the froth and turbulence of the campaign into comparative peacefulness. In fact, the vindictive screams and beatings of the air, the enthusiastic cheers and brass bands, are only for effect. This conclusion is more flattering to humanity than to believe that politicians feel all they do and say before their constituencies. In all this there is acting, and it shows how demagogism is slipping into the habits of the American politician. A couple of provincial partisans, aware that their constituencies see them from afar, call each other hard names on the floor of the House, and a few minutes afterward greet each other in the restaurant below, over an oyster stew or a whisky cocktail, with the significant wink and smile which show that these two understand each other if the public does not. The amenities of the restaurant, like a sponge, wipe out the traces of political feud, real or pretended, and the galleries are put upon. Machiavel held that it was amusing to deceive the people, and these buncombe-orators doubtless share his opinion. To confront each other on the floor like two relentless gladiators, and then adjourn below to chink glasses like a pair of Teniers's tavern bums, furnishes a pleasure something akin to eating stolen fruit. The old constituencies did not believe that representatives earned their salaries unless they constantly and energetically attacked their political adversaries on the stump and in Congress, and there are still some constituencies which hold to the ancient tradition. This offers a possible explanation of some of the wordy warfare of the House—certain of the mem-

bers do not wish to be accused of not earning their salaries.

Many members are demagogues without knowing it. Their political lives are passed in studying the means of keeping their places, and everything available is resorted to for this purpose. If the community is a beer-drinking one, beer is the nectar of the gods, and the followers of Gambrinus are the jolliest and best men on earth, and those who interfere with their drinking are men who trample under foot the inalienable rights of American citizens. If the constituents want protection, those who oppose them are men who steal the bread out of the mouth of the republican citizen to give it to a foreigner. If they want free trade, their adversaries are aristocrats who enrich themselves at the expense of the poor, and destroy everything like equality and fair play. If the constituency is an Irish one, there never was such a country as Ireland, and the best blood in the United States came from there; the emigrants from Erin, with their hard, honest hands built the school-house, the canal, the railway, and developed the commercial resources of the nation; and to their hands are confided its destinies. If they are Germans, the Vaterland has given to the world all it has of good and beautiful, and it is a proud privilege to have come from such a place; sauerkraut is an appetizing dish and beer is the friend of man; the men from Rhineland have been the pioneers of civilization, have cut down the wild forests, turned up the virgin soil, and developed the agricultural resources of the country. This particular district, in a word, is blessed in having a choice population.

Often a member in the Congressional hall imagines that a stream of light beats upon him from all quarters of the Union, and that every word he utters is recorded in the national memory. This puts him on parade, and he goes over the interminable talk about his "record," and his services to his party and his country. The average member is especially prone to this vanity. A modest man with his meager attainments would never be where he is. Vanity, and ignorance of his own ignorance, have sent him up the political ladder to stand upon Congressional heights and expose his incapacity to make laws. I hold that this man is not a fair representative, in morality, ability, or education, of a nation of free citizens almost all

of whom can read and write, and who are certainly as virtuous as any other on the globe. In these respects the legislators of France and England stand on a higher plane than the constituency. In portions of these two nations there are people who cannot speak the language of their country, who are steeped in ignorance, but whose interests are represented by trained, intelligent men. Here we have communities, reasonably intelligent and virtuous, misrepresented by men of tainted character and imperfect education, whose knowledge of the science of government is confined to organizing victory in the elections.

To some Congressmen the most painful condition in political life is to be let alone. If praise cannot be had, censure is better than indifference. To be named in the printed proceedings as introducing a resolution or even presenting a petition, is something to be sought for on every occasion, but to be the author of remarks which produce an effect approximating to a sensation, is happiness. The *Congressional Globe* is the Valhalla which enshrines their names for posterity. To two or three of them, notoriety is sleep and nourishment, and if newspaper men were to make a compact never to mention their names, they would probably go into mental and physical decline. Once in a while they denounce the press, which returns the fire, and thus unwittingly contributes to their happiness. In any discussion where sensation is to be had, they thrust themselves forward and endeavor to take a leading part. They love agitation as the petrel loves the storm, and as soon as it begins they are inevitably at hand. Other members with the same ambition for notoriety, but less ability, are obliged to content themselves with minor results, such as rising to a personal explanation in reference to an attack in the columns of the *Broad Ax of Freedom* or the *Voice of Roaring Run*. Such an attack, with its attendant vindication, is sweet to these panting souls.

The style of much of the speaking shows that the prayer-meeting and the playhouse have been its nurseries. Those who have taken play-actors as models, are inflated, emphatic and painfully slow. Such members say, "Mr. Speaker, I ask leave to introduce a bill," as if the utterance were a startling truth that had never burst upon the world before. They have the theatri-

cal gags and vulgarities, and say che-yild for child, me for my, with much *basso profundo*, swelling and posing. Such pretension promises much, and always falls short. Those who have taken the class-leader and the preacher as their models, are also unpleasant speakers. There is, and has been, a tendency in certain of the priesthood to run into a nasal sniffing tone in the exercise of spiritual functions, under the mistaken notion that it adds solemnity to the words. This influence is very perceptible in Congressional speaking, and sometimes becomes so marked that we expect a speaker to reach the climax, raise himself on his toes with a tremulous shake and pronounce the "Yea, ver-i-ly" of the Praise-God Barebone of Puritan memory.

Not all that a man says, when he has the floor, goes down in the Congressional record; nor all that is said about him. A portion of his speech is interlarded with side questions and replies, of a somewhat familiar character. A. throws out his arm and shouts, "Mr. Speaker," and when fortunate enough to obtain the Olympian nod of the gavel-holder, does not usually get in more than three or four sentences before B. says to him in a tone that is ostensibly *sotto voce*, but is loud enough to be heard in the galleries, that he ought to take in such and such a point, while C. tells him in the same tone that he is wasting the time of the House, whereupon A. makes answer and retort, to all of which the Congressional reporter shuts his ears. Some members make a specialty of flanking with these hand-grenades of speech, to embarrass the speaker, but there are certain members whose resources in the way of rejoinder are well known, to whom they give a wide berth.

In the speaking of Congress, it is worthy of remark, that a great body and prominent stomach lend a certain weight to the words pronounced. The dapper man with an insignificant voice is thus at a disadvantage, for let him speak as he will, his words do not have the importance of the man who delivers his over a great abdomen,—supposing them to be of something like equal talents. This was illustrated in the presentation of a gold snuff-box to Lord Jeffreys, a man of great mental stature but small in the flesh. He who presented the box was large,—compared to the diminutive nobleman,—and of dignified manners; after pronouncing the usual compliments, he handed the box to the nobleman with a grand bow: the theatrical ease of word

and manner took away the little man's faculty of speech, he thrust the box into his pocket and sat down without saying a word. In the same way, the big men in Congress occasionally bear down upon the small lean ones, and if they cannot take away their speech, they do sometimes disconcert them with their ponderous ways and utterances.

In the operation of the five and ten minute rules of the House there is something savage. As soon as the allotted time expires, though the member should be in the midst of a sentence, down goes the gavel, and the mutilated speech passes into the world, like the body of Richard III., half made up—born before its time. To try to invest it with some symmetry, by adding another phrase, is seldom attempted before a frowning Speaker, who stands with the uplifted emblem of his office in the *rôle* of inexorable Fate.

It is rare that any member enunciates a distinct individual opinion on any important subject under controversy until he has felt the home pulse. Some argue that this is right—that the representative should regard himself as an agent only, employed by a Congressional district to carry out certain instructions. The prevalence of this opinion sinks individuality; and when boldness and blustering are seen, they are pretty sure to be backed up by popular home feeling. This course is so common that any departure from it is remarkable, as in the case of General Butler, who, in defiance of public opinion, advocated the increase of Congressional salaries. Mr. Butler was the rat that belled the cat, and, in doing so, exhibited a temerity very unusual in the House, however unworthy the act. A more notable instance is that of Thaddeus Stevens, who, in acts and speeches, consulted his own views, regardless of those who sent him to Congress. He was too formidable to be opposed, and his people followed him like a child. It would have been impossible to keep a man like him within the limits of a Congressional district. In the House, there never was before nor since such an exercise of individual power. Republican Representatives were driven in leash by one man; and if any one, impatient of the rein, broke from it, he was pretty sure to get back to his place with an apology to the great Jehu, who accepted it with the grim, epigrammatic humor for which he was famous.

Speaker Blaine has something of this boldness in his relations with his constituency, as well as his party. He leads his constituents, and is probably the ablest speaker in the Republican party. He has been growing mentally within the last few years, and is remarkably quick and decisive in debate. He is possibly an abler man than Thaddeus Stevens was; but he does not entirely persuade us that he speaks from long-settled convictions, as the great representative from Pennsylvania did. If Stevens sometimes resorted to parliamentary twists and turns, we always knew that the end to be attained was worthy.

In his legislative experience, Mr. Blaine has measured himself with his contemporaries, and he is conscious of his superior ability, and this impels him, at times, to something approaching to tyranny in presiding over the Chamber. Comparatively young, full of vigor and ambition, the probabilities are that before long he will be the acknowledged leader of the Republican party out of the Chamber as well as in it. His most prominent rival, with, perhaps, the exception of Senator Morton, is now at the Court of St. James; and when he returns, Mr. Blaine will probably be so far ahead that the diplomat will never catch up.

There are others who are regarded by their friends as neck and neck with the Speaker, and amongst these are Dawes, Conkling, Edmunds, and Bingham; but this opinion is not generally shared. The House has never been so little without a leader as now; but so far as it is led, the honor is shared by Dawes and Bingham, both of respectable attainments, but not of commanding ability. Mr. Bingham not being reelected, the presumption is that Mr. Dawes will aspire to undivided leadership in the House, the next Congress. He is to retain his position as head of the Ways and Means Committee, which, with his talents, will continue to render him a conspicuous representative, but will not make him a successful rival of Mr. Blaine. Senator Edmunds is as capable as Speaker Blaine, if not more so. He is the type of a large class of New England men, his nature being hard and dry, and his voice nasal. He lacks that breadth and sympathy essential to national popularity, which, for example, are such common traits in the Western man. Senator Morton's physical disability will probably pre-

vent him from entering actively into the struggle which is necessary to success. He is a tenacious, forcible speaker, with the off-hand manners of the Western man, and that common fault in Congress—repetition. Formerly, he bullied the opposition in a way that was hardly consistent with senatorial dignity; but of late malady has softened him to comparative gentleness, and inspired a general sympathy in both Houses. Another aspirant, Senator Conkling, in appearance is the finest specimen of a man in the distinguished body to which he belongs, and this contributes something to the effect of his words. He speaks with deliberation, and a trifle too much emphasis; and a combative temperament renders him, at times, less courteous than he should be. If his talents were equal to his pluck and tenacity, he would be the coming man. Perhaps the best gladiator work Mr. Conkling ever did was, several years ago, in a bout with Mr. Blaine in the House, in which there was much give-and-take, and rather more personality than befitted a legislative hall. He exhibits the same capacity now which he did then, showing little or no change, while his old adversary has grown so strong in the interim that a match between them now would be unequal.

In the Liberal camp, the prominent group which presents itself is composed of Banks, Trumbull—neither reelected—Schurz, and Sumner. To one of these especially the nation owes a debt of gratitude not less than what it owes to Lincoln, Seward, Greeley, Grant, Farragut, and General Sherman. Sumner's moral, as well as his physical nature, has been affected by late events, which, with encroaching age, will incapacitate him from ever resuming the place he formerly occupied as a leader. The egotism of his character and the inflation of his speeches are easily overlooked in consideration of the man's unimpeachable integrity. From the beginning he took his part seriously as an American statesman, penetrated with a sense of responsibility, still further heightened by egotism—not an egotism that ever had aggrandizement of a personal or material kind in view, but simply an admiration of his own capacity and of the important trust which fell to his lot in shaping the policy of the country. The political sagacity which turns, twists, and doubles through years of legislative life, to present a respectable record, is foreign to his nature. His

speeches may be objected to, embellished and elaborated as they are; but they have been delivered with the best English pronunciation spoken in either House; and the words, reasonably effective in themselves, have been rendered more so by the spotless character of the man who stood behind them. The other leading Liberal, Mr. Shurz, is the philosopher of the Senate. His speeches on the science of government are interesting. It is a relief to turn from those who never get out of the sound in the mill about carrying elections and pressing for appropriations—to a scientist like this, who eloquently discusses that most difficult question of the world, the governing of men. He is young, and if the drifting political elements concentrate into combined opposition, he will probably be one of its champions—for there is still much work left in him.

There is, perhaps, less talent in the Democratic party of Congress now than there ever was before. It has no one in the House equal to Blaine, Dawes, Bingham, or Butler, nor any one in the Senate equal to Morton and Edmunds, or the Liberals, Sumner and Schurz. The most prominent group of Democrats in the House is composed of James B. Beck,

George W. Morgan, Charles A. Eldridge, Henry D. Foster and Fernando Wood, and of these Mr. Beck is probably the ablest. He is an energetic, argumentative speaker, and was more conspicuous during the last session than any other member of his party in the House. In the Senate, Mr. Thurman is the only Democrat who, in point of talent, appears on a footing with the leading men of the other parties. He, like Mr. Bingham and others that might be named, turns an idea inside out, and shows it under every possible light, until the process becomes wearisome. This thin spreading is common to both bodies, a little being made to go a great way. The man the furthest removed from this kind of speaking, when in the House, was Mr. Schenck, whose thoughts came from him chunky and suggestive—a man full of ideas, but sparing of words.

In conclusion, by way of summary, it may be said that in Congress there is now a growing taste for silent or laconic men, or those who are given to exact statements of facts and figures; that the days of imagination and thrill are over, and that henceforth the national legislature is to be more a place for the transaction of business than for talking.

THE "CHRISTUS"

OF THE PASSION PLAY OF OBERAMMERGAU.

How does life seem to thee? I long to look
 Into thy inmost soul, and see if thou
 Art even as other men! O, set apart
 And consecrate so long to purpose high,
 Canst thou take up again our common lot,
 And live as we live? Canst thou buy and sell,
 Stoop to small needs, and petty ministries,
 Work and get gain, and eat, and drink, and sleep,
 Sin and repent, as these thy brethren do?
 Unto what name less sacred answerest thou
 Who hast been called the Christ of Nazareth?
 Thou who hast worn the awful crown of thorns,
 Hanging like Him upon the dreadful tree,
 Canst thou, uncrowned, forget thy royalty?

GLIMPSES OF TEXAS—I:

A VISIT TO SAN ANTONIO.

GALUSHA A. GROW, once the noted speaker of our national House of Representatives, and now the energetic and successful manager of a railroad in the Lone Star State has changed the once memorable words, "Go to Texas!" from a malediction into a beneficent recommendation. The process was simple: he placed the curt phrase at the head of one of those flaming posters which railway companies affect, and associated it with such ideas of lovely climate and prospective prosperity, that people forthwith began to demand if it were indeed true that they had for the last twenty years been fiercely dismissing their enemies into the very Elysian Fields, instead of hurling them down to Hades.

The world is beginning to learn something of the fair land which the adventurous Frenchmen of the seventeenth century overran, only to have it wrested from them by the cunning and intrigue of the Spaniard; in which the Franciscan friars toiled, proselyting Indians, and building massive garrison missions; which Aaron Burr dreamed of as his empire of the southwest; and into which the "Republican" army of the North marched, giving presage of future American domination. The dread pirates of the Gulf made the islands of the Texan coast their retreats and strongholds; Austin and his brave fellow-colonists rescued Texas from the suicidal policy of the Mexican government; the younger Austin accepted it as his patrimony, and elevated it from the degraded and useless condition in which the provincial governors held it; it spurned from its side its fellow-slave, Coahuila, and broke its own shackles, throwing them in the Mexican tyrant Guerrero's face; it nourished a small but noble band of mighty men, who made the names of San Felipe, of Goliad, of the Alamo, of Washington, of San Jacinto, immortal. It crushed the might of Santa Anna, the Napoleon of the West; it wrested its freedom from the hard hands of an unforgiving foe, and maintained it, as an isolated republic, commanding the sympathy and respect of the world; it placed the names of Houston, of Travis, of Fannin, of Bowie, of Milam, of Crockett, upon the roll of American heroes and faithful soldiers; and

brought to the United States a marriage-gift of two hundred and thirty-seven thousand square miles of fertile land. The world is beginning to know something of this gigantic south-western commonwealth, which can nourish a population of fifty millions; whose climate is as charming as that of Italy; whose roses bloom, whose birds sing, all winter long; whose soil can bring forth all the fruits of the earth, and whose noble coast-line is broken by rivers which have wandered two thousand miles in and out among the Texan mountains and plains. The land is a region of strange contrasts in peoples and places: you step from the civilization of the railway junction in Denison to the civilization of Mexico of the seventeenth century in certain sections of San Antonio; you find black, sticky land in northern Texas, incomparably fertile; and sterile plains, which give the cattle but scant living, along the great stretches between the San Antonio and the Rio Grande. You may ride in one day from 'odoriferous, moss-grown forests, where everything is of tropic fullness, into a section where the mesquite and chaparral dot the gaunt prairie here and there; or from the sea-loving populations of Galveston and from her thirty-mile beach, to peoples who have never seen a mast or a wave, and whose main idea of water is that it is something difficult to find and agreeable to taste if one is exceedingly thirsty. The State has been much and unduly maligned in many respects; has been made a by-word and reproach, whereas it should be a glory and a boast. It has been guilty of the imperfections of a frontier community, but has rapidly thrown the majority of them aside, even while the outer world supposed it growing more and more away from what it should be. Like some strange, unknown fruit, it has ripened in the obscurity of its rind, until, bursting its covering, it stands disclosed as something of passing sweetness, whereas all men had willingly believed it bitter and nauseous. Texas has suffered much odious criticism at the hands of people who knew very little of its actual condition; border tales have been magnified into generalities; the people of the North and of Europe have been

told that the native Texan was a walking armament, and that his only argument was a pistol-shot or the thrust of a bowie-knife. The Texan has been paraded on the English and French stages as a maudlin ruffian, who only became sober in savagery; and the vulgar gossipings of insincere scribes have been allowed to prejudice hundreds of thousands of people. Now that the State is bound closer than ever before to the United States, by iron bands; now that, under good management and with excellent enterprise, it is assuming its proper place, the truth should be told. Of course, it would be necessary to say some disagreeable things; it would even be just to make severe strictures upon certain people and classes of people; but it would not be necessary to condemn the State wholesale, and to write of it in a hostile spirit. The first impression to be corrected—a very foolish and inexcusably narrow one, which has, nevertheless, taken strong hold upon the popular mind—is, that travel in Texas, for various indefinite reasons, is everywhere unsafe. Nothing could be more erroneous; there is only one section where the least danger may be apprehended, and that is vaguely known as the "Indian country." Hostile Comanches, Lipans, or predatory Kickapoos might rob you of your cherished scalp if you ventured into their clutches; but in less than three years they will have vanished before the locomotive—or, possibly, before the legions of Uncle Sam, who is said to be possessed of a strange mania for removing his frontier quite back to the mountains of Mexico. Indeed, this apprehension with regard to safety for life and property in Texas is all the more inexplicable from the very fact that the great mass of the citizens of the State were interested to maintain law and order, and fought the outlaws who found their way among them with bitter persistence. It is true that during, and for two years after, the War things were in lamentable condition. Outlaws and murderers infested the highroads, robbed remote hamlets, and enacted jail deliveries; there were a thousand murders per year within the State limits; but at the end of the two years the reconstruction government had got well at work, and annihilated the murderers and robbers. It was a noteworthy fact, too, that the people then murdered were mainly the fellows of the very ruffians who murdered them; shot down in drunken

broils, or stabbed in consequence of some thievish quarrels. Of course, innocent people were plundered and killed; but then, as now, most of the men who "died with their boots on" were professional scoundrels, of whom the world was well rid.

It may with truth be said that there exists in all of the extreme Southern States a class of so-called gentlemen who employ the revolver rather suddenly when they fancy themselves offended, sometimes killing, now and then only frightening, their opponent. These people are not treated with sufficient contempt in Texan society as yet; there are some instances of men who have killed a number of their species, who are still considered respectable; and the courts do not mete out punishment to them with proper severity, sometimes readily acquitting men who have wantonly and willfully shot their fellow-creatures on fantastic grounds of provocation.

The correct verdict, however, with regard to the present condition of Texas, may be summed up as follows: A commonwealth of unlimited resources, with an unrivaled climate, inhabited by a brave, impulsive, usually courteous people, who are anxious for the advent of others to share the State's advantages with them; who are by no means especially bitter on account of the results of the War; who comprise all grades of society, from the polished and accomplished scholar, ambassador, and man of large means, to the rough, unkempt, semi-barbaric tiller of the soil or herder of cattle, who is content with bitter coffee and coarse pork for his sustenance, and with a low cabin, surrounded with a scraggy rail-fence, for his home. The more ambitious and cultured of the native Texans have cordially joined with the newly-come Northerners and Europeans in making improvements, in toning up society in some places, toning it down in others; in endeavoring to compass wise legislation with regard to the distribution of lands, and the complete control of even the remote sections of the State by the usual machinery of courts and officials; and the binding together and consolidation of the interests of the various sections by the rapid increase of railway lines.

Thus the impressions formed during a residence of some weeks in various parts of Texas took shape in my mind as I sat beside the driver of the San Antonio stage, on the high box-seat, perched above four

sleek and strong horses, in front of the Raymond House, at Austin, the Texan capital, one charming morning in the month of April. Heavy heat was coming with the growing day; the hard, white roads glistened under the fervid sun; the patches of live-oak stood out in bold relief against a cloudless sky; the shopkeepers were lolling under their awnings, in lazy enjoyment of the restful morn; a group of Mexicans, squatted upon their haunches, cast wild glances at us from beneath their broad sombreros and their tangled and matted black hair; in the distance, Mount Bonnel showed a fragment of its rock-strewn summit, and white stone houses peered from the dark green of the foliage; the State House, crowning a high knoll, and flanked on either side by the Land Office and the Governor's Mansion, hid from us the view of the rich plain, extending back to the bases of the hills, which form an amphitheater, in whose midst Austin is prettily set down.

Nine inside and three outside. Now, then, driver, are you ready? Here is your way-bill; here are half-a-dozen mail-bags; ballast up carefully, or you will have your coach upset! The driver, a nut-brown man, handsome and alert withal, clad in blue overalls, velvet coat, and black slouch hat, springs lightly into his seat, cracks his long whip-lash, and we plunge away towards the steep banks of the Colorado, bound for an eighty mile stage-ride to the venerable and picturesque city of San Antonio. Rattle! we are at the bank, and now we must all dismount, and walk down the declivity, cross the almost waterless river channel on a pontoon bridge, toil painfully across a sandy waste, then up the bank on the other side, turning to look at the town behind us, while the horses pant below. A cavalcade of hunters, mounted on lithe little horses and grave, sure-footed mules, returning towards Austin, passes us. The men are brown with the sun; they carry rifles poised across their high-peaked Mexican saddles; their limbs are cased in undressed skin leggings, and their heads are covered with broad hats, with silver braids twined about them. Each man bows courteously; then all canter briskly down to the stream, where their tired animals drink eagerly.

Mounting once more to our perches, artist and writer alike are inspired by the beauty of the long stretch of dark highway, bordered with huge live-oaks, or with the

wayward mesquite, whose branches are a perpetual danger to the heads of outside passengers. The driver nervously inspects us; then lights a cigar, and, in a gentle voice, appeals to his horses thus: "Git up, ye saddle critturs!"—this being evidently a mild reproach. The saddle critturs dash forward at a rapid gait. The glossy flank of each is branded with the name by which he is known; and whenever a leader lags or a wheel horse shows a disposition to be skittish, the loud voice says, "You Pete!" or "Oh Mary!" and Pete and Mary alike prick up their pretty ears and manifest new energy. The driver's tones never rise beyond entreaty or derision; and the animals seem keenly to feel each stricture upon their conduct. So we hasten on, past pretty farm-houses with neat yards, where four year old boys are galloping on frisky horses, or driving the cattle or sheep afield; past the suburbs of Austin, and out into the open country, until we have left all houses behind, and only encounter from time to time long wagon trains, drawn by oxen, and loaded with barrels and boxes, with lumber and iron, toiling at the rate of twenty miles a day towards the West. Behind each of the wagons marches a tough little horse, saddled neatly; and a forlorn dog, who has a general air of wolfishness about him, brings up the rear, showing his teeth as we dash past.

So presently the driver turns to us, and says, "I'm a dreadful good hand to talk, if ye've got any cigars." This in response to a mild feeler from the Scribnerian party after information. Then, in another breath, "From New York, hey? Ain't ye afraid to come away out here alone?" (Implying a scorn for the outside erroneous impression of Texan travel). Still, a moment after, as if regarding Gotham as a place to be pitied, driver adds, in a tone of infinite compassion:

"Wal, I s'pose there are some good souls there. And," (confidentially), "I've hauled more 'n two thousand o' them New Yorkers over to San Anton within the last year. Heap o' baggage. We told one young feller on the box here, one day, lots of Injun stories, just as it was gittin' dark. Reckon he wasn't much afeared. Oh, no!" Suppressed merriment lurking in the handsome, brown face. "You Pete! you ain't fit for chasin' Injuns! Git up!"

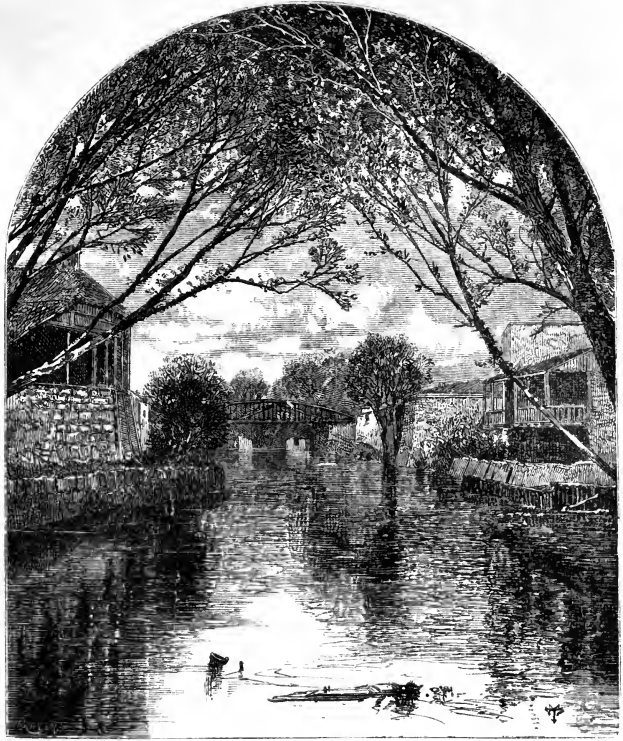
San Antonio is two thousand two hundred and seventy miles from New York by present lines of rail and stage, situated in

one of the garden spots of Southwestern Texas. To the newly arrived Northerner, Galveston certainly seems the ultra-antipode of Gotham; but once across the Brazos and the Colorado, and well into the fertile plains and among the glorious prairies of Western and Southwestern Texas, the sense of remoteness, of utter contrast, is a thousand-fold more impressive. To think, while clinging to the swaying stage seat, that one may journey on in this pleasant way for eight hundred miles, still within Texan limits, gives an actual idea also of the great State's extent. But hour by hour, thus whirling away from railroads and wooden houses, taverns, and bridges, and beaver-hatted and silk-bedizened folks, one cannot resist the growing feeling that he is in a foreign land, and as he sees the wild-eyed children staring at him from the fields, or notes the horseman coursing by, with clang of spur and clatter of arms, he has a vague expectation that if they address him, it will be in a foreign tongue.

A halt:—at a small stone house, through whose open door one sees a curious blending of country-store and farm-house and post-office. Here the mail for the back country is delivered. "Morning, Judge," (to an outside passenger,) from a lean by-stander, meditatively chewing tobacco. "Got those radical judges impeached, yet?"



HEADWATERS OF THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER.



SUNSET ON THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER.

Driver, won't you bring me a copy of the Texas Almanac next time you come out? Reckon I kin use it." A drove of pigs curiously inspect the open entrance to the store, whereupon two dogs charge them, flank the youngest of the swine, and teach them manners at the expense of their ears. Lime-flavored water is brought in a tin dipper and passed around; such of the passengers as choose perfume the vessel with an aroma of whiskey. "Wal! shan't git ye to San Antonio 'fore this time to-morrow if ye drink the rivers all dry," is the mild remonstrance. As we move off, the driver vouchsafes,—

"Thar was Mose, Judge, you remember Mose—; he wouldn't let no stranger talk to him, he wouldn't. Crossest man on this line; had a right smart o' swear-words: used 'em mostly to hosses, tho'! Had one horse that was ugly, and always tied his tail to the trace. Outsides mostly always asked him: 'What do you tie that horse's tail to the trace for?' You oughter hear Mose answer. Took him half an hour to get the swear-words out. One day, a feller from New York went over with Mose, and didn't say a word about the horse's

tail all the way to the relay; when they got to the un-hitching place, Mose offered the New Yorker half a dollar—"Stranger," he says, "I reckon you've gin me that worth of peace of mind, for you are the first man that never asked me nothing about that 'ar critter's tail.'"

A ford: a sinuous road leading to the edge of a rapidly rushing streamlet, on whose banks, among the white stones, lie the skeletons of cattle perished by the wayside; buzzards hovering groundward indicate some more recent demise;—ah! a poor dog, whose feet no longer wearily plod after the wagon train: the collar gone from his neck; some lonely man has taken it with him as a remembrancer of his faithful companion. A mocking-bird sings in some hidden nook; a chaparral cock runs tamely before us, fans the air with his gray plumes, and gazes curiously at the buzzards. An emigrant wagon is lumbering through the shallow, bluish-green water; the children of yonder grim bearded father are wading behind it: inside, the mother lies ill on a dirty mattress. Two old chairs, pots and kettles, a Winchester rifle, a sack of flour, and a roll of canvas, are strung at the wagon's back. The horses display their poor old ribs through their hides; their tongues loll under the intense heat. Our horses splash through the stream: outsiders get a blow in their faces from a mesquite limb; we come upon a Mexican camp. A group of lazy peons, who have wandered across from Mexico, braving danger and death daily, have at last arrived in a safe haven. The dingy father sleeps under his little cart; his mules crop the dry grass, tethered near a small, filthy tent, where reposes an Indian-looking girl, with a cherub-child's head upon her exquisite arm. A gipsy-looking hag is munching dried meat before a little fire where coffee is cooking.

Now along a rolling prairie, in a route disfigured by what is known as the "hog-wallow;" then, up to a range of hills: and *O gioja!* the matchless beauty of a wide expanse of vale below filled with masses of



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, ON THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER.

dense foliage, and beyond, forest-clad hills peered down upon by a blue, misty range, far away. A comfortable farm-house on the hill which we climb; the shepherds driving flocks of sheep afield; horsemen mounting and dismounting; bright-eyed maidens flitting about the yard, bare-headed and bare-armed; half-naked negro children tumbling on the turf; little white boys playing at Comanche on ponies. Majestic waves of sunlight flit across the valley; the campagna to which we are now coming swims in the delicious effulgence of the perfect Texas April noon.

A halt for dinner: we have had plenty of fresh relays of horses, and spin forward merrily. The Blanco river lies behind us. We crossed it, hardly wetting the horses' feet; but when the freshets come it holds the whole country round in terror for weeks. Our driver once waited seventeen days on its banks, "'n it kep' throwin' tree trunks at us all the time," he said. Dinner is served in a long, cool kitchen; a swart girl stands at one end, a swart boy at the other. Each agitates a long stick adorned with strips of paper, and thus a breeze is kept up and the flies are driven off. Buttermilk, corn-bread, excellent meat, and the inevitable coffee are the concomitants of the meal. The landlady stares at the paper-currency offered; gold and silver only are known in this section. The farmer comes in from the field for his

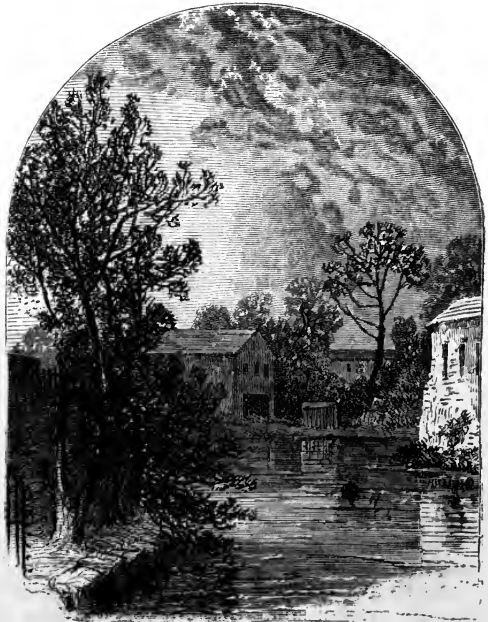
dinner; his pleasant homely talk recalls one to America; this is not foreign land then, after all. "Stage ready; come, now, if ye want to git anywhar to-night," from the driver's sonorous voice.

Onward to the San Marcos, another small, immensely powerful stream, running through rich lands, and passing hard by the prosperous town of San Marcos, the shire of a county whose best products are cotton, corn, and sorghum. The river, which has its source not far from the town, and near the old homestead of Gen. Bursleson, the noted Indian fighter, affords water-power which cannot fail to tempt Northern capital some day. Wood and building-stone of the best quality are abundant; San Marcos may yet be a second Lawrence or Manchester. We pass the court-house and the Coronal Institute; pass the long street lined with pretty dwellings, and ride forward through the hot afternoon towards the Guadalupe. The fields in which the corn is already half a foot high, are black; the soil is like fruit-cake. In obscure corners we find little cabins—erected by the Mexicans who abound along the way. Towards sunset we come upon neat stone-houses, with quaint German roofs. The driver ejaculates, "Everything Dutch now," and indeed we are about to see what German industry and German thrift have done for Western Texas. The stage rumbles on through the "lane" which extends for miles on either side of New Braunfels, bounded by fertile, well-fenced, well-cultivated fields, such as the eye of even a New England farmer never rested upon. It is dark as we rattle past the cottages; the German families, mother, father, and the whole gamut of children, from four to fourteen, are coming in from work. The women have been plowing afield, with the reins around their necks, and the plow handles grasped in their strong hands; yet they are not uncouth or ungracious; their faces are ruddy; their hair, blown backward by the evening breeze, falls gracefully about their strong shoulders. Surely, this is better than the tenement house in the bleak, comfortless city!

At last we reach the Comal, and crossing its foamy, greenish-blue waters, rattle on to New Braunfels, the cheery town which the German Immigration Company settled in 1845, and which is now an orderly and wealthy community of four thousand inhabitants, set down in the midst of

a county which has probably ten thousand residents. The Germans were the pioneers in this section, endured many hardships, and had many adventures, many battles with the Indians before they were allowed to push forward from New Braunfels to create other settlements. As we enter the long main street of the town, the lights from the cottage doors gleam forth cheerily; the village maidens are walking two by two with their arms about each others' waists, and crooning little melodies; the men are smoking long pipes at the gates; then we flash suddenly up to the hotel, and a pleasant-faced old gentleman, in a square silk cap, hastens to welcome us into a bright room, where little groups of Germans sit ranged about cleanest of tables, drinking foamiest of beer, out of shiniest of glasses. Are we then in Germany? Nay; for supper is spread in yonder hall, and the new driver whom we took up at the last relay is calling upon us to make haste.

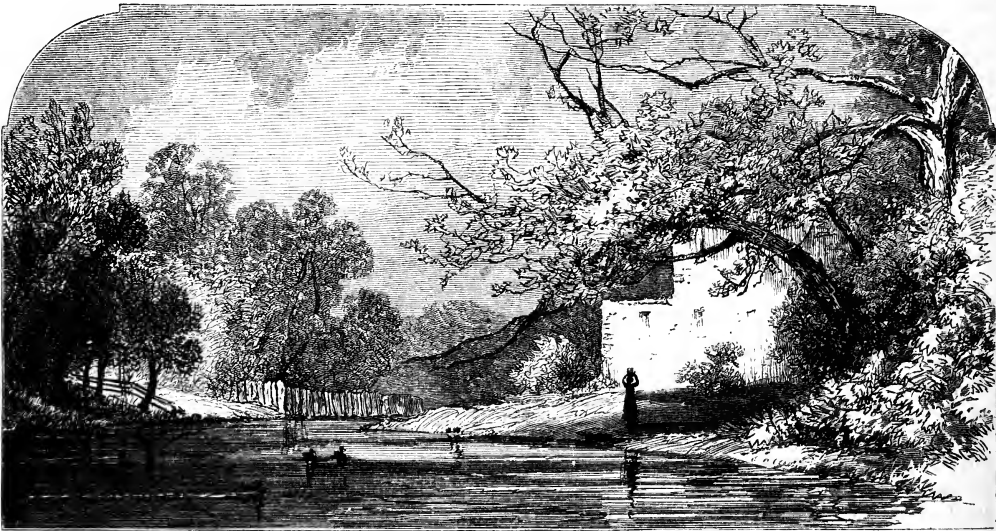
New Braunfels bears as many evidences of wealth and prosperity as any town in the Middle States. It has always been liberal in sentiment, and for many years boasted of having the only free school in Texas. The admirable water-power of the Comal and Guadalupe rivers has been taken advantage of by the shrewd Germans; and there are many manufactories in the



OLD MILL ON THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER.

county. The Comal, one of the most beautiful streams in Texas, gushes out from a vast number of springs at the foot of a mountain range not far from New Braunfels; and from its springs to its confluence with the Guadalupe, a distance of three miles, has forty feet of fall, and mill-sites enough for a regiment of capitalists. Indeed it is easy to see that New Braunfels will, at some future time, become a great manufacturing center. White labor is easily obtained, and the community is peaceful and law-abiding. A large cotton factory was established on the Comal some years ago, but was destroyed by an exceptional tornado in 1869. There are many water-mills in the county, all engaged in the manufacture of flour for export *via* the

see little patches of the landscape, and beyond them the infinite darkness, relieved only here and there by the yellow of camp-fires, or by the fitful gleams of the fire-flies. At last we strike across the prairie. The mesquite trees look white and ghostly in the lamplight; every other moment we pass one, and can fancy them, as they seem to flit, a sad legion of restless spirits, coming up for a moment to gaze at us, then sinking away again. Then, too, there is the illusion that we are all the time approaching a great city, because the innumerable fire-flies delude us into the momentary belief that we see the gas-lights of some metropolis. The horses trot steadily. Now we are in a stable-yard, in the midst of a clump of mesquite



BY THE RIVER-SIDE.

port of Indianola, settled by the same Immigration Company which founded New Braunfels, or *via* Lavaca. The county abounds in fruit, cotton and corn, and all other cereals are raised in profusion; and the trees along the river and creek bottoms are almost laden down with the mustang grape. Irrigation, which is a prime necessity in western Texas, is not difficult.

It is quite dark when we mount once more to the coach-top, and a cool night-wind is blowing. We now settle ourselves for a ride which will last until two in the morning. The driver cracks his long whip, and we plunge into the darkness. The two great lamps of the coach, looking like the eyes of some demon, cast a strange light for twenty feet ahead, and we can

and oak; the tired horses are unhitched, fresh ones replace them, and away we go again over the prairies. Presently the architecture changes; the little houses, dimly seen at the roadside, from time to time, are low, flat-roofed, and built of white stone; there are long stone walls, over which foliage scrambles in most picturesque fashion; and the shabby Mexican cottages, with thatched roofs and mud floors, abound. Now there is a hint of moonlight; we are approaching hills, and can see the cattle in relief against the sky, hundreds of them lying comfortably asleep, or starting up as they hear the rattle of the coach, and brandishing their horns or flourishing their tails. Faster, faster flit the mesquite ghosts; faster fly away

the oaks and chaparral; faster we speed across the little streams and now mount upon a high table-land, from which we can see, faintly defined in the distance, a range of hills, and can catch a hint of the beautiful valley at their feet. The hours pass rapidly; the night breeze is inspiring; we are fresh as at dawn; the driver is singing little songs; we dash into a white town; pass a huge "corral," inside which blue-painted army wagons are drawn up in line; pass groups of quaint stone houses; then into a long street, thickly lined with dwellings, set down in the midst of delicious gardens; scent the perfume drifting from the flower-beds; climb a little hill, whirl into a Spanish-looking square, and descend, cramped in limb and sore in bone, at the portal or the Menger House, in the good old city or San Antonio, the pearl of Texas.

The great State is usually considered by its inhabitants as divided into eight sections—namely, Northern, Eastern, Middle Western, Extreme Southwestern, and North-western Texas, the Mineral Region, and the "Pan Handle." This latter section, which embraces more than twenty thousand square miles, is at present inhabited almost entirely by Indians. The mineral region proper, believed to be exceedingly rich in iron and copper ores, comprises fifty thousand square miles. The vast section between the San Antonio river and the Rio Grande—as well as the stretch of seven hundred miles of territory between San Antonio and El Paso, on the Mexican frontier, is given up to grazing herds of cattle, horses, and sheep; to the hardy stock-raiser, and the predatory Indian and Mexican. Across the plains runs the famous



SAN ANTONIO—A STREET VIEW.

"old San Antonio road," which, for one hundred and fifty years, has been the most romantic route upon the western continent. The highway between Texas and Mexico, what expeditions of war, of plunder, of savage revenge, have traversed it! What heroic soldiers of liberty lost their lives upon it! What mean and brutal massacres have been done along its dusty stretches! What ghostly processions of friar and arquebusier, of sandaled Mexican soldier and tawny-painted Comanche; of broad-hatted, buckskin-breeched volunteer for Texan liberty; of gaunt emigrant, or fugitive from justice, with pistols at his belt and a Winchester at his saddle; of Confederate gray and Union blue, seem to dance before one's eyes as he rides upon



SAN ANTONIO—THE URSULINE CONVENT.

it! The romance of the road and of all its tributaries is by no means finished; there is every opportunity for the adventurous to throw themselves into the midst of danger even forty miles from "San Anton," as the Texans lovingly call the old town; and sometimes the danger comes galloping, in the shape of mounted Indians, into the very suburbs of San Antonio itself.

San Antonio is the only town in the United States which has a thoroughly European aspect, and it is more, in its older quarters, like some remote and obscure town in Spain than like any of the bustling villages of France or Germany, with which the "grand tour" traveler is familiar. Once arrived in it, and safely ensconced among the trees and flowerets on Flores street, or on any of the lovely avenues which lead from it out into the delicious surrounding country,—there seems a barrier let down to shut out the outer world; the United States is as a strange land. In San Antonio, too, as in Nantucket, you may hear people speak of "going to the States," "the news from the States," etc., with utmost gravity and good faith. The interests of the section are not so identified with those of the country to which it belongs as to lead to the same intense curiosity about American affairs that

and criticism only when the frontier defenses or the Mexican boundaries are discussed. "What general was that down yer with Gin'ral Sherman?" said a man to me at an out of the way town in Western Texas. "Reckon that was one o' your Northern gin'rails." He had never heard of Secretary Belknap, for he had no interest in following Cabinet changes. Although everything which is brought to San Antonio from the outer world toils over eighty miles of stage or wagon transit, the people are well provided with literature; but that does not bring them any closer to the United States. Nothing but a railroad ever will; and the majority of the elder population rebels against the idea of a railroad. Steaming and snorting engines to defile the pure air, and disturb the grand serenity of the vast plains! No, indeed; not if the Mexicans can have their way, the older Mexicans, the apparently immortal old men and women who are preserved in Chili pepper, and who, as their American neighbors say, have been taught that they will have but short shrift when the railways come in.' "It will bring you all sorts of epidemics, and all kinds of noxious diseases," they have been told by those interested to prevent the road's building. And this the venerable monied Mexicans actually consider a valid reason

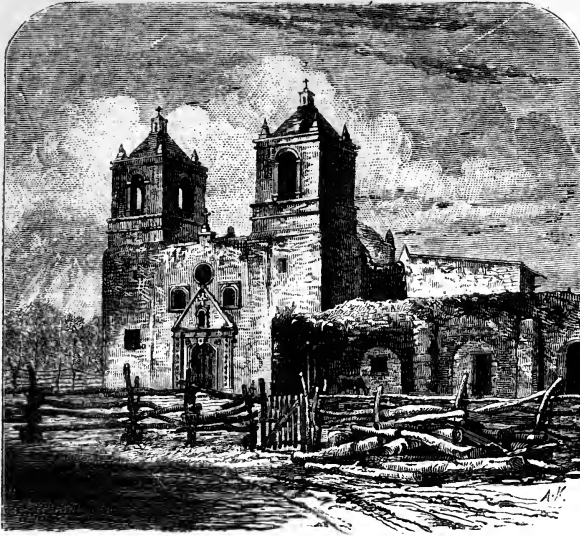


A SAN ANTONIAN STREET.

one finds manifested in Chicago, St. Louis, and even in Galveston. People talk more about the cattle-trade, the Mexican thievery question, the invasion of Mexico by the French, the prospects of the opening up of silver mines, than of the rise and fall of the political mercury, and the general government comes in for consideration

verité. For many years consumptives have been straying into San Antonio, apparently upon their very last legs, only to find renewed life and vigor, in the superb climate of Western Texas; and so certain is it that consumptives and those poor in general health can be cured in San Antonio and the surrounding region,

for opposition, since San Antonio now has the reputation of being the healthiest corner of the American continent. The local proverb says, "If you wish to die here, you must go somewhere else;" and, although the logic is not quite clear, it is certain that there is a *fond de*



THE CONCEPCION MISSION.

that retreats and quiet residences for people to enshrine themselves in during recovery are going up in all quarters there. A few of the golden mornings—a few of the restful evenings, when the odorous dark comes so gently that one cannot detect its approach,—and one learns the charm of this delightful corner of the world.

San Antonio is the cradle of Texan liberty. Its streets and the highways leading to it have been drenched with the blood of her brave soldiers. Steal out with me into the fields this rosy morning, friends, and here, at the head of the San Antonio river, on this joyous upland, at the foot of the Guadalupe mountains whence a thousand sweet springs arise as if by magic, and overlooking the old town, hear a bit about its history and the early struggles of the Texans.

France was a great gainer for a short time by the fortunate accident which threw De La Salle's fleet into the bay of San Fernando, on the Gulf of Mexico, during his voyage in 1684 from La Rochelle to take possession of the mouths of the Mississippi in the name of the king of France. De La Salle virtually opened Texas; after he had discovered his error of reckoning, and that he was on new ground, he founded a fort between Velasco and Matagorda; but it was soon after destroyed, and La Salle's premature death, at the hands of his quarrelsome and cowardly associates, greatly retarded the progress of discovery in Texas. But

the expedition, and those who followed it, caused great alarm at the Court of Spain, and as much indignation as alarm. A century and a half was yet to elapse ere Spain should feel herself feeble enough to abandon a conquest whose advantages she had so abused; ere she should see herself compelled to give up the immense territory which she had held so long. But De La Salle's expedition also caused new activity in Spain; and in 1691, a governor "of the States of Coahuila and Texas" was appointed, and with a handful of soldiers and friars went out to establish missions and military posts. Colonies were planted on the Red River, on the Neches, and along the banks of the Guadalupe; but in a

few years they died out. Presently other efforts were made—the Spaniards meantime keeping up a sharp warfare with the Indians, and the mission of San Juan Bautista, on the right bank of the Rio Grande, three miles from the river, was created a *presidio* or garrison, and the old San Antonio road "between Texas and Mexico ran directly by it. Meantime the French were vigorously pushing expeditions forward from the settlements along the Louisianian coast; and so very much in earnest seemed the movements of Crozat, the merchant prince, to whom Louis XIV. had ceded Louisiana, that the viceroy of Mexico began anew measures for establishing missions and garrisons throughout Texas. And it so happened that in 1715, after a mission had been established among the Adae Indians, and another, the "Dolores," west of the Sabine river, the fort and mission of San Antonio de Valero was located on the right bank of the San Pedro river, about three-fourths of a mile from the site of the present Catholic Cathedral in San Antonio of to-day.

From 1715 may be said to date the decisive occupancy of Texas by Spain, as opposed to France; she drove out the French wherever found, opposed their advances, and finally succeeded in definitely planting fortified missions at the principal important points. San Antonio was then known as a garrison, and was usually spoken of as the Presidio of Bexar. Indeed to this day the elder Mexicans living in the surrounding country speak of

going *al presidio*, to the garrison, when they contemplate a visit to San Antonio. Texas was then known as the "New Philippines;" and was protected by four garrisons, one of which was San Antonio, having five missions under its protection. The Marquis of Casa Fuerte had long believed that this garrison would be a good site

for a town, and, having asked the Spanish government to send emigrants there, "thirteen families and two bachelors," thus say the ancient town records, arrived from the Canary Islands, and settled on the east side of the San Antonio river, founding a town which they called San Fernando. To them came sturdy Tlascalans from Mexico, and the colonists built a stout little hamlet around the great square which to-day is known as the "Plaza of the Constitution," or the main square in San Antonio. The town was called San Fernando, in honor of Ferdinand the then king of Spain. It was rough work to be a colonist in those days, and the Spaniards, friars, soldiers and all, were very glad to get into the great square at night, close the entrance with green hides, to set their sentinels on the roofs of the flat houses, and, trem-



THE OLD MISSION OF SAN JUAN.

bling lest the sound of the war-whoop of the terrible Apaches and Comanches should startle their ears, to catch a little repose. These Apaches and Comanches in those days overran the country between San Antonio and Santa Fé, and ran down upon the infant settlement from their stronghold in the pass of Bandera. They swarmed in the Guadalupe mountains, where even now they come in the full of the moon searching for horses as their ancestors did.

In due time, there was a town on each side of the San Antonio river, each with its mission and attendant garrison. Around the mission of the "Alamo" had clustered a little garrison and village. This mission church, whose history is so romantic, was first founded in 1703, in the Rio Grande valley, by Franciscans from Queretaro, under the invocation of San Francisco de Solano, but, water being scarce, was moved back and forth until 1718, when,

"Borne, like Loretto's chapel, thro' the air,"

it migrated to the west bank of the San Pedro river, and remained in that vicinity until, in 1744, it was removed to the high plateau on the east side of the San Antonio river; and the foundations of the Church of the Alamo were laid on the very ground where, ninety years after, Travis and his braves fell as only heroes fall. The mission was known, until 1783, as San Antonio de Valero, in honor of the



THE FONT IN SAN JOSÉ.

Marquis of Valero, the then Viceroy of "New Spain." The town below the river retained its name of San Antonio de Bexar.

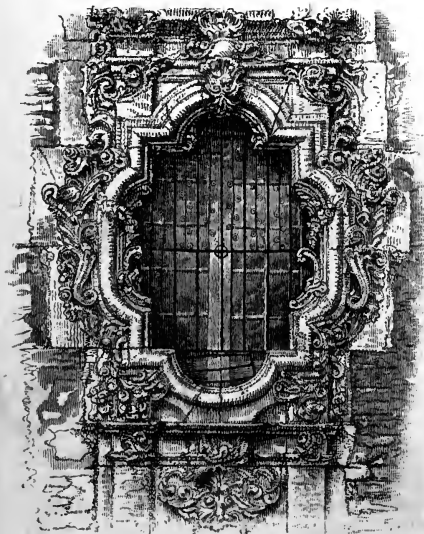
The missions built up around San Antonio were variously named La Purissima Concepcion de Acuna, San Juan Campitran, San Francisco de Assisis, and San José. The Franciscans, completely estranged from all the ordinary cares and passions of the world by the vows of their order, gave themselves heartily to the work, and vigorously employed the soldiers allotted them by the government in catching Indians, whom they undertook to civilize. The missions were fortified convent-churches, built in massive and enduring form, and surrounded by high walls, so thick and strong that they could resist all Indian attacks. Within these walls the converted Indians and the missionaries and soldiers gathered whenever a sentinel gave the alarm, and the brawny friars joined with the men at arms in fiercely defending the stations where the cross had been planted. The Indians who were induced to settle in the vicinity of the Franciscans, and submit to the religious and industrial training which the friars had prepared for them, were rarely guilty of treachery, and submitted to all the whippings which Mother Church thought good for them. Barefooted, and clad in coarse woolen robes, with the penitential scourge about their waist, the priests wandered among the Indians at the missions, learned their languages, and enforced chastity,



FROM THE PLAINS.

temperance and obedience among them. Inside the square which the mission buildings formed were the dwellings allotted both the soldiers and the Indians; and the savages chafed under this restraint, although they could not doubt the motives of the good fathers in restraining them. But they toiled well in the fields, went meekly to catechism, and were locked up at night, lest they should be led into temptation. Whenever the converts rebelled, there were soldiers enough at hand to subdue them; and the commander of the church garrison was a kind of absolute potentate, who made any and every disposition he pleased of a convert's life and property.

In 1729, the right reverend fathers forming the college of Santa Cruz of Queretaro were authorized to found three missions on the river San Marcos; and, in 1730, a superior order from the Marquis of Casa Fuerte authorized the foundation of these missions upon the river San Antonio, under certain conditions as to their distance from the San Antonio garrison. The result was that before 1780, four superb mission edifices had been reared, at short distances from each other, and not

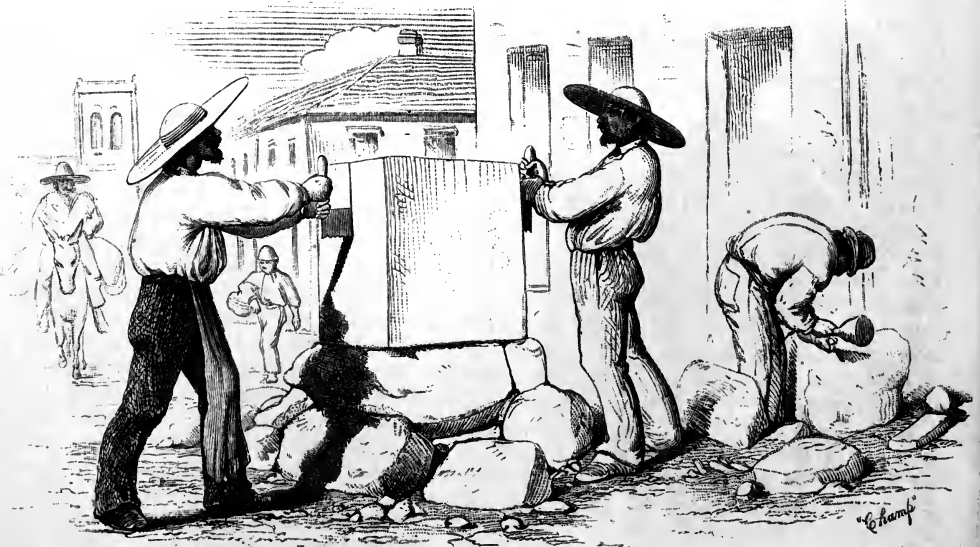


AN OLD WINDOW IN SAN JOSÉ.

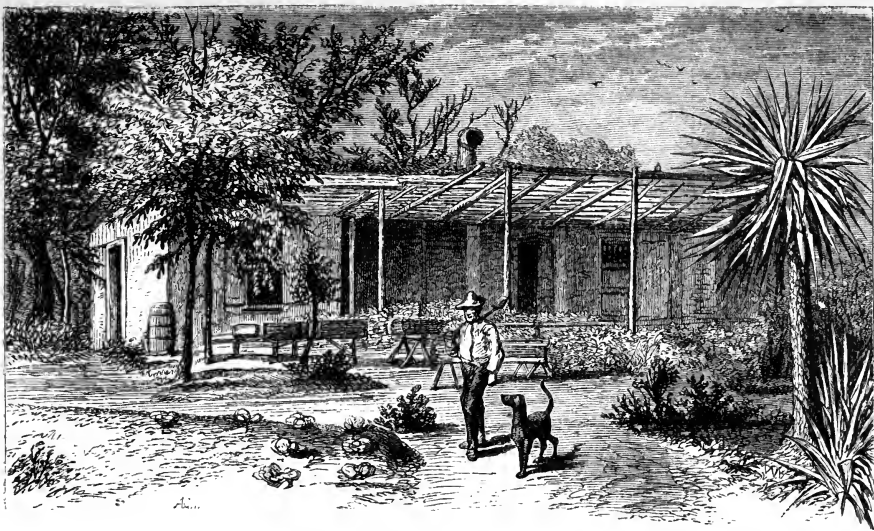
far from the beautiful San Antonio river. On the 5th. of March, 1731, the foundations of La Purissima Concepcion de Acuna were laid, and, after many vicissitudes and imminent escapes from destruction, it was completed in 1752. Indians and friars had toiled for twenty-one years upon one of the noblest churches ever erected by Catholics in America, and to-day it is a ruin, deserted save by an humble German family, who exhibit the time-honored walls to visitors, and till the lands in the vicinity. The San José mission, in all respects the finest, was completed in 1771; that of San Juan in 1746; and the "Espada" in 1780. As the communities, clustered about these missions, grew, so grew San Antonio; as they suffered, so it suffered in protecting them. The same Indians who cantered up to the town-gates did not fail to offer some menace to the missions before returning to their mountain fastnesses. In 1758, they went farther, for they assaulted the mission which had been established at San Saba, and massacred the pastors and their flocks, as well as the guardian soldiery. Swarms of the savages surrounded the mission, and the wonderfully rich silver mines which had been developed near it, and not a Spaniard was left alive to bear the news of the dreadful massacre to his trembling comrades in the other missions. Some day the San Saba mines will be re-opened; but their exact location

has been long lost to the knowledge of Europeans or Mexicans, and no Indian will point the way to them.

It was sunset, on a beautiful April evening, when I first climbed to the roof of the Concepcion Mission. The day had been heated and dusty in town; I was glad, when some hint of evening came, to steal away down the lovely road; past the dense groves and perfumed thickets, along the route which wound fantastically among trees and flowers, and fertile fields watered by long canals; past quiet cool yards, in whose shaded seclusion I could catch glimpses of charming cottages and farm-houses, where rosy Germans or lean Americans sat literally under their own "vine and fig-tree." The carriage rolled suddenly through a ford in the deep swift stream, came out upon a stretch of open field, and at a distance I saw, peering above some graceful trees, the twin towers of Concepcion,—saw them with a thrill of joy at their beauty and grandeur, just as hundreds of weary travelers across the great plains had doubtless seen them a century ago. They were a welcome sight in those days, for they guaranteed comparative security in a land where nothing was absolutely certain, save death. Approaching, I could see that the towers arose from a massive church of grayish stone, once highly ornate and rich in sculpture and carving, but now much dilapidated.



MEXICAN MASONS AT WORK.



VICTOR CONSIDERANT'S TEXAN HOME.

The portal was decayed; a Spanish inscription told of the founding of the mission; the carvings and decorations were obscure. A group of awe-stricken girls lingered about the door-wing as an old man rehearsed some legend of the place. The mission bore here and there hints of the Moorish spirit, the tendency to the arch and vault which one sees so much in Spanish architecture; the great dome, sprung lightly over the main hall of the church, was a marvel of precision and beauty. In front a long wall, now fallen into decay, jutting out at the right hand, showed the nature of the original defenses of the mission. This wall was of enormous thickness, and the half ruined dwellings in its sides are still visible. Wandering a little about the venerable structure, I stood looking at the gray walls as they were bathed in the golden light of the fervid Southern sunset; noted the numberless doves hovering in and out of the grand towers; the lizards at the walls' base; the countless thousands of grasshoppers flashing in the air, and nestling playfully on the mission's sides; the stone cross between the twin towers, standing up black against the sunset; the curious parapets along the roof, so contrived that they were at once ornament and shelter, and the loop-holes in them for muskets; the mysterious entrances in the rear and the dark shadow which the stone threw upon the short, sparse, sun-dried grass; stood, and tried to call up the mission fort as it

was a century ago, surrounded with smiling fields, cultivated by patient Indians; the soldiers at their posts, diligently guarding the approaches; the old friars, in their coarse robes, building and teaching and praying and scourging themselves and the Indians; a cavalcade arriving at sunset from a weary journey; men-at-arms, and gaily-costumed cavaliers entering the gateway; the clatter of swords and the click of musket-locks; the echoes of the evening hymn from the resounding vault of the cathedral:—but the Present obtruded itself in the shape of a rail-fence and four excitable dogs anxiously regarding me from behind it, so I gave meditation the go-by, and asked the German family the way to the roof.

The Barefooted German maiden, naïve and bashful, seemed strangely out of place in the shadows of the mission. I wandered through the kitchen, an old nook in the wall, and, venturing behind the heels of half a dozen mules stabled in a niche of the sanctuary, mounted a crazy ladder leading to the belfry window. Getting in at the huge opening, I startled the doves, who flew angrily away, and then clinging to the wall on one side, I climbed still another flight of stone steps, and emerged on the roof. It is a giant piece of masonry, my masters of to-day; you can certainly do but little better than did the poor friars and Indians a century ago. The ruin has crumbled in many places, being built of the soft stone of the country; but looks



SUNNING THEMSELVES.

as if it might still hold for a century. For miles around, the country is naked, save for its straggling growth of mesquite, of cactus, of chaparral; the forest has never reasserted itself since the fathers cultivated the fields; and one can trace the ancient limits very readily now. The grant of the Mission of Concepcion was about the first land-grant of the Spanish government in Texas of which there is any record. In March of 1731 the captain commanding at San Antonio went to the newly allotted mission grounds, kindly greeted the Indians who had decided to settle there, and caused the chief of the tribe to go about over the ceded lands, to pull up weeds, turn over stones, and go through all the traditional ceremonials of possession. The same formalities were observed in founding all the missions near San Antonio; the transfer of the lands being made to the Indians because the Franciscans, on account of their vows, could hold no worldly estate.

We Americans of the present should lean rather kindly towards these old Franciscans, for they were largely instrumental in the work of freeing Texas from the yoke of Spanish and Mexican tyranny. As priests, they were too human and sympathetic to enjoy or sympathize with the brutal policy of Spain; and as sensible men they had democratic leanings, doubt-

less enhanced by the Spartan plainness of their lives.

The various internal troubles, undergone by Spain early in this century, had only served to make her more arrogant towards her colonies, and a large party was anxious to revolt. At this time there were few Americans in the territory. Now and then the agents of Wilkinson and Burr ran through it, endeavoring to perfect designs for their new Southwestern Empire; but, besides these ambitious schemers, only desperadoes from the United States entered Texas. In 1813, however, Augustus W. Magee, a lieutenant in the American army, undertook, in conjunction with a Mexican revolutionist, to conquer Texas to the Rio Grande, with a view to annex-

ing it to America or Mexico, as circumstances should dictate. He resigned his commission and plunged headlong into the invasion, bringing to it many men and much courage, and fighting a good fight at Nacogdoches; but, finally attempted measures leading to a retreat, and not being able to carry his men with him in his plans, ended his life by his own hands, as is generally believed. A short time after, the invading Americans and the revolting Mexicans arrived before San Antonio, and attacked the city at once. General Salcedo, the Spaniard commanding, valiantly defended it, but the Americans and Mexicans won, and as the Indians from the missions had joined in, but few prisoners were taken. More than a thousand Spaniards were killed and wounded. Salcedo and a number of noted Spanish officials were brutally murdered. The Americans and Mexicans were attacked a few days afterwards by other Spanish forces, but repulsed them with great slaughter. But a third Spanish force was sent to San Antonio, and four thousand men gave battle to eight hundred and fifty Americans and twice as many Mexicans, composing the "Republican Army of the North," near the Medina River. The Spaniards were victorious, and all of the Americans but ninety-three were massacred. A large number of the Americans were shot on the San Anto-

nio road, and their cruel captors seated them by tens on timbers placed over newly dug graves, and thus dispatched them. This terrible massacre was known as the "battle of the Medina." Then the brave old town of San Antonio suffered the vengeance of the Spanish authorities. Seven hundred of its best citizens were imprisoned, and five hundred of the wives and daughters of the patriots were thrown into filthy dungeons.

From that time forth the history of San Antonio was one of blood and battle, of siege and slaughter. The Americans, who, in a reckless manner, had given their blood for Texan freedom, were henceforth to do it because actuated by the noblest of motives, and in defense of their own liberties.

The day of my visit to the San José mission was so over-bright that the Mexicans looked parched under their sombreros, as they loafed in the shade of the awnings, and the oxen in the wagon teams lolled out their great tongues in mute distress. About four miles westward from San Antonio, in the midst of the plain, stands the vast pile of ruins known as the San José. Mute, mighty, passing beautiful,—it is rapidly decaying; and the government should not willingly let it crumble into dust. The Catholic church in Texas, to whom the missions and the mission lands now belong,

is too poor to attempt the restoration of this superb edifice; but it should be saved. One of the most famous of Parisian architects, in a recent tour through this country, pronounced the mission the finest piece of architecture in the United States. San José has more claims to consideration than have the other missions, as the king of Spain sent an architect of rare knowledge and genius to superintend its erection. This architect, Huizar, finally settled in Texas, where his descendants still live. It is impossible to paint with words the grand effect of this imposing, yellowish-gray structure, rearing itself from the parched lands, with its belfry, its long ranges of walls with vaulted archways, its richly and quaintly carved windows, its winding stairways, its shaded aisles. As our party entered the rear archways an old, sun-dried Mexican approached, and in a weak voice, invited us to enter the church. In the interior of the edifice the old man and his bronzed wife have placed their household goods; and in the outer porch dried beef was hung over the images of the saints. An umbrella and a candlestick graced the christening font. The old man, lighting a corn-shuck cigarette, lay down on one of the beds, moaning, for he was a confirmed invalid; and we climbed to the tower, whence we speedily descended, for the great dome fell in last

year, and the roof is no longer considered safe. Returning to the shade, the Mexican woman, clad in a single coarse garment, her hair falling not ungracefully about a face which seemed still young, although she must have been fifty, served us water in a gourd, and then, seated on the ground with the hens affectionately picking about her, conversed. Was she born at the mission? No, Señor; but in San Fernando. And where had she spent her youth? In Piedras Negras, Señor. And did she not fear the roof of the old Mission might some day fall and crush her? Who knew—Señor—she answered, ambiguously; and gave that vague shake of the head by which both



AT SAN PEDRO SPRINGS.

Spaniards and Mexicans so accurately express profound unconcern. In the shade of some of the great walls were little stone cabins, in which other Mexican families lived; where bronzed children were running about in the sun, and bronzed fathers were working lazily in the field. In the distance, in any direction—chaparral,—mesquite,—cactus,—short, burned grass, and the same prospect all the way to the Rio Grande. A sun-swept, sun-burnished land; a land of mirages, and long weary distances without water; a land of mysterious clumps of foliage, inviting to ambush; a land where men narrowly watched each other when they met, and went armed to the teeth; where the soldiers were always chasing marauding savages whom they rarely caught, and where the Mexican and the Indian together hunted the cattle of the "Gringo;" where little towns clustered trustingly around rough fortresses; where the lonely "ranch" was defended by the brave settler with his "Winchester;" where millions of cattle and thousands of horses and sheep roamed fancy free from year to year, their owners only now and then riding in among them to secure the increase;—that was the beyond.

The San Juan Mission, a little beyond the San Antonio river, some three or four miles farther down, like the Espada, which stands upon a bend in the river still below, is but a ruin. In its day it was very large, and many families lived within its bounds. Now there is little to be seen, besides a small chapel and the ruins of the huge walls. A few families live among the *débris*, and there is even a "San Juan Mission Store." The scene about the humble abode of the Mexicans, residing in or near these missions, is usually the same; there is a rude water-cart near the door, a few pigs run about the premises, and a hairless Mexican dog watches them; two or three men, squatted on their haunches, sit blinking in the sun; no one ever seems to do any work; yet the Mexicans about San Antonio have good reputations as laborers.

It was at the Concepcion mission that the patriot army of Texas assembled in 1835, after the capture of Goliad; and along the river bottom and in the timber by the river, that a battle was fought in which the Mexicans received a severe whipping. Each of the ancient edifices has historic value which should entitle it

to consideration from the government of to-day; but the government is not over-delicate about neglecting its obligations in this respect.

On the river road from San Antonio to Concepcion stands the comfortable country-house so long occupied by Victor Considerant, the French free thinker and socialist. Considerant, after his ineffectual attempt to found a community of the Fourier type in Texas, lived tranquilly with his family near the old mission for many years, going to San Antonio now and then for society and occupying his leisure with literary work. A strange man, strongly fixed in his beliefs and prejudices, he was not thoroughly understood, but was universally respected by the Texans who met him.

San Antonio is watered by two beautiful streams, the San Antonio, and the San Pedro, the former running directly through the town's center. It is a deep, bluish current flowing in a narrow but picturesque channel between bold and rugged banks in some places, and sloping borders in others, and is everywhere overhung with delicate groupings of foliage. It passes under great stone bridges, by mystic arbors and bath-houses; by flights of stone steps leading up into the interiors of cool, cozy houses, as the stairways lead from Venetian canals; past little lawns, where the San Antonian loafs at his ease at midday; and on through sweet fields, where there is a wealth of blossoms. Nowhere, however, is it so supremely beautiful as at its source, on the high plateau at the foot of the Guadalupe range, where it breaks out from a thousand springs, and shapes itself at once into a beautiful stream. Around the natural park of several hundred acres which lies along the base of the mountains, Mr. Brackenridge, the banker who purchased the estate, has thrown a protecting wall; and has thus enclosed a park which an English duke might covet. The stream is a delicious poem, written in water on the loveliest of river-beds, from which mosses, ferns, dreamiest green and faintest crimson, rich opalescent and strong golden hues, peep out. Every few rods there is a lovely waterscape—a painting in miniature—an apotheosis of color. Noble pecans, grand oaks, lofty ashes, shade the stream. The head spring is clear as crystal; one may look down its glittering sides to its very bottom. The stream flows down towards a quarry a little above the town,



J. Turkey.

CABALLERO AND MULERO.

where it again forms into a complete picture, such as in Europe only the Marne at St. Maur, or the Seine at Marly can rival. It is a perpetual delight, a constant treasure, and the people of San Antonio speak almost reverently of the current. The San Pedro is commonly known as a creek, but has many a beautiful nook along its banks; and in one of them the Germans have established their beer gardens, at what is called "San Pedro Springs." There, in the long Sunday afternoons, hundreds of families are gathered, drinking beer, listening to music and singing, playing with the fawns, or gazing into the bear garden and the den of the Mexican panther. There, too, the Turnverein takes its exercise; and in a long hall dozens of German children waltz, under the direction of a gray-haired old professor, while two spectacled masters of the violin make music. This is the Sunday rendezvous of great numbers of the citizens of San Antonio, Germans and Americans, and is as merry, as free from vulgarity or quarreling, as any beer garden in Dresden the fair. The German element has been of incalculable good to Western Texas, and especially to San Antonio. It has aided much in building up the material interests of the whole section; has very large-

ly increased the trade of the city; has brought with it conservatism and good sense in manners, so that even a frontier town, eighty miles from any railroad, and not more than thirty miles from Indians, has all the grace and decorum of older societies. The German was a good element, too, when the trying issues of the last war came; and was unwavering in its loyalty. The Germans suffered much and many were driven out, losing property and money: hundreds in trying to escape to Mexico, or into the Northwest, were slaughtered. There were some shameful massacres. But the Germans were not to be frightened, and they held to their views, although often obliged to conceal them. Texas is a changed place indeed to the people who were afraid to express their views before the war. As a gentleman in San Antonio said to me, "It was like living in an asylum where everyone was crazy on one especial subject; you never knew when dangerous paroxysms were about to begin." The Texas of twelve years ago, when it was dangerous for a man to be seen reading *The New York Tribune*, and critically perilous for him to be civil to a slave, has passed away, and the Texans themselves are glad that they are awakened from their dream of patriarchal aristo-

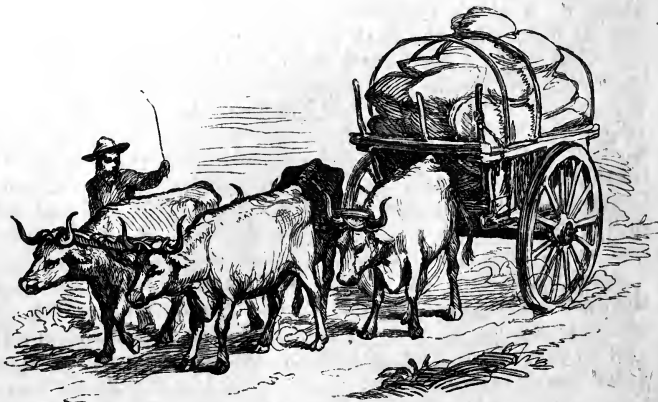
cracy, which placed such a check upon the development of their State. The Germans have settled several thriving places west of San Antonio, the most noted of which is Fredericksburg. German and Jewish names are certainly over the doors of more than half the business houses in San Antonio; and German or Hebrew talent conducts many vast establishments which have trade with the surrounding country, or with Mexico. San Antonio has so long been a depot for military supplies for all the forts on the Southwestern frontier, and for the supply of the Mexican States this side of the Sierra Madre, that many of the merchants are not in favor of the advent of railroads, fearing that with them trade will move beyond the venerable city, and not remembering, that, should that be so, the railroads will bring ample compensating advantages. The sooner Western Texas has railroads, the sooner will the Indian and Mexican difficulties be settled; the sooner will all the available rich lands be taken up. Even now the business done by means of the slow wagon trains, which can, at best, only make twenty miles per day, is enormous, amounting to many millions yearly; what would it be if railroads penetrated to the now untamed frontiers? Many of



A MEXICAN BEGGAR.]

the appliances of civilization are fast reaching Western Texas for the first time; San Antonio now has four prosperous banks,—she had none before the war,—gas-lights, two daily papers, and a weekly for the German populations; how can she avoid railroads? Three lines are at present pointed directly for the antique city; the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railroad, which is now completed from Harrisburg to Columbus, and is to be continued from Columbus to San Antonio; the Gulf, Western Texas and Pacific Railroad, which at present extends from Indianola to Victoria, and has been graded to Cuero, thirty miles beyond Victoria; and the International Railroad, which contemplated touching both Austin and San Antonio, thus opening a through line to Longview, in Northern Texas, and Southward to Mazatlan on the Pacific, with a branch to the city of Mexico. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad will also touch at San Antonio, when the Mexican branch of that line is completed.

The *plazas*, or public squares of San Antonio, merit special attention. The four principal ones are those of the Alamo, the Constitution, the Military, and Travis. The latter is a handsome grass-grown common surrounded by pretty residences, some of them fronting upon charming lawns and gardens; and a stone church is to be erected there by the Episcopalians. The old church of San Fernando is now removed from the "Plaza of the Constitution," or rather is enshrined within a new and imposing edifice, built of the white stone of the section. The Constitution Plaza is the original garrison square of San Fernando—and from it

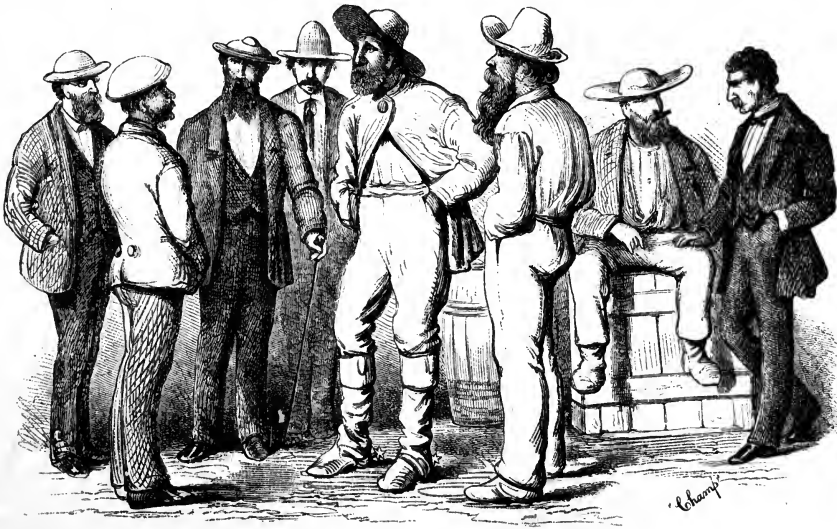


RETURNING FROM MARKET.

streets lead out into the open country, the Military Plaza, and the main part of the town. The Military Plaza is surrounded by store-houses and shops, and is always filled with wagon teams and their picturesque and ragged drivers. From thence it is only a few steps to one of the Mexican quarters of the town, sometimes called "Laredito." There the life of the seventeenth century still prevails, without any taint of modernism. Wandering along the unpaved street in the evening, one finds the doors of all the Mexican cottages open, and has only to enter and demand supper to be instantly served; for the Mexican has learned to turn American curiosity about his cookery to account. Entering one of these hovels, you will find

scattered along at the tables in the little houses in Laredito; even when we went there was a large party of the curious, ciceroned by one of the oldest and most respected of San Antonio's citizens, "Don Juan" Twohig, the wealthy Irish banker, who was sixty-five years old that very day, but rolled tortillas as heartily as when a sturdy youth, and was as gay as when, a gallant revolutionist, he beguiled the hours of captivity in the Castle of Perote, where the cruel Mexicans had sent him.

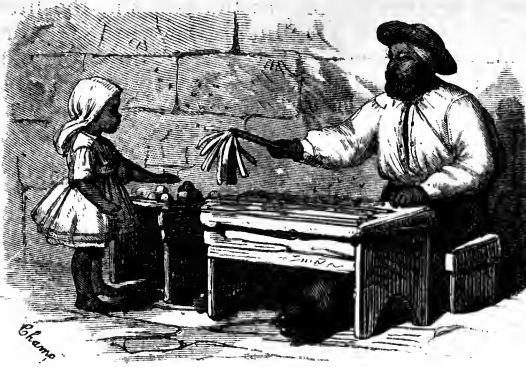
The residences on Flores street are all completely embowered in shrubbery, and many of them are intrinsically fine. There are few wooden structures in the city; the solid architecture of previous centuries prevails. Putting up a house is a work of



STREET SCENE.—A GROUP ON THE PAVE.

a long, rough table with wooden benches about it; a single candlestick dimly sending its light into the dark recesses of the unceiled roof; a hard earth-floor, in which the fowls are busily bestowing themselves for sleep; a few dishes arranged on the table, and glasses and coffee-cups beside them. The fat, tawny Mexican *materfamilias* will place before you various savory compounds, swimming in fiery pepper, which biteth like a serpent; and the *tortilla*, a smoking hot cake, thin as a shaving, and about as eatable, is the substitute for bread. This meal, with bitterest of coffee to wash it down, and liquid dulcet Spanish talked by your neighbors at table for dessert, will be an event in your gastronomic experience. You will see many Americans

time; but it is solid when completed, and cannot be burned. Most of the houses and blocks in Commerce and other principal streets are generally two, sometimes three stories high; there are some fine shops—one or two of them being veritable museums of trade. It is from these shops that the assortments are made up which toil across the plains to the garrisons and to Mexico; and a wagon-train, loaded with a "varied assortment," contains almost everything known in trade. Through the narrow streets every day clatter the mule-teams, their tattered and dirty-clothed negro drivers shouting frantically at them as they drag civilized appliances towards Mexico. The wagoners lead a wild life of almost constant danger



A STREET MERCHANT.

and adventure, but they are fascinated with it, and can rarely be induced to give it up.

The Mexicans monopolize a corner of the town, which has won the *sobriquet* of "Chihuahua." It is a picturesque collection of hovels, built of logs and stones and dried mud, and thatched with brush or straw. Little gardens are laid out in front of the houses, some of which are no longer than a sentry-box, and naked children play in the primitive streets. Young girls, bold-eyed and beautiful, gaily dressed, and with shawls thrown lightly over their superb heads, saunter about, idly gossiping or saucily regarding strangers; the men seem to be perpetually waiting for some one to come and feed them. They wander about in the most purposeless fashion; and one is tempted to think them on the lookout for a chance to rob or murder; but they are, on the contrary, quite inoffensive. "Chihuahua" and "Laredito" are nooks that one would never suspect could exist on American soil. But the Mexican is hard-headed, and terribly prejudiced; he cannot be made to see that his slow, primitive ways, his filth and lack of comfort, are not better than the frugal decency and careful home management of the Germans and Americans who surround him.

The Alamo is the shrine to which every pilgrim to this strange corner of America must do utmost reverence. As mission-church and fortress, it is venerable, and has been so baptized in blood that it is world-famous. The terse inscription on the Alamo monument, in the porch of the capitol at Austin, will give you a foretaste of the reverence in which the ruins are held by Texans: "*Thermopylae had her*

messenger of death; the Alamo had none!" There is but little left of the original edifice now. The portion still standing is used as a government store-house; and the place where Travis and his immortals fell, which should be the site of a fine monument, is a station for the mule and ox teams waiting to receive stores.

It was a noteworthy struggle which led to the massacre at the Alamo, and thence to Texan independence. Moses and Stephen F. Austin, father and son, struggled through a dreary period of colonization from 1821 until 1836. The father died before he had succeeded in availing himself,

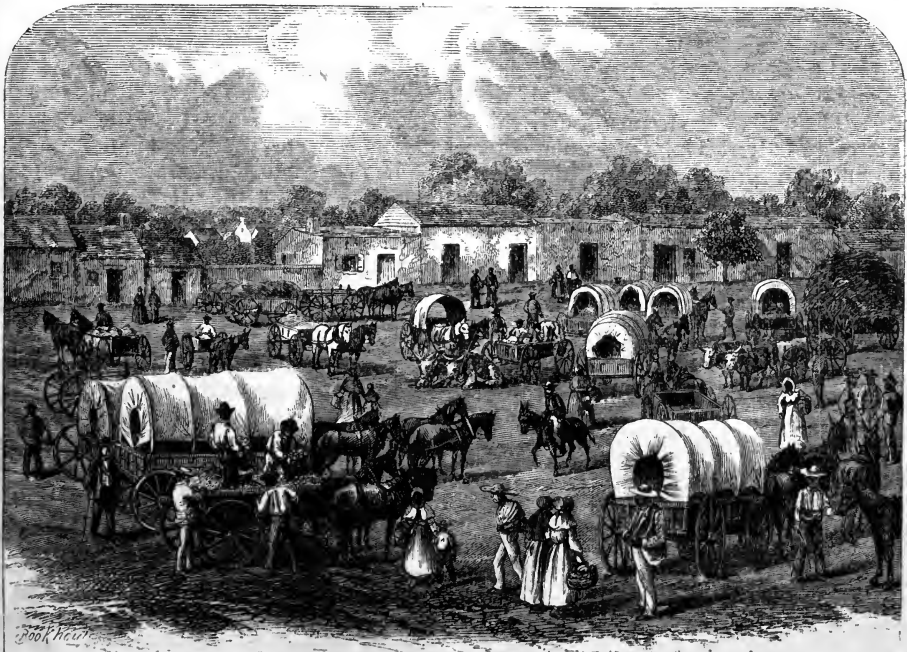
to any extent, of the hesitating permission he had received from the Spaniards to introduce Americans into Texas; but his son took that permission as his patrimony, and went at the work with a will. Stephen Austin braved a thousand dangers in founding his first colony on the banks of the Brazos; but the colony grew, and acquired a steadiness and prosperity, even while the adjacent Mexican States were undergoing twenty revolutions. The time came, and speedily, when the government of Mexico perceived that the two races were radically antagonistic, and that American activity would soon conquer the whole territory, unless force were opposed to it. So, with the usual blindness of despotism, Guerrero, the weak and despicable tyrant, began hostilities against the Americans, and detachments of soldiers crept in upon the colonists, occupying various posts, under one pretext or another, until the colonists saw through the ruse, and openly defied the would-be invaders. Guerrero continued provocative measures; freed slaves throughout Mexico, thus violating a treaty made with the American colonists; the Mexican Congress forbade any more Americans to enter Texas. Then came the thunder-storm! The colonists sent commissioners to complain to the Mexican government of their ill-treatment; these commissioners were imprisoned and abused; the colonists flew to arms; took the citadel of Anahuac; took other fortresses and held them; released their commissioners; repudiated Mexico; and met in convention at San Felipe, in 1832, and edited a constitution which they desired to live under. Stephen Austin agreed to present it to the parent government in the

city of Mexico, but when he reached that place was thrown into prison. This and other odious tyrannies of Santa Anna, the new ruler and liberator of Mexico, opened the way to the Alamo, to San Jacinto, and to independence. It was a bloody path, but bravely trod! There were giants in those days, men who gave their lives cheerfully, men who held death in contempt. Such men were Austin, Houston, Travis, Fannin and Milam.

The final struggle between Santa Anna, dictator of Mexico, and the Texan-American army began in 1834. A clever pretext brought about a real war. The Mexican governor of Coahuila, the province allied to Texas, had, in order to meet his expenses, proposed the sale of a goodly number of lands in Texas. Numerous speculators presented themselves; but they were all Americans, and when this became known the Mexican government refused to ratify the governor's action; the governor insisted; troops were sent into Coahuila to expel the rebel Legislature which had voted the land measure; and the Texan-Americans found themselves, as well as their neighbors, in danger of invasion. They could wait no longer; they raised the standard of revolt on the plains of San Jacinto, August 16, 1835;

and as soon as the news of the rebellion came to Mexican ears, Gen. Cos, by Santa Anna's orders, sat down before San Antonio, the rebellious capital, to starve it into submission. There was fighting everywhere—at Goliad, at Gonzales, in all the towns, and around them. Gen. Cos took San Antonio; was besieged in it; had to give it up to brave Ben Milam and the "three hundred men who were ready to die;" and, a little time after, the people of Texas assembled in convention at Washington, on the Brazos river, enthusiastically voted the declaration of the absolute independence of Texas. So Santa Anna, with three army corps, began the third siege of San Antonio.

As you see the remnant of the old fort of the Alamo now, its battered walls looming up without picturesque effect against the brilliant sky, and the clouds of dust which the muleteers and their teams stir up, half hiding it—perhaps it does not seem to you like a grand historic memorial. Indeed it is not grand as in the days when it was a church, standing proudly under the shade of the noble cottonwood trees, the cynosure of every eye. It has fallen much into decay, and the government, which would use Washington's tomb for a store-house, rather than build a proper one, if Mount Vernon



THE MILITARY PLAZA, SAN ANTONIO.

were a military depot, has cumbered it with boxes and barrels.

But you must picture the old fort as it was on Sunday, the 6th of March, 1836, when Texas was a young and war-ridden republic; when Santa Anna, with an over-

ceeded in making their way into the fort from the town of Gonzales—one hundred and eighty-eight souls in all, say some chroniclers—made up their minds to defend the Alamo to the uttermost. Then and there did those immortal men stand in the

breach, as did Leonidas and his Spartans at Thermopylae, then and there did they betake themselves to the task of nobly dying. Then and there did they consecrate Texas to liberty. The Alamo was stormed by thousands of ferocious Spaniards and Mexicans. The Texans fought like demons, and kill-



A RESIDENCE IN CHIHUAHUA.

whelming force of foot had hemmed in and forced to retreat into the fort a little band of one hundred and forty or fifty men, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Travis. In those days the fort extended over two or three acres. A thousand men would hardly have been sufficient to man the defenses. It was a formidable structure, with chapel, long stone barrack houses, barrier walls, and intrenchments, fortified with cannon. The barrack houses were all loop-holed, and the doors were barricaded with semi-circular parapets, made of double curtains of hides filled with earth. The walls were tremendously thick and strong; batteries playing upon them night and day produced but little effect. It was a troublous time for the new republic; the United States had given sympathy, but no aid; the Mexican troops were ten times as numerous as were the patriot armies; terrible struggles had been made at Goliad, and at other places against the enemy, but in vain; all hope of succor was cut off from the soldiers in the Alamo; Houston's little army was doing its best to rally. Fannin was desperately awaiting the attack upon Goliad; the Alamo and its defenders were left alone, to the mercy of the "Napoleon of the West."

It was then that Lt.-Col. Travis and the little garrison army, made up its mind. There was but one interpretation of duty in the souls of these men. Bowie and Crockett and Bonham, and those noble ones who had suc-

ceded hundreds of their assailants; but were finally overpowered, and were all put to death. Two women, their two children, and a negro boy, were the only survivors of this dreadful massacre; and but one, a Mexican woman, is alive to-day. The "Napoleon of the West" gave his name to infamy, and sealed the doom of his own cause by the infamous massacre of the Alamo, and the bloodier one which followed it at Goliad. The heroism of the Alamo was the inspiration of the army which fell upon Santa Anna's army at San Jacinto, destroyed it, and made Texas free. Not even the bones of Travis and his men were preserved; the mutilated bodies were burned, a few hours after the massacre; and the fierce winds of the North, which now and then sweep over the hill of San Antonio, have years ago scattered the ashes of the heroes which the Texans had gathered up, a year



STREET SCENE.—PLAYING AT WILD BULL.

after the massacre, and lightly buried.

A residence of a few weeks in San Antonio affords one a good look into the cattle trade of Western Texas, one of the most remarkable industries of the Southwest. One might with justice call it an indolent industry—for it accomplishes great results in a lazy, disorderly way; and makes men millionaires before they have had time to arouse themselves, and go to work. Cattle trading is a grand pastime with hundreds of Texans. They like the grandiloquent sound of a "purchase of sixty thousand head." There is something at once princely and patriarchal about it. They enjoy the adventurous life on the great grazing plains, the freedom of the ranch, the possibility of an Indian incursion, the swift coursing on horseback over the great stretches, the romance of the road. Near-

ous complaints of thievery on the frontier. While we were in San Antonio a government commission arrived from a long and tedious journey through the Rio Grande valley, and the country between San Antonio and the Mexican boundary, where they had been taking testimony with regard to the Mexican outrages. Opinion seems somewhat divided as to the extent and nature of the damage done the cattle-raising interest by the Mexicans, some Texans even asserting that the Texan claims are grossly exaggerated, and that there has been much stealing on both sides of the Rio Grande. But the commission itself has taken testimony with great care, and, whatever may be the exact nature of the claims against Mexico, they are enough to justify a prompt aggressive policy in case the hybrid neighbor republic does not



MEXICAN WOMEN WASHING.

ly all the immense region from the Colorado to the Rio Grande is given up to stock raising. The mesquite grass carpets the plains from end to end, and the horses, cattle and sheep luxuriate in it; while the giant pecan throws down stores of oily nuts every year for the wandering hogs to revel over. The mountainous regions around San Antonio offer superb facilities for sheep husbandry; and the valleys along the streams are fertile enough for the most exacting farmer. There are millions of cattle now scattered over the plains between San Antonio and the Rio Grande, and the number is steadily increasing. It is not uncommon for a single individual to own 200,000 head of cattle.

The cattle owners of Western Texas have been much before the public for the last few years, on account of their numer-

see fit to take notice of the demands of her more powerful sister. The troubles on the Mexican-Texan frontier have resulted largely from an attack made on the Kickapoo Indians in May of 1864. It appears that these Indians, during our late civil war, left their reservation with the intention of going to Mexico, and while passing through Texas, were mistaken for a hostile force by a Confederate corps of observation, and were attacked. When the mistake was corrected, the Indians were allowed to proceed on their way; but they found the attack a pretext for an offensive policy, and soon after reaching Mexico began a series of distressing frontier depredations. There were only nine hundred and thirty-five of these Kickapoo Indians, originally; and it is now supposed that at least half of them are dead; but those who



A MEXICAN FAMILY.

remain are terrible fellows. The Kickapoo is a kind of perverted Indian; he is unlike the original tribes of Texas who were mild mannered until aroused by ideas of wrong, like their neighbors in Mexico. He was born with the genius of murder and rapine firmly implanted in his breast, and being somewhat civilized, of course he is much worse than if he were a pure savage. He had not been long in Mexico before he began to dominate the native Mexican Indians: and the Comanches joining with them, they soon had things their own way in their new home. These Bedouins of the West have been a terror to the stock-raiser since 1864. They have acted like fiends; and seemed to be far more malignant and savage than their ancestors. Indeed, as the Indian race decreases in Texas, from disease, internal dissensions, and intangible causes, the "type of the decadence" is the most repulsive which the blood has ever produced. It is as if the savage spirit made its last protest against its own annihilation tenfold bitterer and more deadly than its first.

The Kickapoos in conjunction with Comanches, Apaches, and Mexicans, have carried off great herds of cattle, and committed numberless murders. They have been almost ubiquitous, overrunning that vast section between the Rio Grande and San Antonio rivers, and the road between

the towns of San Antonio, and Eagle Pass, —a region embracing thirty thousand square miles. They were wont to dash into the ranches and stampede all the stock they could frighten, driving it before them to the Rio Grande, and, although well-armed pursuers might be close behind them as they crossed the fords, they would usually escape with their prey, knowing that reclamation, in Mexico, would be an impossibility. They came, and still come from time to time, within a few miles of San Antonio, to gather up horses; and if they cannot succeed in escaping with the horses they invariably kill them. At the full of the moon the Indians will usually enter the vicinity of the ranches, on foot, carrying their lassos. They hide carefully until they have discovered where the stock is, and then the gathering up is a speedy matter. The pursuer can only travel in the day-time, when he can see the trail; therefore an attempt at pursuit is folly. The only hope of peace seems to be the extermination of the Indians.*

The Rio Grande valley has always been the paradise of stock-raisers. Before the Spaniards had left the Texan country, the whole section between the Rio Grande and the Nueces was covered with stock. The

* I believe the Kickapoos in question have been removed from Mexico to some reservation, but there are still Indians enough left in Texas to keep stock-stealing up to its old standard.

Indians were in those days employed in herding cattle; imagine one of them engaged in such a gentle, pastoral occupation to-day! As soon as the influence of the missionaries began to wane, the Indians ceased herding, and returned to their old trades of murder and rapine.

The United States commissioners to Texas are of the opinion that not only have the Indians been aided and abetted by Mexicans in their stealing from the rancheros of Western Texas, but that Mexicans are directly engaged in the stealing themselves, and that so great has been the loss from these causes since the war, that the number of cattle now grazing west of San Antonio is between two-thirds and three-fourths less than in 1866.

But the stock-raisers, despite the many dangers and vexations which beset them, are a healthy, happy set. Their manners have a tinge of Spanish gravity and courtesy; they are sun-browned, stalwart men, unused to the atmosphere of cities, and in love with the freedom of the plains. Their herds of thousands range at will over the unfenced lands, and only once yearly do the stout rancheros drive them up to be examined, branded, and separated. Ownership is determined by peculiar brands and ear-marks, records of

which are kept in the offices of the county clerks, and published in the newspapers. There is a stock-raisers' association which has decided on rules for mutual protection and aid. The cattle interest is rather heavily taxed for transportation, and suffers in consequence. In 1872 there were *four hundred and fifty thousand* cattle driven overland from Western Texas to Kansas, through the Indian Territory, by Bluff Creek and Caldwell, up the famous "Chisholm trail." In 1871 as many as seven hundred thousand were driven across. The general value of "Kansas beeves" is \$12 to \$13 gold; but after deducting all expenses the average profit on the "drive" is not much more than a fair rate of interest on the money invested. But few cattle are transported by sea; the outlet for the trade by way of Indianola has never been very successful. The Morgan steamships carry perhaps 40,000 beeves yearly that way. The two great shipping points in 1872-3 were Wichita, on a branch of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, at the junction of the Arkansas and Little Arkansas rivers, and Ellsworth, on the Kansas Pacific Railroad. The whole country, at the time of transit, is covered with vast herds which begin to arrive in Kansas early in May and await buyers



A HUNTER'S CAMP IN WESTERN TEXAS.

there. A stampede is something which baffles description; you must witness it. It is a tempest of horns and tails, a thunder of hoofs, a lightning of wild eyes; I can describe it no better. Merely to see a man on foot is sometimes sufficient to set the average Texan cattle into a frenzy of fear, and a speedy stampede; for the great majority of them have never been approached save by men on horseback. The gathering up of stock is no small task, as a herd of seventy-five thousand cattle will range over an area fifty miles wide by a hundred miles long. Large stock-raisers are always increasing their stock by buying

was not grass enough on the island to maintain them. So he sent men to bring them off. There is probably nothing more sublimely awful in the whole history of cattle-raising than the story of those beasts, from the time they were driven from the island until they had scattered to the four corners of Western Texas. Among these Matagordian cattle which had run wild for years were eight hundred noble and ferocious bulls; and wherever they went they found the country vacant before them. It was as if a menagerie of lions had broken loose in a village. Mr. Maverick never succeeded in keeping any



NEGRO SOLDIERS.

herds adjacent to their ranges. Many persons make fortunes by simply gathering up and branding the cattle which the rightful owners have neglected to brand; and cattle found unbranded, and a year old, are known as "Mavericks." The origin of the name is very funny.

Col. Maverick, an old and wealthy citizen of San Antonio, once placed a small herd of cattle on an island in Matagorda Bay, and having too many other things to think of, soon forgot all about them. After a lapse of several years, some fishermen sent the Colonel word that his cattle had increased alarmingly, and that there

of the herd together; they all ran madly whenever a man came in sight; and for many a day after, whenever any unbranded and unusually wild cattle were seen about the ranges, they were called "Mavericks." The bulls were finally dispersed among the ranges; but they were long the terror of the land.

The estimated profits of cattle-raising are enormous. Some authenticated instances are worthy especial mention. One man in the vicinity of San Antonio began in 1856 with 150 head of cattle; he now has sixty thousand, and is considered worth \$350,000; another, who began by



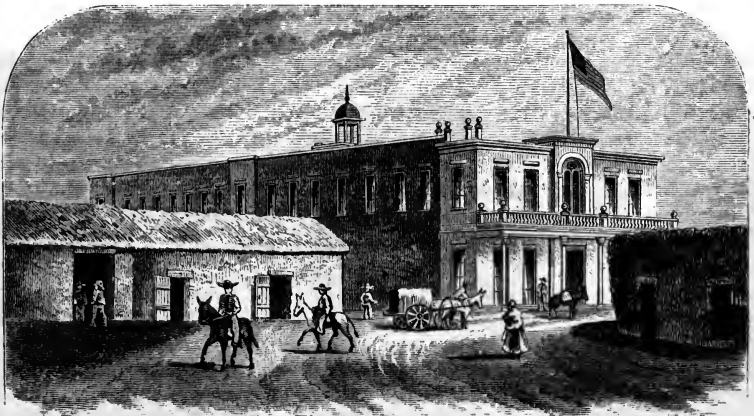
THE ALAMO

taking stock to attend to for one-third of the increase is worth about the same sum. One ranch, that of Mr. Kennedy, some distance west of Corpus Christi, has an inclosure of one hundred and fifty thousand acres, the fencing for which alone cost \$100,000. Many a stock-raiser brands fifteen thousand head of calves yearly. The profits of horse-raising, making due allowance for losses by Indian raids and American and Mexican horse-thieves, are even greater. The owner of a large horse-ranch near Castroville* told me that he had repeatedly endeavored to get up an issue with the Indians, who often attacked his ranch—hoping to get them indicted, and then requisitioned in Mexico; but their tribal arrangements prevent that. The chief alone is responsible for the bad deeds of all his warriors, and any quantity of indictments would never bring him to justice. An attempt to operate under the treaty made by Corwin, in 1862—by which the government authorized district judges to demand the extradition of criminals was equally unsuccessful. The Mexican officers

on the frontier recognize no law—no authority except their own.

The headquarters of such troops of the regular army as are in the Department of Texas, is at San Antonio. A chain of defensive forts extends from Fort Sill in the Indian Territory—in that section occupied by the Kiowas, Arapahoes and Comanches,—southwest and south to the Rio Grande, and along the Mexican frontier. Forts Richardson, Griffin, Concho, McKavett, Clark, Duncan, McIntosh, Ringgold, and Brown, are the most impor-

tant posts, and each is well garrisoned with several companies of Infantry and Cavalry. It is at Fort Clark that the gallant Col. McKenzie has long been stationed. The close proximity of the fort to the river has somewhat troubled the raiding Indians; but they generally manage to pass between the forts without being observed. Cavalry scouts are constantly engaged along the whole defensive line; but the men and horses are but poor matches for the Indians and their ponies. There is no telegraphic communication from fort to fort; therefore the officers at the various posts are never capable of concerted action. The line of forts extending from Concho to Fort Sill is extended to protect against incursions from the "Staked Plains" district, where the Indians still wander at their own sweet will over the grass-carpeted plains which are seemingly bound-



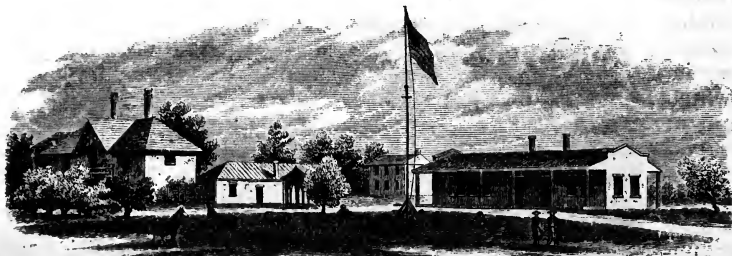
THE MILITARY HEADQUARTERS—SAN ANTONIO.

* Castroville is one of the most thriving towns in Western Texas. It was founded by Henry Castro, a Frenchman of great culture and executive ability.

less as the ocean. The grandeur, the rugged beauty of these mighty table-lands will for many years yet be enjoyed only by the Indian; he makes a good fight there. Southwest from Fort Concho runs a defensive line, dotted with Forts Stockton, Davis, Hultman, and Bliss, the latter opposite El Paso, at the extreme western limit of Texas, and nearly seven hundred miles from San Antonio, at the entrance of the mountain passes of Chihuahua. Service in this department is no child's play; it is a rough and tumultuous school; and to see the general activity, one wonders that more is not actually accomplished; and finally determines that the railroads alone will solve the question. As it is, the thirty-five hundred men in the department, whether officered by Gen. Auger or Gen. Grant, cannot catch and punish the evil-minded Indians. The soldiers are rarely attacked; the alert and logical savage seeks a peaceful prey rather than a fight with men better armed than himself. He rarely, too, encounters the soldiers, because he never advertises his coming, as they often do. He is all eyes and ears: the tiniest cloud of dust on the horizon announces to him the approach of some one; he hears the faintest tremor among the grasses, and knows that it signifies sound afar off; he notes a little imprint on the plain and can decide at once whether or not it is the imprint of a soldier's foot, or a white man's horse. When he mounts a hill, he looks on all sides to see if there is anything stirring on the plain; if there is, he hides until he knows

what it is. It is easy to see that recruits and unpracticed frontiersmen cannot fight such people as these. Very few soldiers get killed; it is mainly the innocent settlers, who have no idea of protecting themselves, who suffer. Since 1866 over three hundred unoffending Texans have been killed by murderous Indians and Mexicans. Great care is necessary in traversing the plains, even with an escort of soldiers. A gentleman, returning from Fort Clark, once strayed ahead of the main party and was found dead, with arrows sticking in him and minus his scalp. The Indians even hovered around the government commissioners, on their journey from Eagle Pass to Laredo. The Texans should be allowed to take the matter of subduing the Indians and protecting their frontier against the Mexicans into their own hands.

Wonderful land of limitless prairie—of beautiful rivers and strange foliage—land where there is room to breathe full breaths—land beyond which there seem no boundaries—the railroad will yet subdue you! Then there will be no more mystery in the plains—the chaparral thickets—the groves of post oak and pecan—the cypress-bordered streams—the grand ranges—the sun-burnished stretches. The stage routes will be forgotten; the now rapidly decaying native Indian tribes will stray into some unexplored nook never to sally forth again. The Rio Grande will no longer be a boundary, and the Sierra Madre's rocky gaps will echo back the sharp accents of the American tongue. All this in a few years!



THE ARSENAL, SAN ANTONIO.

THE DUKE'S STRATAGEM.

A MILANESE TALE.

THE Duke of Milan—Galeazzo named—
Supremely loved Correggia, widely famed
For every charm a maiden might possess;
And, in her heart, she loved the Duke no less;
Though each, awhile (so churlish Fate designed
To mar their bliss) knew not the other's mind,
But hoped and feared in silence; till, at last,
When many a moon of trembling doubt was passed,
And Gossip vainly had essayed to seek
The cause of Galeazzo's pallid cheek
And moody air—some ladies of the Court
Addressed him boldly thus (as half in sport,
And half in earnest):—"Sire! we all can see
Your Highness is in love!—and now, that we
May pay our loyal service where the same
Is justly due, we fain would know the name
Of *her*—the happy lady of your choice!"
Surprised, abashed, the Duke, with faltering voice,
In civil sort such merry answers made
As best might serve the question to evade.
In vain! as one by one their weapons fail,
With fresh artillery they the Duke assail,
Until, at length, 'tis clear the man must yield,
By clamor overpowered—or fly the field!
"A truce—a truce!" he cried, "for mercy's sake!
Now—please you all!—a banquet I will make,
Such as may suit so fair a company:
Come, one and all, and see what you shall see,
To aid—perchance to end—your merry quest."
And all said "Aye!"—Correggia with the rest.
The banquet over, Galeazzo set
Upon the board a curious cabinet
In which, upon a panel, was portrayed,
In happiest art, the picture of a maid;
(Some clever painter's fancy.) "There!" said he,
"All ye who choose, my lady-love may see!"
Now, when the fair Correggia,—lingering last,
For fearfulness,—observed that all who passed
The pictured girl, in silence turned away
As from a face unknown,—in deep dismay
She took her turn to gaze; when, God of Grace!
She saw no painted image; but the face
Which her own features, radiantly fair,
Reflected, blushing, in a mirror there!
And so it was the two true loves were known;
And so it came to pass that not alone
The happy Galeazzo filled the ducal throne!

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THERE is a certain agreeable and modest school of literature, whose traditions have been better preserved, on the whole, in America than in England. It may be called the Meditative School. In this country, it fairly dates back to the *Lay Preacher* of Joseph Dennie, and could thence be easily affiliated upon the essayists of Queen Anne's day. But it first rose to conspicuous notice, and in some respects to high-water-mark, in Irving's *Sketch Book*—a "timid, beautiful book," as John Neal

a better destiny; for it showed all his graceful ease, with something nearer to thought than he elsewhere gave his readers. Then came the *Reveries of a Bachelor*, long dear to youths and maids, but quite surpassed in literary execution by some of its author's later works. And now comes Mr. Warner to continue the succession.

Charles Dudley Warner was born September 12, 1829, in the small village of Plainfield, in Western Massachusetts. His father, a farmer, died when the boy was



called it,—which was closely followed by Dana's *Idle Man*. Of these two, the earlier work attracted the more attention, not by reason of its thought, since in this Dana surpassed Irving; nor through the charm of its style alone, but rather from the merit of its delineations of English society, a feature no doubt secondary in the original design of the writer.

In later years, Willis made several efforts in this direction, but they have shared the fate of his other short-lived books, though his *Letters from under a Bridge* deserved

five years old, and Warner went to a district school in Charlemont, near Plainfield, until he was thirteen. In 1842 his mother removed to Cazenovia, in central New York; there he went to the "Oneida Conference Seminary" and was prepared for Hamilton College, where he graduated in 1851. He wrote the successful English prize essay of that year; and ventured into print about the same time, being a contributor to the New York *Knickerbocker*, and then to *Putnam's Magazine*. He edited, two years later, a *Book of Eloquence*,

which was published at Cazenovia. He soon after went to the West and formed a plan for a monthly magazine to be published at Detroit. This project was abandoned because of the failure of the proposed publisher; and Warner then joined a surveying party on the Missouri frontier, where he remained for some time. Returning at length to New York, he devoted several months to special studies at the Astor Library, and then began his preparation for the bar, to which he was admitted,—at Philadelphia,—in 1856.

He entered at once on the practice of his profession, in Chicago, where he remained until 1860, when he became assistant editor of the Hartford, Ct., *Press*. He was afterwards editor-in-chief; and when the *Press* was merged in the *Courant*, in 1867, he became assistant editor and partial proprietor of that journal. In 1868-9 he spent fourteen months in Europe, writing letters and essays for periodicals at home. His volume of *Saunterings* is apparently based upon these earlier sketches. He has also given addresses before Hamilton and Bowdoin Colleges and Cornell University, in 1864, 1871, 1872 and 1873. His main reputation came to him with some suddenness, however, on the publication of a volume called *My Summer in a Garden*, in 1871. So little was he at that time recognized among authors, that his name was not mentioned in Hart's *Manual of American Literature* or Drake's *Dictionary of American Biography*,—both published in 1872, and both quite comprehensive collections. In Underwood's *Handbook of American Authors*, however, which appeared in the same year, his literary talent found hearty recognition.

My Summer in a Garden was simply a series of papers reprinted from the Hartford *Courant*. They retained, even in book form, an unmistakable newspaper flavor. Yet they had a freshness that delighted every one, a charming out-door atmosphere, and much delicate and quiet humor. On the other hand, their literary quality was alloyed by some cheap puns and short-lived political allusions; and these gave the impression that the author, even at forty-two years of age, did not fully discern his own highest vein, or—which is more probable—that he did not fully trust his public, and would not risk himself on his best work alone. Happily, the reception of the book re-assured him; and in *Back-Log Studies*, published in this

Magazine, in 1872, and issued in collective form during the same year, he did himself more ample justice. A comparison of the two works plainly shows that though *My Summer in a Garden* may have a pleasant taste of the soil that is wanting in its successor,—and though, as often happens, the earlier book is the more wholly unconscious in its tone,—yet the step from the one to the other is, in reality, a step from book-making to literature, or, as Joubert phrases it, from masonry to architecture.

In *Back-Log Studies* there are, no doubt, some essentially inartistic things—some long episodes, for example, such as the "New Vision of Sin" and the "Uncle in India," which are clearly inferior in texture to the rest, and not quite worth the space they occupy;—but, as a whole, the book is certainly a most agreeable contribution to the literature of the Meditative School. And it is saying a great deal to say this. To make such an attempt successful, there must be a lightness of touch sustained through everything; there must be a predominant sweetness of flavor; and that air of joyous ease which is often the final triumph of labor. There must also be a power of analysis, always subtle, never prolonged; there must be description, minute enough to be graphic, yet never carried to the borders of fatigue; there must also be glimpses of restrained passion, and of earnestness kept in reserve. All these are essential, and all these the *Back-Log Studies* show. If other resources were added—as depth of thought, or powerful imagination, or wide learning, or constructive power—they would only carry the book beyond the proper ranks of the Meditative School, and place it in that higher grade of literature to which Holmes' *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* belongs. Yet, it may be better not to insist on this distinction; for it is Mr. Warner himself who wisely reminds us that "the most unprofitable and unsatisfactory criticism is that of comparison."

It is as true in literature as in painting that "it is in the perfection and precision of the instantaneous line that the claim to immortality is made." The first and simplest test of good writing is in the fresh and incisive phrases it yields; and, in this respect, *Back-Log Studies* is strong. The author has not only the courage of his opinions, but he has the courage of his phrases, which is quite as essential. What an admirable touch, for instance, is that

where Mr. Warner says that a great wood-fire, in a wide kitchen-chimney, with all the pots and kettles boiling and bubbling, and a roasting-spit turning in front of it, "makes a person as hungry as one of Scott's novels"! Fancy the bewilderment of some slow and well-meaning man upon encountering that stroke of fancy; his going over it slowly from beginning to end, and then again backward from end to beginning, studying it with microscopic eye, to find where the resemblance comes in—until, at last, it occurs to him that possibly there may be a typographical error somewhere, and that, with a little revision, the sentence might become intelligible! He does not know that in literature, as in life, nothing venture, nothing have; and that it often requires precisely such an audacious stroke as this to capture the most telling analogies.

There occurs just after this, in *Back-Log Studies*, a sentence which has long since found its way to the universal heart, and which is worth citing, as an example of the delicate rhetorical art of understatement. To construct a climax is within the reach of every one; there is not a Fourth-of-July orator who cannot erect for himself a heaven-scaling ladder of that description, climb its successive steps, and then tumble from the top. But to let your climax swell beneath you like a wave of the sea, and then let it subside under you so gently that your hearer shall find himself more stirred by your moderation than by your impulse; this is a triumph of style. Thus our author paints a day of winter storm, for instance, the wild snow-drifts beating against the cottage window, and the boy in the chimney-corner reading about General Burgoyne and the Indian wars. "I should like to know what heroism a boy in an old New England farm-house—rough-nursed by nature, and fed on the traditions of the old wars—did not aspire to. 'John,' says the mother, 'you'll burn your head to a crisp in that heat.' But John does not hear; he is storming the Plains of Abraham just now. 'Johnny, dear, bring in a stick of wood.' How can Johnny bring in wood when he is in that defile with Braddock, and the Indians are popping at him from behind every tree? There is something about a boy that I like, after all."

I defy anyone who has a heart for children to resist that last sentence. Considered critically, it is the very triumph of

under-statement,—of delicious, provoking, perfectly unexpected moderation. It is a refreshing dash of cool water just as we were beginning to grow heated. Like that, it calls our latent heat to the surface by a kindly reaction; the writer surprises us by claiming so little that we concede everything; we at once compensate by our own enthusiasm for this inexplicable lowering of the demand. Like him! of course we like him—that curly-pated, rosy-cheeked boy, with his story books and his Indians! But if we had been called upon to adore him, it is very doubtful whether we should have liked him at all. And this preference for effects secured by quiet methods,—for producing emphasis without the use of italics, and arresting attention without resorting to exclamation points—is the crowning merit of the later style of Mr. Warner.

After freely conceding these high merits, it is but right to point out that even in *Back-Log Studies* there are sentences which would have been better for a final revision with the microscope of grammatical criticism. Such sentences as these;—"Speaking like an upholsterer, it [the fire] furnishes the room," (p. 30);—and "There isn't a wife in the world who has not taken the exact measure of her husband, weighed him and settled him in her mind, and knows him as well," &c., (p. 56);—have no doubt simply escaped the author's attention in correcting his proof. But *noblesse oblige*, and a writer who keeps the higher laws so well must not be permitted to indulge in so much as a peccadillo.

Yet after all questions of style are settled, it must be remembered that a man's real service to literature depends on quantity as well as quality; upon how much he has to say, and not merely on how he says it. It is very desirable to have a perfect fire-arm, but after all it is the ammunition that does the business. Style makes the writer, provided he has plenty to write. It is undeniable that up to this time, Mr. Warner's works, with all their uncommon charm, yet suggest the suspicion of a certain thinness of material. He may possess greater resources than he has yet shown, deeper motives, higher originality, firmer convictions. This is the problem which his admirers are waiting to see him solve. Until its solution, he is in the position of the American troops at Bunker Hill; victory within his grasp, if only the ammunition holds out; and a highly creditable service, even if the supply should fail.

"IT USED TO BE IN THE OLDEN TIME."



It used to be, in the olden time,
 When man and maid were fond of each other—
 He told his tale in prose, or rhyme,
 And she—she made no particular pother :
 Straight for the nearest parson they send,
 And get them married, and there an end !

But now they talk like Miss Preston's brats ;
 On art and science are wordy and wise :
 If love is mentioned at all,—well that's
 Merely for something to analyze.
 And if he should happen, at last, to propose,
 She says, " You forget !" and turns on her toes.



KATHERINE EARLE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.



"A HAND GRASPED HER ARM AND PULLED HER FORWARD."

CHAPTER VI.

AND ALMOST THAT OF A MARTYR.

CHLOE's prediction proved true in so far that a drizzling rain set in towards night, bringing the winter twilight earlier than usual. All day Katey had been tormented by fears in regard to Ben. What if her mother should chance to make one of her rare visits to the attic rooms, and Ben, thinking it herself, should call out? What if the "pleecemen" of whom he stood in such terror should track him to the house in her absence? If she were only there she might perhaps prevent the discovery of his hiding place, or warn him to escape.

At noon she ran all the way home, and as soon as she found an opportunity flew to the top of the house. Everything was undisturbed, the bed occupied the place still before the little door, and, leaning her head against the partition, no sound came from Ben's retreat. Perhaps he slept after his wakeful, wandering night, and somewhat relieved of her anxiety the child crept noiselessly down again.

At night less impatient but more heavy-hearted under her weight of care, she plodded home in the rain full of forebodings as to Ben's exit from the house. How could she ever accomplish it? She carried her drenched cloak to the kitchen and lingered over the fire warming her chilled fingers while Chloe moved heavily

back and forth preparing the tea. Oh, if she dared tell! It would be so easy for Chloe to push the bed away, pilot Ben down the kitchen stairs and let him out at the back gate. As the wet, cheerless night settled in, and the time drew near when she must act, all her courage died away. The burden she had taken up seemed greater than she could bear. Chloe paused before the little drooping figure cowering over the fire. "What ails ye, honey? Ye don't seem peart like as common."

Katey started up at that. Did her face tell her secret?

"O nothing," she answered confusedly as she left the room. No, she could not tell Chloe, who would cry out and startle the family most likely; and what might not her mother believe it her duty to do with Ben! A thought of Jack, her refuge in all times of trouble, of Jack fruitful in expedients, did cross her mind as she entered the parlor where the heavy curtains were already drawn and a soft, pleasant light and warmth filled the room. Her mother sat before the *escritoire*, writing. Neither Delphine nor Jack was there. But it did not matter; she could not confide her secret to Jack even. Oh, to think of Jack borne away in the Black Maria!—the dreadful jail wagon which rattled about the streets to the intense horror of the children who huddled close to the houses, shrinking, yet staring, as it passed. They might perhaps take her, but not Jack!

She stood just within the door, hesitating, held back by her fears, yet knowing that she must go now, at this moment, and release her prisoner. She had worked herself into so excited, so feverish a state that she could hardly keep from crying out. She was afraid of the darkness through which she must pass to reach him; her little arms were weak and trembling; could she ever make the heavy bed roll back? She must ask Chloe for a light. She shivered as she turned again to the kitchen thinking of the unused, ghostly rooms above, the dark passage and the narrow winding stairs which she must mount alone. At that moment a heavy, resounding rap from the knocker upon the outer door echoed through the house. Another followed as Chloe, never very swift in her movements, lingered before answering the summons.

"What is that?" There was something so peremptory in the call that Madam

Earle laid down her pen and rose from her chair, behind which Katey fled instinctively. A loud, coarse voice was heard in excited colloquy with Chloe; then the parlor door was flung open and the girl appeared, the hue of her dusky cheeks deepened, her head thrown back and her eyes a blaze of light. She rested her hands upon her hips as she stood in the doorway and looked back and forth from an invisible figure in the hall to her mistress. "Look a he-ah, Missis," she said in an excited tone, "dis 'ere man say he come for Ben! I tell him we don' no nuffin' 'bout dat ar lazy nigger."

Madam Earle stepped forward as a short, stout figure, surmounted by a coarse, swarthy face, appeared at the girl's elbow. "Chloe," she said as the man entered the room, "hand a chair to the gentleman."

"Clar' to goodness, Missis, I carn' han' no chars to such trash," responded Chloe, mutinous for the first time in a long and faithful servitude. She tossed her head with a contemptuous snort, pressing her hands like a vise upon her sides.

Madam Earle set out a chair without speaking.

"Thankee, ma'am; but I reckon I'll stand whar I can see the door," replied the man, with an ugly leer.

"To what am I indebted for this visit?" asked Madam Earle coldly. But even before she spoke he had begun a fumbling search in various pockets. He produced now a folded paper which he tapped with a very dirty forefinger. "I've got an officer out yere, ma'am," he said, "and this is a 'ficial document, a warrant in fact, for the apprehension of a nigger calling himself Ben and said to be in this house at this moment."

"Ain't no such nigger he'ah," broke in Chloe defiantly.

"Sofly, gal, sofly," returned the man. "Your turn next, perhaps," and again he winked, as though a one-sided spasm contracted his face. "He was seen coming into the yard early this morning," he explained as he replaced the paper carefully in his breast pocket.

There was a faint sound, as of an exclamation suppressed, from the corner where Katey was hidden, but no one noticed it. Madam Earle, with a pale but composed face, stood quietly regarding the man, her hands resting upon the back of the chair she had offered him. Could it be true? she thought. Could Chloe have taken him

in? But no, she herself had sent him in another direction the night before. He must be miles away on his northward journey by this time. "It is a mistake," she said quietly. "You have been misinformed. He is not here."

"I swar to goodness," added Chloe, "dat ar boy an't been yere dese tree weeks. Some un's lied to ye."

"Sof'ly, sof'ly," said the man. "'Pears to me you look amazin' like a gal that ran away from Columbus county ten year or so ago. I've got it writ down some where. But one at a time."

"I's born free. Ye carn' touch me," returned Chloe, indignantly; but she shrank back and was silent, nevertheless, as the intruder stepped to the door and called to a couple of policemen waiting outside. "One of you stand here and look right sharp while the other goes through the house with me. You're sure Bill is at the back gate?"

Madam Earle expostulated. "This certainly is unnecessary. I give you my word, my oath if you require it, that Ben is not in the house nor upon the premises."

The man only regarded her with an insulting smile of incredulity. "Seein's believing, ma'am. You might be mistaken you know," and again that awful facial contortion intended for a wink. "Come, gal," to Chloe as he produced a dark lantern, "show us about the house."

Chloe looked towards her mistress but did not move. "Either you must go or I," Madam Earle said to her. "I suppose we are obliged to submit to this."

"There's where you're right, ma-am," returned the man whose spirits seemed to rise each moment. "And amazin' wise you are, too. There's nothin' like resignation, I say. I've been a local preacher, myself, for a dozen years or so, and if there's any one doctrine above another I've felt called upon to expound it's that of Christian resignation. When ye can't hold out nohow, sez I, *give in*. That's my idea of it. Now ma-am," and he rubbed his hands briskly, "what's below this floor?"

"Only the unused kitchens and cellars."

"That's it. We'll take a look at 'em. Step lively, gal." And Chloe led the way from the room. Madam Earle and Katey were left alone. Now was Katey's time. Trembling and faint she crept into the hall. The officer on guard at the open

door had turned his back to the house and stood whistling softly to himself as she slipped out and mounted the stairs, her feet heavy as though shod with iron. But the upper hall once gained, sure that no eye could see her, she flew to the attic chamber, falling against the bed in her haste and in the bewildering darkness, which held for the moment no terrors since other and greater had seized upon her. Creeping under the chintz valance she felt with her hands for the low door, then putting her lips to the crack she called in a shrill whisper, "Ben! Ben!"

There was no response.

"O Ben!" she called again, striking her knuckles fearfully upon the panel. Doors were being opened and shut below, she fancied, and to her excited imagination there was even a step upon the stairs.

"Yah, Missy Kate," a cautious voice responded now. There was a sound as of some one rising stumblingly, and moving towards her. "I'se ready. Ope de door."

"O Ben," and there was terror and agony in the whisper. "They've come!"

"Who come?" Katey could hear his loud breathing close to her face.

"The men, for you!"

"Gor A'mighty! le' me out, le' me out o' dis yere quick."

"I can't. They'd hear the bed roll. They're down stairs now. O Ben, keep still, they're coming up," and too terrified to escape the child clutched the bed hangings and hid her face. It was a false alarm, however. She could presently hear voices in the rooms below, but no one mounted the stairs. She pressed her little, pale face once more close to the crack. "Ben!" she whispered, "don't be afraid! *I—never—shall—tell.*" Then she crept from under the bed, felt her way out of the room and down the stairs. She had reached the little door giving entrance to the upper front hall when it was suddenly flung open in her face, a dazzling light fell upon her, a hand grasped her arm and pulled her forward while a harsh voice exclaimed, "Ha! what's this? What ye doing up yere? Ain't this the little gal I see down stairs? Speak up now, what ye doing up yere?"

The little dark figure, with its frightened face, rested motionless in the hands of its captor. Not a word fell from the close-shut mouth.

"De chile done scart to def;" said

Chloe. "Run down to your maum, honey."

"You speak when you 're spoken to;" and the man pushed Chloe aside roughly. "Come, child, whar 've they hid this nigger?"

The awful moment had come. But the vision of the jail, of the Black Maria, of Ben in his retreat, pleading for her silence, all faded away. She was conscious only of a strange whirr in her ears as with the great dark eyes fixed upon his she stared at her inquisitor, fascinated but speechless.

His heavy hand fell upon her shoulder. Chloe sprang forward. "Don' ye dar' touch dat chile!"

"The girl is right," said the officer, coming up. "You must not lay your hands upon the child."

"Come along then," said the man, preparing to mount the narrow stairs. "She came down here." Katey daring neither to follow nor to return to her mother in this moment of suspense, too frightened indeed to move from where they had left her, heard a sharply uttered expletive as some one tripped over the last step, then, "Hark! What's that?" from the rough voice.

"Dat's de rats, gemmen;" Chloe explained. "Better look up de chimley," she suggested contemptuously when the light had been thrown into every corner of the empty rooms, revealing only long fallen dust and festooning cobwebs. They entered the chamber through which the child and Ben had passed, making an unavailing search here as elsewhere. Chloe was too much engrossed to notice the change in the position of the bed. "Be you gemmen gwine up yere?" she asked, standing under the skylight to which a short flight of stairs led. "Dat nigger hangin' by his eyelids from de roof mos' like," she added with a laugh, saucy and confident, now that the search was so nearly concluded. The man, however, paid no attention to her words. He was walking back and forth, measuring the ceiling and partitions with his eye. Suddenly he laid his hand upon the wall behind which Ben was hidden. "What's in here?" he questioned suspiciously, "the front room don't come back to this."

Chloe who began to feel impatient over his unwillingness to be convinced, turned again to the front chamber with an angry

toss of the head. "Who's been yere?" she muttered below her breath, noticing for the first time that the bed had been moved. Her mistress most likely. She touched it with her strong hand and it rolled back with a heavy, rumbling sound, revealing the door.

"Ha!" exclaimed the man, "now, gal, open the door and go in first with the light. We 'll follow. This begins to look like it."

"Look jus' like it;" returned Chloe opening it without the least hesitation, "as if de nigger done got in yere, shet de door and pull up de bed!" The little door flew back against the partition, the light, scattering the darkness within, revealed—what? Only dust and cobwebs and the discarded garments hanging from the rafters; nothing more. Chloe waved her lantern so that the glare should illumine every corner. But why did her eyes almost start from their sockets, while her teeth fairly chattered in her head? As she stooped to pick up a garment which had apparently fallen from its nail, she recognized in it the old camlet cloak which she had carried to the parlor the night before, and which she had learned afterwards from Mammy had been given to Ben. She could not be mistaken, it was the same, she knew. How came it there? Where was Ben? She glanced about fearfully, half expecting to see the shambling form emerge from the shadows. The men were examining the window. It was fastened upon the inside. Her presence of mind did not desert her. She shook out the cloak carelessly and hung it up with the rest, then led the way in silence to the outer chamber. It was with a quaking spirit that she now saw the men prepare to explore the roof. "I 'll ope' de window," she said officiously, mounting the stairs with a great shuffling and stumbling noise, and raising the skylight only after having let it fall once with a warning clatter. But her fears were vain, the men returned alone, the jubilant spirits of the principal character in the search seeming to have deserted him as he retraced his steps slowly, pausing occasionally to ponder and question and explore some hidden corner on his way to the parlor where by this time Delphine and Jack had joined their mother. In a few moments the door closed after their unwelcome visitors, and the family was left to itself again.

CHAPTER VII.

WHERE IS BEN?

HARDLY had the gate swung to with a dull echo when Chloe rushed into the parlor; upon her countenance was that peculiar ashen hue which in the dusky race betokens fright or sudden strong emotion. Her eyes appeared to have become detached and to roll strangely in her head. "O Lor', Missis, whar's dat ar' Ben?"

Madam Earle stared at the girl as though her senses had deserted her. "What are you thinking of? What do you mean, Chloe?"

"You shore he's no in de house?" pursued the girl, who for the moment almost doubted her mistress. "No one else could have hidden him.

"Certainly not," Madam Earle replied; but her voice and manner were agitated. Could Chloe have learned the dangerous secret of how she had tried to aid Ben? But Chloe was too much engrossed with the thought of her discovery to be thoroughly suspicious. She desired only to impart it. "Wha' you tink I foun' up in de back attic?" she went on breathlessly. Then she lowered her voice to an awful whisper as Jack and Delphine drew near: "Dat ar' camlip cloak you done gif Mammy las' night!"

"You were mistaken," Madam Earle said quickly; "you were excited and so took something else for that. It could not be;" she added, decidedly. The camlet cloak by this time must be well on its way to Canada, she thought.

For reply, Chloe pulled something triumphantly from her pocket. It was a piece of brown wrapping-paper holding the remains of a sandwich. "I see dat ar when I stoop to pick up de cloak and I done scrabble it in yere;" and the paper vanished into her pocket again.

Madam Earle stared at her, speechless. What did it mean? A word of explanation was necessary for Delphine and Jack to comprehend the beginning of the mystery. "Mammy was in great trouble," she said, "I gave her the old camlet cloak, some sandwiches and some money." She paused, not that she feared to confess the whole lest her children should inform against her; but a little flush warmed her pale face as she remembered the lesson she had impressed upon Delphine and Katey in regard to supporting the law. Then she

went on quite humbly, "I knew when I gave them to her that she would use them all for Ben." Delphine's arm crept about her mother's neck. "I'm so glad you have told us," she whispered, "for I thought you were hard and cruel to her. See how unjust I have been!" Then Delphine's thoughts returned to Chloe's story. "But what does it mean?" she added in the same breath.

"Put the chain across the door," said Madam Earle, "and Chloe, see that all the doors and windows are fastened. We must look into this. Where is Katey?"

No one knew. No one remembered to have seen her. Chloe was appealed to. She recalled the incident upon the stairs. A horrible suspicion seized Delphine. Wild stories of kidnapping floated about in these days, and poor little Katey was not of the fairest skin; might not—Delphine flew into the hall calling her name aloud; Jack darted up the stairs; Madam Earle and Chloe followed hurriedly bearing lights. As they attempted to open the door of the room which Delphine and Katey occupied together something resisted their efforts. Jack crowded through the narrow space, and found a little dark heap lying against the door. He gathered the child up in his arms and bore her with awkward tenderness down the stairs, depositing her upon the sofa in the parlor at last.

"O Jack!" she cried, throwing her arms around his neck when with a little sobbing sigh the breath returned to the white lips and the eyes opened to find Jack's dear face bent over her. "Don't let them take me! don't let them take me! O I can't go!" and in her terror her arms tightened about his neck.

"Lord a massy," wailed Chloe, "de chile clar' gone crazy."

But Madam Earle began to faintly surmise the truth. "No one can take you, dear," she said, "and they did not find Ben."

Jack, who had been growing very red in the face under Katey's convulsive embrace, was suddenly released. "But I heard the bed roll back; then I tried to hide," she added. "He done gone, Missy," said Chloe, and seeing that the child still stared as though she did not comprehend, she proceeded to elaborate her assertion. "Run, streaked it, clar'd out;" she added convincingly.

"Gone!" and Katey sat upright. "How

could he get out? I pushed the bed up against the door!"

Such confusion of exclamations and kisses and tears as this simple sentence evolved! "O you bressed chile!" cried Chloe, falling down before her and clasping her knees.

Little by little the story was told, Katey's head lying back in her mother's arms, Delphine holding her feet, and Jack making awkward dabs at her head occasionally, under the impression that he was stroking her hair.

Even her hesitation and fears before taking Ben into the house she did not hide. "You see," she said apologetically, looking gravely from one to another of the little group, "I thought you might feel bad if they found it out and took me away in the Black Maria."

Here Jack, whose countenance had been working in a fearful and wonderful manner while he stared fixedly at the wall before him, uttered a sound between a snort and a groan and bolted from the room. Delphine embraced the little worn shoes. "You are a born heroine, dear," she said. But Madam Earle shook her head as she stroked the dark cheek lying against her arm. "Child, what will you do next!" she said.

"Now Missis, don' you scole dat pore chile," interposed Chloe.

And no one scolded Katey.

When the excitement and surprise were over they returned one and all to the first question: where was Ben? "I will go up to the attic and see for myself," Madam Earle said. But no one would be left behind. Even Katey followed the others, half carried in Chloe's strong arms. Could Ben by any possibility be lurking still in the house? Katey called his name softly as they went on, but there was no response. The bed was pushed back from before the low door in the front attic; the door itself stood open as Chloe had left it. "Ben!" called the child; but no one replied, and one after another they passed through the narrow openings, Chloe holding the lamp high above her head to light the darkness. The place was empty of human presence save themselves. But Chloe had spoken the truth, the old camel cloak was suspended from the nail where she had hung it.

How had Ben escaped? "Through the window," Delphine suggested. But it was fastened by a nail upon the inside.

"I know," exclaimed Jack, "I had forgotten all about it." He parted the ghostly garments hanging from the beams and pointed to a trap-door fitted so nicely as to be quite concealed except upon close inspection, and so near to the floor in the slope of the roof as to be easily gained.

"And the oddest part of it is," he went on, "that when it is shut you would never notice it from the outside."

"Ben must have discovered it during the day and escaped when Katey warned him; but where?" queried Madam Earle, letting the garments fall back into their place again.

"Oh, I've been out there," Jack replied; you can creep along to the chimney, and then slide down to the shed roof; and from there it is nothing to drop to the fence, and so to the street."

"Then they haven't found him?" asked Katey doubtfully; she was not yet convinced.

"Found him? no indeed; Ben is safe enough," returned Jack in a tone of such entire conviction that Katey's heart was eased of its burden. All the next day she lay upon the sofa in the parlor, prostrate under the weakness and languor which followed her unnatural excitement. But no queen upon a throne ever received such homage. Delphine wrote her French exercises close by her pillow; Jack upon his knees before her poured out his whole store of treasures—stringless tops, bats for lost balls, a collection too numerous for mention, and, last of all, a wonderful ship of his own construction which was like no craft ever afloat. Even Chloe expended all her skill in the building of a surprising tart which was brought in upon an old-fashioned china plate and presented with as much ceremony as though it had been the freedom of a city. And after a time Mammy appeared,—poor Mammy, who was still in doubt as to Ben's fate,—in a series of dips which were nothing less than heavy gymnastics, making of her approach, through the periodical inflation of her scant petticoats, a succession of "cheese-cakes," marvelous to witness. She fairly submerged Katey in watery blessings and benedictions. "Dis yere chile," she said at last, solemnly, "is 'lected fo' some mighty porpoise. De Lor bress ye! honey. De Lor will bress ye," she added raising her head and gazing away beyond Katey with the far-seeing eyes of prophecy.

It was during Mammy's visit that Katey

learned of Ben's errand to the old Quaker. And now with something tangible before her, something really to wait for and expect, her excitement and anxiety grew every moment. As the day wore on the pale cheeks became so flushed, the dark eyes so unnaturally bright that Madam Earle's fears were aroused. "Dear child, try not to think any more about it," she said, turning the hot pillow, "we shall hear something by morning perhaps; but close your eyes now and go to sleep."

"Yes ma'am," Katey replied obediently; but in a moment the great shining eyes were following her mother about the room. "They open themselves," Katey explained humbly. Slowly the long day wore away; the wind wailing drearily in the chimney, the rain falling steadily against the window-pane. The heavy curtains were drawn at last, shutting out the trickling drops and the high, bare brick wall over the way. The fire brightened in the darkness, the wailing wind was stilled at last, and Katey fell into a troubled sleep, from which she was aroused by a startling peal upon the knocker. Even Madam Earle felt her heart cease to beat for a moment as she held clasped tight in her arms the form of the child who had sprung up with a cry. The fire-light shone upon Chloe's startled face thrust into the room. "Shall I ope de door, Missis?" she asked in a hoarse whisper. "What ef dat ar kidnap done come agin?"

"Certainly you must open the door; but bring a light first."

There was a moment of suspense as Chloe's shuffling step moved through the hall. They heard the cautious opening of the heavy door, then the fall of the clanking chains, followed by the cheering tones of Chloe's echoing laugh. Madam Earle laid the child back upon her pillow. Even Katey knew that their dreaded visitor had not come.

"How does thee do?"

An old gentleman stood just within the door, his face almost hidden under the broad-brimmed, gray felt hat he had not yet removed. His straight-bodied coat and even his hair were of this same gray hue, reminding Katey of a doll she had owned once, knit of gray yarn from head to foot, and bound off at the toes. His eyes were bright and black and shin-

ing she could see as he advanced to meet her mother, like beads, she said, still thinking of the doll, and then she laughed aloud.

"Ah! so this is the child," and he turned to the sofa, laying his hand softly upon Katey's head.

"And this is Jason Miles," her mother explained, "the good man to whom I sent Ben. And now—" But Katey sat upright among her pillows. "*Where is Ben?*"

The old gentleman laughed,—a little wheezing laugh which shook his body without materially affecting his countenance. "He is safe, thee may be sure. But that is all I can tell thee now. Will thee not rest satisfied?"

"I suppose it's a secret," Katey replied slowly. She had her own ideas as to honor; quaint, childish ideas, but true in the main, and she asked nothing more of Ben, much as she desired to know where and how he had escaped.

"Yes, a great secret," and again the rusty machinery within the old gentleman seemed to run down noisily. "Thee must help me keep it." Then he turned to her mother, "I knew thee would be anxious about the apples," he said with a twinkle of the bright eyes, "so I brought them as soon as possible. I got the note about midnight. Thee had better know nothing more; then thee can answer no questions." He rose up as though his errand were done. "My son is at the gate. We will roll the barrels in at once. I am in some haste to return. Good-bye, little one, and God bless thee for a brave child!" He stood a moment over Katey, his hands resting upon her head, and she fancied he said something softly to himself. Then he followed her mother out of the room.

She lay quite still after he had gone. A blessed quiet had descended upon her like that which filled the church when the people bowed their heads to the last amen. By and by Jack crept in to sit beside her, awed into silence at sight of the white face from which the flush had faded away, and Delphine before the old piano sang a little song in her sweet voice. It was a restful song which had in it yet something of thanksgiving, and it stole into Katey's heart and nestled and crooned there softly as she sank into a gentle sleep.

A MONTE FLAT PASTORAL.

HOW OLD MAN PLUNKETT WENT HOME.

BY BRET HARTE.

I THINK we all loved him. Even after he mismanaged the affairs of the Amity Ditch Company, we commiserated him, although most of us were stockholders and lost heavily. I remember that the blacksmith went so far as to say that "them chaps as put that responsibility on the old man oughter be lynched." But the blacksmith was not a stockholder, and the expression was looked upon as the excusable extravagance of a large sympathizing nature, that, when combined with a powerful frame, was unworthy of notice. At least that was the way they put it. Yet I think there was a general feeling of regret that this misfortune would interfere with the old man's long cherished plan of "going home."

Indeed for the last ten years he had been "going home." He was going home after a six months' sojourn at Monte Flat. He was going home after the first rains. He was going home when the rains were over. He was going home when he had cut the timber on Buckeye Hill, when there was pasture on Dow's Flat, when he struck pay-dirt on Eureka Hill, when the Amity Company paid its first dividend, when the election was over, when he had received an answer from his wife. And so the years rolled by, the spring rains came and went, the woods of Buckeye Hill were level with the ground, the pasture on Dow's Flat grew sere and dry, Eureka Hill yielded its pay-dirt and swamped its owner, the first dividends of the Amity Company were made from the assessments of stockholders, there were new county officers at Monte Flat, his wife's answer had changed into a persistent question, and still old man Plunkett remained.

It is only fair to say that he had made several distinct essays towards going. Five years before he had bidden good-bye to Monte Hill with much effusion and handshaking. But he never got any further than the next town. Here he was induced to trade the sorrel colt he was riding for a bay mare—a transaction that at once opened to his lively fancy a vista of vast and successful future speculation. A few days after, Abner Dean of Angel's received

a letter from him stating that he was going to Visalia to buy horses. "I am satisfied," wrote Plunkett, with that elevated rhetoric for which his correspondence was remarkable, "I am satisfied that we are at last developing the real resources of California. The world will yet look to Dow's Flat as the great stock-raising center. In view of the interests involved, I have deferred my departure for a month." It was two before he again returned to us, penniless. Six months later he was again enabled to start for the Eastern States, and this time he got as far as San Francisco. I have before me a letter which I received a few days after his arrival, from which I venture to give an extract: "You know, my dear boy, that I have always believed that gambling, as it is absurdly called, is still in its infancy in California. I have always maintained that a perfect system might be invented by which the game of poker may be made to yield a certain percentage to the intelligent player. I am not at liberty at present to disclose the system, but before leaving this city I intend to perfect it." He seems to have done so, and returned to Monte Flat with two dollars and thirty-seven cents, the absolute remainder of his capital after such perfection.

It was not until 1868 that he appeared to have finally succeeded in going home. He left us by the overland route—a route which he declared would give great opportunity for the discovery of undeveloped resources. His last letter was dated Virginia City. He was absent three years. At the close of a very hot day in midsummer he alighted from the Wingdam stage with hair and beard powdered with dust and age. There was a certain shyness about his greeting, quite different from his usual frank volubility, that did not, however, impress us as any accession of character. For some days he was reserved regarding his recent visit, contenting himself with asserting, with more or less aggressiveness, that he had 'always said he was going home and now he had been there.' Later he grew more communicative, and spoke freely and critically of the manners

and customs of New York and Boston, commented on the social changes in the years of his absence, and, I remember, was very hard upon what he deemed the follies incidental to a high state of civilization. Still later he darkly alluded to the moral laxity of the higher planes of Eastern society, but it was not long before he completely tore away the veil and revealed the naked wickedness of New York social life in a way I even now shudder to recall. Vinous intoxication, it appeared, was a common habit of the first ladies of the city; immoralities which he scarcely dared name were daily practiced by the refined of both sexes; niggardliness and greed were the common vices of the rich. "I have always asserted," he continued, "that corruption must exist where luxury and riches are rampant, and capital is not used to develop the natural resources of the country. Thank you—I will take mine without sugar." It is possible that some of these painful details crept into the local journals. I remember an editorial in the *Monte Flat Monitor*, entitled "The Effete East," in which the fatal decadence of New York and New England was elaborately stated, and California offered as a means of natural salvation. "Perhaps," said the *Monitor*, "we might add that Calaveras county offers superior inducements to the Eastern visitor with capital."

Later he spoke of his family. The daughter he had left a child had grown into beautiful womanhood; the son was already taller and larger than his father, and in a playful trial of strength, "the young rascal," added Plunkett, with a voice broken with paternal pride and humorous objurgation, had twice thrown his doting parent to the ground. But it was of his daughter he chiefly spoke. Perhaps emboldened by the evident interest which masculine Monte Flat held in feminine beauty, he expatiated at some length on her various charms and accomplishments, and finally produced her photograph,—that of a very pretty girl,—to their infinite peril. But his account of his first meeting with her was so peculiar that I must fain give it after his own methods, which were, perhaps, some shades less precise and elegant than his written style.

"You see, boys, it's always been my opinion that a man oughter be able to tell his own flesh and blood by instinct. It's ten years since I'd seen my Melindy, and she was then only seven and about so

high. So when I went to New York, what did I do? Did I go straight to my house and ask for my wife and daughter, like other folks? No, sir! I rigged myself up as a peddler, as a peddler, sir, and I rung the bell. When the servant came to the door, I wanted—don't you see—to show the ladies some trinkets. Then there was a voice over the banister, says, 'Don't want anything—send him away.' 'Some nice laces, ma'am, smuggled,' I says, looking up. 'Get out you wretch,' says she. I knew the voice, boys, it was my wife; sure as a gun,—thar wasn't any instinct thar. 'May be the young ladies want somethin',' I said. 'Did you hear me!' says she, and with that she jumps forward and I left. It's ten years, boys, since I've seen the old woman, but somehow, when she fetched that leap, I naterally left."

He had been standing beside the bar,—his usual attitude,—when he made this speech, but at this point he half-faced his auditors with a look that was very effective. Indeed a few who had exhibited some signs of skepticism and lack of interest at once assumed an appearance of intense gratification and curiosity as he went on.

"Well, by hangin' round there for a day or two, I found out at last it was to be Melindy's birthday next week, and that she was goin' to have a big party. I tell ye what, boys, it weren't no slouch of a reception. The whole house was bloomin' with flowers, and blazin' with lights, and there was no end of servants and plate and refreshments and fixin's—"

"Uncle Joe."

"Well?"

"Where did they get the money?"

Plunkett faced his interlocutor with a severe glance. "I always said," he replied slowly, "that when I went home, I'd send on ahead of me a draft for ten thousand dollars. I always said that, didn't I? Eh? And I said I was goin' home—and I've been home—haven't I? Well?"

Either there was something irresistibly conclusive in this logic or else the desire to hear the remainder of Plunkett's story was stronger; but there was no more interruption. His ready good-humor quickly returned, and, with a slight chuckle, he went on.

"I went to the biggest jewelry shop in town, and I bought a pair of diamond earrings and put them in my pocket, and went to the house. 'What name?' says the

chap who opened the door, and he looked like a cross 'twixt a restaurant waiter and a parson. 'Skeesicks,' said I. He takes me in and pretty soon my wife comes sailin' into the parlor and says: 'Excuse me, but I don't think I recognize the name.' She was mighty polite for I had on a red wig and side-whiskers. 'A friend of your husband's from California, ma'am, with a present for your daughter, Miss ——,' and I made as I had forgot the name. But all of a sudden a voice said, 'That's too thin,' and in walked Melindy. 'It's playin' it rather low down, father, to pretend you don't know your daughter's name—ain't it now? How are you, old man?' And with that she tears off my wig and whiskers, and throws her arms around my neck,—instinct, sir, pure instinct!"

Emboldened by the laughter which followed his description of the filial utterances of Melinda, he again repeated her speech, with more or less elaboration, joining in with, and indeed often leading, the hilarity that accompanied it, and returning to it with more or less incoherency, several times during the evening.

And so at various times, and at various places,—but chiefly in bar-rooms,—did this Ulysses of Monte Flat recount the story of his wanderings. There were several discrepancies in his statement, there was sometimes considerable prolixity of detail, there was occasional change of character and scenery, there was once or twice an absolute change in the denouement, but always the fact of his having visited his wife and children remained. Of course in a skeptical community like that of Monte Flat—a community accustomed to great expectation and small realization, a community wherein, to use the local dialect, "they got the color and struck hardpan," more frequently than any other mining camp—in such a community the fullest credence was not given to old man Plunkett's facts. There was only one exception to the general unbelief—Henry York, of Sandy Bar. It was he who was always an attentive listener; it was his scant purse that had often furnished Plunkett with means to pursue his unprofitable speculations; it was to him that the charms of Melinda were more frequently rehearsed; it was he that had borrowed her photograph—and it was he that, sitting alone in his little cabin one night, kissed that photograph until his honest, handsome face glowed again in the firelight.

It was dusty in Monte Flat. The ruins of the long, dry season were crumbling everywhere; everywhere the dying summer had strewn its red ashes a foot deep or exhaled its last breath in a red cloud above the troubled highways. The alders and cottonwoods that marked the line of the water-courses were grimy with dust and looked as if they might have taken root in the open air; the gleaming stones of the parched water-courses themselves were as dry bones in the valley of death. The dusty sunset at times painted the flanks of the distant hills a dull coppery hue; on other days there was an odd, indefinable earthquake halo on the volcanic cones of the further coast spurs; again an acrid, resinous smoke from the burning wood on Heavytree Hill, smarted the eyes and choked the free breath of Monte Flat, or a fierce wind, driving everything—including the shriveled summer like a curled leaf—before it, swept down the flanks of the Sierras and chased the inhabitants to the doors of their cabins, and shook its red fist in at their windows. And on such a night as this,—the dust having, in some way, choked the wheels of material progress in Monte Flat,—most of the inhabitants were gathered listlessly in the gilded bar-room of the Moquelumne Hotel, spitting silently at the red-hot stove that tempered the mountain winds to the shorn lambs of Monte Flat, and waiting for the rain.

Every method known to the Flat of beguiling the time until the advent of this long-looked-for phenomenon had been tried. It is true the methods were not many—being limited chiefly to that form of popular facetiæ known as practical joking; and even this had assumed the seriousness of a business pursuit. Tommy Roy, who had spent two hours in digging a ditch in front of his own door,—into which a few friends casually dropped during the evening,—looked *ennuyé* and dissatisfied; the four prominent citizens, who, disguised as footpads, had stopped the County Treasurer on the Wingdam road, were jaded from their playful efforts, next morning; the principal physician and lawyer of Monte Flat, who had entered into an unhallowed conspiracy to compel the Sheriff of Calaveras and his *posse* to serve a writ of ejectment on a grizzly bear, feebly disguised under the name of "one Major Ursus," who haunted the groves of Heavytree Hill, wore an expression of resigned weariness. Even the editor of the *Monte Flat Moni-*

tor who had that morning written a glowing account of a battle with the Wipneck Indians for the benefit of Eastern readers—even *he* looked grave and worn. When, at last, Abner Dean of Angel's, who had been on a visit to San Francisco, walked into the room, he was, of course, victimized in the usual way by one or two apparently honest questions which ended in his answering them, and then falling into the trap of asking another to his utter and complete shame and mortification—but that was all. Nobody laughed, and Abner, although a victim, did not lose his good-humor. He turned quietly on his tormentors and said,

"I've got something better than that—you know old man Plunkett?"

Everybody simultaneously spat at the stove and nodded his head.

"You know he went home three years ago?" Two or three changed the position of their legs from the backs of different chairs, and one man said "Yes."

"Had a good time home?"

Everybody looked cautiously at the man who had said "yes," and he, accepting the responsibility with a faint-hearted smile, said "yes," again, and breathed hard. "Saw his wife and child,—purty gal?" said Abner, cautiously. "Yes," answered the man, doggedly. "Saw her photograph, perhaps?" continued Abner Dean, quietly.

The man looked hopelessly around for support. Two or three who had been sitting near him and evidently encouraging him with a look of interest, now shamelessly abandoned him and looked another way. Henry York flushed a little and veiled his brown eyes. The man hesitated, and then with a sickly smile that was intended to convey the fact that he was perfectly aware of the object of this questioning, and was only humoring it from abstract good feeling, returned "yes," again.

"Sent home—let's see,—ten thousand dollars, wasn't it?" Abner Dean went on. "Yes," reiterated the man, with the same smile.

"Well, I thought so," said Abner, quietly, "but the fact is, you see, that he never went home at all—nary time."

Everybody stared at Abner in genuine surprise and interest, as with provoking calmness and a half-lazy manner he went on.

"You see thar was a man down in 'Frisco as knowed him and saw him in So-

nora during the whole of that three years. He was herding sheep or tending cattle, or spekilating all that time, and hadn't a red cent. Well it 'mounts to this—that 'ar Plunkett ain't been east of the Rocky mountains since '49."

The laugh which Abner Dean had the right to confidently expect came, but it was bitter and sardonic. I think indignation was apparent in the minds of his hearers. It was felt, for the first time, that there was a limit to practical joking. A deception carried on for a year, compromising the sagacity of Monte Flat was deserving the severest reprobation. Of course nobody had believed Plunkett—but then the supposition that it might be believed in adjacent camps that they *had* believed him was gall and bitterness. The lawyer thought that an indictment for obtaining money under false pretenses might be found, the physician had long suspected him of insanity, and was not certain but that he ought to be confined. The four prominent merchants thought that the business interests of Monte Flat demanded that something should be done. In the midst of an excited and angry discussion the door slowly opened and old man Plunkett staggered into the room.

He had changed pitifully in the last six months. His hair was a dusty yellowish gray, like the chimisal on the flanks of Heavytrees Hill; his face was waxen white and blue and puffy under the eyes; his clothes were soiled and shabby—streaked in front with the stains of hurried lunches eaten standing, and fluffy behind with the wool and hair of hurriedly extemporized couches. In obedience to that odd law that the more seedy and soiled a man's garments become the less does he seem inclined to part with them, even during that portion of the twenty-four hours when they are deemed least essential, Plunkett's clothes had gradually taken on the appearance of a kind of bark or an outgrowth from within for which their possessor was not entirely responsible. Howbeit as he entered the room he attempted to button his coat over a dirty shirt and passed his fingers, after the manner of some animal, over his cracker-strewn beard—in recognition of a cleanly public sentiment. But even as he did so the weak smile faded from his lips, and his hand, after fumbling aimlessly around a button, dropped helplessly at his side. For as he leaned his back against the bar and

faced the group, he for the first time became aware that every eye but one was fixed upon him. His quick nervous apprehension at once leaped to the truth. His miserable secret was out and abroad in the very air about him. As a last resort he glanced despairingly at Henry York, but his flushed face was turned toward the windows.

No word was spoken. As the bar-keeper silently swung a decanter and glass before him, he took a cracker from a dish and mumbled it with affected unconcern. He lingered over his liquor until its potency stiffened his relaxed sinews, and dulled the nervous edge of his apprehension, and then he suddenly faced around. "It don't look as if we were goin' to hev any rain much afore Christmas," he said with defiant ease.

No one made any reply.

"Just like this in '52 and again in '60. It's always been my opinion that these dry seasons come reg'lar. I've said it afore. I say it again. It's jist as I said about going home, you know," he added with desperate recklessness.

"Thar's a man," said Abner Dean, lazily, "ez sez you never went home. Thar's a man ez sez you've been three years in Sonora. Thar's a man ez sez you haint seen your wife and daughter since '49. Thar's a man ez sez you've been playin' this camp for six months."

There was a dead silence. Then a voice said, quite as quietly,

"That man lies."

It was not the old man's voice. Everybody turned as Henry York slowly rose, stretching out his six feet of length, and, brushing away the ashes that had fallen from his pipe upon his breast, deliberately placed himself beside Plunkett, and faced the others.

"That man ain't here," continued Abner Dean, with listless indifference of voice and a gentle preoccupation of manner as he carelessly allowed his right hand to rest on his hip near his revolver. "That man ain't here, but if I'm called upon to make good what he says, why I'm on hand."

All rose as the two men,—perhaps the least externally agitated of them all,—approached each other. The lawyer stepped in between them.

"Perhaps there's some mistake here. York, do you *know* that the old man has been home?"

"Yes."

"How do you know it?"

York turned his clear, honest, frank eyes on his questioner and without a tremor told the only direct and unmitigated lie of his life. "Because I've seen him there."

The answer was conclusive. It was known that York had been visiting the East during the old man's absence. The colloquy had diverted attention from Plunkett, who, pale and breathless, was staring at his unexpected deliverer. As he turned again toward his tormentors there was something in the expression of his eye that caused those that were nearest to him to fall back and sent a strange, indefinable thrill through the boldest and most reckless. As he made a step forward the physician almost unconsciously raised his hand with a warning gesture, and old man Plunkett, with his eyes fixed upon the red-hot stove, and an odd smile playing about his mouth, began.

"Yes—of course you did. Who says you didn't? It ain't no lie; I said I was goin' home, and I've been home. Haven't I? My God! I have. Who says I've been lyin'! Who says I'm dreamin'! Is it true—why don't you speak? It is true after all. You say you saw me there, why don't you speak again. Say! Say!—is it true? It's going now, O my God—it's going again. It's going now. Save me!" and with a fierce cry, he fell forward in a fit upon the floor.

When the old man regained his senses he found himself in York's cabin. A flickering fire of pine boughs lit up the rude rafters and fell upon a photograph tastefully framed with fir cones and hung above the brush whereon he lay. It was the portrait of a young girl. It was the first object to meet the old man's gaze, and it brought with it a flush of such painful consciousness, that he started and glanced quickly around. But his eyes only encountered those of York—clear, gray, critical and patient, and they fell again.

"Tell me, old man," said York, not unkindly, but with the same cold, clear tone in his voice that his eye betrayed a moment ago, "tell me, is *that* a lie too," and he pointed to the picture.

The old man closed his eyes and did not reply. Two hours before the question would have stung him into some evasion or bravado. But the revelation contained in the question, as well as the tone of York's voice, was to him now, in his piti-

able condition, a relief. It was plain even to his confused brain that York had lied when he had endorsed his story in the bar-room—it was clear to him now that he had not been home—that he was not, as he had begun to fear, going mad. It was such a relief that with characteristic weakness his former recklessness and extravagance returned. He began to chuckle—finally to laugh uproariously.

York, with his eyes still fixed on the old man, withdrew the hand with which he had taken him.

"Didn't we fool 'em nicely, eh, Yorky! He! he! The biggest thing yet ever played in this camp! I always said I'd play 'em all some day, and I have—played 'em for six months. Ain't it rich—ain't it the richest thing you ever seed? Did you see Abner's face when he spoke 'bout that man as seed me in Sonora?—warn't it good as the minstrels? O it's too much!" and striking his leg with the palm of his hand he almost threw himself from the bed in a paroxysm of laughter—a paroxysm that nevertheless appeared to be half real and half affected.

"Is that photograph hers," said York in a low voice, after a slight pause.

"Hers? No! It's one of the San Francisco actresses, he! he! Don't you see—I bought it for two bits in one of the bookstores. I never thought they'd swaller *that* too! but they did! Oh, but the old man played 'em this time, didn't he—eh?" and he peered curiously in York's face.

"Yes, and he played *me* too," said York, looking steadily in the old man's eye.

"Yes, of course," interposed Plunkett, hastily, "but you know, Yorky, you got out of it well! You've sold 'em too. We've both got 'em on a string now,—you and me,—got to stick together now. You did it well, Yorky, you did it well. Why when you said you'd seen me in York city, I'm d—d if I didn't —"

"Didn't what?" said York, gently, for the old man had stopped with a pale face and wandering eye.

"Eh?"

"You say when I said I had seen you in New York you thought —"

"You lie!" said the old man fiercely, "I didn't say I thought anything. What are you trying to go back on me for? Eh?" His hands were trembling as he rose muttering from the bed and made his way toward the hearth.

"Gimme some whisky," he said presently, "and dry up. You oughter treat anyway. Them fellows oughter treated last night. By hookey I'd made 'em—only I fell sick."

York placed the liquor and a tin cup on the table beside him, and going to the door turned his back upon his guest and looked out on the night. Although it was clear moonlight the familiar prospect never to him seemed so dreary. The dead waste of the broad, Wingdam highway never seemed so monotonous—so like the days that he had passed and were to come to him—so like the old man in its suggestion of going sometime and never getting there. He turned, and going up to Plunkett put his hand upon his shoulder and said,

"I want you to answer one question fairly and squarely?"

The liquor seemed to have warmed the torpid blood in the old man's veins and softened his acerbity, for the face he turned up to York was mellowed in its rugged outline and more thoughtful in expression, as he said:

"Go on, my boy."

"Have you a wife and—daughter?"

"Before God I have!"

The two men were silent for a moment; both gazing at the fire. Then Plunkett began rubbing his knees slowly.

"The wife, if it comes to that, ain't much," he began cautiously, "being a little on the shoulder, you know, and wantin', so to speak, a liberal California education—which makes, you know, a bad combination. It's always been my opinion that there ain't any worse. Why, she's as ready with her tongue as Abner Dean is with his revolver, only with the difference that she shoots from principle, as she calls it, and the consequence is, she's always layin' for you. It's the effete East, my boy, that's ruinin' her—it's them ideas she gets in New York and Boston that's made her and me what we are. I don't mind her havin' 'em if she didn't shoot. But havin' that propensity, them principles oughtn't to be lying round loose no more'n firearms."

"But your daughter?" said York.

The old man's hands went up to his eyes here, and then both hands and head dropped forward on the table. "Don't say anything 'bout her, my boy, don't ask me now—" With one hand concealing his eyes he fumbled about with the other in his pockets for his handkerchief—but vainly.

Perhaps it was owing to this fact that he repressed his tears, for when he removed his hand from his eyes they were quite dry. Then he found his voice.

"She's a beautiful girl, beautiful—though I say it, and you shall see her, my boy, you shall see her, sure. I've got things about fixed now. I shall have my plan for reducin' ores perfected in a day or two, and I've got proposals from all the smeltin' works here;" here he hastily produced a bundle of papers that fell upon the floor, "and I'm goin' to send for 'em. I've got the papers here as will give me ten thousand dollars clear in the next month," he added, as he strove to collect the valuable documents again. "I'll have 'em here by Christmas, if I live, and you shall eat your Christmas dinner with me, York, my boy,—you shall, sure."

With his tongue now fairly loosened by liquor and the suggestive vastness of his prospects, he rambled on more or less incoherently, elaborating and amplifying his plans—occasionally even speaking of them as already accomplished, until the moon rode high in the heavens, and York led him again to his couch. Here he lay for some time muttering to himself, until at last he sank into a heavy sleep. When York had satisfied himself of the fact, he gently took down the picture and frame and, going to the hearth, tossed them on the dying embers, and sat down to see them burn.

The fir cones leaped instantly into flame; then the features that had entranced San Francisco audiences nightly flashed up and passed away,—as such things are apt to pass,—and even the cynical smile on York's lips faded too. And then there came a supplemental and unexpected flash as the embers fell together, and by its light York saw a paper upon the floor. It was one that had fallen from the old man's pocket. As he picked it up listlessly, a photograph slipped from its folds. It was the portrait of a young girl, and on its reverse was written, in a scrawling hand, "Melinda to Father."

It was at best a cheap picture, but ah me! I fear even the deft graciousness of the highest art could not have softened the rigid angularities of that youthful figure, its self-complacent vulgarity, its cheap finery, its expressionless ill-favor. York did not look at it the second time. He turned to the letter for relief.

It was misspelled, it was unpunctuated,

it was almost illegible, it was fretful in tone and selfish in sentiment. It was not, I fear, even original in the story of its woes. It was the harsh recital of poverty, of suspicion, of mean makeshifts and compromises, of low pains and lower longings, of sorrows that were degrading, of a grief that was pitiable. Yet it was sincere in a certain kind of vague yearning for the presence of the degraded man to whom it was written—an affection that was more like a confused instinct than a sentiment.

York folded it again carefully and placed it beneath the old man's pillow. Then he returned to his seat by the fire. A smile that had been playing upon his face, deepening the curves behind his moustache and gradually overrunning his clear brown eyes, presently faded away. It was last to go from his eyes, and it left there,—oddly enough to those who did not know him,—a tear.

He sat there for a long time, leaning forward, his head upon his hands. The wind that had been striving with the canvas roof, all at once lifted its edges and a moonbeam slipped suddenly in, and lay for a moment like a shining blade upon his shoulder. And knighted by its touch, straightway plain Henry York arose,—sustained, high-purposed and self-reliant!

The rains had come at last. There was already a visible greenness on the slopes of Heavytree Hill, and the long, white track of the Wingdam road was lost in outlying pools and ponds a hundred rods from Monte Flat. The spent water-courses, whose white bones had been sinuously trailed over the flat, like the vertebrae of some forgotten Saurian, were full again; the dry bones moved once more in the valley, and there was joy in the ditches, and a pardonable extravagance in the columns of the *Monte Flat Monitor*. "Never before in the history of the county has the yield been so satisfactory. Our contemporary of the *Hillside Beacon*, who yesterday facetiously alluded to the fact (?) that our best citizens were leaving town, in 'dug-outs,' on account of the flood, will be glad to hear that our distinguished fellow-townsmen, Mr. Henry York, now on a visit to his relatives in the East, lately took with him, in his 'dug-out,' the modest sum of fifty thousand dollars, the result of one week's clean-up. We can imagine," continued that sprightly journal, "that no such misfortune is likely to overtake Hillside this season. And yet we believe the *Beacon*

man wants a railroad." A few journals broke out into poetry. The operator at Simpson's Crossing telegraphed to the Sacramento *Universe*: "All day the low clouds have shook their garnered fullness down." A San Francisco journal lapsed into noble verse, thinly disguised as editorial prose: "Rejoice, the gentle rain has come, the bright and pearly rain, which scatters blessings on the hills, and sifts them o'er the plain. Rejoice, etc." Indeed, there was only one to whom the rain had not brought blessing, and that was Plunkett. In some mysterious and dark-some way, it had interfered with the perfection of his new method of reducing ores, and thrown the advent of that invention back another season. It had brought him down to an habitual seat in the bar-room, where, to heedless and inattentive ears, he sat and discoursed of the East and his family.

No one disturbed him. Indeed, it was rumored that some funds had been lodged with the landlord, by a person or persons unknown, whereby his few wants were provided for. His mania,—for that was the charitable construction which Monte Flat put upon his conduct,—was indulged, even to the extent of Monte Flat's accepting his invitation to dine with his family on Christmas Day—an invitation extended frankly to every one with whom the old man drank or talked. But one day, to everybody's astonishment, he burst into the bar-room, holding an open letter in his hand. It read as follows:

"Be ready to meet your family at the new cottage on Heavytree Hill on Christmas Day. Invite what friends you choose.

"HENRY YORK."

The letter was handed round in silence. The old man, with a look alternating between hope and fear, gazed in the faces of the group. The Doctor looked up significantly, after a pause. "It's a forgery, evidently," he said, in a low voice; "he's cunning enough to conceive it—they always are—but you'll find he'll fail in executing it. Watch his face! Old man," he said suddenly, in a loud, peremptory tone, "this is a trick—a forgery—and you know it. Answer me squarely, and look me in the eye. Isn't it so?"

The eyes of Plunkett stared a moment, and then dropped weakly. Then, with a feebler smile, he said: "You're too many for me, boys. The Doc's right. The little game's up. You can take the old man's hat"; and so, tottering, trembling, and chuckling, he dropped into silence and his accustomed seat. But the next day he seemed to have forgotten this episode, and talked as glibly as ever of the approaching festivity.

And so the days and weeks passed until Christmas,—a bright, clear day, warmed with south winds, and joyous with the resurrection of springing grasses,—broke upon Monte Flat. And then there was a sudden commotion in the hotel bar-room, and Abner Dean stood beside the old man's chair, and shook him out of a slumber to his feet. "Rouse up, old man; York is here, with your wife and daughter at the cottage on Heavytree. Come, old man. Here, boys, give him a lift"; and in another moment a dozen strong and willing hands had raised the old man, and bore him in triumph to the street, up the steep grade of Heavytree Hill, and deposited him, struggling and confused, in the porch of a little cottage. At the same instant, two women rushed forward, but were restrained by a gesture from Henry York. The old man was struggling to his feet. With an effort, at last, he stood erect, trembling, his eye fixed, a gray pallor on his cheek, and a deep resonance in his voice.

"It's all a trick, and a lie! They ain't no flesh and blood or kin o' mine. It ain't my wife, nor child. My daughter's a beautiful girl—a beautiful girl—d'ye hear? She's in New York, with her mother, and I'm going to fetch her here. I said I'd go home, and I've been home—d'ye hear me?—I've been home! It's a mean trick you're playin' on the old man. Let me go, d'ye hear? Keep them women off me! Let me go! I'm going—I'm going home!"

His hands were thrown up convulsively in the air, and, half turning round, he fell sideways on the porch, and so to the ground. They picked him up hurriedly; but too late. He had gone home.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY MR. FROUDE'S "PROGRESS."

To revisit this earth, some ages after their departure from it, is a common wish among men. We frequently hear men say that they would give so many months or years of their lives in exchange for a less number on the globe one or two or three centuries from now. Merely to see the world from some remote sphere, like the distant spectator of a play which passes in dumb show, would not suffice. They would like to be of the world again, and enter into its feelings, passions, hopes; to feel the sweep of its current, and so to comprehend what it has become.

I suppose that we all, who are thoroughly interested in this world, have this desire. There are some select souls, who sit apart in calm endurance, waiting to be translated out of a world they are almost tired of patronizing, to whom the whole thing seems doubtless like a cheap performance. They sit on the fence of criticism, and cannot for the life of them see what the vulgar crowd make such a toil and sweat about. The prizes are the same, dreary, old, fading bay-wreaths. As for the soldiers marching past, their uniforms are torn, their hats are shocking, their shoes are dusty, they do not appear (to a man sitting on the fence) to march with any kind of spirit, their flags are old and tattered, the drums they beat are barbarous; and, besides, it is not probable that they are going anywhere,—they will merely come round again, the same people, like the marching chorus in the "Beggars' Opera." Such critics, of course, would not care to see the vulgar show over again; it is enough for them to put on record their protest against it in the weekly *Judgment Days*, which they edit, and, by-and-by, withdraw out of their private boxes, with pity for a world in the creation of which they were not consulted.

The desire to revisit this earth is, I think, based upon a belief, well nigh universal, that the world is to make some progress, and that it will be more interesting in the future than it is now. I believe that the human mind, whenever it is developed enough to comprehend its own action, rests, and has always rested, in this expectation. I do not know any period of time in which the civilized mind has not had expectation of something better for the race in the future. This expectation is

sometimes stronger than it is at others; and, again, there are always those who say that the golden age is behind them. It is always behind or before us; the poor present alone has no friends; the present, in the minds of many, is only the car that is carrying us away from an age of virtue and of happiness; or that is, perhaps, bearing us on to a time of ease and comfort and security.

Perhaps it is worth while, in view of certain recent discussions, and especially of some free criticisms of this country, to consider whether there is any intention of progress in this world, and whether that intention is discoverable in the age in which we live. If it is an old question, it is not a settled one; the practical disbelief in any such progress is widely entertained. Not long ago Mr. James Anthony Froude published an essay on progress, in which he examined some of the evidences upon which we rely, to prove that we live in an "era of progress." It is a melancholy essay, for its tone is that of profound skepticism as to certain influences and means of progress upon which we in this country most rely. With the illustrative arguments of Mr. Froude's essay I do not purpose specially to meddle; I recall it to the attention of the reader as a representative type of skepticism regarding progress which is somewhat common among intellectual men, and is not confined to England. It is not exactly an acceptance of Rousseau's notion that civilization is a mistake, and that it would be better for us all to return to a state of nature,—though, in John Ruskin's case, it nearly amounts to this,—but it is a hostility in its last analysis to what we understand by the education of the people, and to the government of the people by themselves. If Mr. Froude's essay is anything but an exhibition of the scholarly weapons of criticism, it is the expression of a profound disbelief in the intellectual education of the masses of the people. Mr. Ruskin goes further. He makes his open proclamation against any emancipation from hand-toil. Steam is the devil himself let loose from the pit, and all labor-saving machinery is his own invention. Mr. Ruskin is the bull that stands upon the track and threatens with annihilation the on-coming locomotive; and I think that any spectator, who sees his

menacing attitude and hears his roaring, cannot but have fears for the locomotive.

There are two sorts of infidelity concerning humanity, and I do not know which is the more withering in its effects. One is that which regards this world as only a waste and a desert, across the sands of which we are merely fugitives, fleeing from the wrath to come. The other is that doubt of any divine intention, in development, in history, which we call progress from age to age.

In the eyes of this latter infidelity history is not a procession or a progression, but only a series of disconnected pictures, each little era rounded with its own growth, fruitage, and decay, a series of incidents or experiments, without even the string of a far-reaching purpose to connect them. There is no intention of progress in it all. The race is barbarous, and then it changes to civilized; in the one case the strong rob the weak by brute force; in the other the crafty rob the unwary by finesse. The latter is a more agreeable state of things; but it comes to about the same. The robber used to knock us down and take away our sheep-skins; he now administers chloroform and relieves us of our watches. It is a gentlemanly proceeding, and a scientific; and we call it civilization. Meantime human nature remains the same, and the whole thing is a weary round that has no advance in it.

If this is true the succession of men and of races is no better than a vegetable succession; and Mr. Froude is quite right in doubting if education of the brain will do the English agricultural laborer any good; and Mr. Ruskin ought to be aided in his crusade against machinery, which turns the world upside down. The best that can be done with a man is the best that can be done with a plant—set him out in some favorable locality, or leave him where he happened to strike root, and there let him grow and mature in measure and quiet,—especially quiet,—as he may in God's sun and rain. If he happens to be a cabbage, in Heaven's name don't try to make a rose of him, and do not disturb the vegetable maturing of his head by grafting ideas upon his stock.

The most serious difficulty in the way of those who maintain that there is an intention of progress in this world from century to century, from age to age, a discernible growth, a universal development, is the fact that all nations do not make progress

at the same time or in the same ratio; that nations reach a certain development, and then fall away, and even retrograde; that while one may be advancing into high civilization, another is lapsing into deeper barbarism, and that nations appear to have a limit of growth. If there were a law of progress, an intention of it in all the world, ought not all peoples and tribes to advance *pari passu*, or at least, ought there not to be discernible a general movement, historical and contemporary? There is no such general movement which can be computed, the law of which can be discovered—therefore it does not exist. In a kind of despair, we are apt to run over in our minds empires and pre-eminent civilizations that have existed, and then to doubt whether life in this world is intended to be anything more than a series of experiments. There is the German nation of our day, the most aggressive in various fields of intellectual activity, a Hercules of scholarship, the most thoroughly trained and powerful—though its civilization marches to the noise of the hateful and barbarous drum. In what points is it better than the Greek nation of the age of its superlative artists, philosophers, poets—the age of the most joyous, elastic human souls in the most perfect human bodies? Again, it is, perhaps, a fanciful notion that the Atlantis of Plato was the northern part of the South American continent, projecting out toward Africa, and that the Antilles are the peaks and headlands of its sunken bulk. But there are evidences enough that the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and the Caribbean Seas were within historic periods the seat of a very considerable civilization,—the seat of cities, of commerce, of trade, of palaces and pleasure gardens,—faint images, perhaps, of the luxurious civilization of Baïæ and Pozzuoli and Capri in the most profligate period of the Roman empire. It is not more difficult to believe that there was a great material development here, than to believe it of the African shore of the Mediterranean. Not to multiply instances that will occur to all, we see as many retrograde as advance movements, and we see also, that while one spot of the earth at one time seems to be the chosen theater of progress, other portions of the globe are absolutely dead, and without the least leaven of advancing life, and we cannot understand how this can be, if there is any such thing as an all-pervading and animating intention or law of progress.

And, then, we are reminded that the individual human mind long ago attained its height of power and capacity. It is enough to recall the names of Moses, Buddha, Confucius, Socrates, Paul, Homer, David.

No doubt it has seemed to other periods and other nations, as it now does to the present civilized races, that they were the chosen times and peoples of an extraordinary and limitless development. It must have seemed so to the Jews who overran Palestine and set their shining cities on all the hills of heathendom. It must have seemed so to the Babylonish conquerors who swept over Palestine in turn, on their way to greater conquests in Egypt. It must have seemed so to Greece when the Acropolis was to the outlying world what the imperial calla is to the marsh in which it lifts its superb flower. It must have seemed so to Rome when its solid roads of stone ran to all parts of a tributary world—the highways of the legions, her ministers, and of the wealth that poured into her treasury. It must have seemed so to the followers of Mahomet, when the crescent knew no pause in its march up the Arabian peninsula to the Bosphorus, to India, along the Mediterranean shores to Spain, where in the eighth century it flowered into a culture, a learning, a refinement in art and manners, to which the Christian world of that day was a stranger. It must have seemed so in the awakening of the 16th century, when Europe, Spain leading, began that great movement of discovery and aggrandizement, which has, in the end, been profitable only to a portion of the adventurers. And what shall we say of a nation as old, if not older than any of these we have mentioned, slowly building up meantime a civilization, and perfecting a system of government and a social economy which should outlast them all, and remain to our day almost the sole monument of permanence and stability in a shifting world.

How many times has the face of Europe been changed,—and parts of Africa and Asia Minor too, for that matter,—by conquests and crusades, and the rise and fall of civilizations, as well as dynasties; while China has endured, almost undisturbed, under a system of law, administration, morality, as old as the pyramids probably, existed a coherent nation, highly developed in certain essentials, meeting and mastering, so far as we can see, the great problem of an over-populated territory, living in a

good degree of peace and social order, of respect for age and law, and making a continuous history, the mere record of which is printed in a thousand bulky volumes. Yet we speak of the Chinese Empire as an instance of arrested growth, for which there is no salvation, except it shall catch the spirit of progress abroad in the world. What is this progress, and where does it come from?

Think for a moment of this significant situation. For thousands of years, empires, systems of society, systems of civilization,—Egyptian, Jewish, Greek, Roman, Moslem, Feudal,—have flourished and fallen, grown to a certain height and passed away; great organized fabrics have gone down, and, if there has been any progress, it has been as often defeated as renewed. And here is an empire, apart from this scene of alternate success and disaster, which has existed in a certain continuity and stability, and yet, now that it is uncovered and stands face to face with the rest of the world, it finds that it has little to teach us, and almost everything to learn from us. The old empire sends its students to learn of us, the newest child of civilization; and through us they learn all the great past, its literature, law, science, out of which we sprang. It appears, then, that progress has, after all, been with the shifting world, that has been all this time going to pieces, rather than with the world that has been permanent and unshaken.

When we speak of progress we may mean two things. We may mean a lifting of the races as a whole by reason of more power over the material world, by reason of what we call the conquest of nature and a practical use of its forces; or we may mean a higher development of the individual man, so that he shall be better and happier. If from age to age it is discoverable that the earth is better adapted to man as a dwelling-place, and he is on the whole fitted to get more out of it for his own growth, is not that progress, and is it not evidence of an intention of progress?

Now, it is sometimes said that Providence, in the economy of this world, cares nothing for the individual, but works out its ideas and purposes through the races, and in certain periods, slowly bringing in, by great agencies and by processes destructive to individuals and to millions of helpless human beings, truths and principles; so laying stepping-stones onward to a great consummation. I do not care to dwell

upon this thought, but let us see if we can find any evidence in history of the presence in this world of an intention of progress.

It is common to say that, if the world makes progress at all, it is by its great men, and when anything important for the race is to be done, a great man is raised up to do it. Yet another way to look at it is, that the doing of something at the appointed time, makes the man who does it great, or at least celebrated. The man often appears to be only a favored instrument of communication. As we glance back we recognize the truth that, at this and that period, the time had come for certain discoveries. Intelligence seemed pressing in from the invisible. Many minds were on the alert to apprehend it. We believe, for instance, that, if Gutenberg had not invented movable types, somebody else would have given them to the world about that time. Ideas, at certain times, throng for admission into the world; and we are all familiar with the fact that the same important idea (never before revealed in all the ages) occurs to separate and widely distinct minds at about the same time. The invention of the electric telegraph seemed to burst upon the world simultaneously from many quarters,—not perfect, perhaps, but the time for the idea had come,—and happy was it for the man who entertained it. We have agreed to call Columbus the discoverer of America, but I suppose there is no doubt that America had been visited by European, and probably Asiatic people, ages before Columbus; that four or five centuries before him people from northern Europe had settlements here; he was fortunate, however, in "discovering" it in the fullness of time, when the world, in its progress, was ready for it. If the Greeks had had gunpowder, electro-magnetism, the printing press, history would need to be re-written. Why the inquisitive Greek mind did not find out these things is a mystery upon any other theory than the one we are considering.

And it is as mysterious that China, having gunpowder and the art of printing, is not to-day like Germany.

There seems to me to be a progress, or an intention of progress, in the world, independent of individual men. Things get on by all sorts of instruments, and sometimes by very poor ones. There are times when new thoughts or applications of known principles seem to throng from the

invisible for expression through human media, and there is hardly ever an important invention, set free in the world, that men do not appear to be ready cordially to receive it. Often we should be justified in saying that there was a wide-spread expectation of it. Almost all the great inventions, and the ingenious application of principles, have many claimants for the honor of priority.

On any other theory than this, that there is present in the world an intention of progress which outlasts individuals, and even races, I cannot account for the fact that, while civilizations decay and pass away, and human systems go to pieces, ideas remain and accumulate. We, the latest age, are the inheritors of all the foregoing ages. I do not believe that anything of importance has been lost to the world. The Jewish civilization was torn up root and branch, but whatever was valuable in the Jewish polity is ours now. We may say the same of the civilizations of Athens and of Rome; though the entire organization of the ancient world, to use Mr. Froude's figure, collapsed into a heap of incoherent sand, the ideas remained, and Greek art and Roman law are part of the world's solid possessions.

Even those who question the value to the individual of what we call progress, admit, I suppose, the increase of knowledge in the world from age to age, and not only its increase, but its diffusion. The intelligent school-boy to-day knows more than the ancient sages knew—more about the visible heavens, more of the secrets of the earth, more of the human body. The rudiments of his education, the common experiences of his every-day life, were, at the best, the guesses and speculations of a remote age. There is certainly an accumulation of facts, ideas, knowledge. Whether this makes men better, wiser, happier, is, indeed, disputed.

In order to maintain the notion of a general and intended progress, it is not necessary to show that no preceding age has excelled ours in some special development. Phidias has had no rival in sculpture, we may admit. It is possible, that glass was once made as flexible as leather, and that copper could be hardened like steel. But I do not take much stock in the "lost arts," the wondering theme of the lyceums. The knowledge of the natural world, and of materials, was never, I believe, so extensive and exact as it is to-

day. It is possible that there are tricks of chemistry, ingenious processes, secrets of color, of which we are ignorant; but I do not believe there was ever an ancient alchemist who could not be taught something in a modern laboratory. The vast engineering works of the ancient Egyptians, the remains of their temples and pyramids excite our wonder; but I have no doubt that President Grant, if he becomes the tyrant they say he is becoming, and commands the labor of forty millions of slaves,—a large proportion of them office-holders,—could build a Karnak, or erect a string of pyramids across New Jersey.

Mr. Froude runs lightly over a list of subjects upon which the believer in progress relies for his belief, and then says of them that the world calls this progress, he calls it only change. I suppose he means by this two things: that these great movements of our modern life are not any evidence of a permanent advance, and that our whole structure may tumble into a heap of incoherent sand, as systems of society have done before; and, again, that it is questionable if, in what we call a stride in civilization, the individual citizen is becoming any purer or more just, or, if his intelligence is directed toward learning and doing what is right, or only to the means of more extended pleasures.

It is, perhaps, idle to speculate upon the first of these points—the permanence of our advance, if it is an advance. But we may be encouraged by one thing that distinguishes this period—say from the middle of the eighteenth century—from any that has preceded it. I mean the introduction of machinery, applied to the multiplication of man's power in a hundred directions—to manufacturing, to locomotion, to the diffusion of thought and of knowledge. I need not dwell upon this familiar topic. Since this period began there has been, so far as I know, no retrograde movement any where, but, besides the material, an intellectual and spiritual kindling the world over, for which history has no sort of parallel. Truth is always the same, and will make its way, but this subject might be illustrated by a study of the relation of Christianity and of the brotherhood of men to machinery. The theme would demand an essay by itself. I leave it with the one remark, that this great change now being wrought in the world by the multiplicity of machinery, is not more a material than it is an intellectual one, and that we have

no instance in history of a catastrophe wide-spread enough and adequate to sweep away its results. That is to say, none of the catastrophes, not even the corruptions, which brought to ruin the ancient civilizations, would work anything like the same disaster in an age which has the use of machinery that this age has.

For instance: Gibbon selects the period between the accession of Trajan and the death of Marcus Aurelius as the time in which the human race enjoyed more general happiness than they had ever known before, or had since known. Yet, says Mr. Froude, in the midst of this prosperity the heart of the empire was dying out of it; luxury and selfishness were eating away the principle that held society together, and the ancient world was on the point of collapsing into a heap of incoherent sand. Now, it is impossible to conceive that the catastrophe which did happen to that civilization could have happened if the world had then possessed the steam-engine, the printing press, and the electric telegraph. The Roman power might have gone down, and the face of the world been recast; but such universal chaos and such a relapse for the individual people would seem impossible.

If we turn from these general considerations to the evidences that this is an "era of progress" in the condition of individual men, we are met by more specific denials. Granted, it is said, all your facilities for travel and communication, for cheap and easy manufacture, for the distribution of cheap literature and news, your cheap education, better homes, and all the comforts and luxuries of your machine civilization, is the average man, the agriculturist, the machinist, the laborer any better for it all? Is there more purity, more honest, fair dealing, genuine work, fear and honor of God? Are the proceeds of labor more evenly distributed? These, it is said, are the criteria of progress, all else is misleading.

Now, it is true that the ultimate end of any system of government or civilization should be the improvement of the individual man. And yet this truth, as Mr. Froude puts it, is only a half truth; so that this single test of any system may not do for a given time and a limited area. Other and wider considerations come in. Disturbances, which for a while unsettle society and do not bring good results to individuals, may, nevertheless, be necessary, and may be a sign of progress. Take the favorite illustration of Mr. Froude and Mr.

Ruskin—the condition of the agricultural laborer of England. If I understand them, the civilization of the last century has not helped his position as a man. If I understand them, he was a better man, in a better condition of earthly happiness, and with a better chance of Heaven, fifty years ago than now, before the “era of progress” found him out. (It ought to be noticed here, that the report of the Parliamentary Commission on the condition of the English agricultural laborer, does not sustain Mr. Froude’s assumptions. On the contrary, the report shows that his condition is in almost all respects, vastly better than it was fifty years ago.) Mr. Ruskin would remove the steam-engine and all its devilish works from his vicinity; he would abolish factories, speedy travel by rail, new-fangled instruments of agriculture, our patent education, and remit him to his ancient condition,—tied for life to a bit of ground, which should supply all his simple wants; his wife should weave the clothes for the family; his children should learn nothing but the catechism and to speak the truth; he should take his religion without question from the hearty, fox-hunting parson, and live and die undisturbed by ideas. Now, it seems to me that if Mr. Ruskin could realize in some isolated nation this idea of a pastoral, simple existence, under a paternal government, he would have in time an ignorant, stupid, brutal community in a great deal worse case than the agricultural laborers of England are at present. Three-fourths of the crime in the kingdom of Bavaria is committed in the Ultramontane region of the Tyrol, where the conditions of popular education are about those that Mr. Ruskin seems to regret as swept away by the present movement in England,—a stagnant state of things, in which any wind of heaven would be a blessing, even if it were a tornado. Education of the modern sort unsettles the peasant, renders him unfit for labor, and gives us a half-educated idler in place of a conscientious workman. The disuse of the apprentice system is not made good by the present system of education, because no one learns a trade well, and the consequence is poor work, and a slam civilization generally. There is some truth in these complaints. But the way out is not backward, but forward. The fault is not with education, though it may be with the kind of education. The education must go forward; the man must

not be half but wholly educated. It is only half knowledge, like half training in a trade, that is dangerous.

But what I wish to say is, that notwithstanding certain unfavorable things in the condition of the English laborer and mechanic, his chance is better in the main than it was fifty years ago. The world is a better world for him. He has the opportunity to be more of a man. His world is wider, and it is all open to him to go where he will. Mr. Ruskin may not so easily find his ideal, contented peasant, but the man himself begins to apprehend that this is a world of ideas as well as of food and clothes, and I think, if he were consulted, he would have no desire to return to the condition of his ancestors. In fact, the most hopeful symptom in the condition of the English peasant is his discontent. For, as skepticism is in one sense the handmaid of truth, discontent is the mother of progress. The man is comparatively of little use in the world who is contented.

There is another thought pertinent here. It is this: that no man, however humble, can live a full life, if he lives to himself alone. He is more of a man, he lives in a higher plane of thought and of enjoyment, the more his communications are extended with his fellows, and the wider his sympathies are. I count it a great thing for the English peasant, a solid addition to his life, that he is every day being put into more intimate relations with every other man on the globe.

I know it is said that these are only vague and sentimental notions of progress—*notions of a “salvation by machinery.”* Let us pass to something that may be less vague, even if it be more sentimental. For a hundred years we have reckoned it progress, that the people were taking part in government. We have had a good deal of faith in the proposition put forth at Philadelphia a century ago, that men are, in effect, equal in political rights. Out of this simple proposition springs logically the extension of suffrage, and a universal education, in order that this important function of a government by the people may be exercised intelligently.

Now we are told by the most accomplished English essayists that this is a mistake, that it is change, but no progress. Indeed, there are philosophers in America who think so. At least I infer so from the fact that Mr. Froude fathers one of his de-

finitions of our condition upon an American. When a block of printer's type is by accident broken up, and disintegrated, it falls into what is called "pi." The "pi," a mere chaos, is afterwards sorted and distributed, preparatory to being built up into fresh combinations. "A distinguished American friend," says Mr. Froude, "describes Democracy as making pi." It is so witty a sarcasm that I almost think Mr. Froude manufactured it himself. Well, we have been making this "pi" for a hundred years; it seems to be a national dish in considerable favor with the rest of the world,—even such ancient nations as China and Japan want a piece of it.

Now, of course, no form of human government is perfect, or anything like it, but I should be willing to submit the question to even an English traveler, whether, on the whole, the people of the United States do not have as fair a chance in life, and feel as little the oppression of government, as any other in the world, whether anywhere the burdens are more lifted off men's shoulders.

This infidelity to popular government, and unbelief in any good results to come from it, are not, unfortunately, confined to the English essayists. I am not sure but the notion is growing, in what is called the intellectual class, that it is a mistake to intrust the government to the ignorant many, and that it can only be lodged safely in the hands of the wise few. We hear the corruptions of the times attributed to universal suffrage. Yet these corruptions certainly are not peculiar to the United States. It is also said here, as it is in England, that our diffused and somewhat superficial education is merely unfitting the mass of men, who must be laborers, for any useful occupation.

This argument, reduced to plain terms, is simply this: that the mass of mankind are unfit to decide properly their own political and social condition; and that for the mass of mankind any but a very limited mental development is a damage to them. It would be enough to say of this, that class government and popular ignorance have been tried for so many ages, and always with disaster and failure in the end, that I should think philanthropical historians would be tired of recommending them. But there is more to be said.

I feel that as a resident on the earth, part owner of it for a time, unavoidably a member of society, I have a right to a voice in

determining what my condition and what my chance in life shall be. I may be ignorant, I should be a very poor ruler of other people, but I am better capable of deciding some things that touch me nearly than another is. By what logic can I say that I should have a part in the conduct of this world, and that my neighbor should not? Who is to decide what degree of intelligence shall fit a man for a share in the government? How are we to select the few capable men that are to rule all the rest? As a matter of fact, men have been rulers who had neither the average intelligence nor virtue of the people they governed. And, as a matter of historical experience, a class in power has always sought its own benefit rather than that of the whole people. Lunacy, extraordinary stupidity, and crime aside, a man is the best guardian of his own liberty and rights.

The English critics, who say we have taken the government from the capable few and given it to the people, speak of universal suffrage as a quack panacea of this "era of progress." But it is not the manufactured panacea of any theorist or philosopher whatever. It is the natural result of a diffused knowledge of human rights, and of increasing intelligence. It is nothing against it that Napoleon III. used a mockery of it to govern France. It is not a device of the closet, but a method of government, which has naturally suggested itself to men as they have grown into a feeling of self-reliance, and a consciousness that they have some right in the decision of their own destiny in the world. It is true that suffrage peculiarly fits a people virtuous and intelligent. But there has not yet been invented any government in which a people would thrive who were ignorant and vicious.

Our foreign critics seem to regard our "American system," by the way, as a sort of invention or patent-right, upon which we are experimenting; forgetting that it is as legitimate a growth out of our circumstances as the English system is out of its antecedents. Our system is not the product of theorists or closet philosophers; but it was ordained in substance and inevitable from the day the first "town meeting" assembled in New England, and it was not in the power of Hamilton or any one else to make it otherwise.

So you must have education, now you have the ballot, say the critics of this era of progress; and this is another of your cheap

inventions. Not that we undervalue book knowledge. Oh, no; but it really seems to us that a good trade, with the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments back of it, would be the best thing for the most of you. You must work for a living any way, and why, now, should you unsettle your minds?

This is such an astounding view of human life and destiny that I do not know what to say to it. Did it occur to Mr. Froude to ask the man whether he would be contented with a good trade and the Ten Commandments? Perhaps the man would like eleven commandments? And, if he gets hold of the eleventh, he may want to know something more about his fellow men, a little geography maybe, and some of Mr. Froude's history, and thus he may be led off into literature, and the Lord knows where.

The inference is that education,—book fashion—will unfit the man for useful work. Mr. Froude here again stops at a half truth. As a general thing intelligence is useful in any position a man occupies. But it is true that there is a superficial and misdirected sort of education, so called, which makes the man who receives it despise labor; and it is, also, true that in the present educational revival there has been a neglect of training in the direction of skilled labor, and we all suffer more or less from cheap and dishonest work. But the way out of this, again, is forward, and not backward. It is a good sign, and not a stigma upon this era of progress, that people desire education. But this education must be of the whole man; he must be taught to work as well as to read, and he is, indeed, poorly educated if he is not fitted to do his work in the world. We certainly shall not have better workmen by having ignorant workmen. I need not say that the real education is that which will best fit a man for performing well his duties in life. If Mr. Froude, instead of his plaint over the scarcity of good mechanics, and of the Ten Commandments in England, had recommended the establishment of industrial schools, he would have spoken more to the purpose.

I should say that the fashionable skepticism of to-day, here and in England, is in regard to universal suffrage, and the capacity of the people to govern themselves. The whole system is the sharp invention of Thomas Jefferson and others, by which crafty demagogues can rule. In-

stead of being, as we have patriotically supposed a real progress in human development; it is only a fetch, which is becoming rapidly a failure. Now there is a great deal of truth in the assertion, that whatever the form of government, the ablest men, or the strongest, or the most cunning in the nation, will rule. And yet it is true that in a popular government, like this, the humblest citizen, if he is wronged or oppressed, has in his hands a readier instrument of redress than he has ever had in any other form of government. And it must not be forgotten that the ballot in the hands of all is about the only safeguard against the tyranny of wealth in the hands of the few. It is true that bad men can band together and be destructive; but so they can in any government. Revolution by ballot is much safer than revolution by violence—and, granting that human nature is selfish, when the whole people are the government, selfishness is on the side of the government. Can you mention any class in this country whose interest it is to overturn the government? And, then, as to the wisdom of the popular decisions by the ballot in this country. Look carefully at all the presidential elections from Washington's down, and say, in the light of history, if the popular decision has not, every time, been the best for the country. It may not have seemed so to some of us at the time, but I think it is true, and a very significant fact.

Of course, in this affirmation of belief that one hundred years of popular government in this country is a real progress for humanity, and not merely a change from the rule of the fit to the rule of the cunning, we cannot forget that men are pretty much everywhere the same, and that we have abundant reason for national humility. We are pretty well aware that ours is not an ideal state of society, and should be so, even if the English who pass by did not revile us, wagging their heads. We might differ with them about the causes of our disorders. Doubtless, extended suffrage has produced certain results. It seems, strangely enough, to have escaped the observation of our English friends that to suffrage was due the late horse disease. No one can discover any other cause for it. But there is a cause for the various phenomena of this period of shoddy, of inflated speculation, of disturbance of all values, social, moral, political and material, quite sufficient in the light of history to

account for them. It is not suffrages; it is an irredeemable paper currency. It has borne its usual fruit with us, and neither foreign nor home cities can shift the responsibility of it upon our system of government. Yes, it is true, we have contrived to fill the world with our scandals, of late. I might refer to a loose commercial and political morality; to betrayals of popular trust in politics; to corruptions in legislatures and in corporations; to an abuse of power in the public press, which has hardly yet got itself adjusted to its sudden accession of enormous influence. We complain of its injustice to individuals sometimes. We might imagine something like this would occur.

A newspaper one day says:—"We are exceedingly pained to hear that the Hon. Mr. Blank, who is running for Congress in the First District, has permitted his aged grandmother to go to the town poor-house. What renders this conduct inexplicable is the fact that Mr. Blank is a man of large fortune."

The next day, the newspaper says:—"The Hon. Mr. Blank has not seen fit to deny the damaging accusation in regard to the treatment of his grandmother."

The next day, the newspaper says:—"Mr. Blank is still silent. He is probably aware that he cannot afford to rest under this grave charge."

The next day, the newspaper asks:—"Where's Blank? Has he fled?"

At last, goaded by these remarks, and most unfortunately for himself, Mr. Blank writes to the newspaper, and most indignantly denies the charge; he never sent his grandmother to the poor-house.

Thereupon the newspaper says, "Of course a rich man who would put his own grandmother in the poor-house, would deny it. Our informant was a gentleman of character. Mr. Blank rests the matter on his unsupported word. It is a question of veracity."

Or, perhaps, Mr. Blank, more unfortunately for himself, begins by making an affidavit, wherein he swears that he never sent his grandmother to the poor-house, and that, in point of fact, he has not any grandmother whatever.

The newspaper, then, in language that is now classical, "goes for" Mr. Blank.

It says, "Mr. Blank resorts to the common device of the rogue—the affidavit. If he had been conscious of rectitude, would he not have relied upon his simple denial?"

Now, if an extreme case like this could occur, it would be bad enough. But, in our free society, the remedy would be at hand. The constituents of Mr. Blank would elect him in triumph. The newspaper would lose public confidence and support, and learn to use its position more justly. What I mean to indicate by such an extreme instance as this is, that in our very license of individual freedom there is finally a correcting power.

We might pursue this general subject of progress, by a comparison of the society of this country now with that fifty years ago. I have no doubt that in every essential this is better than that, in manners, in morality, in charity and toleration, in education and religion. I know the standard of morality is higher. I know the churches are purer. Not fifty years ago, in a New England town, a distinguished doctor of divinity, the pastor of a leading church, was part owner in a distillery. He was a great light in his denomination, but he was an extravagant liver, and being unable to pay his debts, he was arrested and put into jail, with the liberty of the "limits." In order not to interrupt his ministerial work, the jail limits were made to include his house and his church, so that he could still go in and out before his people. I do not think that could occur anywhere in the United States to-day.

I will close these fragmentary suggestions by saying, that I, for one, should like to see this country a century from now. Those who live then will doubtless say of this period that it was crude, and rather disorderly and fermenting with a great many new projects; but I have great faith that they will also say that the present extending notion, that the best government is for the people, by the people, was in the line of sound progress. I should expect to find faith in humanity greater and not less than it is now, and I should not expect to find that Mr. Froude's mournful expectation had been realized, and that the belief in a life beyond the grave had been withdrawn.

CAPTAIN MILLICENT.

MRS. PIERREHAM lived, moved, and had her being in the "wealthy circle" of New York. She was one of those human lilies who toil not neither do they spin; and because she neither toiled nor spun, but dressed handsomely, and walked gracefully, and was altogether a lustrous and lovely object for the eye to linger on, many hardworking women standing afar off called her a doll, and other some avenged themselves for their own heavy lot by characterizing her as a heartless woman of fashion, and still others openly and not unlovingly envied her as a pet of fortune, a woman without care and without trouble. Nevertheless they were all in the wrong. In spite of apparent dissimilitude there is a marvelous likeness between your lot and mine; and Mrs. Pierreham was neither a doll, nor heartless, nor in Paradise. She had sometimes trouble, serious and severe trouble with her servants. She was vexed and grievously inconvenienced that her dresses did not fit, or were not made according to her directions, or were delayed far beyond the promised day. Sometimes her own husband annoyed her, and often and often the sorrows of the world threw her into great perplexity and tribulation. She had no children, and, though she was too well aware of the hazards of life and the immaturity of human wisdom to be overmuch concerned thereat, she was still not ignorant that the care, the concentration of mind, the downright philosophy required by thoughtless, direct, and helpless little souls would be the greatest of all reliefs to her mental speculation, and would possibly substitute for it the certainty of open vision. She had not the taste nor the culture, possibly not the material to gather a *salon* after the approved Recamier pattern; and thus, not being able largely to influence the rich and learned, her surplus energy, wealth, and leisure were chiefly expended on the desolate poor. But even here she was not wholly content. She was no mere sentimentalist, no stolid, if sympathetic, sister of charity. Above her heart lay a brain. She could not fall upon a fact without instinctively, though perhaps silently, investigating its cause. She was appalled by the mass of poverty that met her researches and still more appalled by the conviction that it was so largely a log-

ical, a legitimate, an inevitable poverty. Here and there assistance might avail to improvement; but for the greater part it seemed to her that the only remedy was to burn up this world and start another.

This, however, was not a scheme that she proposed to set in operation; nor did her fixed and profound despair of general uplifting prevent her from very active exertions for individual relief. She saw that her people were idle, thriftless, shiftless, extravagant, and self-indulgent; yet, when their vices or their weaknesses brought them to distress and dismay, she went in among them with oil and wine, and soothing words and winning ways; and sometimes they rose up to new life, and oftener they rose up to the old, and went their way full of cursing and coarseness and bitterness, and then she waxed even more gentle and pitiful, and gazed into the awful mystery with deep, sad, silent eyes.

She was one day threading the densely-crowded alleys of poverty and wretchedness, when one of her alley-acquaintances accosted her with the information that a young woman was dying in the garret of the house she was about passing. Mrs. Pierreham immediately hastened up the rickety and noisome stairs, and entered the dreadful, naked room. On a pallet in the corner lay a young woman, once beautiful, now wan and wasted, scarcely more by disease than by a sickness of the soul. Her eyes, wild, watchful, fierce, spoke of a will yet unsubdued, of a spirit still in revolt. By her side, making a sunshine in a shady place,—the one bright star in a world of darkness,—sat a little girl hardly three years old, unconscious, untroubled, playing with bits of broken crockery, apparently picked up in the street.

In the smothered, helpless, yet defiant fire of those dying eyes, in the vivid contrast, in the woe and want, the death and the life, there was something so strange and sudden that Mrs. Pierreham was shocked, and for a moment could not speak. She took the thin hand in silent, tearful sympathy, and, when she found voice, only said softly, "You are very ill?"

"Ill?" said the sufferer sharply, "I am dying—I am dead! It is Hell—and—I don't care!"

"Poor thing! Oh! poor child, poor child!" cried Mrs. Pierreham, kneeling over her, in a burst of ineffable pity and tenderness.

"I could have fought it out," she gasped, brokenly. "I did fight it out. And I'll be the same in Hell. Why, what do *you* care?"

"You have suffered so, poor little child; you have had a hard life—"

"Hard? It is devilish.—What does it mean?"

There was a singular child-like questioning in the suddenly changed look, changing to this novel and unmistakable sympathy.

"I know no more than you," sobbed Mrs. Pierreham. "I am just as much baffled as you. Be comforted; you shall no longer struggle alone. I only want to comfort you. God is certainly love, though it does not always look like love."

"Oh!—God!" she said, with feeble but wrathful contempt, "what has He done for me? I hate Him! He has let me be crushed when He could have saved me by lifting His finger. I would have scorned to let a poor girl be trampled so. I don't respect Him!"

"Perhaps you don't quite understand Him, dear," said Mrs. Pierreham, softly.

"But He might understand me," she cried, angrily, "or else not set up to be God."

Here the little girl, tired of her play, or craving notice and petting, crept up, and laid her dimpled fingers on the dark, matted hair.

"Milly," said the poor woman, all her anger changing into passionate tenderness. "Millicent, darling, mother loves you, God does not care; but forever and ever mamma loves you. Remember that."

"And what if I love her?" said Mrs. Pierreham, patting the rosy cheek.

"No good," sighed the mother, wearily. "If God has a mind to keep her, He can; if He has not, you can't. There is no use to fight. I fought and I—failed. But I love you, Millicent. In Heaven or Hell I love you; remember that!"

Her head fell back. The upturned eyes for a moment were full of the pathos of entreaty; then a rapture of wonder, and then came silence, and unconsciousness, and the iron sleep.

So suddenly—indeed, with an almost overpowering suddenness to the startled beholder, but, doubtless, after a long wait-

ing, and a weary and bitter conflict to the sufferer—death overtook life. The eager and indignant soul went up to God with no sign of submission or penitence save that last doubtful look of the wonderful eyes; yet, as Mrs. Pierreham had watched their fading light, and as she saw the delicate features grow placid and sweet in their last repose, she felt not so much awe of Infinite Justice as peace in Infinite Knowledge and faith in Infinite Love. What human wrong and pain had warped this young heart, and repelled it even from Heavenly goodness, she could not tell, but cherished a living hope that Divine pity would yet receive, and reveal, and restore.

The landlady of the miserable garret had little information to give of her lodger. "She has been here but two weeks, mum, and held her head high and mighty like, and paid her rint like a lady; but indade, mum, 'twas aisy to see she had one foot in the grave, an' was niver a stout lassie, and all she brought with her she sold to keep the weanie one. And niver a soul came to see her, nor she niver went nowheres only for to sell or to buy, the pore craytur!" Mrs. Smith was the name she gave, but whether real or assumed there was nothing to indicate. On raising her pillow they found beneath it a small book called *Daily Food*, old and well-worn, as if it had been carried in the pocket. On the blank page was written "Millicent. A New Year's gift from her mother." Nor was anything more ever discovered regarding her name, parentage, or history.

The little girl who had at first stood apart from Mrs. Pierreham viewing her shyly, recovered at length sufficient courage to approach and gaze, with one plump hand behind her, and then to circle slowly around, still keeping her eyes fixed on the strange and splendid vision. Even in all these dread surroundings, Mrs. Pierreham could but observe her extraordinary grace and beauty. And when the shadow of death presently threw its chill over the little one, and a long, low wail broke from her, unconscious of the real nature of her loss, but conscious of woe and desolation, Mrs. Pierreham felt her love kindle towards the orphan. What if, instead of reporting her to the city authorities, as she had solely meditated at first, she took her to her own home? She put aside the tangled hair that should have been golden, and curling, and shining; she touched the rosy cheek and dimpled chin,

not pure but delicately rounded and very fair; she looked into the blue eyes, dimmed with tears and pitiful with nameless and uncomprehended grief. It is sad to reflect that the tears of Beauty touch the heart which the tears of Beast leave unmoved, and that the child's loveliness chiefly suggested salvation from a fate which ugliness would only have made more forlorn. But thus it was, and without waiting to consult her husband, moved by sudden impulse, Mrs. Pierreham put the "Daily Food" into her pocket, and took the ragged, dirty child into her own carriage awaiting her not far off, and bore her to her own house.

Col. Pierreham would not be at home till the dinner-hour. With glowing cheeks and nimble fingers Mrs. Pierreham herself took part in washing and dressing the little orphan. The soft skin came out from the bath dainty and fresh and delicate as the petals of a blush-rose. The long, rough hair grew fine and silken and wavy under her supple hands. A complete and beautiful, but strikingly simple, outfit was easily procured from the shops, and Mrs. Pierreham and her maids gazed—she with silent, they with frank, outspoken delight at this new and exquisite creation which seemed to have been evoked before their eyes.

As for the little lady, she bore herself as beseems a lady. There was at times a very touching self-restraint, unnatural in such a baby. It was as if the mother's suffering had impressed its seal of self-control on her offspring. And when the sob could no longer be repressed, and "I want my mamma" burst from the quivering lips, Mrs. Pierreham could only clasp the child in her arms and strive by every tender tone and every fond endearment to fill the little mournful heart with satisfaction for her lost mother and hope for the new day. And the child's own bounding natural spirits and fresh life and few years combined, even with her sad, premature power of resignation, to make the task easy. So presently the tiny creature stood before the pier-glass viewing, probably for the first time, her reflected image, and tried to touch the spotless cambric and the flowing hair she saw, and thought her own reflection was another little girl, and bowed to it with a pretty, piquant, satisfied grace; and when Col. Pierreham came home she was playing on the hearth-rug with big, growling Mack, the Colonel's pet, who had already laid his thunders by in gracious

adoption of, and loyalty to, this lovely Lady Una.

Now it was this very home-coming of Col. Pierreham, which had given somewhat of nervous haste to Mrs. Pierreham's preparations, and sent a little subtle tremor through her blood. For she knew in her heart she was meditating a plan which her husband would not approve, and, being crafty, she was endeavoring to catch him with guile,—with an innocent and natural guile,—where she felt that a straightforward, direct course would have no success. This matter of adopting children had been spoken of between them; and, as often as spoken of, had Col. Pierreham declared that no unknown waif should ever drift into his affections. Col. Pierreham was a good man and true, honest and brave and leal, but missing the last fine touch of courtesy and conciliation and deference, because no wise woman's hand had deftly laid it upon him. He would have been greatly astonished to be told that he failed in aught towards his wife; and, truly, he scarcely failed, save in a certain peremptoriness, seldom visible,—he being a gentleman,—yet always latent, and forming always to his wife's consciousness a motive of action or inaction. And, sometimes,—because it had been bred in him, and not sufficiently trained by a gentle mother, who accepted unquestioning the federal headship of the man be he any man whatever,—sometimes this peremptoriness came out in a certain hard, offensive way, which brought a blush to his wife's cheek, and only did not alienate her because it was overtopped by a thousand good qualities, and chiefly buried out of sight by a real, honest generosity and great-heartedness, which unconsciously healed the wounds unconsciously made. If Mrs. Pierreham had been a little,—a very little,—wiser she would have toned down the objectionable quality into a mere beneficent firmness, resolution, decision. But, not being that little wiser, and being withal pretty wise, she contented herself with living pleasantly all above, around, and about it—just as a brook gurgles and ripples and sprays over the stubborn stone which it cannot quite toss aside, till the gray old rock becomes moss-grown, and cool and fresh for the eye to look on, and hardly knows itself for an obstacle, but softens into a part of the bubbling brook and the flowery bank, and all the gay green world.

So Mrs. Pierreham, having cunningly and cautiously laid her train and lighted her fuse, sat down quietly to watch the result. Col. Pierreham came in with his usual cheery greetings, and, seeing Millicent and Mack on such cordial terms, supposed she was the child of some friend, for the moment out of the room. He was, moreover, very fond of children, and he immediately advanced to her, crying, "Whose little fairy is this?"

"Ask her," said Mrs. Pierreham, smiling.

The little fairy started back from this fresh intruder, and stood with her hands folded behind in the old doubtful attitude, and gazed at him with prolonged and curious seriousness. Col. Pierreham was much amused.

"Well, come now, how do I pass muster?" Then she began slowly to revolve around him, surveying him all the while with the closest, silent inspection.

"Let us know when the examination is over," said the Colonel, gravely.

"Ith that," said she, at length, nodding towards an opera-glass, which he held in his hand. "Ith that—*ith that*"—with increasing eagerness, as she brought all her mind to bear on recovering the word—"ITH THAT A MI-CRO-THCOPE?"

The Colonel shouted with delight, caught her up in his arms, and sent her dancing aloft till her curls tumbled over her cheeks, and her eyes grew wide and wild with pleasure. "Come now," said he, as he sat her down again, "tell me what is your ladyship's name."

"Name 'th Meeley Midget, lill Mith Muffet," said the baby, throwing her curls over her forehead. She had not yet got over her frolic, and was in too merry a mood to answer soberly; and, as the Colonel was just then called out, Mrs. Pierreham put the little girl to bed herself, and at dinner told her story to her husband.

Long before the tale ended he perceived its drift, and instinctively put on his defensive armor.

"Pity you had not found the poor woman sooner. Might have saved her life. Might have softened her down, at least. Have you reported the child?"

"N—no," said Mrs. Pierreham.

"No matter, I will do it to-morrow. I will step in before I go to the office. Pretty little creature, and bright as a button. Where on earth did she pick up that

'mi-cro-thcope'? You must keep track of her, and see that she is well placed."

"My dear, it seems a pity to give her up."

"Why, what would you do with her?"

"Save her from coldness and indifference, perhaps abuse, perhaps ruin."

"And how!"

"By keeping her here."

"She is too young to be of any use to you."

"But not too young for me to be of the greatest use to her."

"But you don't think of adopting her?"

"But I do think of just that."

"But you know, my dear, my—"

"Yes, dear, I do know just what you feel on that point, and I respect your feeling, and have never taken any measure against it. But here is a child thrown up at our feet out of the great stormy sea, and to go away and leave it seems to me quite another thing from not going on a cruise to find it."

"I don't want you to leave it, love. You shall care for its housing and clothing and feeding and faring to your heart's content. All I insist on is, that you shall not take a child into your heart and life without knowing anything about its origin or stock. She is a little beauty now, I confess, but she may grow up a little devil. You don't know what blood is in her. Most likely it is bad and low, and will breed moral pestilence in time."

"I really think not," replied Mrs. Pierreham. "Her poor mother, even in those last few moments of her wrecked life impressed me as a woman of superior power and fine instincts. And if you can judge at all by the looks, this child is surely gently born."

"You can't," said the Colonel succinctly, "and if you can't, what then? The mischief is already done."

"What mischief, pray, my dear? You don't mean to tell me you have already appeared before the legislature!"

"No; but here is the child. Good or bad she is born, and is already three years on her way through life—on her way to happiness or misery, to good or evil. If she has good blood, even you would not object to her. If she has bad so much the more she needs every restraining and constraining influence, every motive of love and tenderness to impel her in the right way. We are not responsible for the evil in her, as we should have been if she were

our own, but if we can repress that evil and subordinate it to good, we shall really be adding to the world's sum of virtue."

"You might say the same of any castaway in the streets, and fill your house with them on that principle."

"But this castaway seems especially cast away on us. Bad or good, she will be likely to be far better by living with us than by being left adrift. It is not as if we were standing between her and some other good fortune. It is between her and almost certain ill-fortune."

"And you would adopt her, and pet her, and accept her into your inmost home and heart, with the possibility that she is the child of vice and crime and infamy?"

"My darling, look at it as I do," cried Mrs. Pierreham earnestly. "If God lets innocent, beautiful little children spring from infamy, is it for us to be shocked, not at the crime but at the children? I cannot see why He does it. I should not think He would do it. I should think He would visit the sins of the parents on the parents alone, and not raise up helpless, blameless beings to bear the burden of a guilt not theirs."

"It seems to me you are getting into deep water, my dear, and muddy water too."

"But it is out of this very muddy water that the spotless lilies spring."

"Well, what do you expect me to do about it? Bring in an Amendment to the Constitution of the Universe? It is rather late in the day to be sure. The old machine has got a pretty full head of steam on, but perhaps you can put in a new safety-pipe somewhere by taking thought."

"Oh! now you are laughing at me. But here is a child as radiant and stainless as our own child could have been——"

"Superficially, my dear; but blood will tell in the long run."

"Blood——"

"Well, my dear, you need not spurt it at me!" and indeed Mrs. Pierreham's energy was almost explosive. She could not help laughing at it herself.

"But you lay so much stress on blood as if a few of us monopolized all the good and left an inferior quality to circulate among the rest of the world. Why, I don't doubt your family and mine, had both plenty of bad blood if we only knew it."

"Ho! now. Don't let us go back on our ancestors."

"Our ancestors were well enough, I dare

say; but if we could follow out all the ramifications, no doubt we should find great villains and little villains who had lent their blood to our birth. Why is bad blood intrinsically better or less objectionable because it is ours?"

"That is the very reason, because it is ours. You don't mean to say that you could not bear with my failings, if I had any, more easily than if they belonged to Dr. Phillips? I reckon that is what we are set in families for. Every chimney consumes its own smoke with tolerable ease, so the general atmosphere is kept habitably clear."

"The child is God's child at any rate," pursued Mrs. Pierreham, who was not to be lightly turned aside from her theme. "That birthright she has never forfeited, and that is broader than all our little distinctions. Oh! my dear, can't you see it as I see it?"

"No, my dear, I cannot,—sorry to say, and begging your pardon. You are a woman of a thousand, and if there was a question of marrying I would marry you right over again, will you, nill you. But as for taking in a child out of the streets, and fathering and mothering it, that I never will consent to. You may bless this child all you will, in the way of instruction and protection, and I am sure I hope she may do you credit. But it must be as your servant, not as your child. You may make as good a dressing-maid or table-girl out of her as you can, but not a daughter. Think you will keep her on that condition?"

"I think I will," said Mrs. Pierreham, thoughtfully.

"You understand, my dear; I am not to be misunderstood on this point. If you retain the girl she is to be a servant, and to be treated as such, now and always. There is to be no reconsideration of the subject. It is not to be open to discussion, or to alteration."

"There would be small use in that," accorded Mrs. Pierreham.

"And you are not to go around with a sad face, and think wicked thoughts against your savage old brute of a husband, who, once in a thousand years, takes the bit between his teeth."

"By no means, my Lord Suzerain," said Mrs. Pierreham, smiling. "I am to kiss the hand that smites"—and she was as good as her word.

"I am sure we have been wonderfully

happy these dozen years without children," said the Colonel ruefully, and coming down from his high horse, "and it would be a pretty to-do now to have this nameless little wretch rise up from the gutter to come between us. That would be doing good with a vengeance." Already the honest soul was beginning to feel the pangs of inward remorse, which Mrs. Pierreham observed with inward glee; so she became instantly light-hearted, and certain that everything would come out right in the end—that is, just as she wanted it; and she could very well afford to soothe him out of all anxiety, which, indeed, she would have done, whether she could afford it or not.

Weeks rolled on, and little Millicent grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man. She knew as yet nothing of position or blood. She had only a child's varying and infinite grace. She was timid and shy. She was bold and defiant. She was tender and heartless, and artless and sly, and good and naughty; and all the while she was Mrs. Pierreham's little waiting-maid, and, as such, entitled to a place on the ottoman at her feet; and, as a dressing-maid, she combed and brushed her mistress's hair into distressing tangles, using the back and the front of her implements with equal force and fervor. And "the dressing-maid" was abbreviated into "little maid," which Mrs. Pierreham often prefixed with the pronoun "my," till the words became a caress, and "my little maid" tripped through the stately rooms as airy and dainty as ever a little maid tripped down the stately measures of an old English rhyme.

As for the colonel, he was sore beset and knew it not. He could no more hold out against this prattling, unconscious, all-powerful fascination, this hovering, fluttering, vanishing humming-bird with a human soul foreshadowing fate, than a snow-bank can hold out against the ever withdrawing but ever returning sunshine of the sweet, solicitous May: This little creature flew in the face of his prejudice, so utterly ignorant of his prejudice; she poured upon him with pitiless vigor all her infantile charms; she was so willful and wayward, she flaunted before him ridiculous little grown-up graces, she reeled off interminable threads of stories, absurd and grotesque combinations of memory and fancy, enforcing her points with shaking curls and solemn eyes, and dimpled, up-

lifted fingers; she hid away his handkerchief with such candid cunning, and brought him his best coat with such loving haste, though dragging it across the floor by the tail, that, even if the Colonel had been a hard-hearted, sour-spoken man, he could but have softened to the small woman who bore him no resentment for his rejection of her, but filled the menial position to which he had doomed her as cheerfully and as spiritedly—and as winsomely, let us add,—as she could have filled his daughter's place had she been that exalted and beloved daughter. But Colonel Pierreham was not a hard-hearted man. He was, on the contrary, a very soft-hearted man, and this blessed damozel kept poking her impertinent, dauntless fingers through the casing of pride and prejudice wherewithal he had tried to envelop his heart, and riddled his armor in all directions. The little maid amused him, entertained him, interested him, charmed him. He played with her, he brought home toys for her, he watched for her watching face at the window on his return; he taught her little tricks, and told her funny stories, and thought he was all right because he never took her in his arms and kissed her. Yes, there was where the foolish, fond old soldier drew the line between service and adoption. In the beginning he had borne himself high and mightily. Gradually won over by the child's irresistible attractions, and disarmed of anxiety and apprehension by his wife's ready and pleasant acquiescence in his wishes, he had imperceptibly lapsed to the enemy, but kept faith with himself by not giving this one special sign of surrender. He imagined he was true to his principles, and that he was bearing testimony against alien blood, because when this little alien went to bed she gave her good-night kiss to Mrs. Pierreham alone. The Colonel only said, "Good night, little Millicent," and threw the warmth of a thousand kisses into his tender modulations, and little Millicent never having known a father's kiss, missed nothing, knew no void in her happy life, suspected no defect in the quality of the Colonel's love, but went her merry way without a pang, without a misgiving. But the Colonel missed something. He would have given worlds had the radiant little fairy been his own daughter. That was the way it appeared to him—the way he put it to himself and to Mrs. Pierreham; but as time went on, this harmless hypothesis sometimes sank into the

back-ground, and he found himself more than once fairly longing to snatch the little creature and smother her with caresses. But there she was, a menial, his wife's servant, an alien from the commonwealth of his Israel, a child from the streets, and the poor colonel sighed and went back to wishing she had been his own little daughter that never came to him. To such straits are men reduced when left to the devices and desires of their own hearts.

In the winter following little Milly's arrival, the wife of a brother of Colonel Pierreham died, leaving a daughter about Millicent's age. Colonel and Mrs. Pierreham simultaneously and immediately conceived the idea of taking this little girl for their own. Here was a child who would fulfill all the conditions—a child in need of a home and a mother, yet of ascertained and respectable parentage. Mrs. Pierreham was doubtful of the effect on Millicent's fate, but was determined to do what seemed wise and kind, and not to trouble herself about the consequences. To their most earnest entreaties the father could not bring himself to consent. He would not relinquish his child permanently, but, fully acknowledging the wisdom of their plan, he yielded her to their care during her childhood, and she became at once the friend and companion of Millicent. Then, indeed, the staid old house could hardly know itself for fun and frolic. The two children were inseparable. Millicent was leader, not only by virtue of priority of possession, but by her stronger will, and her greater fertility of resources; but little Louise was gentle, and content to follow and adore; and every hidden recess of the great house, and every nook in the garden was alight and alive with their pattering feet, and their chattering tongues, and their merry, musical laughter.

Mrs. Pierreham made no difference in her treatment of these orphans. Their dress, their rooms, their attendance, their toys were entirely alike, and, in the advent of Louise, Millicent could find no violent contrast to her own condition. But Colonel Pierreham was put to a cruel test. Through the day he scarcely saw the children, but at night they were combed, and curled, and frocked, and sashed with especial view to his enjoying eyes, and their games with Mack, and their general play were carried on in his study, and often with him for a most submissive and engaging partner. At eight o'clock promptly,

—for the Colonel was a martinet in discipline,—the nurse appeared at the door, and beckoned them to bed. And then Millicent and Louise hung about Mrs. Pierreham's neck with vigorous and rival huggings and kissings, to the great displacement of her laces and ribbons, and the imminent danger of her elaborate hair-architecture. And then Louise, as her manner had been at home, made direct for the masculine arms, and was received therein with great unction. But little Millicent went to bed with only "good night Little Millicent," sounding softly in her ears.

By what subtle magnetism I know not; but into the soul of this bright little tricky Undine there came a shadow. Perhaps I ought rather to say, through the shadow she found her soul. Saucy, and sprightly, and resolute as she had been in love and mischief, and daring in the full assurance of faith, she made no attempt, no movement even, to share in the Colonel's manifestations to Louise. She had always showed great love for him, and delight in him, and no suspicion of any slight in her failure of his good-night kiss. But that such a thing was possible from him seemed a new revelation to her. She stood apart, and surveyed the scene with sober, silent attention. Mrs. Pierreham thought she would have immediately rushed up and claimed a similar enactment with frolicsome pertinacity and clamor. Indeed, she had hoped it, and, perhaps, it is not too much to say, planned for it. Thus, she inferred, the last barrier would be broken, and the Colonel's prejudice, having nothing left to feed on, would vanish into thin air. But so far from disdaining his oversight, and compelling his obeisance with childish directness and persistence, she seemed at first amazed, and then sobered, and stood apart, and gave no sign of what was passing in her silent soul. But that she took intent and serious notice, both Colonel and Mrs. Pierreham were aware, and that she pondered deeply in her ignorant, affectionate heart they were convinced.

And this made the Colonel wretched. It was not only that he was truly fond of the gracious little damsel, but all his soldierly sense of justice was aroused, all his strong man's instinct to befriend the forlorn, and protect the weak, and equalize the unequal. So far from finding in Louise a substitute for Millicent, his soul was all up in arms to prevent himself from doing injustice to Millicent. He felt himself to be a great,

clumsy, partial power, enriching the already rich, and despoiling the poor. On Louise already hedged about with love, he lavished love, and Millicent, orphaned, desolate, even nameless, he thrust from him. And he did it before her own eyes, and in a way that impressed itself deeply upon her infantine consciousness. Why, of course, he did, he said to himself. There must always be such distinction. Maid and mistress were not to be on a level. She was no worse off than thousands of her class. *Worse off?* Was she not infinitely better off? It was a remarkable streak of luck that had brought her to their door, and, in short, they were acting the philanthropic benefactors to the utmost extent; and so the doughty Colonel betook himself to his newspaper, and home-talk, and the opera, glad that that question was permanently settled, and satisfactorily and exultantly settled.

And the next night he was just as uncomfortable as ever, and had to settle it all over again. But no one had blamed him, or suggested anything, or complained of aught. It was only that a little sturdy figure stood aloof and mute, as if appalled at this token of things to be, and a great, strong, mighty man-of-war was trying to hold his own against her. His head was bent on carving her fate one way, and his heart was equally bent on molding it another way. So his soul was disquieted.

And all the while he did not know what ailed him. How complicate, how wonderful is man! Only, when the children were brought in sometimes after dinner, it was curious to note how careful he was to give the one as many tidbits as the other, and never failed he to secure Millicent her proper turns in the swing, but meted out exact and equal justice. Vain struggles.

So it fell on Christmas eve. The cold and stormy night, the bitter, blinding snow made his warm, bright home look doubly warm and bright, as he beat along the sidewalk, and mounted the slippery steps. Never from house of his, even on Christmas eve, had rung such shouts and peals of laughter as now greeted his happy ears; for this man-child, unable to wait the perfect dawn of Christmas, had sent before him a foretaste of its delights in two tiny, dainty kittens, which had been brought into the library and were now disporting themselves with the tiny, dainty maidens. Mack had two minds on the subject, and growled, and snuffed, and snapped, and walked away

scornfully, and stretched himself on the hearth-rug, and the kittens crept up the babies' shoulders, and curled up under the sofas, and the babies curled up after them, and made them ride on Mack's surly shoulders; and there was much bobbing of strings, and leaping of kittens in violent, determined, and unsuccessful somersaults, and such wild shrieks of delight, that the Colonel laid down his newspaper, and Mrs. Pierreham left the piano to laugh at the capers and carols of the quintette. Their joyous excitement was at its highest when the door opened and the inevitable nurse appeared. The little girls rushed to Mrs. Pierreham with a bounding and buoyant good-night, a little more prolonged than usual, as nurse had disappeared for a moment with the kittens, and then Louise rushed with equal vehemence to her uncle, who dropped his paper and, taking her in his arms, left many a kiss on her glowing cheeks before she struggled playfully away from him. He was just resuming his newspaper with his usual "good-night, little Millicent," when he glanced at her half askant and was struck by the sudden contrast to her late merry mood. She stood in the very attitude of sorrow, her chin quivering, her blue eyes filled with tears. Then, as if her little heart were breaking, and could bear no more, that low, mournful, inarticulate wail burst from her hitherto sealed lips.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Colonel, starting headlong from his chair. He caught up the little creature, he crushed her to his breast, he kissed every curve and dimple of her sad face into smiles, and as her fair, floating hair fell over his bronzed face, and he felt about his neck the clinging of her tender, helpless arms, a new soul was suddenly born within him, and he felt,—"Surely the Lord is in this place and I knew it not."

But he was not exactly what we call an "active Christian." He was only a modest and, religiously, you might almost say, a shame-faced man, and thus, as the happy little pair danced out of the room he did not frame his sentiments into so pious a phrase as might be desired, but took up his newspaper and fumbled first in one pocket, and then in another, and then snapped out crossly, "where the deuce is my handkerchief?" whereat Mrs. Pierreham—so to speak—snickered, but immediately crossed over and gave him hers, and nearly suffocated him into the bargain; and though the Colonel muttered some-

thing about being fooled by a lot of women, and felt that he had made a fool of himself, as indeed he had, though he was a little in error as to the time, he knew in his heart he was the happiest colonel in the whole United States Army.

I met him last summer at Newport, and as we were seated on the veranda of the Ocean House, he introduced me to his wife. I was charmed with her quiet, agreeable manners, her sensible, sprightly talk, and especially with a certain invisible, intangible under-current of sympathy between herself and her husband, something not in the least demonstrative or definite, but altogether spiritual and spontaneous.

As we sat pleasantly chatting of all things in heaven and earth, a little girl skipped

along the hall and ran up to Colonel Pierreham. She was a bewildering little beauty all air, and fire, and bloom, and swift splendor, and glancing grace, and if she had not been born of the sunset and starlight, the sparkle of seas, and the whiteness of white lilies, she would have been about eight years old.

"Let me present you to my daughter Millicent," said Colonel Pierreham. "Our only child, sir," added that pompous old warrior, and visibly swelled and strutted, as if the child were his own especial discovery fore-ordained from the foundation of the world, and not thrust upon him with deft, unseen persistence, he all the while valiantly but vainly kicking against the pricks!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Why Not?

In a little book, by Rev. Dr. Dorus Clarke, of Boston, just issued by Lee and Shepard, we find the sentiment of Christian unity, so popular during the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance—so frequently expressed, and so cordially responded to by those in attendance—supplemented by a practical proposition which demands from the Christian public a candid consideration. Dr. Clarke declares the existence of sects to be a reproach and not a commendation of Christianity—that "it was not so in the beginning, will not be so in the end, and ought not to be so now." Then, after disposing of the usual apologies made for the creation and preservation of sects, he declares that Christ founded a church, and not a sect, and that the unity for which He prayed was an open and organic one, as well as a spiritual one—that the world might know that the Father had sent Him.

The larger part of Dr. Clarke's book is devoted to an effort to show how all sects may resolve themselves into one,—or, rather, how all the sects may become one church,—at least, all those who accept the Bible as the authentic and authoritative Word of God. We should mar his work by undertaking to condense it; so we leave our readers to examine it in detail in the book itself, while we allude to the obstacles that stand in the way of the consummation so devoutly to be desired.

Christianity itself is not responsible for one of these obstacles. They exist entirely in the minds of men. As we have declared elsewhere, and often, the simple facts that the different evangelical sects recognize each other as Christians, and rejoice in unity of spirit, make every possible apology for sec-

tarianism an absurdity. They are an open confession that nothing essential to Christianity divides them, and keeps them divided,—an open confession that sectarian divisions are based upon non-essential differences of belief, policy, and practice. The day is past for defending sectarianism from the divine or Christian side of the question. Christianity will have nothing to do with such a defense. The founder of our religion never founded a sect, and the religion itself is not responsible for one that exists. So far as the church exists it is spiritually a unit in the eye of Him who founded it. That it is divided into parties which compete with one another, and quarrel with one another, and regard one another with jealousy, and are full of party spirit, is man's affair entirely, for which he is to be held responsible, and for which he is most indubitably blameworthy.

The grand obstacles that stand in the way of organic union are, first, a failure to appreciate the necessity and desirableness of such a union, and, second, the established sectarian organizations and interests. Now in our political affairs we accept the adage: "In union there is strength," as our axiom. No one thinks of questioning it. A number of free and independent States could gather, as the Evangelical Alliance did, in a representative assembly, on a common basis of love of, and devotion to, liberty. The members could be one in spirit, and every time they spoke of liberty they would meet the applause of the multitude. Yet, when these members should separate, each would go to his own, and exercise his liberty in building up his own, even at the expense of his neighbor. The fact that all believe in liberty forms no practical union. A union which lives alone on a sympathy of this sort

would not make a nation, and would not be considered of any practical value among the nations of the world. The fact that all these States are founded on the principle of liberty, and that all can sympathize in the love, and praise, and enjoyment of liberty, does not save them from selfishness and jealousy, and competition and quarrel; while against a common foe they present no united front, and no concentration of united power. The analogy between the position of such States and the Protestant Christian sects, in the aspect in which we present them, is perfect. The fact that these sects have a common basis of sympathy, in that love of the Master on which they are founded, does not make them an organic Christian church, in any open, appreciable, practical sense. It does not restrain them from controversies, quarrels, and competitions, or the outlay of that power upon and against each other which ought to be united, and brought to bear upon the common enemy. All sectarian and party spirit in the church is of the earth, earthy; and is not only contemptible as a matter of policy, but criminal as a matter of principle. When all Christians become able to see it in this light,—and they are thus regarding it more and more,—the first grand obstacle to the obliteration of sects, and the organic union of the church, will have been removed.

The established sectarian organizations and interests will prove, we suppose, the most serious obstacles in the way of reform. The absolute abolition of all sectarian machinery, of all sectarian schools of theology, of all sectarian newspapers and magazines, the amalgamation of diverse habits and policies, the remanding of sectarian officials into the Christian ranks,—officials many of whom have found their only possibility of prominence through their adaptation to sectarian service,—all this will involve a revolution so radical, will call for so much self-denial for the sake of a great, common cause, that the Christian world may well tremble before it, particularly when it sees in these obstacles something of the horrible pit of selfishness into which sectarianism has plunged it. But this revolution can be effected, and it must be. It is foolish to say that the world is not ready for it. The laity are already far in advance of the clergy on this subject; and if the clergy, who are their recognized leaders, do not move soon in the right direction,—soon and heartily,—they will find a clamor about their ears which it will be well for them to heed. Through whatever necessary convulsions, Protestant church unity will come. Men who have come to see that they are kept apart by no difference that touches vital Christianity, will not consent to remain divided.

A free, enlightened, united, Protestant Christianity, arrayed against the repressive despotism, and the corrupting superstition of the Church of Rome, and against an unbelieving world,—now puzzled and repelled by the differences among Christians,—would be the grandest sight the world ever saw; and men may as well stop praying for the millennium until

they are ready to pray for that which must precede it. This first, and then purified, reformed, and enlightened Rome; and, then, the grand and crowning union of all!

The American Restaurant.

THE typical American restaurant is an establishment quite as well individualized, and quite as characteristic, as anything of the kind to be found in the world. The French *café*, the German beer-garden, and the English chop-house, all have their characteristic habits, appearance, and manners; but the American restaurant is like neither of them. It can only be conducted by an American, and, we regret to say, it can only be frequented and enjoyed by Americans of the second and lower grades. The aim of the conductor seems to be to sell the greatest amount of food in the shortest possible time—an aim which the guests invariably second, by eating as rapidly as possible. We have seen, in a Broadway restaurant, a table surrounded by men, all eating their dinners with their hats on, while genuine ladies, elegantly dressed, occupied the next table, within three feet of them. In this restaurant there was as much din in the ordering of dishes and the clash of plates and knives and forks, as if a brass band had been in full blast. Every dish was placed before the guests with a bang. The noise, the bustle, the hurry, in such a place, at dinner time, can only be compared to that which occurs when the animals are fed in Barnum's caravan. We do not exaggerate at all when we say that the American restaurant is the worst-mannered place ever visited by decent people. No decent American ever goes into one when he can help it, and comparatively few decent people know how very indecent it is.

Our best hotels have no equals in the world, and, in asserting this, we know what we say, and "speak by the card." Our best restaurants are mainly kept by foreigners, or, if not, are modeled upon the French type. Nowhere in the world can there be found better cooking, more quiet and leisurely manners, or better service, than in the restaurants of the hotels above alluded to, or the best class of eating-houses. These, however, are direct or indirect importations; while the American restaurant, pure and proper, serves the needs of the great multitude of business men—clerks, porters, and upper-class laborers generally. These do not eat—they feed. Thousands of them would regard it as an affectation of gentility to remove their hats while feeding; and they sit down, order their dinner, which,—pudding, pastry, vegetables, and meat,—is all placed before them in one batch, and then "pitch in." The lack of courtesy, of dignity, of ordinary tokens even of self-respect, would be amusing if it were not so humiliating.

It is useless for the incredulous American to ask the question, "where have you been?" When

in a second-rate restaurant a guest asks for fish-balls and hears his order repeated to the cook by the colored waiter as "sleeve-buttons for one!" and hears his neighbor's order for pork and beans transformed into "stars and stripes," he begins to wonder, indeed, whether "civilization" is not "a failure," and whether "the Caucasian" is not "played out." The average American, in the average American restaurant, eats his dinner in the average time of six minutes and forty-five seconds. He bolts into the door, bolts his dinner, and then bolts out. There is no thought of those around him, no courtesy to a neighbor, no pleasant word or motion of politeness to the man or the woman who receives his money—nothing but a fearful taking in of ammunition—the feeding of a devouring furnace—and then a desperate dash into the open air, as if he were conscious he had swallowed poison, and must find a doctor and a stomach-pump, or die. A favorite method of devouring oysters is to stand, or to sit on a high stool, always with the hat on; oysters on the half-shell and the eater under a half-shell. There may be something in the position that favors deglutition, we don't know.

The penalty a man pays for getting his lunch or his dinner at a reasonable price is to encounter the offensive scenes we have described. The penalty he pays for eating where he finds the manners of civilization is an unreasonable price. When a man pays half a dollar for a bit of cold meat, or seventy-five cents for a steak, or a quarter of a dollar for a couple of boiled eggs, he recalls sorrowfully and wonderingly,—if he has ever traveled,—the nice little breakfasts he used to get at Madame Dijon's in Paris for two francs, his dinners in the *Palais Royal* for three, his daily board, with rooms, at the *Pension Picard*, in Geneva, for five, and his luxurious apartments with an elaborate *table d'hôte* at all the principal hotels of the Continent for ten. Is there any necessity for such prices as we are obliged to pay at the best restaurants—or any apology for them? Any man who keeps house, and does his own marketing, knows the first cost of the expensive dishes placed before him in these restaurants, and he knows there is no just relation between the cost and the price charged, after all allowance has been made for cooking, service, rent, &c.

Sometime or other there will be a change, we suppose. When the times of inflation are gone by, when on one side men will content themselves with reasonable profits, and on the other, money comes harder and slower, we shall have a reform of prices in the better class of eating-houses. Our expectations in regard to the second-rate places are more indefinite. It takes several generations to train a people to ideas of refinement and good manners at the table. The average German has nothing to boast of yet in this respect, and we can only hope that the American, with his greater sensitiveness and quicker instincts, will reach the desired point before him.

Literature for Boys.

THE American boy is very fond of gunpowder. There is a touch of the savage in him at his best estate. He likes to handle dangerous weapons, to make a noise, to read and hear stories of savage beasts and savage men, of bloody encounters and feats of daring and devilry. Nothing distinguishes the boy-mind from the girl-mind more definitely than its delight in the shocking details of violence. There is a good side to this; but the writers are few who see and consult it always in their narratives and writings. An act of physical courage, a gallant demonstration of prowess, an exhibition of free life out of doors, the brave meeting and conquest of difficulties on flood or field—all these may make a healthy appeal to the budding instincts of manliness in a boy. Beyond these lie the dangers in which current boy-literature is so sadly fertile. Of boys' books there are many that never could have been written by men of conscience; and there are periodicals, prepared exclusively for boys, which it is a shame to write, a sin to publish and sell, and a curse to read. Comparatively few of our people know what base, criminal, dirty things are prepared by tens of thousands for American boys, and scattered and sold all over the land.

There lies before us now, an American edition of an English periodical, entitled: *The Boys of England and America, a Young Gentleman's Journal of Sport, Sensation, Fun and Instruction*. The first page bears a picture of a horse and man prone on the ground, and other men on horses, one of whom has fired a pistol. The title of the bloody scene is: "By Jove!" cried Jack, "I've hit the brigand!" We open the book further on, and find a story, entitled "The Three Runaways, or the adventures of Tom, Dick and Bob;" and in a startling picture, "There lay Richard Atherton in a state of unconsciousness." "Jack Harkaway among the Brigands" points a pistol at the breast of a distinguished looking person, and discharges it, in another picture. "Rob Rodney, a story of School and the Sea," is illustrated by a picture of a lad hitting his master in the face with an inkstand, and we are informed in the opening paragraph of the story, that "for a scapegrace some considerable talent is necessary. A dunce may be a blackguard or a villain, but could never attain that singular mixture of good spirit, good humor, bad behavior, good looks, and bad habits, good fortune, and great impudence, which go to make up that anomalous character." In the next picture we open to: "The bodies of the ruffians were stretched on the floor." A story entitled, "The Devil's Dice," shows that gentleman in a heavy overcoat, which does not entirely cover his tail, saying: "Here is the paper; read it, and sign!"

This brief glance at some of the contents sufficiently betrays the quality and *animus* of a magazine which is published by Edwin J. Brett of London, is distributed in this country by an advertised general

agency, and sold by "all booksellers." To say that this periodical in its influence upon the boys of the country, and that all other periodicals, modeled upon it, or managed with the same spirit, are a moral nuisance, is to call them by the mildest name which the facts justify. Their only influence must be to excite a craving for bloody scenes, to nourish the instincts of the savage and the bully, to breed contempt for authority, and to make that seem admirable and worthy of imitation which is most reprehensible and most heartily to be shunned. It is sad trash all. In a Christian community, it ought never to find a man willing to sell it.

There is much that is excellent in the literature prepared for American children. There is much of parental culture and Sunday school instruction; and the good people of the country are doing a great deal to train up a generation of virtuous men and women, but the brutalizing and debasing power of periodicals like the one under special notice, nullifies a large amount of the good work done. They are passed from hand to hand, and are either openly or covertly read by hundreds of thousands of American boys, who, in future disorderly behavior and crime, will certainly profit by the lessons which they teach.

THE OLD CABINET.

THERE is something demoralizing about New Year's. Not at all that demoralization is the main outcome of the institution; but a man must be strong in the faith to withstand the effect upon his moral system of the knowledge that New Year's brings, even to the best of us. For it is at this season of the year that a man, so to speak, takes stock of himself. He takes his good resolutions, his good deeds, his bad impulses and actions, his mixed motives—in fact, his whole moral belongings and accomplishments, down from the shelves, dusts them, looks them over, and enters them in his books. There may be profit, growth, advance; but there is apt to be a melancholy side to the fairest showing.

For suppose that, on the whole, we have reason to be encouraged by the condition of affairs revealed—there are few of us who do not find with each New Year's an increased sense of limitation. For we are creatures of inheritance, and of habit; the spirit may be willing, but O, how weak the flesh!

It is not merely that we are too apt to fail in the spiritual, with all our striving; but strange barriers loom along the intellectual horizon. As we grow older, the very element of Time, which in our youth seems such a vague, shadowy enemy—if not a friend of infinite *largesse*—comes bearing down upon us, mighty, resistless—an army with banners.

There are so many things that for so many years I have been hoping to do before each succeeding New Year's Day. The contemplated crusades of boyhood even yet haunt me as things destined to fortunate occurrence. Surely the summer day is yet to come when I shall take up my adventurous march on the Crosswicks turnpike; the same night pitch my rag-carpet tent in the mysterious Pines; sleep to the entrancing music of the hyena and the jackal, and sally forth the next day to slay a white Polar bear with my ivory paper-cutter.

Shall I confess how often, since last New Year's, I have stood looking over the railing of the ferry-boat, and imagined that at last the Moment had come: the Child had fallen into the water; I had

handed my coat to the benevolent gentleman with a Quaker hat and blue spectacles, my gold watch to a celebrated stock-gambler—(who is so much impressed by the generous confidence, and the general sublimity of the scene, that he is a reformed man from that moment)—and am only hesitating whether to place my pocket-book in the keeping of the pretty factory-girl with a pink parasol, or in that of the clerical-looking gentleman, who may turn out to be a pickpocket in disguise,—before taking the final, heroic plunge.

I was quite certain I would have a Christmas story ready by this time! For, bless you, I had found my plot at last; or, at least, my theme. There was to be a woman in white, with a child in her arms, standing on the steps of Dr. H.'s church, across the street; a kind of an apparition you know,—although, of course, the explanation would be very simple, and would only need to be hinted at in the last paragraph in order to make it perfectly satisfactory, without destroying the weird, supernatural effect. You see the way I came upon the illusion was this—No! I'll have that done by next Christmas. I'll have that done, or something better! For, after all, let me give you a bit of optimism, after having shown the gloomy side of the picture: The New Years have helped me to this belief, that a man is very apt to get, in some form or other,—a man is very apt to accomplish, in this way or that,—the honest thing he honestly and earnestly desires to win and accomplish. But the story may not be a story, remember, or else no story of mine—perhaps only a good deed, such as giving the plot to Saxe Holm.

THE New Year's thought and the Christmas thought are very near together. When that thrice blessed day is named, let him be accursed who is not of good cheer. So hear the optimist again: Although in this Year of Grace, when to serve God and believe in Christ, according to this D.D., is to be

an unbeliever and a scoffer, according to that D.D.; when to follow out the plain injunction of the Master, in the matter of the Brotherhood, is to be subject to discipline by those who think they are the only exponents of His teachings; in this Year of Grace, when the sermon on the Mount is explained away, and the Christian is laughed to scorn who carries its authority beyond the precincts of the sanctuary—in this very Year of Grace the true Christmas toward which the world is agonizing through doubt, delusion, and all that is weak and hampering, persevering and noble in humanity—the second, true, full Christmas Day dawns more distinctly, more gloriously than ever before, since the morning when the Child was born in Bethlehem of Judea.

I.

HERE stays the house, here stay the self-same places,
Here the white lilacs and the buttonwoods,—
There the pine-grove, there the river-floods,
And there the threading brook that interlaces

Green meadow-bank with meadow-bank the same.
The melancholy nightly chorus came
Long, long ago from the same pool, and yonder
Stark poplars lift in the same twilight air
The ancient lonelinesses; nearer, fonder,
The black-heart cherry-tree's gaunt branches bare
Rasp on the same old window where I ponder.

II.

And we the only living only pass;
We come and go, whither and whence we know not:
From birth to bound the same house keeps, alas!
New lives as kindly as the old,—there show not
Among the haunts that each had thought his own
Such changes parting brings to human faces—
The black-heart there, that heard my first faint moan,
And soon shall hear my last, like all these places
I love so well, lives loveless on from child
To child; from shadowy joy to cheerful sorrow:
All one the generations gone, and new;
All one bright yesterday and dark to-morrow:
To the old tree's insensate sympathy
All one the morning and the evening dew—
My far, forgotten ancestor and I.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Word for the Poor.

THE winter will be a hard one. Work will be scarce and money scarcer. Already the great manufacturing firms have discharged many of their hands, and those who have not dismissed *employés* have reduced wages so low that the effect of the two is not very different. To beg, to steal, or to starve seems the only solution to the problem of life for these enforced idlers. When there is scantiness of work, there is inevitably plenitude of crime. It is stated that twenty thousand men and women, dependent on their daily earnings for support, were out of employment last winter in New York; and it is feared that the number this season may be doubled. Many of these must wander into the country in search of the labor they cannot find in town. When they ask at your doors for work, try to find something for them, if it be only for a few hours. Trust them, even if their appearance be uncanny. Give them work, and pay them for it. Money that comes without labor is generally the least charitable of gifts. To live upon pecuniary aid that has had no equivalent, is to lose self-respect, and to lose self-respect is to lose the balance-wheel of a healthy organization.

Engage all the help this winter you can possibly afford. Have your sewing done, not by expensive modistes, but by the poor women who stitch by the day or job. Hire the chore-woman for an extra cleaning, now and then. Let the washer-woman's boy do the errands you have been in the habit of doing yourself. Compensate them for self-respecting toil, instead of making them the recipients of a

mortifying charity. Do not save pennies, and call it economy, by performing the task which, by the law of mutual help, belongs to others. It is keeping from them that which is their right. Refrain from buying luxuries, if you will, but do not take from the needy, through a mistaken idea of thrift.

Furs.

THE topic of furs is certainly seasonable any time between November and March. Mooted as is the question of their healthfulness, their comfort is so great that in our changeable climate they have become necessities. The most desirable are always Russian and Hudson's Bay sable; but they are more costly than the majority can afford: the former ranging between \$80 and \$1,000 for a set of muff and boa, and the latter from \$50 to \$250. Mink, which for some years has dropped into disfavor, reappears this winter, darker and handsomer than before, and very much admired. It is one of the most useful of skins, being durable as well as beautiful, and adapted to all styles of dress. In sets it costs from \$20 to \$125; and the rates are moderate, considering its intrinsic worth. Mink sacques, cut in the pretty new styles, slightly shaped to the figure in the back, are valued from \$200 to as many hundreds as the buyer can afford. Luxurious as fur sacques may be, they are doubtful acquisitions, since they are not always suitable, and the danger of taking cold by changing to thinner wrappings is very great.

Next to mink in price, and before it in fashion, comes sealskin. When this soft, brown fur made its appearance, a few years ago, nobody imagined

that popular taste would abandon old favorites in its behalf. But it is very difficult to predict anything of the popular taste; and sealskin is now so firmly established that it is named as the most fashionable fur. In sacques, it ranges between \$65 and \$500, but those between \$200 and \$300 are most widely sold. As sealskin is always dyed, and as the dye sometimes injures the pelt, making it tender and liable to pull apart, it is wise to buy of a well established dealer, whose judgment can be fully trusted. Seal boas are not so long as boas in other furs; but as they never pass twice round the neck, their yard and a half is quite equal to two yards of something else. Sets of seal are from \$20 to \$75; singly the muffs cost a little more than half the price of a set, and the boas a little less; though this is true of other furs. Seal caps, unhealthy as they are becoming, may be had for from \$5 to \$20.

Black furs, recently grown into vogue, are stylish as well as cheap. Astrachan, which led them, has passed entirely out. So low does it rank in fashion that a whole sacque may be obtained for \$30; while \$15 will get as nice a set as need be. Black marten, sometimes known as Alaska sable, is very desirable, and certainly economical, as it is but \$12 to \$40 a set. The hair is rather short, yet soft and close withal; and the disagreeable odor, once clinging to this skin, is wholly removed by an improved process of curing. Lynx is, perhaps, the most attractive of the black pelts, its long hair seeming like flossy silk; but it is dyed, and the dye is never so thoroughly absorbed as not to rub off, crocking clothes and flesh. The best furriers frankly tell this, and do not recommend the purchase of an article whose beauty and reasonableness (only \$20 to \$40 is asked) would otherwise be tempting.

Among dress furs are silver fox, chinchilla, and blue fox; ermine and grebe not competing for favor this year. Silver fox has a long, fine, fringe-like hair, black-brown in color, seemingly tipped with hoar-frost. Its delicacy amounts to frailness, and it is difficult to make a set last two seasons. Therefore, the range of \$50 to \$250 renders a set very expensive. Furs should wear half a dozen years, and for persons of ordinary means to pay so much for what will not endure more than two winters' careful use, is almost a pure waste of money.

Chinchilla, exceedingly handsome in its tender neutral tinting, has the faults of silver fox, and though obtainable at from \$12 to \$75, it is so fragile as to be considered of the costliest. Blue fox is like its relative silver fox in quality, and in color closely resembles the old stone marten. Its value is that of the fine grades of Chinchilla. These three pelts are widely employed for trimming velvet cloaks, and by the yard bring from \$5 to \$15. They seem especially adapted to this purpose; but are not nearly so economical as mink, for which the original outlay is less, and the capacity for continuous wear ten times as great.

Fur robes are almost indispensable to people for-

fortunate enough to own carriages and sleighs. White bear, black bear, white fox, gray fox, prairie wolf, Hudson's Bay wolf, beaver, silver bear, and many more are all made into these warm coverings. Their money value is from \$12 to \$500; but their comfort is inestimable. Foot muffs in similar skins, lined with fur, are extremely desirable; and at from \$3.50 to \$12, they are very nice holiday gifts to country friends.

Book Clubs.

As there will not be any surplus money for most of us to spend for books this winter, it is a matter of consequence to invest the little we have in the most judicious manner. In such straits as these no investment with which we are acquainted pays so large an intellectual dividend as a Book Club. Three dollars a year is very little to pay for one's intellectual nourishment; by itself it will not secure even a good magazine; but if forty persons will give as much for their united pleasure, it will be enough to furnish as much reading matter for the same number of persons as is easily digested in a season.

A Book Club is the simplest of societies to manage; it will, in fact, almost manage itself. When the Club is formed, a president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer,—generally united in one,—and a committee of buyers are chosen. The secretary really does the business, the other officers being mainly nominal; he receives the books, has them neatly covered with paper, marks the length of time each person may keep the volumes, delivers them to the member entitled to the earliest perusal, and takes charge of them again when the round of the Club has been made. For convenience's sake, it is well to have pasted inside the cover of each book a printed slip containing the names of the members in the order of their dwellings. This shows each to whom to hand the work when his time is out. Opposite the names should be two spaces—one for the date of the receipt of the volume, the other for the date of passing it on. This indicates, of course, if it be retained over the proper period; and when such is the case, it is usual to fine the delinquent two or three cents a day for the detention. A rule of this kind, however, should be fixed by a vote of the whole society, and not be optional with any officer.

In the selection of material, periodical literature should not be overlooked. The leading American literary magazines are indispensable; to these should be added a scientific periodical,—good but not too abstruse,—the best juveniles, and two or three of the standard English reviews—or better, one of those admirable American publications which give us the pith of British periodical literature. In choosing the books, nice judgment and care must be exercised. Those of a purely ephemeral quality it is well to avoid, and yet works cannot be selected as if for a private library. The very best selection will always include a few

of the best novels of the year, two or three volumes of clever essays, and occasionally a readable biography; and the rest should be in accordance with the general taste of the Club. Members should feel free to suggest the purchase of any particular work, and, if such work is deemed of sufficient interest, the request should be granted by the buying committee.

The books ought to be started on the circuit by different persons, that all may have equal chances, for some first-perusal. At the end of the year, when all the volumes have been read, a capital custom is to hold a private auction, and sell them at low rates to the members, thus permanently disposing of the books, and obtaining small surplus fund for another year

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

"Oldport Days."*

WHAT was once Newport is now really Oldport. Though Mr. Higginson gives its picture a flattering touch in calling it the only place in New England where ivy or traditions will grow,—for there are regions along the southward-looking and historic shore of Connecticut where both flourish quite as greenly,—yet it is one of the few American towns that lead backward steps from the present to the past through easy and picturesque paths. It invites romantic fancies by something more than common shapes and trivial events that time has mellowed. There is the still life of its decayed commerce, which once made it familiar with a larger world. There are interiors where signs of French courtliness linger. The sunlight, bright as two centuries ago, and the unceasing roll of waves have not effaced the ancient stain of a cruel wrong. No one of these influences, slowly molding the aspects of the place, and subtly shaping the character of its residents, escapes our author. His first two essays, "Oldport in Winter," and "Oldport Wharves," are full of color and mood. Their close, careful descriptions of nature shimmer with a fancy that sometimes melts into the fantastic, and their nice play of change in air, and light, and water, seems to shadow the delicate differences traced between the people, and the ways of the old time and those of the new. The newest time, with its bright swarm of summer accidents, adds nothing real to what is Oldport's own. Only in noting it the author, unfortunately, turns aside to fall into the old rut, and exalt Boston and Philadelphia lineage above New York glitter. Just the same right to coats of arms, whatever that may be worth, just the same possession of all that is supposed to follow upon it, exists in all the three cities, in one no more than in the others. New York has the ostentation of new wealth besides; but real New York does not honor that any more than her sisters do. They will understand this in half a century, when all three have grown alike

The finest part of the substance of these essays, however, is not wasted upon the traces of the past that still live in Oldport. For any habitation of

men set in beautiful surroundings of nature its inheritance from the dead world is of less worth than its communion with the living one. Peculiarities derived from stock and descent afford a narrow theme, soon exhausted. They serve our author only as suggestions for relations to a larger family, and a wider home. He strays naturally into what George Eliot describes as "the tempting range of relevancies called the universe." Taken singly, his studies of the face of nature, and his notes of human sentiments are distinct and charming; but there is a sense of connection with a whole running through them all, and binding them all together, that makes them doubly beautiful. The various aspects of land and sea are colors in one picture, and all movements pulses in one life. Of the essays the one entitled "In a Wherry" is most pervaded and most smoothly knit together by this sense of unity. Elsewhere it strives for expression till it expresses itself in extravagance, endowing everything with sentience, giving emotion and will to the tides, the lighthouse, the charging and retreating clouds, the cavalry escort of winds and waves. There is no attempt to analyze and formulate this idea of universal common life—it eludes analysis, and can only be illustrated by figures. Nor is there any distinction made between this ether of existence, inspiring all being, and individual human will. There is the same indefiniteness of thought that is characteristic of Shelley, shown in imputing consciousness to inanimate things, as thoroughly poetic as it is thoroughly unphilosophical. Sometimes it lends itself to the comic, as in the likening of planks springing from the hold of a sinking ship to liberated men, and of tossing casks to bewildered beasts. Sometimes analogy wanders into a fantastic sense of symmetry and fitness, as in the conceit of a narrow cove prescribing the limits of a sonnet, giving room within its projecting wall for fourteen lines of ripple. One passage is fanciful just to the verge of comprehension, which speaks of the joyous life of the animal rising through childhood into man. The most finished picture of the many that convey intimations of this unity of all things is the delicate description of the dragon-fly, sitting and hovering over some forest pool, which reads like a lovelier prose rendering of the lines in Shelley's "Alastor," "A

* *Oldport Days.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: James K. Osgood & Co.

well, dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave." It is the only one that gives distinct shape to such meaning, in the words, "Whence came the correspondence between this beautiful shy creature and the moist, dark nook, shot through with stray and transitory sunlight where it dwells? The analogy is as unmistakable as that between the scorching heats of summer and the shrill cry of the cicada. They suggest questions that no savant can answer, mysteries that wait, like Goethe's secret of morphology, till a sufficient poet can be born." Here is a glimpse of the thought that the very words which the author uses in saying that "sky and sea show but gradations of the same color, and afford but modifications of the same element," would describe the universe. Does any timid reader start, as if all this were admirable poetry, but, as religion, no better than pantheism? We are unable to see how the dream of identity and unity of mere life in all living things excludes the idea of a Maker of Life, or how it follows, if the web of creation is one, that there is no Creator. But the essayist may be safely left to defend himself against any such criticism.

The author sees, then, much more than the eye notes, and observes for the sake of generalizing. His faculty is not successfully employed when, reversing the process, he attempts to imagine human beings, or to devise situations. The persons in "An Artist's Creation" are unreal, like shadows of some single trait clothed with names, and the incidents of "The Haunted Window" make it an ordinary piece of story-telling. On the other hand, in the discursiveness of "A Drift-wood Fire," and "Foot-paths," he finds scope for the subtlest fancies, that shoot out from his theme like needles in crystallization. "A Shadow," too, is another wayward elaboration of a chance thought into associations with human tenderness—a contradiction that borrows the most fleeting of all things as the basis for realities. This caprice might be fixed upon as the key to his treatment of all subjects—as if to say, it is not the particular human beings, but humanity, that attracts him—not the sounds or colors of the moment for themselves that he cares to describe, but their part in the general harmony. As philanthropy can be cultivated at the expense of more homely virtues, so such a passion in literature for the universal may be quite consistent with imperfect conception of subordinate parts.

This preference of broad effects to details fixes a blemish upon the translations of the sonnets from Petrarch, almost faultless as they are in other respects. Their setting is perfect: the fanciful introduction to each, while most artistic, avoids being artificial: the expression of the change in their spirit after the death of Laura, under the image of a vessel sweeping on with snowy sails in full sunlight, then suddenly altering her course into shadow, is especially beautiful.

Of the threefold quality for which these poems are famous, nobleness in form, sentiment, and

thought, the translator preserves the first two elements at the sacrifice of the last. It is true, feeling is dominant in them, and it is right to maintain its pervading tone, but not to the exclusion of the intellectual fancies and contrasts, deeper than verbal ones, that make so large a part of their excellence. They are not mere melodious gushes of passion, nor is their passion all clarified from sensuousness. Many of them are carefully constructed with antithesis and balance of thoughts, which are not conceits, and expressed in direct images that have the force of simplicity. Moreover, Petrarch could love as a man, for he loved others besides Laura; and the speech of his love is sometimes very plain, not coarse, but natural amid all its elevation. Perhaps it is impossible to preserve just this threefold combination in an English rendering: if memory serves us, Archdeacon Wrangham, who, of all men, might have succeeded in doing so, as his translations from Horace prove, was obliged to yield the graces of form. Some of Rossetti's renderings from the sonnets of Dante and his contemporaries bring the vigor and heart of the best English to the expression of strong passion. The third of his selections from Guido Cavalcanti, and all of the *Vita Nuova* as he gives it betray a finer sympathy with the love and sorrow of the original than Mr. Higginson seems to have gained. These are not modern paraphrases, but clear copies of simple thoughts in bold and quaint forms. Perhaps our author has conquered the difficulties of formal construction in these sonnets as thoroughly as the genius of our language permits; and his rendering conveys all their lofty fervor, their reverent, almost worshipful, ascriptions of praise and honor, and the mournful cadences that give to the later ones the grave sweetness of elegy. It would be unjust not to quote a few instances, such as our limited space permits, of lines in which the point and vigor are refined away into vague effusions of sentiment, and the intended thought is lost.

For example, we can hardly err in thinking that the simple elegance of salutation in "Madonna" belongs to a range of thought very different from the associations called up by the words, "my queen," as they are affectedly used in the most modern verse. In the same sonnet, the 129th, the line apostrophizing a meadow, "and hold'st her memory in thy leafy bowers," wanders quite away from the simple, concrete image literally presented thus, "and keep'st some imprint of her lovely footstep." In the 123d, something might have been attempted more closely answering to the strength of "that all I see seems shadows, smoke, and dreams," than "but all things else bewilders and effaces." So, in the same sonnet, the line, "whose spell might once have taught the hills their places," overlooks the artful contrast of the original, "that might make mountains move, and streams stand still." Some of the most delicate points are missed in the 314th, or the 87th, as it is numbered in Buttura's edition, which

places in a second series those written after Laura's death. "This sweet completeness" merely eludes the rendering of "that lovely frequent change"—and the opposition in the thoughts, "with perfect kindness, perfect purity," is quite neglected in the translated line beginning, "held sweet restraints." The close of the 191st is spoiled by the introduction of the author's favorite false note. Petrarch lends no consciousness to the stream, which he calls simply "clear and rushing." To render this "stream too clear and bright to grieve," confuses and weakens the personal sentiment of the poem. In the 253d, (or 26th), the image of "love stripped and empty of its light" is not easy to present in a form conveying the idea of loss of both inward and outward radiance, but not even an attempt is made to present it in the words "whose light no more on earth finds room." And in the last triplet, "desire is blind and brief," loses half the sense conveyed by the "blind and over-eager" of the original. The 302d is an instance of diffuseness and inaccuracy suffered for the sake of rhyme. "Abito adorno" may, perhaps, bear the meaning of "stately mien" as well as "splendid dress," but certainly not that of "queen." And the misplacing of the epithet "errante," which belongs to "the world," and expresses a contrast between it and the fixed abode of heaven, compels the addition of "darkened" which neither thought nor term in the original permits. That so difficult a task as the translation of any of Petrarch's sonnets should have been less than supremely well performed is no discredit to the author, who has come so near perfection in it as to need only a little more faithful labor to attain greater closeness and spirit, without loss of tenderness or melody in frequent instances like those we have cited.

Stedman's Complete "Poetical Works."

It is not easy to estimate the powers of a poet, young or old, until all his poems have been brought together. There are poets of whom we should think very highly, if we were acquainted with only one or two of their best poems, and there are other poets of whom we should think very meanly, if only their worst poems were known to us. Our standard of judgment would necessarily be an incorrect one, in either case, and we could not well adjust it without the assistance of the poets themselves, which could come in no better form than a collected edition of their poems. It is a risky proceeding, we admit, for a poet to put himself *whole* in the hands of his readers and critics, and few young poets can afford to do it. Of all the younger American poets Mr. E. C. Stedman could afford it best. We have read carefully the beautiful edition of his *Poetical Works*, which Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. have lately published, and we can say in all sincerity, that it has not only not disappointed us, but that it has surprised us. There are poems in it that are worthy of any living poet. Such an one is "Pen-

elope," a charming companion-piece to Tennyson's "Ulysses:" such an one is "Alectryon," which recalls Keats at his richest; and such an one is "Spoken at Sea," of which the least that can be said is, that it is worthy of Campbell. The "Dartmouth Ode," which our readers will remember, is better than any poem of the kind ever written in England, and only equaled here by Mr. Lowell's masterly Harvard Ode.

Mr. Stedman gives us in this volume the substance of his three previous volumes, besides what he has written since the latest was published; in other words, the pith and marrow of his poetic life, from 1860 to 1874,—thirteen years of honest, manly work. Read chronologically, as it should be, we cannot but see that he has grown steadily,—not, of course, in every poem, which would be too much to expect, but grown steadily all the time, and in the right direction, which in his case was that of strength both of thought and language. He started in the best path, and he has never left it.

He has one quality which no other American poet possesses in the same degree, and which may be defined as a felicitous interblending of the serious and comic elements of verse. Præd had it eminently; Dr. Holmes had a touch of it when he wrote "The Last Leaf;" Mr. Saxe is entirely destitute of it. Its best examples in Mr. Stedman's first volume are, "Bohemia," and "The Ballad of Lager Bier," in his second volume, "Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call," and in his third, "Fuit Ilium," "Pan in Wall Street," and "The Doorstep." He is never more happy than in poems like these, but he is larger in others that we have named.

Running our eyes over the pages of this triplicate volume of Mr. Stedman's, we linger at that rollicking, saucy *brochure*, "The Diamond Wedding," at "Heliotrope," "Apollo," "The Freshet," and "How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry." What reception the little volume which contained these met with when it was first published, we have forgotten, if we ever knew, and it does not matter. It is clear now that it introduced a new poet to the world,—a poet of varied powers, and positive originality,—an originality which even the influence of Tennyson's manner in "The Freshet" did not disturb. "Alice of Monmouth," we think as we go on, is defective as "Maud" is, *i. e.*, the thread of story is too slight to sustain the poems which are strung upon it, and, upon the whole, is no advance on his earlier volume, although two or three of the shorter poems of which it is composed are fine—notably so the section commencing, "Wear no armor, timid heart," which reads like a dirge out of Webster's "Duchess of Malfy." The minor poems grow better and better, the best being "The Test," "The Old Love and the New," "Estelle," and the romantic ballad of "Montagu." The story of "The Blameless Prince," which we suppose is Mr. Stedman's own, is psychologically interesting, and carefully

told, perhaps a little too carefully at times. We have the feeling that it did not come easily, and we rather prefer the shorter pieces that follow it, as "Toujours Amour," "Laura my Darling," "The Doorstep," "The Duke's Exequy," and that inimitable winter song, "Country Sleighing." The "Poems of Nature" are more labored, and less to our taste. In the "Occasional Poems" which close the volume Mr. Stedman is at his best. We should have counseled, however, the omission of "Wanted—a Man," "Treason's Last Device," and "Cuba." The monody on George Arnold is very pathetic, and that on Horace Greeley an unforgettable piece of poetic character-painting.

We have no inclination to institute comparisons, so we will simply say that, in our opinion, Mr. Stedman has left the rank of younger American poets, and taken his rightful place among the elders. A poet by nature, he is no less one by his art, which is of a high order, and is entirely free from the artifice of the time. He is classic, he is romantic, he is humorous, he is pathetic, and he is always manly and intelligible. This surely is something in the day of Swinburne and the Rossettis,—not to mention one or two nearer home, who are nothing if not peculiar.

"Songs of the Sun-Lands."

Two years have passed since a welcome was extended, in these pages, to that unique volume, the *Songs of the Sierras*, which came with the advent of a new American poet. The reviewer ended a generous notice by saying: "We wait with the warmest interest to see if the development of Mr. Miller's genius will prove that he has as much heat as he has fire, and as much patience as he has courage. This strange, sudden flood-wave of admiration, upon which he is just now tossed, would swamp and drown a feeble or an insincere man. We hope—we believe—that he will ride it triumphantly."

Mindful of this declaration, we have examined the poet's second volume with renewed care, to discover whether the critic's hope and confidence have been well-founded. Is there genuine advancement? Has the poet gained a style and purpose of his own? Although his somewhat mature years might have authorized us to demand this much, even, on his former appearance, he then could answer that as a book-maker he was new; but now can plead immaturity neither of years nor of literary experience.

We find in the *Songs of the Sun-Lands* fresh evidence of those gifts which his preceding volume taught us that he possessed: a certain mastery of rhythm, melody, color, and other constituents which go to form the flexible body of verse; occasionally, also, a striking image, or truly dramatic expression. Lacking his natural resources,

* *Songs of the Sun-Lands*. By Joaquin Miller. Boston, Roberts Brothers.

many have achieved great artistic success; possessing them, Mr. Miller *ought* to bring himself up to the standard of a noble poet. In his first book he seemed to take Byron as a model, and there was about it, at least, the *freshness of long disuse*,—a new, old fashion,—which for the time pleased and excited us. But now, like Caliban, he appears to "have a new master, got a new man," and treats us to a rehearsal of the music of a later bard, from whom we still can obtain, at first hand, quite as much as is good for us. Were not Mr. Swinburne ever and anon satiating the public with his superbly resonant and luxuriant, anapestic, alliterative verse, we, perhaps, should be more thankful for such a stanza as this, taken almost at random from Mr. Miller's volume:

"Sing songs and give love in oblations:
Be glad and forget in a rhyme
Mutations of time, and mutations
Of thought, that is fiercer than time;"

or this:

"In the place where the grizzily reposes,
Under peaks where a right is a wrong,
I have memories richer than roses,
Sweet echoes more sweet than a song."

And even with this fine stanza, the same consideration makes us refuse to be wholly satisfied:

"But to me thou art sacred and splendid,
And to me thou art matchless and fair
As the tawny sweet twilight, with blended
Sunlights and red stars in her hair."

We listen, in most of this minstrelsy, to the *voice* of a poet, but is he striving to make it anything more? If not the *vox, et praterea nihil*, it certainly sings, just now, in slavish adherence to a mode of which many are already fatigued—that which sets the voice apart from the imagination, and the body of poetry far above its soul. We confess that we hoped something better than this from one who describes himself as

"The tender of herds
And of horse on an ultimate Oregon shore."

We looked for freshness, aspiration, vigor, and ultimate emancipation from fashions bred in the most sickly and concentrated atmospheres of transatlantic forcing-houses.

"The Isles of the Amazons" is the longest poem in the present volume. What story there is to it resembles that of old John Fletcher's drama, "The Sea-Voyage," wherein a shipwrecked Frenchman is cast upon the shores of "The Island of the Amazons," and would fall a victim to their laws but for the love with which he inspires a daughter of the queen. Had not the public so often been assured that Mr. Miller has read no books, and is unfamiliar with both early and recent literature, we should judge that he had borrowed his theme,—albeit with no discredit to himself, as he treats it in a novel way, and the dramatists themselves based their plays upon the prose tales current in their time. Fletcher's is all life and action, wrought out under the

blue sky and in the open air; while Miller's idyl is fantastic to the last degree, essaying some vague rhapsody of love, and padded with scenic descriptions—put forth as tropical, but of a stagey type which we suspect has been evolved from the poet's inner consciousness. It has repeated and annoying faults, both of meter and diction,—the first kind, no doubt, the result of haste and indolence; among the latter a narrow range of words is noticeable, which, let us assure Mr. Miller, totally incapacitates him for composing in the manner of the author of "Songs before Sunrise." Mr. Swinburne has ten words for his one, and is not driven to repetition of such adjectives as "eminent," "ultimate," etc., because, once used effectively, they linger in his ear.

"The Isles of the Amazons" is made up of sights and sounds, and one feels, while reading it, as if he were sitting in front of a spectacular play at Niblo's. Still, it contains passages which merit perusal, such as those describing the exercises and the bathing of the warrior-nymphs. Nor is there any grossness in Mr. Miller's treatment of his theme. The fault we have to find with him is that, whether portraying virtue or vice, it seems impossible for him to be realistic; while claiming, in all his preludes, to be a mere child of Nature,—the nursling of the tropical forest, mountain and stream,—and summoning the effete victims of civilization to wander away with him to his wonted haunts, he seems really to know very little either of nature or men. He is at his best in description of that Oregonian region which has been his home; and now and then, even in his tropical poems, hits upon a vigorous and imaginative expression, like that of the following quatrain:

"The trees that lean'd in their love unto trees,
That lock'd in their love, and were so made strong,
Stronger than armies; ay, stronger than seas
That rush from their caves in a storm of song."

Among his shorter pieces is "From Sea to Sea," first contributed to this magazine. We better like the poem "By the Sun-Down Seas," which has fine qualities, though strongly imbued with the feeling, and composed in the meter, of "Childe Harold." "In the Indian Summer" is more finished, and more honest in its thoughts and description, than most of the other poems. Mr. Miller's "Hebrew Melodies" are entitled "Olive Leaves," two of which, "Beyond Jordan" and "The Last Supper," are striking lyrics, and original in all but the Swinburnean style.

We have used "plain language," because we desire to give our Rocky Mountain minstrel some cause for a moment's reflection, and because we differ from those of our contemporaries who do not consider him a poet. The latter he has seemed to us from the beginning, and, if he is so in reality, he will receive the foregoing strictures kindly, for the sake of this acknowledgment. We are pained that an American, who has the poet's strength and wealth,

should yield to the double weakness of fashioning his verse after the verse of other men, and his life after their restlessness and egotism. It will not do to reply that a critic should take no cognizance of the personal career of an author. When that career is blazoned before the public, and made part of a poet's stock-in-trade, it becomes by his own act inseparably connected with his verses, peers out between the lines, and can take no valid affront at critical recognition.

As a sincere well-wisher to Mr. Miller, and an admirer of certain lyrical gifts with which he is endowed, we trust that he will consider thoughtfully the remarks of the London *Times* upon the "enduring popularity of Longfellow and Tennyson," which it deems "a standing protest against the obscurity and affectation of certain writers, whose pens have for some years past been purling in a round of mutual admiration." Without prejudice, as the lawyers say, to any set or clique, we beseech him to keep clear of sets altogether, lest he find himself in the end debarred, even, from the benefit of the gospel-saying that a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.

Ueberweg's "History of Philosophy."—Vol. II.*

THE importance to all students of philosophy of the work completed by the present volume cannot be over estimated. It is in itself a complete philosophical library, a perfect thesaurus of well selected and carefully arranged materials. If its worth be measured by its adaptation to the peculiar end of a history of philosophy, viz.: the knowledge and understanding of the *actual development* of philosophy; then its exactness in the communication of the original materials; its acuteness in their appreciation; its intelligent discrimination of the essentials from the non-essentials of each philosopher's teachings; its clear exhibit of the inner connection of the various systems and their law of development from different philosophical bases, or fundamental principles, render it absolutely invaluable to all engaged either as inquirers or originators in the philosophic field.

A careful reading of the author's original and acute reflections on the conceptions of philosophy and history respectively; on the methods of historical treatment; and on the sources and aids for an historical knowledge of philosophy (set forth in vol. I. pp. i-13), will convince the student that Dr. Ueberweg was abundantly qualified for his difficult task. With nothing more than this *philosophy* of the history of philosophy before him the student might confidently expect to find the history itself a profound, yet fresh and vital, a compact, yet clear and exhaustive, account of the development of philosophy. Such, at any rate, is the character of the history.

In his treatment of philosophical facts and opinions the author is evidently too much of the

* Scribner, Armstrong & Co., Publishers.

historian to elevate them to prominence, or to depress them into insignificance, according as they fortify or militate against some preconceived system of his own; too much of the philosopher also to sacrifice exact analysis and profound intellection to smoothness of narration, or grace of style. Indeed, it is this admirable blending of the historical and philosophical spirit that forms the distinguishing excellence of the work.

In its author the qualities of the historian,—vast erudition; wise discrimination in the selection of examples; imagination penetrative of the heart of things; identification of its possessor for the time being with the great thinkers whose systems he is expounding; clearness and precision of statement, joined to symmetry and fullness of detail;—these qualities are penetrated, toned and guided by the calm and powerful reason, the keen analysis and the comprehensive grasp of the philosopher.

The result is unique: philosophy imparting its own characteristic force, depth and soundness to history; history clothing philosophy with its own peculiar grace, freshness and vitality; no bare anatomy, or fleshless skeleton, of philosophy, but philosophy itself alive with its own original energy, and clothed in its wonted garb.

The present volume contains the history of the third period of the philosophy of the Christian era, viz.: the period of modern philosophy, as distinguished from the speculative system of the two preceding periods, the Patristic and Scholastic. Modern philosophy is defined as philosophy emancipated from the authority of the Church and of Aristotle, and gradually developing into an independent science of the being and laws of nature and mind. And this idea of modern philosophy seems to have furnished the author with his principle of division, by which he separated the Third Period into three epochs: 1. The epoch of Transition; 2. The epoch of Empiricism, Dogmatism and Skepticism; 3. The epoch of the Kantian Criticism.

The author's method of exposition is eminently satisfactory. He first presents an outline sketch of the distinctive features of the philosophical system which he proposes to expound; this general statement is followed by an exhaustive bibliography of the system under investigation; a compact biographical sketch of its originator then ensues; while the whole discussion concludes with a clear, terse, and vigorous exposition of his opinions as set forth in his various works. Of course, with such encyclopedical knowledge spread before him, the student's thorough mastery of the subject is a simple matter of intelligence and attention.

The dissertation of President Porter on philosophy in Great Britain and America, imparts increased

value to an already invaluable work, and cannot but add to its writer's reputation for wide and thorough scholarship, intellectual force, and judicial impartiality. The sketch of modern philosophy in Italy by Professor Botta, is a valuable addition to the volume of which it forms the conclusion. Although its author carries us back over the old ground of scholastic philosophy, and does not discriminate so sharply as Ueberweg between philosophy proper and economics, yet the grace, soundness, and lucidity of his exposition of contemporary philosophy render his essay both entertaining and instructive.

Dr. Hopkins's "Outline Study of Man."*

Dr. Hopkins' work is a real contribution to physical and metaphysical science, and to the problems of their relation of interdependence. Much of his success is due to a singularly terse and lucid style. So crystal clear and clean cut are many of his statements that they reflect in their luminous depths their analogies and counterparts in other spheres of truth. Here and there, indeed, the compression of his style forces out a needed sentence, and shuts off a needed light, but this is very rare. The novelty of diagrams illustrative of the systematic upbuilding of one truth on the basis of another tends greatly to easy comprehension of abstruse discussion. Hence, while the work is fitted for scholars, and is adapted to students, it is also well adapted to popular use. How speculative doctrines have tendencies in personal or social life, how cloistered thought may move and modify masses of men, and how practice depends on theory, are lessons most clearly taught in this able work.

It is impossible within our limits to criticise the matters that call for question and discussion. An author who does not fear to differ from Hamilton, Whately, and Presidents Porter and McCosh, on the profoundest questions, will doubtless find elaborate answers in the *Quarterly Review*. We relegate to their pages the question how far the author's distinction between the right and the good may partake of the nature of a logomachy, and in what degree his views antagonize the intrinsic theory of virtue and the relation to that theory of his doctrine of choices. We must do our author the justice to say, however, that his fair and full statement of doctrine tends of itself to prevent and to cure error, and that his calm and judicial temper in the treatment of controverted points is worthy of all praise.

* *An Outline Study of Man; or, the Body and Mind in One System. With Illustrative Diagrams, and a Method for Black-Board Teaching.* By Mark Hopkins, D.D., LL.D. Scribner, Armstrong & Company: New York.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Localizations of Functions in the Brain.

THE experiments of Majendie and others led to the conclusion, which was generally adopted by physiologists, that the exterior of the brain was destitute of sensibility, and the seat of origin of higher mental phenomena only. The results of recent investigations have demonstrated that this opinion must, to a greater or less extent, be modified.

Prominent among the modern experimenters who have dealt with this subject are Fritsch and Hitzig, who first found that galvanic excitation of the hemispheres in the living man produced contraction in muscles of the eyes. They applied a very weak current to the hemispheres of a dog, and discovered that the excitation of certain spots in the brain always produced movements in definite groups of muscles on the opposite side.

Recently Nothnagel has introduced a new method for the examination of the function of various parts of the brain. An incision is made in the scalp, and a needle passed through the bones of the skull. Through this the slender nozzle of a hypodermic syringe is introduced, and a minute drop of a concentrated solution of chromic acid injected into the cerebral substance. The wound in the scalp is then closed by a suture. The animal (usually a rabbit) rarely shows any discomfort except in regard to the special functional disturbance produced by the lesion in the cerebral substance. It generally dies about two or three weeks after the operation.

In another method, adopted by Gudden, rabbits are also the victims. Having discovered that these and other creatures when newly born will bear a removal of considerable portions of the brain, and not only recover from the operation, but also grow to maturity, he has adopted the device of removing definite portions and observing the results that follow. Among these the most prominent is idiocy. In addition, he finds that the organ of voluntary motion is located in the anterior part of the brain.

The experiments of Professor Ferrier, undertaken to test the truth of these results, are also of great interest. This plan is to remove a portion of the bones of the skull and keep the animal in a state of comparative insensibility by chloroform. Electric currents are then applied to various parts of the brain, when motions of corresponding groups of muscles are produced, thus confirming the results obtained by the other experimenters mentioned above.

These experiments, says Professor Ferrier, have an important bearing upon the diagnosis of certain kinds of cerebral disease and the exact localization of the parts affected. They are also important anatomically as regards the homology of the brain in the lower animals and in man, and likewise serve to explain some curious forms of expression common to

man and the lower animals. The common tendency, when any strong exertion is made with the right hand, to retract the angle of the mouth and open the mouth on the same side has been stated by Oken to be due to the homology between the upper limbs and the jaw; the true explanation is, that the movements of the fist and of the mouth are in such close relation to each other that when one is made to act powerfully the impression diffuses itself to the neighboring part of the brain and the two act together.

Bridge-Building.

IN an article on this subject Mr. John W. Murphy says: The first bridge-builders that were of kin to humanity were of the monkey race. Travelers who have been through the wilds of Africa, South America, and portions of India, tell us how the monkey is a bridge-builder. The traveler has frequently described how he has seen a convoy of monkeys making the attempt to cross the stream, and succeeding by a process which is described in this wise: The leading monkey climbs a tree, as close to the shore as can be selected, holding by his forearms to the limb of the tree. He gives opportunity to each succeeding monkey to entwine himself with his prehensile tail, until, one after the other, they have become so attached, head and tail, (the height of the tree being equal to the width of the stream), that the lower monkey, starting forward from the ground, by a pendulum movement swings himself to the opposite side of the stream. He then climbs the nearest tree, and when he has gained the height of the first monkey it will be easy to understand that there will be formed a catenary curve of monkeys from tree to tree across the stream. On this curve the youthful monkeys, the comparatively infantile monkeys, and the aged monkeys cross in perfect safety, and no monkey, either youthful, infantile or aged, wets his feet in the water in crossing.

Now let us see how our catenary bridge is removed when its work is done. The first monkey by a signal from the other side of the stream, lets go his hold of the limb and swings gracefully to the opposite side. Now, if Darwin be correct, and we are descendants of a race of monkeys, then it must be truthfully said that our ancestors have given us the best thoughts and principles of bridge construction.

There is no doubt that the suspension curve, where the material acts by tension, is the most *economic* form, the *safest* form, and the most *artistic* form for the support of moving or stationary bodies over space.

The Peruvian, with his grass ropes, throws across the gorges of the Andes a primitive bridge which is

no more nor less than the monkey bridge just described, with this difference, that the monkey uses his own body to make the chain, while the Peruvian uses long grass; another difference is, that the monkey uses but one rope or cable, while the Peruvian uses two. See how easy it is to do as the Peruvian does. We have only to take the material at our hands, make a chain, connect it from point to point, put planks upon the two cables as they lie side by side, and we have a bridge over which we can walk, or, if we please, we may suspend the boards at a suitable distance from the ropes and so form a horizontal roadway, and have the present suspension bridge which is the best of all the forms in use.

Alpine Lakes.

ALTHOUGH Professor Gastaldi, of Turin, after a careful study of the Italian Alps, has adopted Professor Ramsay's view of the excavation of alpine lake basins by ice, Sir Charles Lyell is still strongly opposed to that view. He maintains that they have been produced by changes of level in valleys, producing depressions which have been preserved during the glacial epoch by being filled with ice; while at other times they were either soon filled by *débris*, or their lower barriers were cut down as fast as they were formed. He thus accounts for the fact that lakes only occur in any abundance in glaciated districts. He further maintains that the erosive power of glaciers, as indicated by the muddy torrent that always issues from them, has been overrated, because "the flour of rock" thus produced is due, not solely to the wearing down of the floor of the valley, but to a considerable extent to the grinding up of the stones which fall upon the glacier and are engulfed in its crevasses.—(*Nature*.)

Early Relations of Morality to Religion.

IN the discussion of this subject Edward B. Taylor shows that where Manes-worship is the main principle of a religion, as among some North American tribes and the Kafirs of South Africa, the keeping up of family relations strongly affects the morality. It is, for instance, a practice among the ruder races to disinter the remains of the dead, or to visit the burial place, in order to keep the deceased kinsman informed regarding the occurrences in his family. Thus, it is evident that any moral act of an individual damaging to his family would be offensive to the ancestral manes, whose influence must, therefore, strengthen kindly relations among the living members of his tribe. Thus, among the ancient Romans, the Lares were powerful deities, enforcing the moral conduct of the family, and punishing household crime.

The doctrine of a Future Life begins at the highest levels of savagery to affect morals. In its first stage this doctrine is devoid of moral meaning, men being re-born as men or animals, but when the distinction appears in the higher savagery between migration

into vile or noble animals, it is not long before this distinction takes the form of reward or punishment of the good and wicked by their high or low re-incarnation, an idea which is the basis of the Buddhist scheme of retributive moral transmigration through successive bodies. In the higher nations this element becomes more and more distinctly marked till the expectation of future reward and the fear of future punishment becomes one of the great motives of human life.

Locomotive Tires.

IF steel tires were perfectly sound and good then unquestionably they would be better than wrought iron tires, in one sense. But the difficulty about steel tires is, that no one can assume with perfect certainty that a steel tire is quite sound and homogeneous all through. That steel tires should be so uncertain is not the fault of the makers. It is an inherent defect in the material. Opposed to all the theory in the world about steel, stands the notorious practical fact that the metal is uncertain in quality, and hard and brittle, as compared with the best qualities of wrought iron. After the most careful trials the use of steel plates in the construction of boilers is being abandoned on the Continent, because of the uncertainty of the material. The rigidity of steel is at once the defect and the advantage of the material. Because steel tires are hard, stiff, and unyielding, they will not wear out quickly under heavy loads. But this very property of rigidity renders it difficult to shrink on a steel tire just tight enough, and yet not so tight that it will not be exposed to a heavy initial strain, certain to cause its ultimate destruction.

It is quite true that many accidents have occurred from the breakage of iron tires; but the breakage has rarely occurred at a weld, and if the best class of Lowmoor iron be rolled into a tire without a weld, then such a tire will be in all respects more trustworthy and less likely to break than any steel tire.—(*The Engineer*.)

Riveted Joints in Iron Ships.

SIR William Fairbairn gives us the following conclusions drawn from numerous experiments:

(1.) Joints with drilled holes are weaker and elongate less before fracture than joints with punched holes. The average of four experiments on joints with drilled holes, compared with the average of four experiments on joints with punched holes, shows that the rivets in the former are $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent weaker than the rivets in the latter.

(2.) Hand-riveted joints are somewhat stronger than machine-riveted joints. The mean of three experiments on machine-riveted joints shows an excess of shearing resistance in the hand-riveted joints of $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

(3.) There is a decided increase in the strength of the rivet when the edges of the rivet holes are

rounded, so as to diminish their cutting action. The mean of three experiments on joints with unrounded punched holes, compared with the mean of three experiments on joints with unrounded drilled holes, gave a difference of 12 per cent in favor of the rounded holes.

Effect of Low Temperature on Metals.

As the result of a long series of experiments on the effect of low temperatures in changing the strength of metals, Professor Thurston concludes that the practical result of the whole investigation is that iron and copper, and probably other metals, do not lose their power of sustaining "dead" loads at low temperatures; but that they do lose, to a very serious extent, their power of sustaining shocks, or resisting sharp blows, and that the factor of safety in structures need not be increased in the former case, where exposure to severe cold is apprehended; but that machinery, rails, and other constructions which are to resist shocks, should have large factors of safety, and should be most carefully protected, if possible, from changes of temperature.

The St. Louis Bridge.

ONLY once since the workmen have been ready to put in the last tubes to complete the arch has the temperature been favorable; but, owing to some inexplicable tardiness on the part of the workmen, the opportunity was lost. One tube was put in, and fitted to a nicety. In the meantime the sun shone on the bridge, and when it was attempted to place the other tube, it would not go entirely to its place, being about a thirtieth of an inch too long, on account of the expansion of the tubes in place. An attempt was made to drive it into position with sledges, but without success. In consequence of not being able to put the second tube in place, the first one was taken out, and a more favorable opportunity waited for.

The prospect being that a delay of several days would occur before the exact temperature required would be obtained, it was determined to try a little strategy by reducing the temperature artificially. Accordingly, about forty-five tons of ice were applied to the tubes, and bound on by many yards of gunny-bagging, forming, perhaps, the most extensive ice poultice ever used. On the afternoon of the same day the expansion had been reduced about two inches, and it was expected that in a few hours more the contraction would be sufficient to admit of the tubes being put in place.—(*Journal of the Franklin Institute.*)

Crossing the Atlantic by Balloon.

THE possibility of accomplishing this feat is discussed as follows by M. Tissandier, the experienced balloonist: To go from New York to England the aéronaut must travel over a distance of about 5,500 kilometers. Granting the existence of a uniform

steady wind with a speed of ten meters per second the journey will occupy at least six or seven days. The question would then reduce itself simply to the possibility of supporting a balloon for this length of time in the air. To this M. Tissandier gives an answer which is decidedly negative. When a balloon quits the earth, as it rises a part of the enclosed gas is at once expelled by the dilatation due to the diminished pressure of the air, but as soon as it reaches regions where the temperature is much lower than that of the strata which it has left, the gas, by contraction loses its ascending power, and the balloon descends. To keep it at the level it has reached, it is necessary to diminish the weight and the aéronaut throws out ballast. If he pass a first night at great altitude, it is certain that he will be obliged almost continually to lighten his craft. Next morning, as the sun rises, the bright burning rays heat the gas, and the balloon, which had collapsed during the night, begins to fill out, its ascending power increases and it mounts to higher regions. More gas must be allowed to escape to moderate and stop the upward movement. With the approach of night the reverse operation of throwing out ballast must be again employed. This diurnal and nocturnal trimming of the craft may be carried on with success for two or three days, but the moment will certainly come when the ballast will be gone. The balloon will then descend without any means to hold it back. As it nears the surface of the sea the anchor, instead of biting will plunge vainly through the waters, and if the wind is violent, in spite of their life-boat, the voyagers will certainly meet a fearful fate.

A New Electric Light.

HERETOFORE this light has only been used in light-houses or on the stage, the method employed being that of passing the electricity between two points of charcoal. This requires a magneto-electric machine for each light or lantern, and the light, though powerful, is not uniform, owing to the burning of the charcoal points at the intensely high temperature. These difficulties have now been overcome by Mr. A. Ladiquin. By his new method only one piece of charcoal or carbon is used, this being hermetically sealed in a tube filled with some gas which will not combine with the carbon, it is brought into perfect electrical communication with the wires of a magneto-electric machine. The machine being put in action as the electricity passes through the carbon, its temperature rises until it emits a soft, steady, uniform light, which may be increased or diminished at the option of those employing it. By this device one machine worked by a three horse-power engine is capable of lighting many hundred lanterns, and, considering the freedom of such a system from the numerous objections that accompany the use of gas, it is very desirable that an early trial of its virtues should be made on an extensive scale.

Memoranda.

THE color of flowers is, to a certain extent, dependent on the soil in which they are grown. Yellow primroses planted in a better soil bear flowers of an intense purple. Charcoal deepens the tints of dahlias, hyacinths and petunias. Carbonate of soda reddens hyacinths and phosphate of soda changes in many ways the hues of certain plants.

Mr. Wm. Peachey says: In both wrought and cast iron a skin is formed upon the surface in the process of manufacture into the shape required. In wrought iron this skin will come off sooner or later in scales, even if the iron is painted. In cast iron it is thrown off in a granular rust. This skin is of no material value, and would be better removed as soon as manufactured, if it were not for the cost of doing so; when it is removed, and the iron painted with an oxide of iron paint, there will be no recurrence of the scaling.

Mr. G. Armes, of Rochester, New York, proposes to harden the surface of steel by placing it on an engine-lathe, and while it is in motion touching it with an emery wheel rotating at about 1,800 revolutions per minute.

A party of American lovers of science are attempting to solve the problem of the manner in which the coffer in the King's chamber of one of the pyramids was introduced. If they fail to discover a larger passage than that now leading to the chamber the conclusion is inevitable that the pyramid must have been built layer by layer around the sarcophagus.

An ingenious mechanic in England has invented a drag by which a vehicle going at full speed is quickly stopped and the impetus stored up to be used in aiding to start the vehicle again. The apparatus is especially adapted for use on stages.

Colonel Angus Croll, late Sheriff of London, advocates the adoption of a system of sentencing prisoners to perform a given quantity of hard and useful labor instead of a fixed term of detention irrespective of their industry and reformation.

M. E. Roux finds that the ingestion of tea and coffee increase the amount of urea voided daily. This result is in opposition to that obtained by Lehman and agrees with that of M. Lecanu.

ETCHINGS.

The Wharton Savings Bank.

STATEMENT OF AN OFFICER.

MR. EDITOR:—I read a great deal in the papers about the large fortunes accumulated by officers of savings banks, and similar institutions, at the expense of depositors. Now, Mr. Editor, this is a mistake, and to prove it I will give you a short history of a Savings Bank with which I was connected a short time since.

Mr. Reuben Pettigrew, Col. Solomon, Martin Young, Tinsley Godfrey and myself started a Savings Bank in the village of Wharton, Simmons township, in this State, last March, a year ago. Mr. Pettigrew was President, Col. Martin was Vice-President, and Young Godfrey and myself were Secretary and Cashier. For a time the institution flourished. There had never been a Savings Bank in Wharton, and the people put in our hands all the money they could rake and scrape together. They wanted to put it where thieves could not get at it, and they wanted the interest. There was no doubt about their thorough understanding of the advantages of the institution. Our Board of Directors was composed of the richest and most respectable men in the village, and this gave the people confidence in us, which was perfectly natural and right. Men came to us from farms fifteen and twenty miles away, and such was the general disposition to deposit that we thought we were about to make a permanent suc-

cess of our Savings Bank. But we soon discovered our error. For example, Mr. Pettigrew, who had a farm just outside of the village, became convinced that if he could buy a threshing-machine he could not only make it pay in threshing his own wheat and oats, but could make money by hiring it to the neighbors. So he came down to see us about it. There were two machines in Wharton that Mr. Pettigrew could buy on reasonable terms, but one of them was a hundred and ten dollars more than the other. Mr. P. wanted the best one, as was natural, but the rest of us concluded that as the institution was young it would hardly be just to his fellow-officers to let him buy the most expensive machine, at least not at that time. So he got the cheap one.

Now, see how this turned out. Mr. Pettigrew did not do half the work with his machine that he could have done if he had bought the other one, and he calculated that he could have made, if we had let him have all the money he wanted, from three to four hundred dollars more than he did make (after selling the machine at the end of the season). Of course he was dissatisfied, for he had expected much better things of the Bank.

And then there was young Godfrey's case. He was going to marry Mary Martin, the Colonel's second daughter, and he was very anxious to have a good, comfortable house provided before the wedding took place. There was a very nice place at the upper end of the village, near the township line,

that he could get on very good terms, but he would have to pay five thousand dollars down. So that Fall he came to see us about it. No wonder he was anxious, for it was one of the finest houses in Wharton, and the land was the very best. The fruit on that place would bring in several hundred dollars a year. to say nothing of anything else.

Well, we considered the matter, and we were all willing to do our best by him especially Col. Martin, who was naturally interested in the matter, as his daughter would live in the house if it was bought. But we found that all we could do was to let him have four thousand dollars. You see, Col. Martin had had his barn shingled, and a new kitchen built to his house, and that drew pretty heavy on the Bank. And then my expenses were perfectly enormous that summer. What with newly furnishing my house, and getting a buggy built (with steel tires and both pole and shafts), and buying a horse to match my sorrel mare, I had to call on the Bank for a good many thousand dollars; and as our President was so cut up about his threshing machine, we had felt obliged to let him have a lot of railroad stock that we had invested in, so that he might have a chance to turn it over two or three times, and make something that would ease his mind a little. Now, it's easy to see that all this came heavy on the Bank, and it was impossible to let young Godfrey have more than four thousand. But we told him if he could go round, and induce anybody to deposit, he should be perfectly welcome to the money. Of course nothing could be fairer than that. So he went about and did his best. He persuaded several people, who had been a little backward at first, to put their money in the Bank; but all he could raise this way did not amount to more than two hundred dollars. Then he bethought himself of old Mrs. Harris, who kept a trimming store up street, and who was said to be saving money, and he went to her. He soon found that she hadn't any money, except thirty or forty dollars saved for a rainy day, which he induced her to deposit; but, as she owned the house she lived in, he showed her (you see he came several times, and bought things for his intended, and the prospect of getting all the trade of the Godfreys and Martins had considerable effect on the old lady) that, if she would get a mortgage on her house, and put the money in the Bank, that the interest she would get would more than pay the interest on the mortgage, so that she would be making money all the time, and yet be at no trouble whatever, but to pocket her profits every month. Well, Mrs. Harris got a mortgage on her house, and put the money in the Bank; but this was not enough, for her house was a very small one, and

pretty old. So poor young Godfrey was quite in despair, and he took his money (it did not amount to more than four thousand five hundred) and went to New York, and speculated in Wall Street, so as to make up the five thousand. But things suddenly got awfully crooked in Wall Street, and he lost every cent of it. This was a very sad case, as anybody would acknowledge, if he could see how different the house to which poor Godfrey had to take his bride was from the one he would have bought if the Bank could have let him have the five thousand dollars when he wanted it.

Now it is easy to see that all this made us feel very much dissatisfied; and when we closed the Bank, last spring, there was not one of us who had made the money he had expected to realize from the institution. As to getting rich, as the papers have it, that's all nonsense. We couldn't get rich—at least, not in a small place like Wharton. And what is more, the injustice we have been subjected to since the Bank closed is enough to drive us mad. There are people who have actually threatened to sue us, after all the trouble and anxiety we had been at to establish a Savings Bank in their midst. It is this ingratitude, more than anything else, that induces me to make this statement, which will, I hope, help to set the public mind right on the subject.

JOHN WALKER.

The New Régime.



ENRAGED PARENT—"You young rascal! Did you strike my little boy?"

NEW YORK STREET-ARAB—"I decline to answer any questions until I have conferred with my counsel."

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

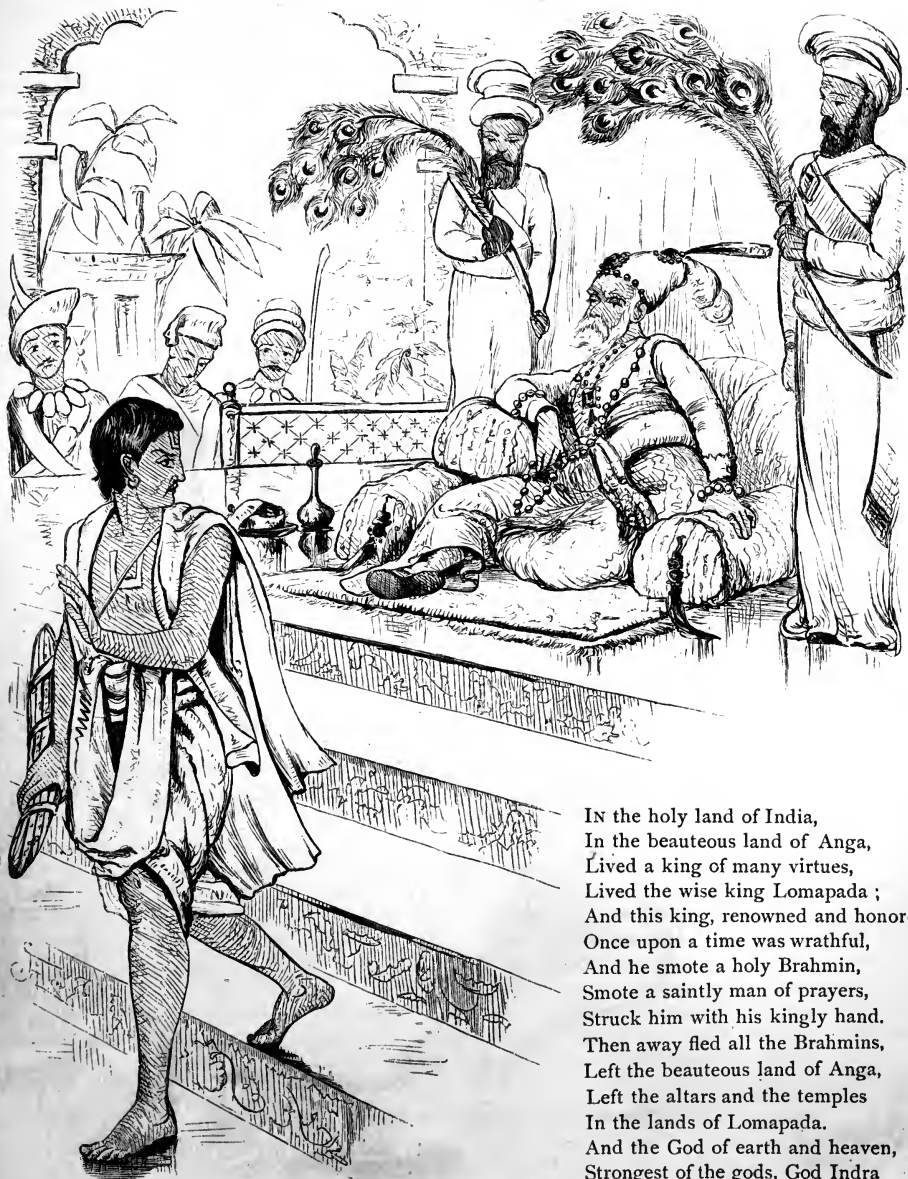
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RISHYASRINGA.

A TALE OF THE MAHABHÁRATA.



IN the holy land of India,
In the beauteous land of Anga,
Lived a king of many virtues,
Lived the wise king Lomapada ;
And this king, renowned and honored,
Once upon a time was wrathful,
And he smote a holy Brahmin,
Smote a saintly man of prayers,
Struck him with his kingly hand.
Then away fled all the Brahmins,
Left the beauteous land of Anga,
Left the altars and the temples
In the lands of Lomapada.
And the God of earth and heaven,
Strongest of the gods, God Indra

Smelt no more of sacrifices,
Sweetest odors and perfumes.

And he sent no rain from heaven,
Not the dewdrops of the morning,
Nor the mists of dusky evening,
Fell upon the lands of Anga.
And the earth grew hot and thirsty,
Terror seized upon the people—
Hunger, thirst, and misery.

Then the wise men of his people
Called to council Lomapada,
And the wisest of them spake :

“Not the dewdrops of the morning,
Nor the mists of dusky evening,
Nor the rain refreshing sweetly
Will God Indra send from heaven,—
He the mighty God of thunder,—
If he smell not the sweet odors
Of the holy sacrifices
Sacred by the hands of Brahmins.
Therefore hear, oh Lomapada !
Hear what I shall counsel thee.

“In the woods so deep and lonely,
In the sacred groves of Indra
On the Kausiki's sweet waters
Lives the sainted Vifandaka,
And with him, his only son,
Lives the pious Rishyasringa.
He so innocent and blameless
Knows no man besides his father,
Never yet he saw a woman,
Ate no fruit but of the wild fruit,
Drank but water from the well spring.

“Saintly is the boy and simple,

Naught of maiden knoweth he.

To this boy then send a maiden,
Send a maiden fair and winsome,
And with love's kind words and doing,
Let her lure him on to Anga.

“This my counsel, Lomapada !

Unto us will send Parjanya
Rain and richest dews from heaven—
He the God of thousand eyes,
When this saintly boy shall offer
Sacrifices on his altars.”

Full of joy was Lomapada ;
Sent a herald through all Anga,
Called upon all lovely maidens,
Promised gold and richest treasures
To the maid that dared to venture
To the woods, the groves of Indra,
Where the sainted Vifandaka
Taught the youthful Rishyasringa
All the duties of the Vedas
And severest penitence.

But the maidens, full of terror,
Tremblingly returned such answer :

“Dreadful are the angry curses
Of this penitent old Brahmin,
Of the sainted Vifandaka,—
No; we dare not do thy bidding.”

Still no dewdrops of the morning
And no mists of dusky evening,
Nor the rain refreshing sweetly,
Fell upon the lands of Anga ;
And still greater grew the terror,
Hunger, thirst, and misery.
And despair seized on the people,



“THEY SILENTLY ROWED ONWARDS UP THE KAUSIKI'S SWEET WATERS.”



"DO NOT KNEEL TO ME, I PRAY THEE."

Seized upon King Lomapada,
And he sat in silence mourning
For his own sake and his people's.
Then to him thus spake his daughter,
She his only daughter, Santa,
Wondrous fair, a child-like maiden,—
Spake in simple modesty:

"If thou bid'st me go, my father,
I will seek the groves of Indra,
I will see this boy that never
Woman saw, nor yet saw maiden,
And will lure him on to Anga,
If thou show'st me how to do."

Happy was the king and joyful,
Bade a spacious barge be ready,
Decked it all with brightest flowers,
And with trees from wood and garden
Like the groves of holy sages.
The Asoka tree was spreading
Forth its blossom-cover'd branches,
The Kinsuka's fiery flowers
Shed perfumes all o'er the river
As they silently rowed onwards
Up the Kausiki's sweet waters,
And lay by the shore all hidden
By the wild trees of the forest,

Where the sainted Vifandaka
Lived with Rishyasring, his son,
Forth had gone old Vifandaka
Faggots sought he for the altar.
All alone was Rishyasringa,
When before him stood young Santa,
Blushing and smiling sweetly.

SANTA :

"Is thy penitence succeeding ?
In the woods say art thou happy ?
Are there flowers here and wild fruit ?
See I come to greet thee kindly."

RISHYASRINGA :

"Thou art brighter than the sunbeam
Brighter than the sparkling starlight,
Water, fruit and flowers I bring thee
And I greet thee, holy one."

SANTA :

"In my grove beyond these mountains
Sweeter fruit and brighter flowers
Grow, and of our own good water
Have I brought to thee to taste."

RISHYASRINGA :

"God-sent dost thou seem from heaven
At thy feet I kneel and worship,
Praying to thee, as my father
Taught me to adore the gods."

SANTA :

"Do not kneel to me, I pray thee,
Thou a penitent so pious
Far more saintly thou than I am.
Do not kneel and I will teach thee
Of our grove the kindly greeting
As we greet each other there."

And the maiden blushing sweetly
Laid her arm round Rishyasringa,
Bent his cheek down to her fair cheek,
On his lips she put her red lips,
Kissed him once, for so her father
Bid her do, and her own heart—
Then ashamed she fled and left him,
Hurried to the barge, all hidden
By the wild trees of the forest.

Home came pious Vifandaka
From the woods, severe and meager,
Green-eyed he, and hair all bristly
To his fingers ends was growing—
A most saintly penitent.

VIFANDAKA :

"Wherefore, son, hast thou forgotten
Wood to split ? And all to embers
Lies our fire burn'd down ; thou hast not
Scoured our spoon—nor even hast thou
Led the calf unto its mother !

Chang'd and all confused I find thee !
Tell me what has happened, son.

RISHYASRINGA :

"To the grove there came a scholar,
Fair of face, his hair all braided,
And his waist was very slender ;
High and rounded was his bosom
Dark his eyes, his lips all smiling.
And his voice was like the singing
Of the Kokila, in May time.
Sweet perfumes were all around him,
As of blossoms, and of flowers
When the evening winds are whispering.
Of the fruits I brought he ate not,
From our water cup he drank not,
But he brought me fruit, that tasted
Very sweet, and then he gave me
From his cup a wondrous water—
Better far it is than ours !
And it made me feel so strangely,
Heaven and earth and trees seemed
dancing !

Then this scholar, smiling sweetly,
Bent my cheek down to his own cheek
On my lips he put his own lips,
With a little sound he touched them—
At that touch a tremor shook me
And a thrill passed through my heart.
Oh my heart aches for this scholar,
That I now no more may see him !
Sick my heart feels, full of longing
For this boy, and where he dwelleth,
Father, would I dwell for ever !
Penitent he is, and holy,
And the penitence and greetings
That this boy has learned, these teach me ;
They are better and far sweeter
Than the penitence, my father,
That thou hast been teaching me."

VIFANDAKA :

"Evil spirits in such guises,
Oft about our groves are flitting,
To seduce us from our duties,
To destroy our penitences."
Stern and full of zealous anger
Sped the saintly Vifandaka
To the woods in search of demons.

All alone was Rishyasringa,
And he saw the lovely maiden
Peeping through the trees and gently
Beckon with her little hand.

And the pious Rishyasringa
Full of joy towards her hurried,
Calling softly : "Haste thee, haste thee,
To thy grove I fly with thee !"

Thus the son of Vifandaka
Followed to the barge young Santa.
Joyfully King Lomapada
Loosed the barge and swiftly glided

Down the Kausiki's sweet waters,
To the beauteous land of Anga.
On the altars of god Indra
Sacrificed young Rishyasringa,
And Parjanya down from heaven
Poured the rain refreshing sweetly,
And the dews of morn and even
Lay like pearls on trees and flowers.
Then the pious Rishyasringa
To young Santa wedded was.

Stern and full of zealous anger
Through the woods roamed Vifandaka.
Demons found he none, nor giants,

Why this music, sweetly floating
On the air, and what the meaning
Of these merry festive doings?
Unto him the shepherd answered:
Rishyasringa, he the saintly
Son of holy Vifandaka
Unto us has brought these blessings.
He is wedded to young Santa,
And in honor of their wedding
Joy reigns in the land of Anga.

On went holy Vifandaka
And he saw the joyous people
Heard them call throughout the city:



"HE SAW THE LOVELY MAIDEN PEEPING THROUGH THE TREES."

Nor when he returned, his son;
Forth he wandered then, to seek him.
Maddened was his heart and wrathful,
When he came all worn and wearied
To the wondrous city Champa,
In the beauteous land of Anga.
And he saw the people happy,
Rich the fields, the trees all fruitful,
Joy on every brow was written.

Wond'ringly he asked a shepherd
Canst thou tell to me, a stranger,
What has brought so rich a blessing
On this land, and why these garlands,

"Hail the pious Rishyasringa!
Hail the son of Vifandaka!"

Thus his ears were filled with blessings,
And his very heart was softened,
And when at his feet were kneeling
Rishyasringa, bright as gods are,
With sweet Santa, fair as morning,
Asking meekly for his blessing,
On his lips died all his curses,
He forgave, and up he lifted
Both his hands to heaven and blessed them.

NOTE.—Anga is Upper Bengal; Kausiki, the river Kosi,
and Parjanya, the name of Indra, as god of the firmament.

BÉRANGER



THE KING OF YVETOT.

THE Béranger worship of a score of years ago is now somewhat modified. The sort of idolatry with which he was then regarded by the rank and file of his nation seems singular in this prosaic age. The enthusiastic contemporary drew a charming portrait of the man, but the critic of to-day, although he sees something to admire in the national poet, discovers notable defects in the artist as well as the man. He says of himself, "*mes chansons, c'est moi*," and, to make a just estimate, one must be taken with the other. The particle *de* before his name, according to his

own account, signifies nothing, for he was the son of an obscure tailor. He speaks of himself as "a man of the people, in arm, heart, and brain," and glorifies over it ostentatiously.

His popularity as a song-writer was greater even than that of Burns. The opinion still entertained by many is, that he was an improvident poet of genius, with an abounding love of his country and the lower classes, who never thought of himself; ready to share his bread and last sou with suffering humanity; as proud and independent in his poverty as Jean Jacques

Rousseau ; ingenuous, child-like, impulsive, always prepared to take up his pen to attack the oppressor and defend the poor ; in full sympathy with the man in blouse, in his pleasures, duties, and welfare. These are the flattering characteristics of a portrait left by most biographers, and he has not had less than a score. In the general outline there is some truth, but some of the generous traits require modification.

In his simplicity of costume and manner, quiet gayety, and love of epigram, he bore a resemblance to Benjamin Franklin, whom he admired much, and whose works he read with interest. He possessed, too, the calculating shrewdness and materialistic views which belonged to the character of the American philosopher. Like him, he was also fond of order and peace. The loud hurrah of his patriot, and the clank of his soldier's saber, are often found in the poet's verse, but do not exist in his life. There was, also, something in his personal appearance which recalls the face and figure of Franklin.

He was obstinate in his independence, and did not make advances to those distinguished in wealth and station. He did not go to Châteaubriand, de La Mennais, or Lamartine, but they went to him. In early manhood, like most of those endowed with poetical gifts, he entertained impracticable projects ; his shone under the glamour of military glory. He was inflamed with the successes of Bonaparte in Egypt, and for a time desired to join him, but a member of the conqueror's expedition, returning, showed him the reverse of the medal, and he was disenchanted. His calculating mind prevented the military ardor from carrying him as far as it did Byron. Béranger remained in Paris to eat the *vache enragée* of poverty, and sing the loves of "Lisette" and "Frétillon."

It was not the first ambition of Béranger to be a songster. Like his contemporaries, he aimed at the higher forms of poetry. He first showed a tendency towards religious subjects, and wrote an idyllic poem called "The Pilgrimage," which was intended as a picture of the simple, pastoral lives of some of the Christians of the Sixteenth Century. This was inspired, it is said, by a perusal of the works of Châteaubriand, and was a failure. It was a considerable time after this that the garret poetry came, in which he struck the true vein—*La Gaudriole*, *Roger Bontemps*, *Le Grenier*, *Les Gueux* and *Le Vieil Habit*.

The song-writer fitted into the age in which he lived. The song was more the fashion then than it is now, and the fathers of the present generation passed their evenings in singing-clubs. Béranger was a member of one of them—the Caveau—where he sang his own songs long before they were in print. The song was the expression of every popular movement ; soldiers marched to it, and grisettes danced to it. Political opposition, instead of making a leader in a journal against the government, attacked it in a song. It lent itself with facility to a warlike and changeable epoch, where men wept and laughed in the same hour. It was the accompaniment of revolutions, on the barricades, and in the fields, in defeat as well as in victory. This love of song is still a national trait, although not as strongly marked. When a group of men or women meet together in a *café*, and one hums an air, the others are sure to follow. In the long lines of impetuous, advancing, and retiring columns of the *Closerie de Lilas*, frequently the voice keeps measure with the foot in loud and *entraînant* tones. Scarcely a farce is given at the theater which is not garnished with several songs, and the open air singing concerts are common to the country.

Thus fashion favored Béranger. At the marriage and baptismal feasts sweet voices of handsome lassies sang him. He furnished the means to ambitious singers to exhibit their respective talents of voice and action, and all who had the capacity availed themselves of them, and the sympathetic tones and attractive traits of the singers lent an additional value to the rhyme. Skillful actors, in the play of gesture and physiognomy, brought out all the coloring. Béranger saw the niche open, ready for him, and he climbed into it, to be admired as the great man of the couplet by all his contemporaries. So he sang wine—not of the best description, and love—of the Latin Quarter or the Barrière. His idea of women would never find favor on English or American soil. The Béranger woman was usually a grisette ; not a modest girl, working in a garret, with a pot of flowers and canary bird in her single window up in the seventh story, but an idle piece of irregular habits and free manners, dancing at the balls of the Barrière, singing and junketing with the students.

It was not until he was well on in years, approaching middle age, that he obtained success as a songster, when the little im-



THE FIFTY CROWNS.

petuosity which he possessed in youth gave way to a spirit of calculation. Before reaching his crown of laurel he had traced out for himself in advance what his conduct was to be, and when it came he was ready in his part. Above all, he was to be the only man of his kind, the mouth-piece of the French people. He was to stand alone on his pedestal, not in a group—not even with Lamartine. To be made the colleague or peer of any body of men was distasteful, hence he never was a candidate of the French Academy, although it only depended on a nod from him to have been elected. One of his favorite phrases was, "I am nothing—not even an Academician," which, like much of his talk, had a

spice of malice in it, in addition to an affectation of humility. Another feature of his rôle was, that he was to be poor, in order to establish a strong bond of union between himself and the masses. Allowing a margin for his acting, most of his instincts were good, but he was so absorbed with his rôle that they did not attain to a healthy development. He had for a long time preached the Republic, and when it came he abandoned it with an ease that showed that his political convictions had taken but little root in his mind. On this occasion Châteaubriand said to him, "Well, you have your Republic;" to which he answered, "Yes, I have it, but I would sooner dream of it than see it." He abandoned

the National Assembly, of which he was a Deputy, almost as soon as he entered it. He was not an orator, and he could not submit to the leveling of being considered one of several hundred.

He was Catholic in his affection for the poor,—so far as his nature permitted,—embracing the people of all nations. In *La Sainte Alliance des Peuples*, he invites all to rally together and live in peace, and imposes on himself the duty of a new Messiah for the promulgation of the doctrine. We find him often in this character in his verse. The way to right, peace, and happiness is, in some sense, through him. Through him burdens are lightened and tears are dried. Melancholy is dispelled by his contagious gayety. If you persist in

suffering, he will suffer with you; if you must weep, he will mingle his tears with yours. In him are embraced the joys, the tears, and heroism of life. This was at times morbid, and led him to glorify questionable acts. Two young men, Escousse and Lebras, sought and found death in the fumes of the charcoal, and the poet sends them, hand in hand, up to Heaven as martyrs.

If he sorrowed with the poor he turned savagely upon the rich whenever an opportunity was presented for attack, and thus the rebuke generally followed the tear. Even in many of his joyous sallies there is a sting. This, and his calculating mind, divested his gayety of that charm of naïveté with which his friend Désaugiers was im-



THE OLD MAN'S CHAPLET.

bued. Béranger was Gallic to the core, and had the defects as well as the qualities of his race, and of the former the most objectionable was a want of chastity. Thus some of his most poetical conceptions are marred by Rabelaisian allusions or descriptions.

This Gallic Diogenes, in his garret, looking down on the great city, criticised its manners and satirized some of its leading men with a free pen. The song of the *Senator*, dwelling on a theme which has always pleased the French, induced Napoleon to laugh—he who so seldom smiled; and in moments of abstraction, the imperial captain was heard to honor the *King of Yvetot*. Béranger's independence, like that of the man of the tub, prevented him from becoming an imitator. He nourished himself in the philosophy of such men as Montaigne, Molière, La Fontaine, and Rousseau, and followed none of them, but created a kind of a school for himself. He affirmed that he knew nothing of the languages in which Horace and Homer wrote, and affected a pride in his ignorance. Thus, we always find him scornful over any attribute of a privileged class.

Béranger did not furnish his songs on the inspiration of the moment, like some other French poets. Panard, for instance, growing drowsy from bacchic indulgence, and falling asleep over the table, would, on being awakened, on the spur of the moment, under the influence of the wine, write beguiling verse, at the demand of friends. As one of his biographers writes of him, "he was a tree which only had to be shaken to let fall ripe and luscious fruit, at any season." Désaugiers, the friend of Béranger, was a poet of the same character, his muse being also generally inspired in the same way. He was, indeed, addicted so much to this kind of indulgence that it has been said of him, that if the blood of the grape had been suppressed, with it would have disappeared the genius of Désaugiers. These two, Panard and Désaugiers, abandoned themselves to an impromptu gayety where reason nodded. During his most expansive moods Béranger's reason exercised a certain vigilance over the freaks of his imagination. He was more of an artist than the other two. His conceptions were not at once given over to the public, but were nurtured into full maturity with the care of a prudent parent. The air of spontaneous gayety and *entraînement* which they bear, shows the art with which they

were worked. If he was lax in his morality, he was, at least, conscientious in his art.

After singing love and wine for a time, he sang a new song. He had a personal grievance against the government of the Restoration for having removed him from his place as a clerk in one of the bureaux of the State, which stimulated him, and he sang liberty; then it was revealed to him the remarkable power he exercised over the French people. He put the Phrygian cap on the head of the grisette, and she became the Goddess of Liberty—not the severely chaste goddess to which we are accustomed in the land of Columbus, but a protean goddess, one moment breaking the chains of the tyrant, and at another clinking glasses with joyous comrades. In the name of Freedom, he struck hard and often at the government of the Restoration, and helped to stifle sympathy for the emigrants by putting them in a ridiculous light; for, in France, the laugh kills everything and everybody.

The Restoration, by its system of censoring and suppressing the press, left in it but very little life, so that the song became virtually the medium for the expression of popular thought, and this made of the songster the central figure of the tableau of the time. He, perhaps, did more toward bringing on the Revolution than any other man—quietly in his own room, without going into the tumult of the reunion or the street. When the storm burst, he was probably frightened at what he had done, shrinking, as he did, from responsibility and conspicuous action.

Béranger did not speak with proper reverence of family ties, occasionally putting words in the mouth of an aged mother which were disrespectful and out of place. This arose probably from never having received a mother's or a sister's care; for he was almost without family, having been abandoned by his mother to a grandfather, who, in turn, handed him over to some one else, while still at a tender age. Thus he knew nothing of maternal tenderness, and could hardly understand it in others. Besides, his relatives were loose, immoral people, whose influence, whatever it might be, was bad for the poet. His mother, a coquettish woman, who had no idea of conjugal duties nor restraints, saw little of him and, perhaps, less of his father. When the father and mother were together, they lived in a hap-hazard way, that precluded anything like real home-life. His

markable faculty which he possessed, he struck the principal current of popular thought, and sang of the wrongs of the people from a socialistic point of view in such verses as *Jeanne La Rousse* and *Vieux Vagabond*; and here Lisette underwent another transformation, and became the suffering woman habited in the red bonnet of socialism. The songster knows that the people do not regard the authorities of the State with a kindly eye, and an appeal is made to them where the poacher is imprisoned for taking game which does not belong to him, and where a man is seized for violating the law concerning contraband; in both cases a grievous wrong is inflicted on the poor, and the regularly constituted authorities are the authors of it. With this appeal is the old question of "Why does one man live in purple and fine linen, and another beg in rags?"

He was a skillful and laborious artist, and his work leaves the impression that he could have done better in higher branches of his art; but the probabilities are that he would have achieved but a mediocre success had he made the attempt. His songs may be divided into four classes—without including his early efforts in the classic field. The first class is jovial, bacchic, epicurean, and free of speech; and one of the best representations of it is the *Roi d'Yvetot*, which contains, behind the mask of humor, a satire aimed at the restless, warlike disturber of the public peace,—Bonaparte. The *King of Yvetot* is cited as the most perfect of its kind by Sainte Beuve; and Thackeray, who was very fond of Béranger, turned it into English, with some cleverness, as follows:

THE KING OF YVETOT.

There was a king of Yvetot,
Of whom renown hath little said,
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days abed;
And every night, as night came round,
By Jenny, with a night-cap crowned,
Slept very sound.
Sing, ho, ho, ho! and he, he, he!
That's the kind of king for me.

And every day it came to pass,
That four lusty meals made he,
And, step by step, upon an ass,
Rode abroad, his realms to see;
And whenever he did stir,
What think you was his escort, sir?
Why, an old cur.
Sing, ho, ho, ho! &c.

If e'er he went into excess,
'Twas from a somewhat lively thirst;

But he who would his subjects bless,
Odd's fish!—must wet his whistle first;
And so from every cask they got,
Our king did to himself allot,
At least a pot.
Sing, ho, ho, ho! &c.

To all the ladies of the land,
A courteous king, and kind, was he;
The reason why you'll understand,
They named him Pater Patriæ.
Each year he called his fighting-men,
And marched a league from home, and then
Marched back again.
Sing, ho, ho, ho! &c.

Neither by force nor false pretense,
He sought to make his kingdom great;
And made (oh! princes, learn from hence)—
"Live and let live," his rule of state.
'Twas only when he came to die,
That his people, who stood by,
Were known to cry.
Sing, ho, ho, ho! &c.

The portrait of this best of kings,
Is extant still, upon a sign
That on a village tavern swings,
Famed in the country for good wine.
The people in their Sunday trim,
Filling their glasses to the brim,
Look up to him.
Singing, ha, ha, ha! and he, he!
That's the sort of king for me.

The author of *Vanity Fair* was so taken with this song, that he made still another version of it, called *The King of Brentford*, which is much smoother, but is not as literal as this one.

Emile Bayard gives in his design a fair idea of this worthy King; in it all—man, woman, and brute,—are happy. The dog, and the three or four years old boy, who is flying a kite behind, are on the best of terms. The ass eats his provender with satisfaction. Jean and Jeanne acclaim the sovereign with enthusiasm. A buxom maid hangs over the neck of the King's mount to admire the rider. A mother holds aloft her child to catch sight of him, and on the other side a jolly host pours a bumper to him. With one hand his Majesty holds out his glass, and with the other he chucks an admiring maiden under the chin. The kingdom of peace and prosperity, in a word, was the picture which the songster held before the eyes of the man of Waterloo, but to no purpose.

Béranger employed the refrain with rare skill. In this respect he was not far behind Poe, whose "Nevermore" in *The Raven* has, probably, never been equaled in the English language. The refrain in the *King of Yvetot* is happy, but it is more effective

in a sad, sympathetic song like *Les Etoiles Qui Filent*.

In the *Fifty Crowns* there is the same liting gayety found in his songs of the first class. A legacy of fifty crowns a year makes a man supremely happy—for money had more value then than it has now. The heir cannot contain himself; he leaps and shouts with joy, and would like to fly. The legacy is a pactolian stream—inexhaustible; all the pleasures of life pass before his joyous imagination; henceforth it shall be all play and no work. He cries out to his friends in a carriage near by, as he holds aloft the first payment, that the earth now belongs to him, and that he will live like a king if he finds royalty amusing. On a triumphant car he will fly before his creditors, confounded at his magnificence. Adieu to the vineyards of Surène, for at last he is going to make the acquaintance of that famous Bordeaux, whose virtues he has so often heard vaunted. Adorn yourself, Lise, with the ornaments which wealth alone knows how to invent; cast aside forever the tinsel you have worn. Friends, old parents, and young sister, come and live with me, and be clothed and fed with my fifty crowns. Wine, love, leisure, and good friends are mine. This is the burden of his song, with the refrain of fifty crowns a year.

Mon Enterrement—My Funeral—belongs to the same group, and is a gentle mockery at death. He sings: This morning, I know not how, I saw my chamber filled with cupids; I was abed without movement; He is dead said they gaily—let us put him under the ground; then between my sheets I cursed these little gods I loved so much to follow; friends, pity me, for, if I must believe these ungrateful creatures, I have ceased to live. They take my wine, they trifle with my chamber-maid; one wishes to drive the hearse, another, in a nasal tone, affects to say a prayer; the gravest of them orders a score of flutes and horns as an escort; the hearse is already at the door; pity me, for they are going to carry me off. Chatting, laughing in their own light way, the Cupids form two lines; the cloth, shining with silver tears, bears glass, lyre, and flowers, as the tools of my trade; many a passer-by, who uncovers as we pass, says to himself: "Sad or gay, everything succumbs;" the Cupids accelerate their pace—pity me, for I approach my grave. My *cortège*, instead of praying, sing my most wicked songs; thanks to the chisel of the

marble-cutter, a crown of laurel is going to fill my poor remains with joy; everything tells over my glory in this place, which will soon be solitary. Friends, I almost thought myself a god; pity me, for they are going to put me under. But at the critical moment my faithless Lise passed by. She draws me away from my monument, then, I don't know how, I feel myself beginning to live again alongside of her; pity me, my friends, for I am resuscitated.

To the second class belong the romantic and sentimental songs, such as *The Poor Woman—La Pauvre Femme*, and the *Old Man's Chaplet—Le Chaplet du Bonhomme*. In the latter, the simple man overcome with grief, is kneeling on a grave beside a cross, and holds in his hand a chaplet. His guiding angel, standing beside him, breaks the great chaplet of misfortune by which he is surrounded, in arousing him to a sense of duty. No more vain tears, old man, is her injunction, as she gently touches him on the shoulder. Has he not reason to grieve? His friend is dead. Look at the hut in the distance, old man; at the door the poor are dying of hunger; haste to their relief and lose in an act of charity each bead of the black chaplet of misfortune. Again, the old man is bent with grief, where is the wound now? his old father has just died. Run to the forest, old man, and rescue a victim from the murderous hands of the brigands, and thus lose bead by bead the black chaplet of misfortune. Again, a greater loss—misfortunes go in bands; he must weep—his wife is dead. See, there is a fire in the village, old man; run, and stop the fiery flame, and thus lose, &c. Still another grief. Old man, loving hearts are not parted for ever. Let me weep, for my daughter is dead; run to the river and gladden the heart of a mother in saving her child. The old man smiles at last, and his oracle says: "happy those who have me for a guide; I am the consoling angel and am called Charity; go and preach my law, old man, that every bead of the black chaplet of misfortune may disappear from the earth."

In *The Poor Woman*, the songster sings in simple rhyme: it snows, and there before the church, an old woman, covered with rags, prays on her knees, and asks for bread. Alone she gropes her way to Notre Dame, winter and summer, for alas! the woman is blind. This haggard and wrinkled creature, once charmed Paris

with her song. Young men, with laughter or tears, paid homage to her beauty and her art. Many a time as she drove away from the theater she was pursued with the bravos of an idolatrous crowd. Rivals led her to the carriage door; rivals waited for the honor of escorting her to her home. The arts crowned her in her magnificent dwelling; she was surrounded with crystals, bronzes and columns—the tributes of love. At her banquets the muses were faithful, for every palace must have its nest of swallows. Frightful reverse! One day sickness takes away her sight and destroys her voice, and soon, alone and poor, she begs—begs where we see her now, for twenty years. In her prosperity no hand knew better than hers to bestow charity—the same hand which now hesitates to ask it. It grows colder, and her benumbed fingers can hardly hold that chaplet which in the early time would have made her smile. If, under so much misery and misfortune, her heart can nourish itself with piety, it is her only consolation; friends be kind to her.

In the design, accompanying this song,—one of the most touching in the Béranger volume,—the contrast between wealth and poverty is well marked; on one side flowers, light, elegant costumes, and festivity; on the other, silence, solitude, and the cold of a winter's night.

The third class is philosophical, and finds expression in *The Falling Stars*, *Les Etoiles Qui Filent*, and the Funeral Oration over Turlupin—*l'Oraison Funèbre de Turlupin*. In *The Falling Stars*, a wondering boy asks of a shepherd, what is that star which falls and falls and disappears? and this question is the refrain. My child, responds the shepherd, the star which is now falling is a mortal who has just expired as he sat between friends, singing the songs and drinking the wine of his native hill-side. Another, my boy, is a beautiful girl whose nubile front is adorned with orange flowers as she is ready to be led to the altar of Hymen—again, a star which falls and falls and disappears. My son, the rapid star is a new-born infant bearing a great and noble name, and whose empty cradle is adorned with purple and gold; another star, &c. My child, what a sinister gleam! It is the star of a favorite who believed himself a great minister as he laughed at our humble misfortunes; those who served this fragile god have already hidden his portrait—another star, &c. My son, our tears are for this one, for in him

the poor lose a benefactor; indigence gleaned at the doors of others, but at his it harvested—another, &c. Go, my son, and guard thy candor, and let thy star be marked neither by brilliance nor grandeur. If thou shinest without being useful, at thy last day it will be said of thee, it is only a falling star which falls and falls and disappears.

The moral tone in this, as will be observed, is better than that usually found in the other songs, and its form is equal to any.

Those who have visited the *fêtes* in the environs of Paris, or in the villages, will recollect some such figure as Turlupin, the Yorick of the day. In the neighborhood of circular swings and revolving horses of wood, greased poles and dancing bears, he takes his station on the platform before the door of his playhouse. Here, striding about and gesticulating, he tells the story of Guignol, his theater of wooden figures, interlarded with sallies and quaint allusions to the crowd before him. Béranger's Turlupin, it appears, was exceptionally witty, and something more than the ordinary merry-andrew. Turlupin dies and joy expires; he dies who so often made us die with laughter before his crowded booth. Under the spangles of this buffoon was born a Socrates, but this enlightened age never deigned to recognize him. He was the love-child of respected and noble parents, but he was not proud of his blood, and his ancestry, like everything in his theater, he took as a joke; let all the world admire the good sense of Turlupin. He was at the taking of the Bastille, became a soldier, and was wounded; then came to Courtille to play, and was by misery fattened, for gayety was his prescription. He was the gentle critic of false grandeurs, and the poor were his friends; to them he said, in the midst of his quips and quirks, that the sabot was as good as the gaiter, for it led to true happiness; let all take lessons of Turlupin. The King commanded him to sing his praises, and Turlupin refused; he will never dishonor his boards,—no, glory to the vanquished, and to prison he went! Honor, all honor to the ashes of Turlupin.

The anti-clerical and patriotic songs may be assigned to a fourth branch. In Béranger the love of country was an ardent passion, which cooled, however, when confronted with danger and tumult; still it was the only one in him which burned to a white heat. It inspired in him some of



TURLUPIN.

his purest compositions, such as *Le Bon Vieillard*, whose souvenirs, sentiments, and hopes, made of it a finished ode unsurpassed in ancient or modern times. French eyes have often wept over these touching verses, in the château as well as the cottage. *L'Exilé*, *Champ d'Asile*, and the *Retour dans la Patrie*, belong to the same class. His identification with the glory of France betrays him into an admiration of Napoleon, especially after the Hundred Days' Reign, for it was one of the poetical principles of Béranger to shut his eyes to present benefits and mourn over what had passed away.

His political songs sent him to prison and made a martyr out of him,—an egregious blunder on the part of the government. This gentle confinement of nine

months was, perhaps, the happiest period of his life, and it is possible that it entered into his general plan for augmenting his popularity. Whether this was the motive or not, such was the result. It became the fashion to make pilgrimages to his cell and decorate it with flowers, and there was always about him during the imprisonment a court of youth and beauty which smiled upon him and flattered him as if he were a king.

His death in 1857 gave rise to animated discussion among several literary men as to his true rank in the world of letters, which showed that public opinion, while according to him a high place, was adverse to his occupying the lofty niche to which he had been assigned by his contemporaries.

SOMEWHERE.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
 In God's great universe thou art to-day.
 Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
 Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to Him who holds within
 The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
 That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
 Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place!

Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of Him;
 Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb.
 And somewhere, still, there may be valleys dim
 That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear
 Poor, human words of blessing, will I pray,
 O true, brave heart, God bless thee, wheresoe'er
 In His great universe thou art to-day!

GLIMPSES OF TEXAS.—II.

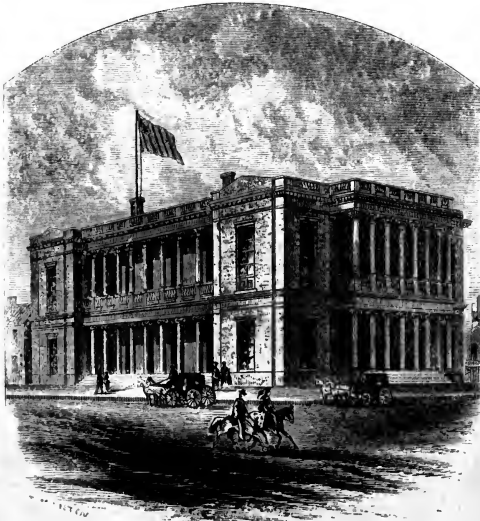


UNLOADING SCHOONERS AT GALVESTON.

THE coast line of Texas, bordering upon the Gulf of Mexico from Sabine Pass to the Rio Grande,—from the Louisiana boundary to the hybrid, picturesque territory where the American and Mexican

civilizations meet and conflict, is richly-indented and studded with charming bays. Trinity, Galveston, West, Matagorda, Es-piritu Santu, Aransas, and Corpus Christi harbors, each and all offer varied pos-

sibilities for future commerce. The whole coast, extending several hundred miles, is also bordered by a series of islands and peninsulas, long and narrow in form, seemingly made to protect the inner low-lying banks from the high seas. The plains which extend back from the coast in the valleys of the Sabine, the San Jacinto and the Colorado, seem in past centuries to have formed a vast delta, whose summit would be near the Colorado, and whose angles would be formed by the Sabine and the Nueces. Great horizons, apparently boundless as the sea, characterize these plains; the wanderer on the Gulf sees only the illimitable expanse of wave and alluvial; the eye is fatigued by the immensity, and gladly seeks rest upon the lines of ancient forest which cover the borders of the Colorado and the Nueces. Beyond these plains comes the zone of the prairies, whose lightly undulating surface extends inland as far as the Red River; and the mountains on the northwest crown the fertile knolls of rolling country. These mountains are dependences of the Sierra Madre, which in itself is but a spur from the grand Andean chain. Running to the northwest in the State of Coahuila (once a portion of Texas), the Sierra Madre spur bifurcates at right angles to enter Texas of the present, and continues in a northwesterly direction, under the name of the San Saba, in whose breasts are locked the rich minerals which the Spaniard, during his period of domination, so often and so vainly strove to unearth.



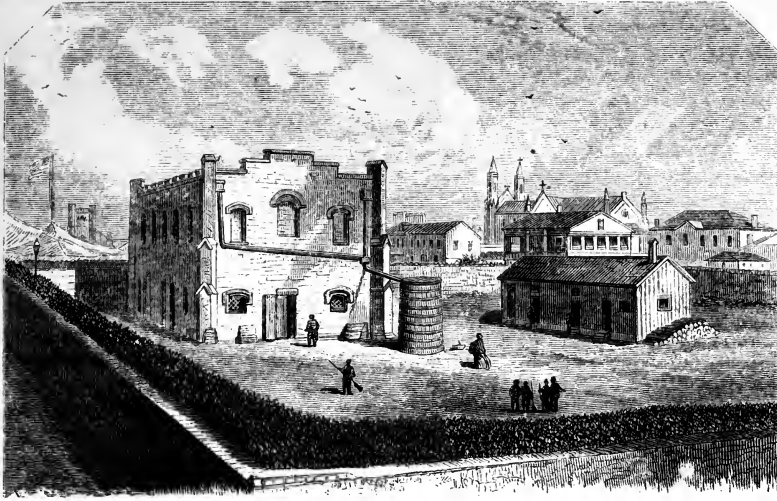
THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, GALVESTON.

The Texan coast sweeps downward and outward to the Mexican boundary in a great incomplete semicircle. Approaching it from the sea, the eye encounters only a low-lying level of white sand, with which, however, at all hours, the deep colors of the Gulf are admirably contrasted. The great sea-highway from Brashear City in Berwick's Bay, on the Louisiana coast, to Galveston, is best known and most fascinating to the modern traveler. The enterprise and liberal expenditure of a citizen of New York, Mr. Charles Morgan, has covered the waves of this route with steamships, which, until recently, furnished the only means of communication between Texas and the rest of the United States. The Morgan Line was not merely the outgrowth of an earnest demand; it was the work of an adventurous pioneer; and although its importance, in view of the grand railroad development of Northern Texas, can henceforth be but secondary, its founder will always be remembered for his foresight and daring. The improvements in the channels from Berwick's Bay outward are also the work of the owner of this line. They comprehend the dredging of a great bar which once obstructed the short passage to the Gulf, and when completed will be of infinite importance to the commerce of the whole southwest. Thousands of tons of shells have been dragged out of the dark-blue water to make room for the prows of the Morgan fleet, pointed toward Indianola and Galveston.

And what is Galveston? A thriving city set down upon a brave little island which has fought its way out of the depths of the Gulf, and given to the United States her noblest beach, and to Texas an excellent harbor. Seen from the sea, when approaching under the fervid light of a southern dawn, or when sailing away from it in the white moonlight, so intensely reflected in the sands, it is indeed a place where

"Myrtle groves
Shower down their fragrant wealth upon the waves
Whose long, long swell mirrors the dark-green
glow
Of cedars and the snow of jasmine cups."

It is a city in the sands; yet orange and myrtle, oleander and delicate rose, and all the rich-hued blossoms of a tropic land shower their wealth about it. In the morning the air is heavy with the perfume of blossoms; in the evening the light, to northern eyes, is intense and enchanting.



A PEEP INTO GALVESTON JAIL-YARD.

land. The heat is never disagreeably intense in Galveston; a cool breeze blows over the island night and day: and the occasional advent of the yellow-fever;—the dread intruder who mows down hundreds of victims,—is a mystery. It comes, apparently, upon the wings of the very wind

Thirty-one miles of picturesque beach are constantly laved by the restless waters. It is only a few steps from an oleander grove to the surf, the shell-strewn strand, and the dunes. The approach from the mainland will instinctively remind the traveler of Venice. A great bridge, two miles in length, connects the islet with the continent. Dismantled fortifications near the bridge show one that the war reached even to the Gulf; and the mass of low-lying, white, balconied houses forms a pleasant group. Much of the island is unkempt and neglected-looking. Cattle wander freely about. There are a few market-gardens, and some meat-packeries in the suburbs of the city. Galveston itself, however, is as trim and elegant as any town in the South. The business quarter looks quaint and odd to strangers' eyes, because of the many long piers and jetties running out into the water; the mule-carts, unloading from schooners, anchored lightly in the shallow waves; and the hosts of slouching darkies, shouting and dancing as they move about their tasks. The "Strand," the main business thoroughfare, has been twice ruined by fire, but has sprung up again into quite a magnificence of shop and warehouse; and Tremont, and other of the commercial avenues, boast of as substantial structures as grace the elder Northern cities. There is a network of wharves and warehouses, built boldly out into the water, in a manner which recalls Venice even more forcibly than does the approach from the main-

land. The heat is never disagreeably intense in Galveston; a cool breeze blows over the island night and day: and the occasional advent of the yellow-fever;—the dread intruder who mows down hundreds of victims,—is a mystery. It comes, apparently, upon the wings of the very wind

which puts health and life into every vein; and many a midsummer is rendered memorable by its ravages. Yet there could hardly be imagined a more delightful waterside resort than Galveston, during, at least, four months in the year. Our first visit to the beach was in February, and the air of Northern June fanned the waves. The winter months could certainly be delightfully spent in Galveston; and the little city has built a splendid hotel as a seductive bait for travelers.

Galveston is memorable in Texan history as the retreat of the dread pirates of the Gulf—the smugglers and outlaws of Barataria. The island was discovered in 1686 by La Salle, but remained uninhabited until 1816, when Lafitte and his pirate brethren from the Louisiana coast tested the capacities of the harbor, and shortly after it was occupied by the forces of the "Mexican Republic." Privateers went out from the bay to cruise against Spanish commerce, and the fleets of Spain were swept from the Gulf. The island also became a depot for the sale of negroes, to be imported into Louisiana, and the native African's market value was one dollar per pound. At one time the followers of "Lafitte, the Galveston buccaneer," numbered a thousand men, refugees from justice from all lands under the sun, and in due time Lafitte was appointed "governor of the island" by the Mexican authorities, who cared little for the character of their public servants, provided they were efficient. But in due time the prince of pi-

rates was compelled by the Government of the United States to leave Galveston for ever, as his followers had so far forgotten themselves as to plunder American shipping. The island again became a waste, and only an occasional superstitious hunter for the spoils of the pirates visited the sandy shores.

As the republic of Texas grew in after years, however, so grew Galveston. It was a promising town before the late war, with perhaps ten thousand population. While the rude interior towns were still in their infancy, Galveston was a port of entry, the station of the navies of the little republic, and the scene of many courtly festivities in honor of foreign ambassadors. During the war its commerce was, of course, utterly broken, and it was occupied in turn by Union and Confederate soldiers. It has latterly assumed a commercial importance which promises to make it a large and flourishing city, although it has many rivals in the field whence it expects to draw its trade. The cotton factors of the city are enthusiastic in their belief that they shall succeed in bringing to their port the majority of the cotton grown in Texas, but they overlook the formidable rivalry of St. Louis, of Shreveport, and of Houston. The capitalists of St. Louis intend to control the whole cotton crop of Northern Texas, bringing it into their market over the new Cairo and Fulton line and the railroads running through Central Northern Texas; and in case the New Orleans, Mobile and Texas railroad connects Houston with New Orleans, Houston will take the remainder of the cotton crop, and divert it from the Galveston channel, throwing it into the New Orleans market. Galveston has but one railroad exit, the line leading to Houston, where all the railroads of the grand new system will center. The Galvestonians are confident that the cotton



OLEANDER WALK AT GALVESTON.

crop will all fall into their hands; while the business men of Houston laugh the hopes of the chief city to scorn. Galveston dispatched last year, nevertheless, about 350,000 bales of Texas cotton; at least two-thirds the entire product of the State. It is to be hoped that such a large proportion of the twenty millions of acres of cotton-bearing lands in Texas will speedily come under cultivation that all the channels of trade will be filled to repletion. The freed negroes, who are throughout Texas an industrious and prosperous class, although, of course, characterized by the failings of their race, and the crudities consequent on their sudden change of station, are extensively engaged in the culture of cotton. Each negro who is fortunate enough to have secured a tract of land, grows all the cotton he can, and if he would take the necessary pains to clean and prepare it, would soon enrich himself in the profitable culture. The lands at the head of Galveston Bay and on the adjoining San Jacinto Bay, as well as all the lands in the immediate proximity of the Gulf, are well adapted to the culture of sea-island cotton—equal in quality to the best grown upon the islands along the South Carolina and Georgia coasts. It would be difficult to imagine a better paying culture than that of this excellent staple, the yield being from \$200 to \$300 in gold per acre. The alluvial lands along the Gulf demand the presence of the China-

men; great fortunes lie hidden in their flats. The export of sea-island cotton is trivial as yet, but growing daily. In 1870 the exports amounted to \$17,719; in 1871, to \$44,863, and in 1872, to \$84,437. The exports of the ordinary upland cotton from Galveston since the war are shown in the appended table:

Bales.		Dollars.
1866	16,417	\$ 2,146,224
1867	66,271	6,730,257
1868	87,794	7,687,464
1869	84,485	9,997,661
1870	144,123	14,476,550
1871	233,737	16,060,794
To December 31.		
1872	128,356	11,898,870

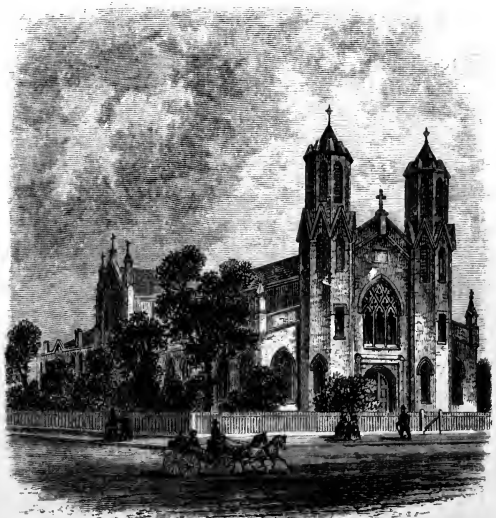
The commercial year begins May 1st.

The total amount of dutiable and free imports for each year since the re-establishment of business, May 1st, 1866, in the Galveston Custom House, until December, 31st, 1872, is as follows: 1866, \$366,388; in 1867, \$766,627; in 1868, \$251,052; in 1869, \$276,588; in 1870, \$774,918; in 1871, \$1,586,408; and in 1872, \$1,940,292. During this time the amount of duties collected was more than \$2,500,000 in coin. The total number of entrances of foreign and coastwise vessels in Galveston harbor yearly varies from 700 to 1400. Steamships loaded with cotton run regularly between Galveston and Liverpool; and, returning, bring out English, Irish and Scotch emigrants, giving them credit for their passage-money, and binding them by contract to work for a fixed sum for a certain term after their arrival in Texas. This plan has thus far succeeded admirably, and is bringing hundreds of worthy families from the slums of England into the inspiring atmosphere of the Texan uplands. The main shipments of cotton are of course to Liverpool, although London, Bremen, and Hamburg receive some of the crop. There are now fifteen steamers running to Berwick's Bay; eight running to New York; a line to Baltimore; bayou-steamers to Houston, and river-steamers from the Trinity and the Brazos. The foreign trade of the port is increasing with wonderful rapidity; tallow and cotton-seed oil-cake are important exports; and on our second visit to Galveston I saw the famous steamer "Hornet" loading with cattle for Havana.

It is proposed to supply the West Indian market hereafter entirely with Texan cattle, the transit requiring only three days; and there are large exports of hides and wool. The imports are salt, coffee, crockery, iron and tin, and best of all—though non-dutiable—a steady current of sturdy Germans, who tame the wildness of Texas faster than the natives themselves can do it. Galveston is likely to remain the best coffee market in the United States. The importation of lumber from Florida, Louisiana, and Northern ports, employs a large number of vessels yearly, for Galveston stands in a timberless region; there is not an acre of forest land for miles on miles around.

Thus much for the present commerce of Galveston; its future would be perfectly certain were it not for the rivalry forced upon neighboring towns by the marvelously rapid development of transit lines. Very little fear have the Galvestonians, the cheery "sand-crabs," as the people of Houston affectionately call them, of being "left out in the cold." And they go on building superb new avenues, planting their oleanders, and trellising their roses, without any worry for the morrow. The rebound since the war has certainly been surprising. Galveston was almost depopulated at the close of the great struggle, hardly two thousand people remaining there. Let us take a picture or two from the life of the "Island City."

Morning: a bright sunlight on the silver



THE CATHEDRAL, GALVESTON.

rippling water; yonder is a mass of dense foliage, from whose green peer out faintest red and purest white, the color of the blossoms and the gleam of the house walls; here the oleanders have arched their boughs and made a shaded walk; the magnolia towers above a little balconied cottage, on whose gate a couple of half-naked negro children are singing; a mocking-bird is imitating the strange whirr of the insect-life about him; there is very little din or rattle of carriages or drays; one catches the inspiring breath of the waves; the town seems to have awakened lazily, and to be lolling in the sun-bath, and rejoicing in the hints of the

"Salt and spume o' the sea,"

which drift lightly inland. At the doors of the Custom-house half-a-dozen negroes are lying with their heads upon the broad steps, yawningly joking each other; at the long, white-painted market sheds, the market men and women have done their shouting, and relapsed into a kind of contented rest as they feel the day's heat coming on; under the wooden awnings in the principal avenues of lighter trade a few black-robed, dark-eyed ladies pass quietly; from the water-side drifts up the chant of some bare-legged watermen, standing, as do their patient mules, knee-deep in water, while they load their carts.

Noon: from this balcony you can overlook with me the jail, the cathedral, and the town beyond. Primitive enough is this Texan jail,—a common two-story brick structure,—surrounded with a high brick wall, garnished with broken bottles and cruel glass, set in cement. In the jail-yard you may see still life; the jailer has just let the prisoners out from their steaming ovens, and they are stretched on the scant grass—a motley crew; an old man, with a hang-dog look, and eyes which seem to fear any one's face, as he blinks in the sun's glare: a frowzy, mean negro girl, slouched down upon a water-butt, and smoking a corn-cob pipe; and half-a-dozen stout black men, hideous in rags and dirt. At the jail's front there is a little tower and a kind of mediæval gate; and there the prisoners sometimes huddle to watch a passing circus or to note the advent of a new prisoner. Invitingly near stands the Court-house, whence now and then issue legal-looking gentlemen, furiously masticating tobacco. Beyond, where the cathedral's roofs rise, not ungracious in their

grouping, you may see a stretch of dusty roadway. In the field beyond it a herd of young horses is feeding. A negro horseman comes to drive them homeward. Now they are off, away from him; every nerve and sinew strained—an electric mass—an equine thunderbolt. Now they are a mile away, like a flash of light; they have escaped. No! a black centaur speeds around them like lightning; they are turned, and the mad pursuit begins again; but this time homeward. Here and there dead cattle lie; here is the very aspect of the San Antonian plains within a mile of the principal seaport of Texas.

Evening: the tide is out, and you may promenade the Gulf shore along a hard unyielding track left by the receded water, and watch the negro fisherman as he throws his line horizonward, to see it swirl and fall in the retreating surf to come up laden with scaly treasure. The blue of the water, the dark of the seemingly endless strip of beach, the faint crimson, or the purple, or the gold of the sunset sky, form delicious contrasts. A few sails steal seaward like unquiet ghosts; miles away, at a rugged promontory, where the tide is beginning to set around and come in again, the sky seems to have come down to kiss the sea, so exquisitely do colors of heaven and water blend; the long line of carriages hurries cityward; lights seem to spring from the very bosom of the sea, so low and trustingly does the little islet-town lie on the Gulf's surface; the orange trees and the fig shrubs send forth a delicate perfume in the cool air of the twilight.

The depth of water on the various bars at the ports along the Texan coast is so shallow that most of them can never receive the largest shipping. The plan for improving the entrance to Galveston Bay, however, contemplates the admission of vessels drawing eighteen feet of water; and Capt. Howells, the efficient engineer in charge of the department works, has recommended an excellent plan. The merchants of Galveston will hardly be contented before they have Liverpool ships of largest draught at their very docks; and they are also planning for a canal to connect the Rio Grande with the Mississippi. This canal would be of immense advantage to Southwestern Louisiana and Southeastern Texas; and it is estimated that it would bring into cultivation nearly four millions of acres of land adapted to the raising of



A FISHERMAN ON GALVESTON BEACH.

sea-island cotton. But this is one of the measures which will probably come with the "moving of the Mexican frontier."

One of the saddest sights,—if one could persuade himself to analyze it,—(seen in Galveston,) is the daily arrival of the hundreds of refugees from the older Southern States, seeking homes in the "New Atlantis." The influx from South Carolina, Alabama and Georgia is formidable, and turned the tide of politics in Texas in a single year, from Republican flood to Democratic ebb. Old men and little children, youths and maidens, clad in homespun, and with the rustic aroma of the mountains still upon them, crowd the Morgan steamers, and look forward eagerly to Texas as the land of promise. The ignorance of these poor people with regard to Texas and the geography of the country in general, is dense. "I never traveled so much befo'," is a common phrase; "is Texas a mighty long ways off yet?" The old men, if one enters into conversation with them, will regale him with accounts of life in their homes "befo' the surrender." Everything dates from the war with these men. It was a

great chasm in their lives; yawning, it left the Past irrevocably behind, and in front—poverty, and—the refuge of Texas. It is estimated that over fifty thousand Alabamians have fled into Northern and Western Texas.

Society in Galveston is good, cultured and refined; and the standard of education is excellent, judging from the large number of institutions of learning in the city. The Collegiate Institution, the Catholic College, the Convent for

Women, the Galveston Female Seminary, the Medical College, and several German schools, all have fine reputations. The new Methodist and Episcopal churches, and the Cathedral are the finest religious edifices in the State. On Tremont street stands the beautiful Opera House, where is also located the office of *The Galveston News*. This paper, founded by Willard Richardson, is by far the ablest Democratic journal in Texas, and takes high rank in the Southwest. Its founder has been conspicuous in aiding by word and work, the upbuilding of Texas, and through a long series of years, has published the "Texas Almanac," a faithful record of the great Commonwealth's progress. Galveston also has its Club, "The Gulf City," frequented by many of the prominent citizens of the State. Few cities, with a population of twenty-five thousand, are more spirited; there is, nevertheless, need for a solid basis of manufacturing—a need strongly felt throughout Texas. In nearly every county farmers and merchants are paying treble and quadruple the prices they can afford for goods brought literally thousands



THE HOME STRETCH.

of miles,—when local investment in manufacturing establishments would enable them to multiply facilities for agricultural development, and for the comfort and culture of which the interior is now so barren. Now that the transit facilities have come, an outgrowth of manufactures may be looked for. The wheat region of Texas comprehends forty thousand square miles. What millions of barrels of flour, if proper mills were at hand, might be placed in the market two months in advance of the products of the Western mills! In the vast iron fields of Western Texas lie acres of brown hematite ore, waiting the magic transmuting of the furnace. Houston has already begun the manufacture of cotton cloth, and applicants for situations in the mills are so numerous that the employers are aghast. At Hempstead, New Braunfels, and the State Penitentiary, cotton manufacture is prosperous; yet I doubt if a million dollars is thus invested in the whole State. The people of Texas are learning that they have all the elements necessary to support life and make it comfortable and even luxurious in their very midst; and they are making a genuine effort to secure and hold Northern and Western capital. Cotton and woolen mills will multiply rapidly in Texas in a few years; labor will be cheap, because of the cheapness of provisions and the ease with which life is sustained; and Northern capital will find one of its most profitable fields in the very region which, ten years ago, was hardly counted among the cotton and woolen producing sections of the South. Yet this same Northern capital seems at present very loth to venture into the new lands, and gives many baseless reasons for its unwilling-

ness to seize a golden opportunity.

Houston is the most promising of all the Texan towns. It lies fifty miles inland from Galveston, on Buffalo Bayou, and is now the central point of a complicated and comprehensive railway system. It was christened after the hard-headed, strong-hearted and valiant man whose genius so aided in creating an independent Texas, and cherishes his memory tenderly. It is the ambitious rival of Galveston, and because nature has

endowed its streets with unusual capacity for muddiness, the Galvestonians call its inhabitants "mud-turtles." A free exchange of satiric compliments between the two infant cities is of frequent occurrence. Houston was an important point in the days of the Texan Republic, when it was the capital. Only fifteen miles below the present town limits, on the banks of the picturesque Bayou, that republic was born; for the travail of San Jacinto certainly brought it to the light. Audubon, the naturalist, has left a



"COME TO DE AUCTION"

curious memorial of Houston as it was during the Republic. The residence of President Houston was a typical Southern log-cabin, two large frame-works, roofed, and with a wide passage-way between. Audubon found the president dressed in a fancy velvet coat, and trousers trimmed with broad gold-lace, and was at once invited to take a drink with him. All the surroundings were uncouth and dirty, in Audubon's eyes; but he did not fail to recognize that the stern men who had planted a liberty pole on that desolate prairie in memory of the battle of San Jacinto would make Texas an autonomy. They did their rough work in their rough way; but it will stand for all time. The old "Capitol," now a hotel, stands on the main street of modern Houston. It is a plain two-story



VIEW ON THE BAYOU AT HOUSTON.

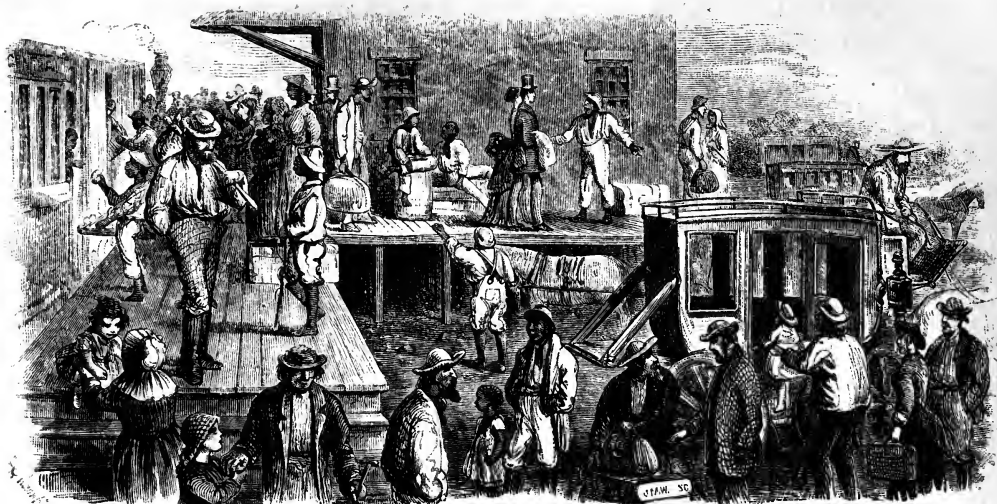
wooden structure, painted white; and contains the "Senate Chamber," which once resounded to the eloquence of the early heroes. Houston was a little settlement, sprung up near the town of Harrisburg, which had been the scene of many dramatic events when the republic was struggling with Santa Anna for its life; and the Texan Congress first met there in 1837. There, too, was finally and definitely established the first Texan newspaper, *The Houston Telegraph*, an adventurous sheet which had been forced by Mexican invasion to flee from town to town, until Houston's victory confirmed its right to live. *The Telegraph* is to-day one of the institutions of Texas; has been edited by men of rare culture; showed

wonderful enterprise in obtaining news during the war of secession, and is a credit to the State.

My first visit to Houston was in winter, while snow was still on the ground even in parts of the Southwest. One evening, after a long ride from the frontier of the Indian territory, I

"Dropt into that magic land."

It was late at night when the train arrived. I walked beneath skies which seemed Italian; the stillness, the warmth, the delicious dreaminess of the weather—a delicate languor pervading all—was almost intoxicating. A faint breeze blew through the lattice of my window at the hotel; there was a hint of perfume in it;



A TEXAN RAILROAD DEPOT.

the magnolias sent their welcome; the roses, the dense beds of fragrant blossoms, exhaled their greeting. All winter the roses bloom, and in the early spring and May the gardens are filled with them. The bayou which leads to Galveston, and is one of the main commercial highways between the two cities, is overhung by lofty and graceful magnolias; and in the season of their blossoming, one may sail for miles along the channel with the heavy, passionate fragrance of the queen-flower drifting around him. Houston is set down upon prairie land; but there are some notable nooks and bluffs along the bayou, whose channel barely admits the great white steamer which journeys to and from the coast. The Houstonians hope one day to dredge and widen this bayou to Galveston; then its romance and prettiness will be gone.

On the morning after my arrival I was inducted into the mysteries of a "Norther," which came raving and tearing over the town, threatening, to my fancy, to demolish even the house-tops. The air was clear and the sun was shining; but it was cold, and the wind cut sharply. This was a "dry Norther," the revulsion after the dead, calm and sultry atmosphere of the previous day. A cloud-wave came from the north; it was the Norther giving his warning; then he—

"Upon the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad."

It was glorious, exhilarating, and—icy.

Suddenly the cloudlet vanished; there was a thin mist in the atmosphere, and the Norther was over, after his brief reign of a brace of hours. The Norther is the physician of malarious districts; he purges them thoroughly from time to time. Sometimes he blows down houses, trees, fences, and forces the beasts on the plains to huddle together for safety; but in his coldest and most blustering moods he rarely brings the mercury of the thermometer below 25°.

Houston is well laid out, and grows rapidly. Its broad Main street is lined with prosperous business houses; the headquarters of the Masonic lodges of the State is there; the annual State Fair, which brings together thousands of people from all the counties, every May, is held there; and the Germans, who are very numerous and well to do in the city, have their Volks-fests and beer-absorbings, when the city takes on an absolutely Teutonic air. The colored folks are peaceable and usually well-behaved; they have had something to do with the city government during the reconstruction era, and the supervisor of streets, and some members of the city council, at the time of my sojourn there, were negroes. The railroads are hastening Houston's prosperity; the quiet inhabitants who came to the town a quarter of a century ago, and who never have been back to the "States" since, because of the fancied perils of the Gulf, hear of the route from "Houston to St. Louis in sixty hours," with superstitious awe. It opens a new

world to them. Northern Texas, too, seems to them like a far off world; they hardly realize that within twenty-four hours ride of them a new Texas is springing up, which in commercial glory and power will far surpass the old.

The future commercial importance of Houston can readily be seen by examining its location with regard to railway lines. The Galveston, Houston and Henderson road now under the control of Thomas W. Pierce, of Boston, connects it with Galveston; and Mr. Pierce has also projected the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio road, the extension of the present route from Harrisburg to Columbus. The Houston and Texas Central railroad connects Houston directly with Denison, and the West; the Houston and Great Northern, with which the International line is now consolidated, gives a through route to Arkansas and St. Louis, connecting with the new Cairo and Fulton, and Iron Mountain roads, also direct connection with the Texas Pacific, leading to Shreveport, and the vast region of Upper Louisiana, as well as by other advantageous connections to Vicksburg. The extension of the New Orleans, Mobile and Texas railroad through Louisiana to Houston will furnish a direct and speedy outlet for Texan cotton; and will be of immense advantage to Houston itself.

At the time of my visit there were about eleven hundred miles of completed railroad in Texas; and the projected routes, and surveys, indicated a determination to build at least as many more lines, opening up to development the whole of Northern Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas. Although the roads have been laid down with surprising rapidity, they are generally good, and bright little towns are springing up at all the junctions and termini. The headquarters of the Houston and Texas Central, and of the International and Great Northern roads are at Houston. The former route, of which William E. Dodge, of New York, is president, was chartered in 1848, and had eighty miles of its line built before the war. All the rest has been done since 1861, and it now stretches 340 miles from Houston to the Red River, 115 miles from Hempstead to Austin, the Texan capital; and 45 miles from Bremond to Waco, one of the most promising towns of the northern section. Galusha A. Grow, the noted Pennsylvania politician, has taken up his abode in Texas, and presides over

the destinies of the Great Northern railroad.

Thus connected with the outer world, Houston grows daily in commercial importance, and should be made a prominent manufacturing center. At present, however, there are only the Eureka and Houston City cotton mills, running a few thousand spindles; the various railroad machine and repair shops; a few brick yards, beef packeries, and foundries. In the vicinity, among the pineries along the bayou, there are numbers of steam saw-mills, which furnish lumber to be worked into the "saloons," hotels, and shops of the ambitious new towns in the recently opened northern region.

There is a frankness and cordiality about the society of Houston which is refreshing to one coming from the more precise and cautious East; the manners of the people are simple, courteous, delightful; there are many families of culture and social distinction in the little city, whose hospitality renders a sojourn among them memorable. The Texan of the South, is, if possible, possessed of more state



THE MAGNOLIA BOY.

pride than his brother of Northern Texas; he is never tired of declaiming of the beauties of the climate, and is extremely sensitive to criticism. Above all, do not tell the Texan maiden that her land is not the fairest; for the women of this Southern commonwealth are even more idolatrous of

their beautiful homes than are the men. There is a touch of defiance in the loving manner with which they linger over the praise of Texas; they talk best and look prettiest when they are praising "stars which Northern skies have never known."



STATE MASONIC TEMPLE, HOUSTON.

There is the same content with one's own country which is found in France, and a leaning toward incredulity if one speaks of landscapes more perfect, of flowers rarer than those of the "Lone Star State!"

About fifteen miles from Houston, on the banks of the bayou, and in a dull uninteresting plain, is the site of the famous battle of San Jacinto. The character of Houston, who fought and gained this battle, annihilating a Mexican force more than twice as large as his own, and capturing the redoubtable Santa Anna, is, and always will be, the subject of much heated discussion in Texas. Few men have ever left such firm friends and such implacable enemies. There are two versions of every episode of Texan history with which he was connected, and his enemies invariably represent him as a man of bad and designing nature, without special ability, while his friends magnify the real excellence of his character into exalted heroism. "Sam Houston" was a man of extraordinary merit, sternness, strength of will, and a foresight beyond the range of many. He was a Virginian by birth, the hardy son of harder and noble parents, and in his youth went with his widowed mother to Tennessee, which was then the boundary between the white man and the Cherokee Indian. His education was slight, and, when at school, because he was refused the privilege of learning Greek, which he desired after reading a translation of the Iliad, he swore that he would never recite

another lesson, and kept his word. He crossed the Tennessee River, and joined the Indians, remaining with them until his manhood. In the war against the Creeks, some time later, he distinguished himself, and in 1823 was elected to Congress from Tennessee. An unfortunate marriage seems to have finally decided his career. While governor of Tennessee, in 1829, he suddenly separated from his newly-made wife, resigned his high office, and returned to his friends the Cherokees. After remaining with them some years he again mingled with white men, and in 1833 entered Texas politics, leaped to the front, became the commander-in-chief of the Texan armies, and established the independence of the State, in the face of the determined opposition of an empire of eight millions of people.

There are but few vestiges of the battleground of San Jacinto visible to-day. The ride down the bayou from Houston, is delightful, but arriving at the plain one sees only its dreary monotony, and the line of rising ground where the Texans established their camp on the 21st of April, 1836. General Houston made a final stand with his little band of war-worn Texans on that field, against Santa Anna's formidable forces, and, suddenly rallying almost exhausted energies, charged upon the enemy, smote them hip and thigh, trampled them into the morasses and bayous, and terribly avenged the Alamo, and its kindred massacres. The Texans engaged in the battle numbered seven hundred and eighty-three, and the Mexicans lost six hundred and thirty killed! The next day Santa Anna was found lying prone in the grass near the field of battle, his disgraced head covered with a blanket, and was made prisoner. Texas was effectually wrested from the cruel grasp of Mexico.

Houston possessed great magnetic power and remarkable eloquence. His speech had a certain majesty about it which was in itself convincing to the popular ear. He was a man of many faults, full of the pride and joy of life; at times intemperate and choleric. There are many traditions in Houston of his fondness for gaming, his adventures when freely drinking, and his power of control over others. When the war came he stood a magnificent bulwark against the waves of secession and indecision; and always spoke his mind. Never, in the maddest moments, was he denounced; his person

and his opinions were held sacred; and he died peacefully at Huntsville before the great struggle was ended. In the various portraits extant of him there is as much difference as in the opinions of his friends and enemies; the most authentic gives him a keen, intellectual face, with strong marks of power upon it; a face softened from its original determination somewhat by age and repose, but emphatically a manly and powerful one.

The courtesy of President Grow of the Great Northern Railroad placed a special train at our disposition, and we visited the

mass of striped uniformed, black and white humanity had crouched down upon the platform cars of the "condemned train;" to see the alert watchmen standing at each end of every car with their hands upon the cocked and pointed rifles; to see the relaxed muscles and despairing faces of the overworked gang, was more than painful; it was revolting! Once, when we met this train, a gentleman recognized an old servant, and cried out to him, "What, Bill, are you there?" and the only answer was a shrinking of the head, and a dropping of the under jaw in the very paralysis of shame.



A LITTLE UNPLEASANTNESS.

banks of that charming stream, the Trinity River, and the fertile lands beside it; then turned aside to look at the great State Penitentiary, where nearly a thousand convicts are registered, more than half of whom are employed, like galley slaves, as hewers of wood and stone on the public rail- and road-ways. The "convict train" is one of the experiences of Texan travel which still clings like a horrid nightmare in my memory. To come upon it suddenly, just at twilight, as I did, at some lonely little station, when the abject cowering

The convict labor is contracted for and is of great value in the building of the railways, and clearing of forests. The men are worked from dawn to dark, as a rule, and then conveyed to some near point, and locked up in cars or barracks constructed especially for them. They are constantly watched working or sleeping; and the annals of the penitentiary show many a name against which is written, "killed while trying to escape."

We frequently passed large gangs of the

convicts chopping logs in the forest by the roadside; they were ranged in regular rows, and their axes rose and fell in unison; when they had finished one piece of work, the stern voice of the supervisor called them to another, and they moved silently and sullenly to their task. In the town where the penitentiary is located, it is not unusual to see convicts moving about the streets, engaged in teaming, carpentering, or mason work; these are commonly negroes, sent to the penitentiary for trivial offenses, and denominated "trusties." Sambo and Cuffee have found the way of the transgressor unduly hard in Texas, and in most of the Southern states, since the war liberated them. The pettiest larceny now entitles them to the State's consideration, and the unlucky blackamoor who is misty as to the proper ownership of a ragged coat, or a twenty-five cent scrip, runs risk of the "convict train" for six months or a year. One good result seems to have followed this unrelenting severity; you may leave your baggage unprotected anywhere on the Texan lines of travel, and no one will disturb it.

A branch line of rail leads from the

main trunk of the "Great Northern" to the penitentiary, which is very prettily set down among green fields and pleasant hills. It is everywhere vigilantly guarded by armed men; inside, the shops are light and cheery, and the men and women, in the cotton-spinning rooms, even the "lifers," who have stained their hands with murder, look as contented as the ordinary factory hand does after a few years of eleven hours' toil daily. The prisoners make shoes, clothing, furniture and wagons; they weave good cottons and woollens, and it is even proposed to set them at building cars. The large number of prisoners serving life-sentences seemed surprising until we looked over the register and found that they were murderers. The cases of murderous assaults were very numerous; were generally classified under the head of "attempt to kill," and were punished in nearly every case by a term of from two to three years only. In no case were they punished more severely than horse-stealing, which is held quite as grave an offense against society as murder. In the prison, at the time of my visit, were seventy persons serving, two, three, and in rare cases, five years sentences, for "at-



A FEW STRAY TYPES.

tempt to kill." Since the law making the carrying of concealed weapons illegal, these commitments are not so common. Yet the Democratic legislature last assembled would gladly have repealed the law,—true to its principle of undoing all which had been done by its Republican predecessors.

In a corridor of the penitentiary I saw a tall, finely-formed man, with bronzed complexion, and long, flowing, brown hair—a man princely in carriage, on whom even the prison garb seemed elegant,—and was told that it was Satanta, the chief of the Kiowas, who with his brother chief, Big Tree, is held to account for murder. I was presently introduced to a venerable bigamist who was Satanta's chosen boon companion, on account of his smattering of Spanish, and through this anxious prisoner was presented at court. Satanta had come into the work-room, where he was popularly supposed to labor, but where he never performed a stroke of work; and had seated himself on a pile of oakum, with his hands folded across his massive chest. His fellow prisoner explained to Satanta, in Spanish, that we desired to converse with him, whereupon he rose and suddenly stretching out his hand gave mine a ponderous grasp, saying: "How!" He then responded, always through the aged wife-deceiver, to the few trivial questions I asked, and sat down, motioning to me to be seated, with as much dignity and grace as though he were a monarch receiving a foreign ambassador. His face was good; there was a delicate curve of pain at the lips which contrasted oddly with the strong Indian cast of his other features. Although he is much more than sixty years old, he hardly seemed forty, so erect, elastic, vigorous was he. When asked if he ever expected liberation, and what he would do if it should come, he responded "*Quien sabe?*" with the most stoical indifference. "Big Tree" was briskly at work plaiting a chair seat in another apartment, and chewing tobacco vigorously. His face was clear cut and handsome, his coal-black hair swept his shoulders, and he only paused to brush it back and give us a swift glance as we entered, then briskly plaited as before. The course pursued toward these Indians seems the correct one; it is only by imposing upon them the penalties to which other residents of the State are subject that they can be taught their obligations to the mass of citizens.*

Jail life in Texas has a great deal of romance, and very little comfort in it. The penitentiary is satisfactorily conducted, being leased from the State by some enterprising persons who make it a real industrial school, albeit a severe one. But certain of the jails in the State are disgraces to civilization, and many intelligent people at Austin spoke with horror of the manner in which criminals were treated in the "black-hole" in that place. All the barbarities of the Middle Ages seemed in force there. There is also a certain contempt for the ordinary board or brick county jail, manifested by a class of desperadoes and outlaws, unhappily not yet extinct in the remote sections of the State. During my last visit to Austin, the inhabitants were excited over the daring jail delivery effected in an adjacent county by a band of outlaws. Some of their fellows had been secured, and the outlaws rode to the jail, in broad daylight, attacked it, and rescued the criminals, killing one or two of the defenders, and firing, as a narrator, with a touch of enthusiasm in his voice, told me, "about eighty shots in less 'n three minutes." Not long after, tidings were brought us of the descent of an armed body of men upon the jail in Brenham, a large and prosperous town, and the rescue of criminals there. As a rule, however, such acts of lawless violence are due more to the carelessness of the law officers in securing their prisoners than to any deliberate attempt to defy the law. It would be singular if, in a State once so overrun by villains as Texas, some defiant rascals did not still remain unhung. Gov. Davis, in his last annual message, admitted that in four-fifths of the counties the jails were not secure, and that the constant escape of prisoners was made the excuse for a too free exercise of lynch law upon persons accused of offenses. He also added that the jails so constructed as to secure the prisoners confined in them were dens unfit for the habitation of wild beasts. It should be said, to the credit of Texas, that political bitterness rarely, if ever, has any part in the scenes of violence enacted in certain counties; and that the rude character of the people, and the slow return to organized society after the war, are the real causes of the troubles in those regions. Under the reconstruction governments, law and order had returned to the State: it is to be hoped that subsequent legislation will not hinder their continuance in

* Satanta and Big Tree have since been set at liberty.

the by-ways as well as the highways of the State. The Democratic legislature could ill afford to undo the wise legislation which established a State police for the arrest and punishment of outlaws, and forbade the carrying of concealed weapons. The little towns along the Great Northern railroad are as yet very primitive, and on the same eternal, stereotyped plan as those on the Red River. From Houston to Palestine the road runs through a country of great possibilities. On all these new lines the picture is very much the same. Let us take one as it looks in the early dawn.

Morning comes sharply on the great plains, and sends a thrill of joy through all nature. The screaming engine frightens from the track a hundred wild-eyed, long-horned cattle; they stand for a moment in the swampy pools by the road-side, jutting out their heads, flourishing their tails angrily, and noisily bellowing, as if resenting the impertinence of the iron flame-throated monster;—then bound away like deer. On the slope of a little hill stand a dozen horses, gazing naively at the train; a shrill yell from the steam-throttle sends them careering half a mile away, their superb necks extended, their limbs spurning the ground. Behind them gallop a hundred



THE NEW MARKET, HOUSTON.

pigs, grimy and fierce, snorting with rage at being disturbed. In the distance one can see an adroit horseman lassoing the stupid beef creature which he has decided to slaughter. He drives it a little apart from the herd; it turns upon him—a twirl of his sharp wrist, and he has thrown the deadly noose about its neck; a rapid gallop of a few seconds, and he has tightened the long rope. The horse seems to enjoy the

sport; he braces himself as the animal makes a few angry struggles; the rider once more gallops away. The poor beef is now in the terrible tortures of suffocation; he falls upon his knees, uttering hoarse bellowing; he staggers blindly toward his adversary, brandishing his horns; he falls again headlong; and once more piteously bellows as much as his choked throat will permit. The other cattle walk slowly and mournfully away, huddling together as if for protection. At last the horseman, loosening a little the dreadful noose, forces the subdued creature to follow him wherever he wishes, and so takes him to the slaughter.

This wonderful ex-



"HOWDY?"

panse of plain, which melts away so delicately into the bright blue of the clouded sky, has inspiration in it. The men and women whom one meets at the little stations along the road, are alert and vigorous; the glow of health is upon them; the very horses are full of the pride of life, and gallop briskly, tossing their heads and distending their nostrils. Every half hour we reach some small town of board shanties, crowned with ambitious signs. Each of these hamlets is increasing weekly by fifties and hundreds in popu-

brush near the entrance. A little farther on, half a dozen tiny tents glisten in the morning sun; the occupants have just awoke, and are crawling out to bask in the sunshine and to cook their coffee over a fire of twigs. The air is filled with joyous sounds of birds and insects, with the tinkling of bells, with the rustling of leaves, with the rippling of rivulets. One longs to leave the railroad, and to plunge into the recesses of the land.

My various journeys to Austin, the seat of the Texan legislature, enabled me to



SAM HOUSTON.

lation. Here at one lonely little house in the edge of a superb wheat country a group of Germans, newly come, is patiently waiting transportation into the interior. The black-gowned, bare-headed women are hushing the babies and pointing out to each other the beauties of the strange new land. Not far away is the timber line which marks the course of a little creek, whose romantic banks are fringed with loveliest shrubbery. A log cabin's chimney sends up a blue smoke-wreath, and a tall, angular woman is cutting down the

judge of its winter and summer aspects, and I do not hesitate to pronounce them both delightful. The town itself is not so interesting at first sight as either Galveston or Houston: but every day adds to the charm which it throws about the visitor. At Austin the peculiarities of Western and Eastern Texas meet and compromise; one sees the wild hunter of the plains and the shrewd business man of the coast side by side. The majority of the public buildings are not architecturally fine; the Capitol, the Land Office, the Governor's mansion,



CONVICTS AT WORK IN THE FOREST.

are large and commodious, but not specially interesting. But a touch of the grand old Spanish architecture has crept into the construction of the Insane Asylum, which is built of the beautiful soft gray sandstone so abundant in that region; and the edifice, standing in a great park, whose superb trees seem to have been cultured for centuries, rather than to be mere gifts of Nature, is very beautiful. It is, however, over-crowded with unfortunates, and the State's imperative duty is to at once build another asylum. Under the rich glow of the February sun the white walls of the Asylum formed a delicious contrast to the foliage of the live-oaks near at hand; it seemed more like a temple than like the retreat of clouded reason. In wandering through the wards we came suddenly upon a group of idiot girls, seated on benches in a niche before a sunny window. These poor creatures cowered silently,—grimacing now and then,—as we stood gazing at them, when suddenly one or two of them, doubtless excited by our presence, rose

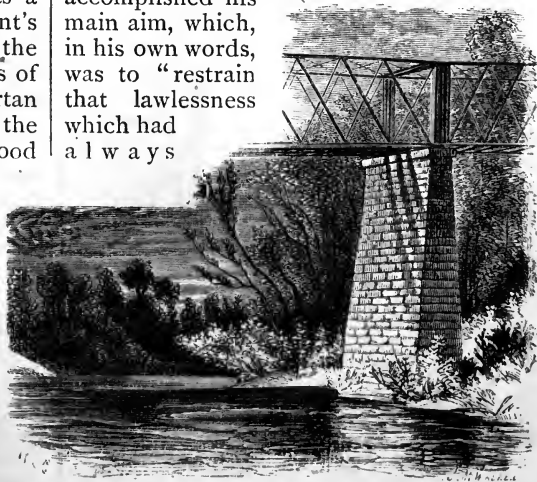
and began dancing and uttering shrieks. The suddenness of the transition, and the fearful mysterious nature of these idiotic saturnalia, appalled all present. As for myself, I avow that I could hardly drag my limbs to the door, and when I was once more in the sunlight, I felt as if I had come from Dante's Hell. The cheery German physician in charge complained that he could not effect proper cures while the Asylum was so over-crowded; and said also that the majority of the cases brought him had already become chronic, so that it was a hopeless throng with which he had to deal. In a yard of the Asylum we saw the sty in which "Queen Elizabeth," a filthy and dreadful old negress, wallowed all day long; a comfortable and picturesque roof and walls had been built over it, and a vine trailed above it. Behind the green lattices, neatly set into the walls of another building, we could hear the furiously insane groaning and shouting, and we were glad to hasten back to the garden. It is said that there are really

more than twelve hundred insane in the State, for most of whom an asylum is necessary.

Not far from the Lunatic Asylum, in another beautiful nook, is the Institution for the Blind, which comprises a school for the industrial training of the patients whose vision is hopelessly lost. The Colorado river flows to the westward of Austin, close to the city, issuing from a romantic mountain range, a long gap in which forms what is known as the Colorado Valley; and on the west bank of the river is an efficient and pleasant school and home for the deaf and dumb of the State. One of the notable sights of Austin, too, is the well-drilled little company of cadets from the "Texas Military Institute," originally located at Bastrop, but now situated on a lovely hill-side near the capital. The school, which is one of general and applied science, is modeled after West Point and the Virginia Military Institute, and can receive one hundred cadets, whose gray uniformed company is often seen in martial array in the lanes and fields near the town.

Austin is very prettily set down in an amphitheater of hills, beyond which rises the blue Colorado range. I have in a previous paper sketched some of its principal features. The little town, which boasts "from eight to ten thousand inhabitants," is very lively during the legislative session. One passenger train daily, each way, connects it with the outer world; beyond are the mesquite-covered plains, and only wagon roads. The Governor, whose term of office in Texas lasts four years, has a special mansion, which was the president's house when Austin was the capital of the Texan republic; and the surroundings of his office at the Capitol are of Spartan plainness. In both the Senate and the House of Representatives there was a good deal of the freedom of Western and South-western manners, which would be counted strange in the older States; there were no objections, apparently, to the enjoyment of his cigar by any honorable senator on the floor of the Senate, if the session was not actually in progress; senators sat with their feet upon their desks, and the friendly spittoon handy: but these are eccentricities which prevail in many a State beside Texas. There were men of culture and refinement in the Senate; others who were

coarse in manners and dress; the president was amiable and competent. One or two negroes occupied senatorial chairs, although the thirteenth legislature, which I saw, was almost entirely Democratic. The House of Representatives was a sensible, shrewd-looking body of men, with no special Southern type; a Northerner might readily have imagined himself in a New England legislature during the session, save for certain peculiarities of dialect. Here, also, there were negroes, more numerous than in the Senate, and having rather more to do in the business of the session. The portraits of Austin and Houston looked down benignantly upon the law-givers, whose chief aim,—they being the first democratic delegation which has recently had power,—seemed to be the undoing of all that had been accomplished by the war. But the counter-revolution which these sanguine Democrats hoped might be accomplished by means of the great influx of emigration from the older Southern States will not come to pass. The masses in the State are not in sympathy with it, and when it came seriously to restoring Texas as it was before the war, would "rise to explain." Gov. Davis, who had administered the government for nearly four years, has always been an uncompromisingly loyal man, even when, as on one occasion during war-time, the rope was around his neck. His course in the administration of the government in the troublous reconstruction days was stern and strictly honest; he was never weary nor afraid, and has, in a large degree accomplished his main aim, which, in his own words, was to "restrain that lawlessness which had always



VIEW ON TRINITY RIVER.

unfavorably distinguished our people, but had become shockingly intensified by the habits taught our young men in military camps." He inaugurated the Militia Act, which the Democrats of course always fought against. It was an act delegating to the Governor power to suspend the laws in disturbed districts, and was perfectly efficient in the only three instances in which it was ever resorted to. Gov. Davis was a good policeman; and doubtless saved Texas from the interference of United States authority, and other humiliations incident to reconstruction.

On the steps of the Capitol stands the small and unambitious monument built of stone brought from the Alamo. The monument is but a feeble memorial of one of the most tragic events in American history, and the State should place a stately bronze or marble column in Alamo Plaza, in San Antonio, without delay.

In the office of the Secretary of State at Austin, one may still see the treaties made with France, England, and other nations, when Texas was a republic, Louis Phillippe was King of the French, and Victoria was young. Three years after Texas had declared her independence of Mexico, the Commissioners appointed under President Lamar's Administration selected the pres-



THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION—AUSTIN.

ent site on the Colorado as the capital, and in grateful remembrance of the "father of Texas," called it Austin. It seems, indeed, strange that it has not grown to the proportions the Commissioners then predicted for it; for the best of building stone and lime and stone-coal abound in the vicinity, and it has an immense and fertile back country to draw upon. These same commissioners also fondly hoped, by building a town there, to effectually close the pass by which Indians and outlaws from Mexico had from time immemorial traveled to and from the Rio Grande and Eastern Texas. In October, 1839, President Lamar's Cabinet occupied Austin,—and the brave little government remained there, although Indian raids in the neighborhood were frequent. Those were great days for Texas,—a State with hardly the population of one of her counties to-day, yet holding independent relations with the civilized world. The European governments had their representatives at the Court of Austin, hosts of adventurers thronged the Congressional halls; gaily uniformed officers of the Texan army and navy abounded; and the United States daily felt the pulse of the people as to annexation. Once in a while there was a diplomatic muddle and consequent great excitement, as when,—the owner of some pigs which had been killed for encroaching on the French Minister's premises, having abused said minister in rather heated language,—Louis Phillippe felt himself insulted, and very nearly ruined the infant republic,



SATANTA, AN INDIAN CONVICT.

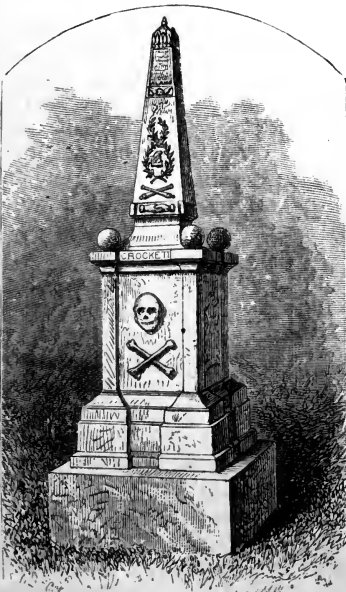
by preventing it from obtaining what was then known as the "French Loan." The Texan government in those days had always been a great straggler, moving from town to town, and when, in 1842, the Administration proposed to remove the archives to Houston, because a Mexican invasion was feared, the citizens of Austin revolted, and General Houston, the then President, was compelled to leave the records where they were. In the Secretary of State's office I was also shown the original ordinance for the secession of Texas from the Union,—a formidable parchment, graced with a long list of names,—and a collection of the newspapers printed in the State during the war, a perusal of which showed that there are several sides to the history of all our battles, and that in those days the Texans were taught that the Confederates invariably won.

The four Presidents of the Texan Republic, Burnet, Houston, Lamar and Jones, were all strong men, but of widely different character. Lamar was a brilliant writer and talker, clear-headed and accomplished; Jones was an intellectual man, bitter against the Houston party, and to judge from his own memoirs, jealous and irritable. He died by his own hand.

The population of Texas has increased, since its annexation to the Union in 1845, from 150,000 to more than a million of in-

habitants. Its principal growth has of course been since the war, for before that time Northern Texas was as much a wilderness as is Presidio county to-day. The greatest needs of the State at the present time are more people, and more improvement along the lines of travel. The beastly cookery, bad beds, and villainous liquor drinking which one now finds in remote towns will vanish when people and manufactures and inducements to ease and elegance come in. A favorable sign on the railroads is the occasional entrance of some rough fellow into the Pullman car, and his intense enjoyment of it. I remember now, and ever shall, the gaunt drover who went to bed before dark in one of the berths of a palace car one evening between Austin and Hempstead. "Never was in one of these tricks befo'," he said, "I reckon I'll get my money's worth. But look yere," he added to a gentleman near him, confidentially, "if this train should bust up now, where'd the balance of ye go to, d'ye reckon?" He appeared to think the berth a special protective arrangement, and that he was perfectly safe therein.

Some of the small towns in the interior are indeed trials to him who must stay in them. My severest episode was in a Northern Texan metropolis,—tortures shall not wring from me its name,—where the main hotel was a new board structure, without the suspicion of ceiling or lathing on the premises, and through whose roof one could see the stars. The front office was about the size of a New England wood box, and when some twenty persons, variously impregnated with questionable liquids, had gathered therein, the effluvia became positively intoxicating. In the long creaking supper-room beyond, a dirty cloth was laid down on a dirtier table, and pork, fried to a cinder, swimming in grease hot enough to scorch the palate, was placed before the guests. To this was presently added, by the hands of a tall, angular, red-haired woman, a yellow mass of dough supposed to be a biscuit, a cup of black, bitter bean-juice named coffee, and as a crowning act of torture, a mustard-pot, with very watery mustard in it. This, the regular sustenance of the unfortunate population of that town, was so unusually bad that I forthwith desired to be shown my room; and was ushered into a creaking loft over a whisky saloon, in which a mob of drunken railroad laborers were quarrel-



THE ALAMO MONUMENT—AUSTIN.



THE STATE LUNATIC ASYLUM—AUSTIN.

ing, and threatening, with the most outrageous profanity, to annihilate each other with the utmost speed. To this music I attempted to lull my wearied body to repose; but did not succeed, and, went to the four-in-the-morning train unrefreshed. Even at the station my troubles were not at an end, for on venturing to expostulate with an *employé* for not checking my baggage, he profanely condemned me, and added, "It's mighty easy to get up a fight in Texas." It is my firm belief that, had I remained twenty-four hours in that town, I should have been accommodated with a personal experience of all the eccentric features commonly accredited to the whole of Texas.

The negro and the Mexican are both familiar figures in Austin, and the negro seems to do well in his free state, although he saves nothing and indulges in all kinds of queer freaks with his money. Sometimes he undertakes long journeys without the slightest idea where he is going, and finding he has not money enough to return, locates anew; as a rule, he does not acquire much property, and expends his money on food and raiment—much of the former, and little of the latter. The commercial travelers in Texas all carry large stocks of confectionery, with which, when they fail to tempt Sambo to expend his little hoard in any other manner, they generally manage to exhaust his purse. There is no idea of economy in the Texan negro's head. On the Texas railroad, the candy

venders who are allowed to roam at large through the trains, have a clever swindle, called prize packages, by which they invariably deplete the darkey's purse. They display the tempting wares, and hint at the possibility of gold dollars and greenbacks in the packages; appetite triumphs, and Sambo falls.

The Land Office is one of the important institutions of Texas, and a main feature of Austin. The United States has no government lands in the Commonwealth; and the land system, although somewhat complicated, because of the various colonization laws and old titles acquired under them, is a good one. In the Land Office there is an experienced corps of men, who have the history of each county and its records at their fingers' ends, and who can trace any title into the oldest Spanish records. Plans of all the counties, and every homestead on them, are also to be seen. This is of the utmost importance to persons buying land and establishing their titles to it in a State where the counties comprise areas of from 900 to 1800 square miles each. As a general rule, the settler who acquires land under the pre-emption laws of the State, has no trouble, and runs no risk. An attempt was once made to sectionize all the State public lands,—now amounting to nearly ninety millions of acres,—and to offer them in open market, as the United States did; but it was thought wiser to continue the original plan. The legislation of Texas favors pre-emption, and the new settler had best go with it; but he may also become the legal owner of a portion of the public domain by "locating a land certificate," at from 35 to 65 cents in gold per acre, and then proving his title to it by forming a perfect chain of deeds from the original grantee down to himself. In doing this, the facilities afforded by the Land Office are, of course, invaluable. The State Bureau of Immigration, located at Galveston, has commissioners constantly in the Southern and Western States, and in Europe, soliciting emigrants to take up the millions of acres in the Western and Northern parts of the State. Judging from the statistics of 1872-3, I should say that fully three thousand persons monthly land at Galveston, coming from the older Southern States. How little we at the North have known, in these last few years, of this great, silent exodus, this rooting up from home and kindred, which the South has seen, the

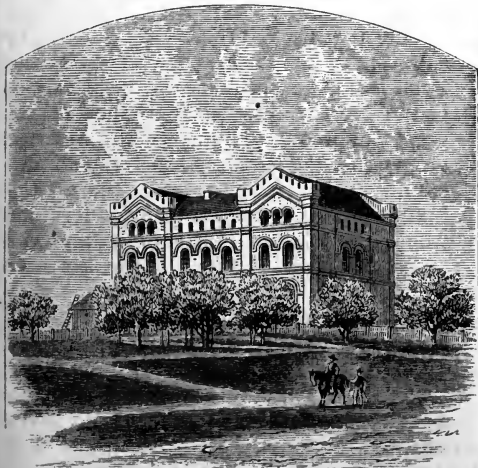
anguish of which so many brave hearts have felt! But your true American is a peripatetic animal; and, perhaps, the struggle is less intense with him than with the Europeans who crowd our shores.

Texas owes but little money—a trifle more than a million and a half of dollars, and her taxable property, which was estimated in 1871 at \$220,000,000, and was then thought to be undervalued, must now be nearly \$300,000,000. In most respects the outlook of the State is exceedingly good; certainly as favorable for emigration as the majority of the States of the West. The grand middle ground, more than a thousand miles in extent, between the Atlantic and the Pacific, it must be covered with railroads in every direction; and even the barbarity of the savages can last but little longer.

Journalism has had an astonishing growth in Texas since the war. Out of 140 newspapers now printed in the State 110 have been started since the close of the great struggle. The small new towns all have two or three papers, and support them handsomely. The proprietor of a weekly journal, in one of the mushroom cities, told me that five columns of his paper paid him \$6,000 clear profit yearly. Everybody,—merchant, gambler, railroad contractor, clergyman, desperado,—patronizes the paper, and pays large prices for advertising. The majority of the papers are Democratic, but in the cities the Republicans usually have influential organs. "Democratic" does not always mean a full support of the party, but a kind of independent journalism, to which the air of

Texas is more conducive than even that of the North. The *Age* and *Union* in Houston, the *Civilian*, *Post*, and *Standard* in Galveston, the *Times* in Jefferson, the *Reporter* in Tyler, and the *State Journal*, *Gazette* and *Statesman* in Austin, and the *Red River Journal* in Denison, are among the principal newspapers published either daily or tri-weekly. Almost every county has an excellent weekly, filled with enthusiastic editorials on the development of the State, and appeals to the people to appreciate their advantages. The Germans have also established several influential journals both in western and eastern Texas; and all of them are very prosperous. In Galveston, Houston, and all the principal towns there are elegantly-appointed German bookstores, whose counters are freighted weekly with the intellectual novelties of the Old Country.

The school question, so serious and severely disputed in all the Southern States, has created much discussion in Texas; and indeed, the people do well to occupy themselves with the subject; for it is estimated that in 1873 there were yet in the State 70,895 white, and 150,617 colored persons over ten years of age who could neither read nor write. This appalling percentage of ignorance is gradually being decreased by the beneficent workings of the new system, which came in with reconstruction, and to which there was, of course, a vast deal of opposition. Texas had always been reasonably liberal in matters of education; as early as 1829 the laws of Coahuila and Texas made provisions for schools on the Lancastrian plan; the republic founded the idea of a bureau of education, and its Congress took measures for establishing a State university. After annexation free public schools were established, and supported by taxation on property. In 1868 the reconstruction convention established a school fund amounting to more than \$2,000,000; and in April, 1871, the Legislature passed an act organizing a system of public free schools, and the schools were begun in September of the same year. The opposition to them took the form of complaint of the taxes, and in most of the leading cities the courts were overrun with petitions asking that collection of the school tax be restrained. In this manner the progress of the system has been very much embarrassed. The Texan of the old *régime* cannot understand how it is right that he should be taxed for the



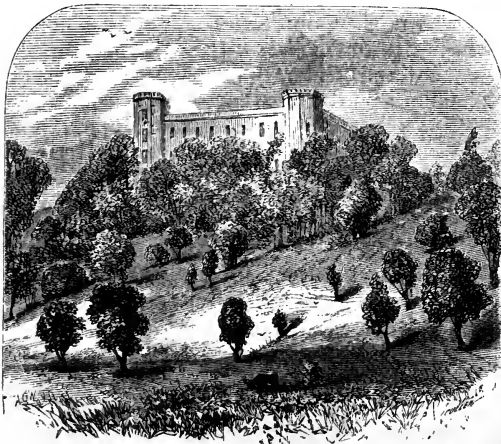
THE LAND OFFICE—AUSTIN.

education of his neighbor's children; neither is he willing to contribute to the fund for educating his former bondsmen. There have been at different times about 127,000 pupils in the public schools of the State, and the average number taught during the year is 80,000, while the whole number of children in the commonwealth is estimated at 228,355. During the first year of the application of the system over 6,500 teachers were examined and accepted. The number of colored pupils in the public schools cannot be accurately determined, and mixed schools seem to be nowhere insisted upon. In many counties where the opposition to the payment of the tax was persistent, the schools were forced to close altogether. In the large towns, as in Houston, the Germans have united with the leading American citizens in inaugurating subscription schools, in which the sexes are separated; and have introduced into them some of the best features of the German schools. There has been much objection to the compulsory feature of the free system, parents furiously defending their right to leave their children in ignorance. Texas needs, and intends soon to found, a university and an agricultural college. The latter is needed now, and should be begun at once. There are a good many thriving denominational schools scattered through the counties; the Baptists have

established, there is a private one which is patronized by all the old settlers, who thus gratify their desire for exclusiveness, and prevent the growth of general culture in the State.

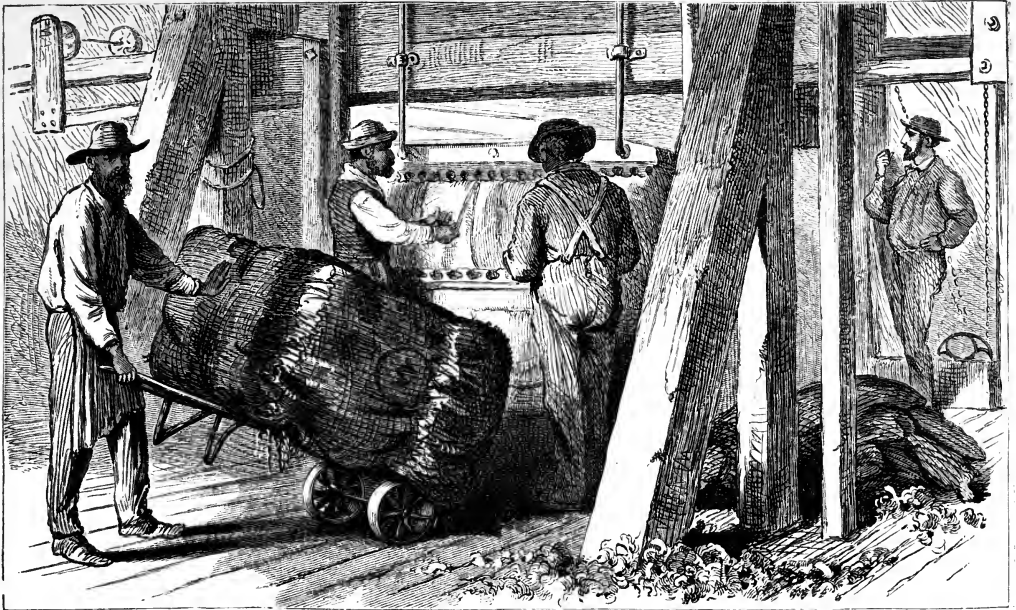
Between Austin and Hempstead the river Brazos is crossed, and not far from its banks stands the populous and thriving town of Brenham, in Washington, one of the wealthiest and most thickly settled counties in the State. The beauty of the famous La Bahia prairie has not been exaggerated; I saw its fertile lands where the great oaks stood up like sentinels; where the pecan tree, the pride of Texas, and one of the noblest monarchs of the sylvan creation spread his broad boughs; where the cotton-wood, the red cedar, and the ash shot forth their noble stems; where the magnolia and the holly swore friendship; where the wild canebrake usurped the soil, and the grape-vine hung lovingly upon the live-oak, and encircled it with delicate leaves and daintiest tendrils. How fair, too, were the carefully cultivated lands, hedged in with the Osage orange and the rose, the vineyards and the pleasant timber lines along the creeks! What beautiful retreats by the Brazos! One might fancy himself in the heart of England's richest farming sections. There tobacco, rye, hops, hemp, indigo, flax, cotton, corn, wheat and barley, as well as richest grapes, can be profitably grown; deer bound through the forests, wild turkeys stalk in the thickets, and grouse and quails hide in the bosquets. In this section small farms are rapidly increasing in number, and land is rented to new comers unable to buy.

One's senses are soon dulled by satiety. When I first traversed Texas, fresh from the white snow-covered fields of the North, how strange seemed the great cypresses, hung with bearded moss; the tall grasses, rustling so uncannily; the swamps, with their rank luxuriance and thousands of querulous frogs; the clumps of live-oaks, and the tangled masses of vines! But a winter in the South had familiarized me with all these things, and on my return I sought in vain the impressions of my earliest trip. The beauty of the foliage was like the perfume of the jessamine. At first one's senses are drunk with it, then, by and by, the head gets stronger, and one no longer notices it. It has become a part of his nature, and absence from its delights



THE MILITARY INSTITUTE—AUSTIN.

universities at Independence and Waco; the Presbyterians at Phuacana and Huntsville; the Lutherans, at Columbus; the Methodists, at Chappell Hill; and the Odd-Fellows have a university at Bryan. Wherever the public school has been es-



AT THE COTTON PRESS.

will alone teach him its sweetness and subtlety.

The Houston and Texas Central Railroad route runs through neither a bold nor broken country, but is for at least a hundred miles bordered by exquisite foliage and thickets. At Hearne, 120 miles from Houston, it meets the International Railroad running to Longview, and furnishing the route to Jefferson, at the head of the chain of lakes extending to Shreveport, in Louisiana. These lakes have been formed by the obstructions created by the Red River raft, and Jefferson has become, by the diversion of the waters of this river from their natural channel, the head of navigation in that section. Here an important steamboat commerce with New Orleans, St. Louis, and Cincinnati has sprung up, and Jefferson now exports nearly 100,000 bales of cotton annually, and before the Texas Pacific Railroad branch from Marshall was completed, 20,000 wagons yearly entered the town freighted with cotton. The war found Jefferson a miserable town of one-story shanties; it is now a city of 10,000 inhabitants, with elegant brick buildings, and a trade of \$20,000,000 annually. To what it may grow when connected with the direct route to St. Louis, and when 15,000 square miles of territory in northern Texas are opened up to it, no one can tell. Mar-

shall not only enjoys much the same advantages as Jefferson, but is the headquarters in Texas of the great Texas Pacific Railway route, which the famous Scott is stretching across the country to El Paso, and which is already completed to Dallas. The same genius now presides over the destinies of the Transcontinental Line, to run through the upper counties from Texakana to Fort Worth, where the two routes are merged in the main line, which shoots out straight thence to the Mexican frontier.

The International Railroad was originally intended to extend *via* Austin and San Antonio into Mexico, but a Democratic Legislature refused to accord the aid offered by its Republican predecessor, and Western Texas is, therefore, without railroad facilities.

On all these railway lines one daily, at the proper season, sees the cotton-train,—an immense convoy of platform-cars,—loaded with bales of the valuable staple. From among the huge piles peer out the dusky faces of the negro brakemen, and one may hear them singing lusty melodies as they wait upon the switch-track for the expresses to pass. The cotton-press is also a familiar feature of a Texan town. In Galveston there are frequently seventeen or eighteen thousand bales in the yards of the largest press; and Houston has various extensive presses. In these powerful ma-

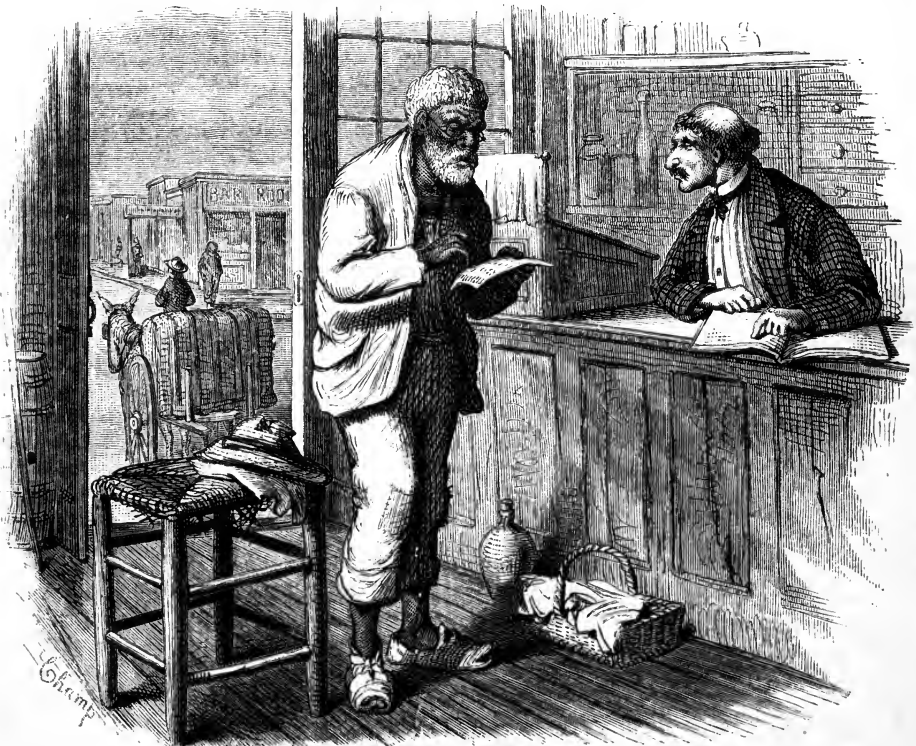
chines the bulk of the bale is compressed, and securely hooped and banded, ready for the vicissitudes of the rail.

Northeastern Texas has extensive iron interests, and, throughout the counties in the vicinity of Jefferson, huge foundries are grouping villages around them. These beds of iron ore, situated so near the head of steamboat navigation, are destined to an immense development. All the north of the State is rich in minerals. In the wild Wichita regions, where exploring parties have braved the Indians, there is a superb copper deposit, continuing thence hundreds of miles, even to the Rio Grande. Some of the hills of copper ore have been tested, and will yield 55 per cent. of metal in every case. All the requisites for building furnaces and smelting the ores are in the immediate vicinity of the deposits; and, besides this, the whole copper region is exquisitely beautiful. The mountains are bold and romantic; the valleys mysterious and picturesque; the plains covered with flowers — and — and Indians! But who will let the ignoble savage stand in the way of mineral development? The copper mines started in Archer County have proved

profitable, notwithstanding the expense of transporting ore five hundred miles by wagon.

The Indian troubles in North-western Texas are quite as grave as those in the extreme western part of the State. Now and then an adventurous frontiersman is swept down upon by the remorseless savage, who seems to delight in waiting until his victim fancies he has attained security before he murders him and his family. Government should certainly afford better protection to the settler on the extreme frontier; if it cannot do it by means of the regular army it should adopt some other method.

Waco, now a fine town, on a branch of the Texas Central, was once an Indian village, and, long ago, was the scene of a formidable battle between the Wacos and some Cherokee forces. The noble Wacos had acquired, in a surreptitious manner, a good many Cherokee ponies, and, in the pursuit and battle which followed, the Waco village was plundered and burned, and extensive fortifications, — traces of which still remain, — were heaped with the conquered thieves' dead bodies. Waco is



SETTLING UP.

to-day a handsome, solidly-built town on the Brazos, possessing many manufacturing establishments. Throughout all the adjacent region stock-raising is fast giving way to agriculture; and great fields of cotton, corn and cane are springing into the light. Everyone has heard of Dallas; it is set down on the banks of the Trinity River, and contributed to by the great feeders of the Texas Central and Texas Pacific. It grows like an enchanted castle in a fairy tale. Dallas is the center of Northern Texas; has superb water power, and lumber, coffee, iron, lead, and salt fields to draw upon. In the midst of the rich, undulating prairies, near a plateau covered with noble oaks, elms and cedars, it promises to be beautiful, as well as prosperous. It is one of the centers of the wheat region, also; and in its vicinity are some of the finest wheat lands on the continent. The absolutely best wheat region is said to be in Lamar, Hunt, Kaufman, and Navarro counties.

The eastern corners of the lands now settled in Northern Texas were nearly all held by emigrants from Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi until the railroad's advent, when the North-westerner joined them in the country, and the Northerner mingled with them in the towns. Slavery flourished there before the war, and the revolution neither improved the negro or his old master much; so that both are gradually yielding before the new comers. In the northern and middle counties, however, slavery never was popular. Some three thousand families were introduced into those counties between 1843 and 1854 from Indiana and Illinois; they owned no slaves, and never desired any; and the influence of their example was good even before emancipation came. There hundreds of intelligent and cultured families live happy and well-to-do, sowing their wheat and rye in October, and reaping it in June; planting corn in February, to harvest in September; and raising great herds of cattle and horses. The black, sandy lands are admirably suited for orchards and vineyards; and the "black wax," a rich alluvial, for all the cereals. All the cotton lands of northern Texas will readily produce a bale to the acre; how many years will pass before the cotton crop of the Lone Star State will be 10,000,000 bales?

The negro does but a small share of the labor of cultivation in the State, as the

colored population is comparatively small. The labor question is to be an engrossing one very soon. It is more than probable that in due time Chinese labor will be introduced upon the alluvial lands along the Gulf coast. Millions of acres, fit for the cultivation of sugar and cotton, are lying idle. Even plantations, once flourishing, are now deserted. The Chinaman is already at St. Louis; the completion of the Texas Pacific Railroad will establish him along the whole Texan coast. At present, in great numbers of the counties, there is hardly one negro to fifty white people, so that Cuffee stands no whit in the way of John.

With one single field of coal covering 6,000 square miles; with apparently inexhaustible copper and iron stores; with lead and silver mines; with 20,000,000 of acres of cotton-bearing land; and with agricultural resources equal to those of any State in the Union, Texas can enter upon her new career confidently and joyously. As a refuge for the ruined of our last great revolution, she is beneficent; as an element of greatness in the progress of the United States, she has no superior. She has peculiar advantages over her sister Southern States; while they court emigration in vain, the tide flows freely across her borders, and spreads out over her vast plains. Whatever danger there may be of political disagreements and disturbances within her borders, nothing can permanently trouble her progress. Lying below the snow line, she furnishes the best route to the Pacific; and fronting on the Gulf, she will some day have a commercial navy, whose masts will be seen in every European port.

Few persons who have not visited the South appreciate the vast extent of territory which the Texas Pacific route has opened up. Its most beneficent work will be the chasing of the Indian from the vicinity of the "cross-timber" country, which is an excellent location for small farmers. The settlers there are bravely holding on to their lands, keeping up a continual warfare with the red-skins, in hopes that they may preserve their lives until the advent of the rail. The Indian reserves in this section of the State have, according to the testimony of competent authorities, all been failures, whether considered as protection to the white man or as a means of civilization to the Indian. For ten years the savage has been master of all that part of Texas. The new Pacific route will not only

send a civilizing current through there, but will also develop a portion of the great "Staked Plain" territory, now one of the mysterious unknown regions of northern Texas. The Transcontinental branch is not only doing good pioneer work, but also runs through some of the oldest and most cultured counties in the State. Clarks-ville, in Red River County, has long been a center of intelligence and refinement; it was settled early in 1817, and in 1860 had nearly 17,000 acres of corn and 8,000 acres of cotton under cultivation. It is noteworthy that in this county lands which have been steadily cultivated for fifty years show no depreciation in quality. Paris, a handsome town in Lamar County, is also touched by this line. These towns and counties offer a striking contrast to other portions of the northern section which lie within a day's journey on horseback of them. They are like oases, but the rest of the apparent desert is being so rapidly reclaimed, that they will soon be noticeable no longer. Let him who wishes to cultivate fruit, cotton, or the cereals in Texas visit these elder counties.

My first experiences of Denison were during its infancy, when it had attained the tender age of five months. It was a yearling when I saw it for the second time, and the most wonderful changes had taken place. The Texas Central Railway line was completed. Northern and Southern Texas were connected, and Pullman cars were running through the untamed prairies. The gamblers and ruffians had fled. Denison had acquired a city charter; had a government, and the rabble had departed before law could reach them. A smart new hotel, near the railroad, was doing a huge business; hundreds of people thronged its dining-rooms weekly. Above Denison, at the river, another town had sprung up, an offspring of the Texas Central, and was ambitiously called "Red River City." Newsboys called the daily paper about the streets of Denison; we heard of the Opera-house; we saw the announcement of Church services, and notices of meetings for the discussion and advocacy of new railroad routes were numerous.

I confess to a certain feeling of disappointment in not having found more marked peculiarities in the people of Texas. There are, of course, phrases and bits of dialect which distinguish them from the inhabitants of other sections; but even the rude farmer in the back country is not

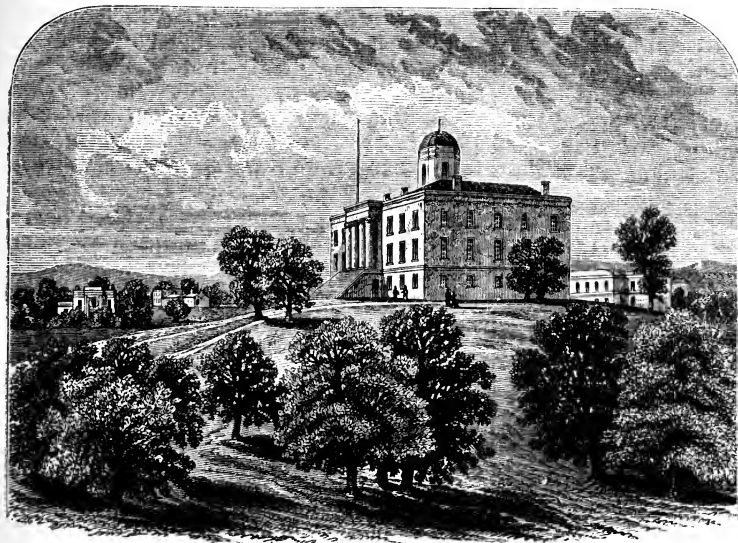
as singular as he has been represented. In extreme Southern and extreme Northern Texas, the visitor from the North or West would see but little variation from his own types in the cities; yet in the remote districts he might find more ignorance and less idea of comfort than he would have thought possible in America. There are a good many instances of rude and incult rich men; people who are of the old *régime*, and who, owning thousands of cattle, sheep, and horses, live in log-houses, eat mean food, and do not have more than one suit of clothes in ten years. But these people are mysteriously vanishing before the new comers. At first they set their faces fiercely against innovation; are indignant at frame houses, railroad stations, and saloons; but presently they find that they must yield or perish, and they either go farther off, or yield. The general characteristics of the farm of a Texan farmer of the old style were unthrift and untidiness; the land was never half tilled, because it produced enough to support life without being highly cultivated. When a fence fell into decay,—if by some strange chance there was a fence,—the rails or boards lay where they fell; people grew up like weeds, and choked each other's growth. Those who held slaves counted their wealth in "niggers," and sometimes boasted that they were worth a hundred thousand dollars, while living in meaner and more uncomfortable fashion than the poorest Irishman at the North. The only amusement of the *paterfamilias* was a hunt, or a ride to the county seat in court time, where there was usually some exciting event, in those days when every one carried arms, to disturb the monotony of existence, and perhaps to disturb existence itself. There was no market, no railroad within hundreds of miles, no newspaper, no school, save perhaps some private institution miles from the farm or plantation, and no intellectual life or culture whatever. The rich slave-owner was a kind of patriarchal savage, proud of his own dirt and ignorance. The heroic epoch of the struggle for independence being over—thousands of persons settled down to such life as this; and thought it vastly fine. What a magnificent awakening has come to them!

The mass of people in the interior still have a hearty scorn for anything good to eat. The bitter coffee, and the greasy pork, or "bacon," as it is always called, adorns most farmers' tables still. A rail-

road president inspecting a route in Northern Texas, stopped at a little house for dinner; the old lady of the homestead wished to treat her guest with becoming dignity, so, after having spread the usual food before him, she inquired in the kindest manner, "Won't ye have, a little bacon fat to wallop your corn dodgers in now, won't ye?" This was the acme of hospitality in that region. Now and then some housewife in these days of immigration, will venture a timid "Reckon ye don't think much of our

now and then be told that it is "two sights and a look," which you must understand if you can. There is in Western Texas a more highly-colored, vivid, and dramatic manner of talk than in the rest of the State, doubtless the result of long contact with the Spaniard and Mexican. In parts of Northern Texas too, among some classes, there is a profanity which exceeds anything I have ever encountered elsewhere. In Western Texas it is fantastic, and, so to speak, playful. I once traveled from Gal-

veston to Houston in the same car with a horse drover who will serve as an example. This man was a splendid specimen of the Texan of the plains, robust and perfectly formed; there was a certain chivalrous grace and freedom about all his movements which wonderfully impressed one; his clear cut face was framed in a dark, shapely beard and mustache, which seemed blown backward by the wind; he wore a broad hat with a



THE CAPITOL AT AUSTIN.

home-made fare, do ye?" when the visitor is a stranger; and, indeed, he shows upon his face his wonder that a well-to-do farmer's stout sons and pretty daughters are satisfied with the deadly pork and molasses, the clammy biscuits, and no vegetables whatever. The negro is responsible for the introduction of such oceans of grease into Texan cookery; it suited his taste, and the white people for whom he cooked mutely accepted it, just as they insensibly accepted certain peculiarities of his dialect,—notably "dat 'ar" and "dis yer,"—and "further" for further, a word so shockingly mispronounced that one stares to see good-looking white people use it as if they thought it right. The Texan has one phrase by which he is easily recognized abroad: he says "I reckon so," with the accent on the last word; it is his common phrase of assent. In the country, when riding on horseback, and inquiring how far it is to a certain place, you will

silver cord around it; I felt impelled to look for his sword, his doublet and his spurs, and to fancy that he had just stepped out of some Mexican romance. His conversation was upon horses; his clear voice rang high above the noise of the car wheels, and, as he laughingly recounted anecdotes of adventures in ranches in the West, I noticed that almost every third word was an oath. He caressingly cursed; he playfully damned; he cheerfully invoked all the evil spirits that be; he profaned the sacred name, dwelling on the syllables as if it were a pet transgression, and he feared that it would be too brief.

Even in bidding his friend good-bye, he cursed as heartily as an English boatswain in a storm, but always with the same cheeriness, and wound up by walking off lightly, laughing and murmuring blasphemous assent to his friend's last proposition.

The people of Texas suffered greatly from the war; thousands were ruined by it. Young and old, together, went to the fight, returning only to find ruin staring them in the face, and the poverty which was so bitter hangs by them still. The sudden fall from large fortune to day-labor, so general in Louisiana, smote Texas sternly. But never was a people more cheery, on the whole; it is resolved to attend to the rebuilding, and to accept the advent of

"New men, new faces, other minds."

The beauty of the fair southern land is but faintly shadowed in these pages. It is too intense to admit of transfer. But no visitor will ever forget the magic of the climate—never guilty of the extremes of heat or cold, which we suffer in the North, and yet so varied that the most fastidious citizen may suit himself within his home boundaries. One cannot forget the beauty and wildness of the great western plains, nor the tropic luxuriance of the southern shore. He cannot forget his pilgrimage to Mount Bonnell, Austin's guardian mountain, rock strewn and steep; nor the Colorado running between its steep banks, with the wooded slopes beyond melting softly into the ethereal blue; nor the long, white roads, bordered by graceful live-oaks; nor the bayous, along which the whip-poor-wills and chuck-will's widows keep up lively chorus all night long.

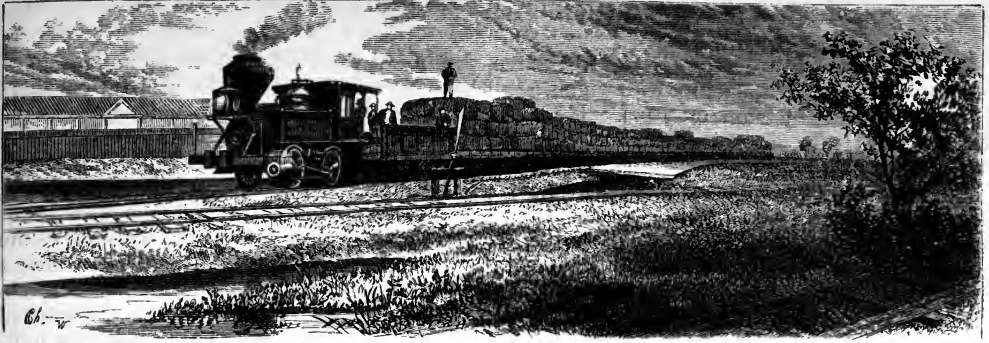
Nor will one visitor forget how, just at dawn, he saw a troop of hundreds of Texan cattle fording a shallow stream, and leaving a track of molten silver behind them, as the sun smote the ripples made by their hurrying feet; nor how, by night, as the slowly moving train stole across the lands, millions of fire-flies flashed about the fields, and made fantastic figures in the darkness; how sometimes the team passed a camp-fire, around which were gathered a group of gaunt and weary emigrants; how, now and then, stole up behind the train some weary figure, bent and ragged, with pack upon its back, plodding its way toward the land of promise; how the darkies at the little stations where the iron horse stopped to refresh himself, sang quaint songs as they threw the wood into the engine's tender; how mahogany-colored old women besieged him with platters, covered with antique "spring chicken" and problematic biscuits; how hale, stalwart old men

with patriarchal beards and extraordinary appetites for tobacco, talked with him of the rising glory of Texas, and informed him that this was a mighty State, sir; fast rising to the lead, sir; had come out of the war gloriously, sir; and, sir, enough for all the world in her broad acres, sir; yes, sir.

Nor will he forget the motley throng of Mexican prisoners, straggling into the streets of Austin, charged with murder most foul, their great beads of eyes glittering with demoniac hatred under the gray of their sombreros; nor the pretty maidens dismounting from their restive ponies at the "horse-blocks" in front of the shops, and trailing their long overskirts before the merchants' windows; nor the groups of naked-breasted negro men at the corners of the streets, chattering like parroquets over some trivial matter; nor the disguised army detective, slouching about the public places in the clothes of a western ranchero, prospecting for deserters; nor the gaunt teamsters from the borders of the San Marcos, the Guadalupe, or the San Antonio, with their half-melancholy, half-ferocious look; nor the erect military figure of "the Governor," with his keen, handsome face and blond Prussian mustache; nor the typical land-agent, with his bland smile and diffuse conversation about thousand-acre tracts and superb locations; nor the dusty and pallid travelers descending from the El Paso stage, their Winchester rifles in their hands, and their nerves strained with eight hundred miles of adventurous stage travel.

Nor will he forget how one morning, on the banks of the beautiful Colorado, a ghastly cross-tree affronted the sky, and around a platform a great throng of white, and black, and brown men, American, and negro, and Mexican, gathered to see two men die. He will not forget how the criminals came to the gallows tree; nor how they gazed from the scaffold round about for some sympathetic desperado to help them; how, finding none, one broke into the derision of a shuffling dance, and made a blackguard speech, and then fainted when the rope was placed about his guilty neck; how the crowd, finding them thus at death's doors, jeered and unmercifully mocked the two men until the scene was over; nor how the gallows was left vacant, standing as a perpetual warning.

Nor will he forget the moonlit evenings in the gardens of the southern coast, where the thick clumps of cedar joined their



A COTTON TRAIN.

heavy perfume to that of the magnolia; where the rose and the myrtle vied in fragrance, and the dagger-trees spread its sharp leaves defiantly; where the snow-white of the jasmine peered from the darkness; where the China tree showered its strange fruit on the turf; the fig sent forth its tender shoots; the orange and the oleander, the verbenas and the pansies all looked coquet-

tishly out of their midwinter beds at the northern new comer, and seemed to smile at his wonder; where the grape trellises were covered with clinging vines; and where strange birds sang murmurous songs in consonance with the lapping of the waters on the Gulf shore, or the intense hum of the unseen insect life, rising and falling like the harmony of the spheres.

LOVE'S LAND.

In the South is Love's land,
Where the roses blow,
Where the Summer lingers,
Fearless of the snow.
There no Winter chills it,
So its life is long—
Gentle breezes fan it,
Age but makes it strong.

Nay, fresh roses wither
Where the sun is hot;
Not in torrid regions
Blooms forget-me-not.
Love's a tender blossom,
Which the Winter chills,
But too eager Summer
With its kisses kills.

THE BLACK MARBLE.

ONE of the greatest pleasures of traveling to many people is the facility with which one makes acquaintance on the road. Here at home you may for years, day after day, meet a countryman on the same spot and at the same hour without taking the trouble to even ascertain his name; you may have rooms in the same house with very amiable and interesting people, and yet never exchange a word with them except a "beg your pardon" when you brush past in a great hurry on the stairs; and it is quite possible to have business relations with many worthy persons, and yet the acquaintance never extend beyond a "good-day" or "good-by." On the other hand, you need but to hear two words of your own language in the bustle of a foreign railroad depot, to impel you at once to address an unknown countryman; or to quarrel in company with the same vetturino, or be bitten together by the same moschetos in "*la belle Italie*," to engage in a confidential conversation with a fellow-sufferer of another nationality, in which you will tell him things which you would be rather shy of confiding to your cousins and friends from childhood at home.

Something like this occurred to me during a journey from Brussels to Paris. In the waiting-room I encountered a countryman, who saluted me as an acquaintance, and inquired if I had seen a mutual friend, Captain N., who, he had been told, was also in Brussels. I knew the Captain very well, but the questioner appeared to me an entire stranger; he seemed, however, so convinced of my knowing him, that I felt it would be impolite to let him suspect the contrary; and as I was conscious that one of my failings was a weak recollection of stray acquaintances, I put a good face on the matter, and made believe that the recognition was mutual. Besides, I hoped in the course of conversation to learn his name; possibly an artful question or two would put me on the right track, for that I really had seen him before, probably at some large party, was tolerably clear to my mind.

He was quite a handsome man, apparently about thirty years old. A well-cared-for beard, a pair of fine vaulted eyebrows, and an abundant head of black hair, with his transparent complexion and features more regular than expressive, contributed to render him indeed rather too handsome. When I questioned my memory where I had seen

that pretty face before, I began unconsciously to hunt for it among the brilliant cavaliers of the ball-room, and even among the noble wax-figures,—those splendid ideals of hirsute male beauty that surprise us in the hair-dresser's windows. His form also was faultless, and his dress well calculated to make that circumstance the more evident. In spite of the oppressive warmth of the weather, he wore a close-fitting, tight-buttoned frock-coat, which, with or without the aid of cotton, displayed conspicuously the rounded contour of a military exquisite.

"You, too, are bound for Paris?" I asked as we stepped out on the platform.

"Yes, and farther—to Algiers," he answered; and immediately added, "I ought to have gone ten years ago, you would probably say. Yes, indeed, it is somewhat late to begin anew, but better late than never;—let us get into that smoking-carriage yonder, there are only two passengers in it."

Accordingly we entered the carriage. It contained, as my companion had observed, but two passengers besides ourselves. One of them looked like a cockney on his first excursion; he kept his eyes continually on a red-covered guide-book, probably Bædeker's *Paris*; the other, seemingly a gentleman in the early thirties, was equipped as a regular tourist both in dress and appurtenances.

"We will have things here all to ourselves," remarked my handsome companion, half-aloud, in perfect confidence of the unintelligibility of the Danish language to foreigners. "They are likely a couple of dumb beef-eaters who have ensconced themselves yonder."

Though the remark was neither very amiable nor encouraging, it caused instantly an expression of joy to beam over the face of one of the supposed Englishmen.

"Countrymen, I believe," he exclaimed, smiling; "indeed, they are the first Danish words I have heard for many years."

"Then I regret exceedingly," said my companion, "that they were not better chosen."

"No matter," replied the other. "Over in Paraguay once I embraced an old salt because he cursed me in my mother-tongue. You may believe that when one has been long abroad, and suddenly hears his native language, the mere sound and melody is enough, no matter what the particular phrase may be."

Such was the beginning of our acquaint-

ance, and in the space of a quarter of an hour our conversation was carried on in a tone as open and frank as if we had been intimate friends of many years' standing.

Our last acquaintance contributed a large quota to our lively talk.

He presented a thorough contrast to my first, being far from handsome, with large features, bushy eyebrows, and the forehead high. His complexion was dark,—burnt by sun and wind. A number of bluish stains on one of his cheeks proved that he had literally been scorched by fire; in short, his whole exterior indicated that he had made a dangerous and stormy journey over the ocean of life, whilst the youthful glow in his eye, and the warm interest he took in every topic touched upon in the course of our conversation, showed that he had been fortunate enough to escape shipwreck.

My other companion, on the contrary, notwithstanding his well-preserved exterior, had very much the appearance of a man who had saved the ship and lost the cargo. His handsome eyes were dull, his voice cold, and only now and then, when he made some sneering remark, a faint, worn-out smile would gleam for a moment over his beautiful features.

A smile of this kind thus passed across his face as he noticed the attention with which the other examined the carriage to ascertain whether an impudent wasp, which had paid us a visit through the open window, was really escaped or not. "It seems to me that you honor with too much condescension that insignificant insect," he remarked.

"By no means," replied the other; "and I object decidedly to the phrase 'insignificant insect.' In one of the battles between two South American Republics a similar 'insignificant insect' once decided the fate of two countries. It stung the horse of one of the contending generals so fiercely that the animal threw itself and its rider down a precipice; the army lost its head, and with that the battle, and finally the one country was conquered by the other."

"Well, I retract my words. I shall in future respect both wasps and beetles as beings exercising a powerful influence over the fate of nations."

"Yes, yes, you are in a mocking humor; but are you sure that the scales of your own fate have not been balanced for a moment, or could be balanced so nicely that the weight of a fly was all that was necessary to make the one sink and the other to 'kick the beam?'"

"To tell the truth, I have never thought

upon it. Have you perhaps experienced anything of the kind?"

"Well—yes!" replied the other, with a faint sigh, and after a moment's pause; "I once stood at the goal of all my wishes. The doors of the temple of fortune were wide open; I already placed my foot on the threshold, and thought: in a few moments you will be the happiest of men—when my washerwoman's boy threw his black marble on my path, and that little plaything decided my fate. I stumbled, lost my sweetheart, was rejected at my examination, and missed a very probable chance of riches, connections, and domestic happiness in the land of my fathers."

"A black marble? That is figurative."

"No; literal. Here it is!"

So saying, he drew forth a handsome watch, and showed us suspended from the chain as a token, a little black marble, the favorite toy of small boys.

"Here you behold the ball which overthrew my fortune. If it had been made of lead I might have believed it to be an enchanted bullet, cast in the wolf's throat by Samuel himself," he continued.

We became, as a matter of course, at once curious to learn the history of the fatal ball. At our request he told it, as follows:

Ten years ago I was a medical student and was reading for my diploma. I was very poor, very industrious, very much in love, and very much discouraged.

My poverty compelled me to diligence. To obtain the means of continuing my studies, I had to give lessons,—and to study with increased vigor, that I might not be compelled to continue giving lessons for too long a period. I had neither time nor money, therefore, to participate in the pleasures of my more lucky fellow-students; and on the very few occasions on which I ventured into society, I was conscious that I was but an awkward clown, and cut but a very sorry figure in comparison with a smart counter-jumper. This feeling kept me still more aloof. I avoided occasions of presenting myself in an arena where I was sure of discomfiture, and, in the midst of a noisy and gay capital, acquired the habits of a hermit. But, unfortunately, these self-elected hermits have always shown an extra susceptibility to the insidious approaches of the god of love, when perchance they leave their vantage-ground.

I had attained my twenty-fifth year without ever having spoken to a pretty girl, and the natural consequence was, that the first

good-looking one who spoke and glanced kindly at me completely captivated me. After her first few words she became not only my future hope, but the personification of my whole past longing. All sighs and dreams of my hermit-life seemed to have her only for the object; it was the accumulated love of five years gathered up by her in five minutes.

She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant.

["Hem!" from our handsome traveling companion, as he nodded a couple of times with a faint smile.]

I made her acquaintance during the summer vacation which I passed in the society of a fellow-student in a lonely part of the country, where his father had a little place. The young lady had rashly accepted the invitation of the clergyman's wife, her aunt, to pay her a visit in the country. The monotonous life in the old parsonage and the total want of her accustomed society, of course soon became tiresome to the brilliant young lady. The parson lived only for his parish and his whist in the evening; his wife was a pleasant, good-natured woman, so full of conversation that now and then there seemed real danger of her over-exerting herself; but her housekeeping and five blessed children afforded such a constant theme of talk, that her thoughts never had occasion to leave the parsonage, and the attractions which centered there. Then there was an old maiden aunt, but she was almost deaf,—and as a last resort, the parish library, which consisted only of useful and religious books. I acquaint you with all this, that you may understand how a young lady accustomed from her childhood to be surrounded by rich and elegant adorers, could possibly condescend to notice such an insignificant bit of game as myself, the poor and shy medical student. Where you are the only one, you may easily be the first one. This was the explanation of the miracle: the girl was languishing for want of occupation, and I was the only one whom it amused her to talk to; but as my usual bashfulness kept me back, it became necessary for her to encourage me, and thus I became in reality the first who could boast of such a piece of good fortune. At the same time she was the first who had shown me an attention of that kind, and in the moment you become the first, you are as a matter of course the only one. Inasmuch as two lovers seek their supplement in each other, it would be difficult to find a pair more suitable to one another, for we

made an absolute contrast. She was rich and beautiful, and consequently full of courage, almost of temerity, in her attitude towards the world, and blind as yet to her own trifling imperfections, upon which she had never yet bestowed any thought,—and I, as plain, not to say as ugly, a man as you will meet with in a week, and poor as a church-mouse, but having by reason thereof had ample leisure to learn all that she had not.

She began then by encouraging me. It was a new thing to her, who had only been accustomed to have admirers present themselves, while on my part I was habituated to neglect. I took advantage of this new state of things to tell her the truth whenever she made an unreasonable assertion; and the almost comic astonishment with which she received my contradictions convinced me that this too was something new to her.

"Upon my word, you do astonish me," she exclaimed, laughing; "you tell me right to my face that I am mistaken,—a rudeness none of my other acquaintances have yet been guilty of; but go on! it is really amusing." And I continued to tell her truths which she had never heard of—she looking all the while upon me with a roguish incredulous smile, as if I were telling her a fairy tale. She was indeed enchanting. She seemed to have been brought up for a queen—that is, a reigning and absolute monarch. Her complete beauty and the incomparable charm which she imparted to her changing moods, and the manner in which she gave her opinions without the least reference to those of others, made her irresistible. Any conclusion she might adopt was readily assented to by all about her, they having a secret feeling that no one had as yet crossed her purposes, and unwilling to be the first to undertake it. In her manner, she was free—free as a queen, but also as unassailable. Once when we were talking about courtship, she said with lofty assurance: "If any one should dare to court me before I had given him permission, I should dismiss him, however favorably he might be disposed to look upon him in other respects,"—a valuable hint, truly, as far as I was concerned.

Towards the end of the vacation the merchant arrived to take his daughter home: he was a plain, good-natured man, as liberal and free from prejudices as a half-millionaire could possibly be. You soon became convinced that he was no mammon worshiper, but accumulated his riches as an offering to the only idol he adored, his daughter.

"My Flora," he once said, when the topic

of the evening at the parsonage was match-making, "has always had her own way, and shall be allowed to have it as long as it depends upon me. If Baron Rothschild should come and not find favor in her eyes, I would not say a good word for him. On the other hand, if she should ask my consent to marry a young man who was only rich in his smooth face and his love for her, I should, as her loving father, not lay a straw in their way to the altar."

This was likewise a precious hint, of which I made due note.

The evening before their departure a little social party had been arranged, to which I also received an invitation. During the afternoon we walked in the garden—Flora in company with the old deaf aunt, and I behind them with two of the "blessed children." Suddenly the goddess of flowers turned around and said: "You return, of course, also, to-morrow?"

"I *would* with pleasure—" I was not allowed to complete the sentence.

"'Would' is the same as 'will,' and 'will' is the same as 'can,'" she interrupted me,—and then addressed her father, who with the parson was coming towards us.

"We will have company to the city, papa. I'm so glad. Mr. Miller also proposes to leave to-morrow."

This was of course enough for the old gentleman to offer me a seat in his carriage, an offer of what to me was a place in the seventh heaven. I was in raptures the whole evening at so delightful a prospect, made myself ready during the night, and rolled away the next morning in the merchant's luxurious traveling carriage. Ah, what a journey!

I was further fortunate enough to win the favorable regard of the old merchant while we were upon the road homeward. He did me the honor to assure me that it had been a real pleasure to him to make my acquaintance, and that it would be an increased one if he could hope to continue it.

"Nothing easier, dear papa," said Flora, coaxingly. "You have scolded me several times because I have got tired of the old professor and his French lessons; I have therefore tried to persuade Mr. Miller, who is an adept in the modern languages, to give me a couple of hours a week."

"By all means," answered the merchant.

There had, to be sure, never been any allusion to anything of the kind before, and I was not too sure of possessing knowledge enough to continue the tuition of the old pro-

fessor; but Miss Flora gave me a look so confident and piercing, that I found it impossible to make any objections. I accepted the engagement.

Ah, the happy hours of those French lessons! There was not much indeed of that polite language read in them, for as soon as a sentence was at all difficult, my roguish pupil would dispose of it, saying: "This is too much bother, let us skip it." And when I was in the middle of an explanation of the various meanings of a word, she would stop me with the assurance that now she had learned enough for that time. She had a thousand things to ask me about, which interested her far more than the French. She would then make me tell her everything which had happened to me since the last lesson.

In particular, she cross-examined me about my visits to a family which I had once told her of. It was the widow of a state-official and her two daughters, a couple of little girls, one of whom was yet in school, and the other had just been confirmed. Both mother and daughters made artificial flowers, and by means of this little branch of industry managed to secure a frugal but independent existence. I had, a short time previously, made the acquaintance of the family by accident, having, as a neighbor and future physician, had an opportunity of being useful to it when the eldest daughter had chanced to scald her arm, and I afterwards visited them frequently to look at my "first patient," as the little Constance was pleased to call herself. The extreme interest with which Miss Flora, after her acquaintance with this episode, would inquire in regard to the health of the little Constance, my visits to her, and what we talked about, became at last so striking that when I once asked her the reason of this unusual sympathy, she forgot her presence of mind and revealed it. She became suddenly as red as a peony, and asked with flashing eyes if I imagined that she was jealous? This answer was at once so flattering and threatening that I stood for a moment speechless; a single moment is enough for a woman to recover herself. She burst into laughter, as she said, at my own and my whole sex's boundless conceit: adding presently: "I don't mind confessing that if I were engaged or married to a physician I would not allow him to make sick-calls on such a pretty girl as your little Constance."

That night a fever of joy kept me awake all night. Another time, when the lesson was to commence, she informed me with her

usual charming smile that she had not looked at her lesson: "But what does it matter! You must prepare yourself for something."

"I? For what?"

"For a ball."

"Why, I don't know how to dance."

"You must take lessons, just as I did."

"You are joking, Miss Flora."

"Not at all. I have learned as much as I require, and am much obliged to you. It is now your turn to prove that you are not dull. A fortnight hence my father intends giving a grand ball to celebrate the dangerous age of twenty years, to which his only daughter will then attain. Do you intend to be the only knight who refuses to take a part in the tournament?"

"Could it really amuse you to see me present in the lists as the Knight of the Rueful Countenance? Command me rather that I forthwith start on a voyage to Turkey and bring you back a handful of the Sultan's beard."

"I do not command; I only beg—and remember that it is my first request. When I see you at the ball I shall consider your knightly probation as accomplished, and you will have no occasion to bespeak the aid of Titania or Oberon. Have I your word, then?"

It was of course impossible to say "no." I was excessively loath to take lessons in this ridiculous dancing, but there was no help for it. Like a knight-errant of old, I went forthwith in search of an amiable sorcerer, and soon got upon his track by means of an advertisement in the paper. He called himself Ruff, I believe. Love does wonders; in a few lessons did this sorcerer teach me the magical motions which are called waltz, polka, and galop; the mazurka proved to be of a higher grade, and I failed in my endeavors to be initiated into its mysteries. "But a fortune may be made without it," were the words of consolation of the polite Ruff.

The nearer the period of the fatal ball approached, the greater became my apprehension. The evening before it took place, I found a pretext to call at the merchant's house, in the vain hope that a dispensation might be granted me.

"Dear me," exclaimed Flora, laughingly, as soon as she perceived the drift of my conversation. "You have full liberty as to that. The little Constance perhaps celebrates a birth-day to-morrow also, and I should be sorry to deprive the darling child of a welcome guest. Pray remember to let us know if you should be engaged elsewhere."

With that she swept out of the room, leaving me to the tender mercies of her six maiden aunts. They looked at me, then at each other.

"I do hope you appreciate your good luck more than that," murmured Aunt Jane.

"It is so difficult to put two and two together!" exclaimed Aunt Ellen.

"I presume you understand Flora," said Aunt Thea.

"I don't know whether you are aware that her cousin, the Lieutenant, comes to town to-morrow," whispered Aunt Celia.

The others said nothing: they contented themselves with shaking their heads, and looking upwards to the ceiling; but old Karen, who opened the street-door for me, said with a knowing look: "If the gentleman only knew what I know, he would be sure to come."

I hesitated no longer. Next evening, at the appointed hour, I was ready and eager, when a friend, who was also invited, arrived to take me with him. Of course I had taken the utmost pains with my dress, which was perfectly new. I also wore a handsomely embroidered neck-cloth, a present from the little Constance; a pair of bright lacquered boots; a hat fresh from the hands of the hatter, where it had been renovated, indeed, once or twice before; and,—unheard-of luxury!—a pair of genuine French kid gloves!

"If you don't make your fortune this evening," observed my friend, while surveying me approvingly from head to foot, "then you never will."

I confess I thought something similar myself, and we were right, both of us, as will appear.

In the superabundance of my joy I proposed to show off my lately acquired paces, when, at the very first turn, I trod on this unlucky little marble ball which my charwoman's little Peter had left behind him on the floor when she had brought me my carefully-washed linen; my right foot slipped, my left knee came violently in contact with the floor, and my splendid black pantaloons, possibly burnt in the dyeing, burst into three incurable rents!

I need not tell you that the preparations for the ball had already exhausted my slender finances, and that I was guiltless of possessing two pairs of unmentionables at the same time.

After we had wasted considerable time in vain lamentations, my friend volunteered to make a sacrifice for me. He insisted upon remaining at home, and letting me wear his

nether garments." Achilles was to fight for this time in the armor of Patroclus. This proposal necessarily led to a magnanimous contest, which at last came to an end by my companion stripping himself and flinging to me the coveted garment. Touched by this proof of affection, I consented, and began to draw them on; but, alas! his lower part was not equal in extent to his generosity: my ankles were entirely uncovered, and it was barely possible to walk, let alone dance, in these entirely too tight pantaloons.

A considerable time was wasted in fruitless regrets; but my companion's friendship was yet in reserve. "Wait a minute, I think I know where there is a pair," he cried, hurrying down-stairs. A long minute, indeed. Having hurried from place to place in a vain endeavor to find the owner of the pair he sought, he returned crest-fallen. "Confound it! don't let us think anything more about it," said my trusty chum; "I will stay at home with you this evening. Here, I have brought a lobster and half a bottle of punch for a little supper, and when we are through with that we can play a game of checkers, and the evening will be through before we know it."

I thanked him, both for what he had done and what he had intended to do, but begged him now to do me the only service in his power, namely, to hasten as fast as he could to the house of the merchant, and excuse as well as possible my unavoidable absence.

"I will, my friend; you may rely upon my eloquence," he assured me as he took his departure.

That evening is now so far distant that I can think about it with a certain calmness, and even with an occasional smile. I am therefore fully prepared to expect that the account of my mishap will have a tendency to make a comic rather than a tragic impression. "Love Without Stockings,"* has henceforth deprived every stockingless and trouserless wight of the commiseration of all feeling hearts; but I assure you, gentlemen, that, at the time, I dwelt only on the serious side of the matter, and viewed my misfortunes only with the deepest concern and tribulation.

Although possessed ordinarily with the enviable appetite of a poor student, I barely bestowed an absent-minded glance upon the fine lobster which my friend had brought, and would have considered it an act of treason against my love if I had allowed my

thoughts to dwell even for a moment on the unopened bottle of punch.

Having for half an hour or so—my upper part in ball-costume and my nether part in night-dress—with folded arms stared on the wreck of my unmentionables, as the fallen Napoleon on the ruined map of Europe, I rose at last, removed with a sigh my beautiful cravat, assumed my every-day costume, and slowly crept down-stairs. My feet, or my instinct perhaps, drew me to the street, and before the house where I had myself expected to be. The whole second story was a blaze of light, and the music, particularly the time-beating tones of the bass, resounded across the street to the opposite pavement, where the revelry had gathered a crowd of listening spectators. I stole in among them and remained there for some time under the semi-obscure light of a dull oil-lamp, with my eyes fastened longingly on the illuminated windows, and the shadows flitting behind. Suddenly I heard a rude exclamation behind me, and turning to learn the cause, perceived Constance and her mother in the midst of the crowd. They were returning without escort from an evening call, and ordinary politeness required that I should offer them my company and protection. I accompanied them home, and as the mother could only ascend the steep stairs with some trouble, I could not leave her till we reached her door.

"Won't you step in for a moment and look at the splendid vase of flowers we have just finished to-day? It will be sent away to-morrow morning, and Constance considers it her masterpiece," asked the friendly old lady. I thanked her, and came in; probably I looked at the flowers too, but I do not recollect it. A moment after, the door-bell was rung. The mother went out, and through the open door I noticed her in the outer room, which served as a shop and work-room, engaged for a while with two elderly ladies. They kept their veils down: their voices seemed familiar to me, but I paid no attention to it; it was of course a matter of indifference to me.

"How very unreasonable people can be," said my old friend as she again returned. "These two ladies insisted that I should promise them a couple of large wreaths, the one of fuchsias, the other of roses, by to-morrow afternoon."

"It must have been some ladies from the country," suggested Constance.

"Quite likely," said I.

"They seemed to know you," said the old

* A well-known Danish farce.

lady; "for one of them asked me if you were not Mr. Miller, the medical student."

The fact did not interest me very much. Having exchanged a few ordinary phrases of courtesy, I took my leave and returned home. I did not feel like going to bed, but flung myself upon the sofa and counted every hourly stroke of the church-bells.

Twice I opened the windows and looked out into the night. Dawn began to break in the east at last, and I thought I heard in the distance the faint tones of the bass at the merchant's ball. I soon, however, discovered my mistake; the notes emanated from the guardian of the night, who was enjoying his morning snore on the cradle-maker's doorstep. I smiled in the midst of my despair, and was vexed immediately after; I slammed the window to, and again stretched myself on the sofa; at last I fell asleep.

I dreamed that I was at a ball, but it was in the parsonage where I had seen Flora for the first time, and not in the merchant's splendid mansion in the city. There was no orchestra; but my friend and guide, Mr. Ruff, stood in the middle of the floor, and marked time: one, two, three;—one, two, three; and everything went merrily on. I danced with Flora, and my feet seemed not to touch the floor. We were going through a cotillion. Suddenly I became aware of the presence of her cousin, the Lieutenant, though I had never seen him, who stood before me with two veiled ladies.

"Do you wish to dance with a witch or a nightmare?" he inquired.

"Thanks; with neither," I replied, and was in the act of soaring away with Flora, when he snatched her away from me and left me to choose between the long-nosed Aunt Jenny or the crooked Aunt Celia. They stood before me in white low-necked ball-dresses, the one with a wreath of fuchsias, the other with one of roses, and asked me indignantly with pointed finger how I dared to appear here in such a costume. I looked down—oh horror! I had forgotten the most necessary half of my dress. The cold sweat-drops stood on my forehead, and I awoke.

I saw my trusty friend sitting in a chair near me, pale, wearied, and with crumpled linen. I could see that he had just returned from the ball.

"I had not the heart to awake you from your sweet dreams," said he gently. I assured him they were anything but sweet.

"Perhaps, though, sweeter than the reality," he sighed. "Are you prepared, my poor friend?"

"For what?"

"For the worst! Miss Flora came over at once to me, and inquired after you. I could, of course, not mention the disaster of the pantaloons, and therefore only said that an accident had occurred to you just at the moment you were ready to leave for the ball. At first she looked alarmed, but when I assured her that it was not dangerous, a light seemed to break upon her.

"Ah, indeed," she said. Whereupon she hastened over to a couple of old aunts with whom she seemed to hold an eager and interesting conversation. An hour or so afterwards she came up to me again and said gayly, "I have heard about your friend; he is better now." But what she could mean by that, I can't tell. She now danced one dance after another with her cousin, the Lieutenant—handsome, but stupid—who made desperate love to her. At two o'clock in the morning we went to supper, and then—well, are you really fully prepared?"

"Go on," I sighed.

"And then the great merchant delivered a speech which terminated with the announcement of the engagement of Miss Flora with the handsome simpleton, the Lieutenant: and then everybody cried hurrah—that is, everybody but myself, of course."

I shall not attempt to describe my state of feelings during the time immediately subsequent to the ball. If you have yourself in your early youth experienced something similar, you can easily understand my case, and if not, it would take too much time to give you even a faint idea of the uncomfortable vacuum left in my head and heart by this object of my first love as she vacated the premises; taking with her all the hopes and plans for the future which had till then constituted my whole happiness.

A few months afterwards I presented myself before the board of examination, but so disheartened and confused that I found myself unable to answer the simplest questions, and so gave up the attempt to pass. One of the professors who knew me, and was confident that it could not be for want of knowledge in my intended profession that I had failed, sent for me shortly after. "I have a proposition to make to you," he said. "My cousin, Mr. Schwartz, intends to make a voyage to South America, principally for the sake of his health, and desires to have a young physician accompany him; what do you think of the offer?"

What else was there to do but to thank him and accept the proposal? All the hap-

piness which seemed a few months before to be in store for me, had now been destroyed through the means of that insignificant black ball.

Our handsome traveling companion had, during the recital of the whole of this story, maintained a certain sardonic smile, and frequently with a little nod signified that he not only followed the thread of the story, but could make a second guess at what the end would be.

"You have not since learned anything about your youthful flame?" he asked.

"No; when I left the land of my birth I considered my past as finished, and therefore determined never willingly to revive these sad recollections. They seem now like a half-forgotten song. An active and adventurous life has, in the decade which separates that time from the present, changed the bashful and melancholy youth who bade farewell to his father-land, to an independent and prosperous man who has made up with the world, and built himself a little comfortable cot of content on the site of the ruins of his fortune."

Thus concluded Miller with a sort of smiling sadness as he twirled the black ball between his fingers.

"I wonder now if the air-castle which was knocked down by that little ball really contained all the happiness you gave it credit for," began the other, after a little pause. "Suppose for a moment that it is just this little ball to which you are indebted for your whole well-being. What if you had not trodden upon it!"

"What then?"

"Then everything would have been different. *How* it would have been with me, I cannot of course venture to depict, with photographic accuracy; for what has never come to pass one may fill up in a thousand different ways."

"Will you allow me to fill up one outline? I am neither poet nor prophet, but it might be just possible that I, in this particular instance, might succeed in sketching a likely picture of your lost happiness. Have I your permission?"

"Certainly, sir, and indeed I shall be obliged to you."

"Very well. I put myself in your place—go back ten years in time—assume your splendid clothes and splendid expectations, and place my foot on the fatal ball,—or still better, I remain here where we are, both as regards time and place, and throw a back-

ward glance at the past ten years to learn how events would have shaped themselves if your good genius had *not* appeared in the shape of your washer-woman's little Peter, and thrown his talisman before your feet—*my* feet, I will say; for if I am in your place, I must talk in the first person."

Well, then, I did not tread on the black ball—did not burst my trowsers—consequently arrived in good time to the ball, and floated as a happy zephyr with the lovely Flora through the heavens of the mazurkas and redowas, directly into the cotillion. In the pleasant tour with "the ring, the rose, and the basket," she asked me with her most captivating smile which of these three gifts of fortune I would select at her hands?

What a question! The ring was of course the first link of the golden chain which could alone bind my earthly existence to heavenly happiness. This was my answer, and I meant it, too, because I really believed it.

"Think while there is time. I have my little whims and fancies, and you run the risk of my giving it to you in earnest if you ask for it this moment."

"Then I would be the happiest of mortals."

"For the third and last time—consider!"

"For time and eternity. Give it to me."

Five minutes after, the engagement was publicly announced; and ten minutes afterwards every one present had in subdued whispers expressed their conviction that I had engaged myself to the merchant's money-bags, and taken his daughter as the unavoidable appendage thereto.

During the next eight days, to judge by my reputation, I was looked upon as the most contemptible person in Copenhagen, and my rival would have been canonized at once, and considered worthy of the honors of a saint at my expense. When my name was mentioned in society, the aunts shook their heads, the female cousins turned up their delicate noses, and the male cousins were speechless in unutterable contempt: no poor devil can commit a greater crime than to form an engagement to a rich young lady: whether they are really in love with each other is of not the least moment.

We were now, for the space of a fortnight, handed around in the family circle, that we might be generally congratulated.

"One may indeed wish *you* joy, sir," was the constantly recurring phrase, but it sounded to me as if it was accompanied with a mental reservation. Did we show ourselves in the

street, or on a public promenade, some passer-by would be sure to whisper:—"There goes the rich Miss X. with her affianced lover;" and not seldom I heard—"poor girl!" added to it.

"*You* may say indeed that you have made your fortune," said Aunt Jane.

"Bless me, and what a fortune!" sighed Aunt Celia.

"I little expected *you* would be the happy man," added Aunt Thea; while another whispered through her thin lips, "It is to be hoped that you will appreciate your happiness."

I really did feel happy, but sometimes almost vexed that all the world should know more about it than myself. Polycrates threw his ring into the sea, fearful of his own good fortune: there were moments when the same fear overshadowed me, and I wished to follow his example.

I was constantly in my beloved's house, surrounded by *her* friends, *her* family, *her* acquaintance; she was the sun about which everything revolved, and I, the poor planet which received its light and warmth from the radiant orb. It was impossible to forget my position for a moment; and however free from care such a state may be, I must own that I got weary of it and longed impatiently for the day when my marriage-certificate should convince the world that I was a man, with a name and existence of my own, and not my engaged's engager.

Doctors notoriously disagree on the interesting subject of engagements.

Some insist that it is a necessary middle state between the earthly bachelorhood and the heavenly marriage state; a sort of purgatory, in which you become purified of your sins before you can be qualified to enjoy the great happiness to come.

Others consider the institution as a necessary arrangement for the further and more intimate knowledge of each other before the nuptials. I do not propose to decide which is the right definition. During our brief engagement I became acquainted with traits in Flora's character which I had not an opportunity of before observing. From the hand of nature she was doubtless originally endowed with excellent gifts, both physical and mental; but her education had by no means developed the latter to the same extent as the former. She had in fact from her earliest childhood been exposed to an influence which, more than any other, is calculated to destroy every noble and beautiful germ—that of idolatry. She had never known what it was to forego a wish, or to purchase its attain-

ment with an exertion; she had been accustomed to consider her will as the law for others about her, and her whim as the only one to be consulted: consequently, she thought herself in the right to view every wish contrary to her own as unreasonable, and every opposition as an impertinence: that her pretensions, which had always been regarded and complied with cheerfully, were incontestable, and that the world must submit to them. Up to her twentieth year it had never occurred to her that others had any claims at all, and consequently it happened that if I said to her, that she *ought* to do this or that, or that really she should pay some little regard to the feelings of Mr. Peter or Mrs. Paul, she would toss her beautiful head, and blow my suggestion away with an impatient pshaw! as if it had been a soap-bubble. As I said, I had not noticed all this at first, because I had seen her afar off, as a goddess on a pedestal, and, as such, her Olympian disregard of others became her charmingly; but now, when I saw her walk about on earth among us, her god-like privileges appeared to me occasionally in the light of presumption. However, to touch upon that subject while she was yet living within the sacred precincts of her home was not to be thought of; for her old father, the high-priest, and the six aunts, her fanatical priestesses, would instantly have cast me out of the temple as a wicked blasphemer, if I had dared to utter a doubt about the infallibility of Flora, or intimated that there might be a case in which it was her duty to surrender her own wishes. My only hope now was in marriage. At last came "the happiest day of my life." In the forenoon my father-in-law sent for me. As I attended him in the study he poured out his whole heart to me: all the strange, exaggerated, and partly invented stories which envy and gossip had taken pains to instil into his ear in connection with myself were now brought forward, and I was obliged to use my whole powers of argument and eloquence to bring the old gentleman to tolerable content and quietude. He was so enamored of his daughter that he seemed to look upon me rather as a rival, who wished to deprive him of his beloved, than a husband who but desired to make her happy. His age, his touching, blind, paternal love, and my personal reverence and gratitude to the man gave him free scope to say all that he pleased; and indeed he allowed himself ample liberty in that respect. It was a long, painful homily which the old gentleman delivered to me, and doubly painful, because the same personal

consideration which induced me to listen to it, almost prevented me from making a reply.

On the same evening the nuptials were celebrated in the most fashionable church in the city, with wax-lights, organ, and choir. As I led my lovely bride—perhaps the handsomest maiden in the city—to the altar, the whole church was filled with the deeply affected members and relatives of the family, and a large concourse of curious and scarcely less interested spectators: and yet, even at that moment, they would not let me be in peace. The old father and six formidable aunts had indulged in such an affecting leave-taking of my bride, that her eyes had become so red with weeping she dared not lift them from the floor. And what the seven had begun at home his reverence, the clergyman, now completed most unmercifully. He commenced with a tearful speech of praises about the incomparable father and incomparable home which she was to leave, and then proceeded to describe the cross of marriage, and the abnegation and resignation which the momentous future had in store for her in contrast to the sorrowless past in the loving happy home of her youth. And then an exhortation was leveled at me, which no sinner need envy me. It was the same old story about the wonderful good fortune which had befallen me, but in a different meter: He himself knew the value of the precious jewel which he now delivered to my tender care. He had himself, a few years ago, presented in confirmation this dear young maiden to the assembled congregation in this same church, and he was therefore, indeed, enabled to say, that I received from his hand “a bride rare and precious—a bride”—and now followed an enumeration of all her virtues and charming traits, which almost made me blush for her sake; and finally, an overwhelming admonition as to my duties, as well towards her who had given up everything to create my happiness, as to him, the all-sacrificing benefactor, who had bestowed upon me his ewe-lamb, his most precious treasure. Heavy, most heavy would be my responsibility, if ever a tear from her eyes should reproach my inconsiderateness.

I am not of a revengeful nature, and have therefore long since forgiven this man of God both the tears which he drew from my young wife's eyes and the drops which fell from my own forehead; but in return, I hope he will pardon me one little observation: I have my doubts whether the oration would have been of the same purport if it had been

myself and not the merchant to whom he looked for his fee.

My Flora made use of the honeymoon to introduce into her new home the same arrangements as in her father's house. That all the six priestesses followed their little idol need not be told, and that, by degrees, I was coaxed to assume the rôle of high-priest in her father's stead will also perhaps not surprise you. The honeymoon had not yet come to an end before an earthquake shook the foundations of the temple. I had one day signed my name as a subscriber to a dinner to be given in honor of a friend on the eve of his departure from the city, and it appeared that my wife had on the same day invited a couple of cousins and their husbands to inspect our dovecot, and to join the turtle-doves in a drive out to her father's villa.

I excused myself by saying that I was ignorant of her arrangements, and asked if they could not be changed. “By no means—impossible!” But it would be an easy thing for me to send an excuse, she thought. I assured her that too was impossible.

“And why?” she asked.

“Because I have promised to go.”

“The society of your friends, I perceive, has begun already to be more agreeable to you than mine.”

“The question is not which society I prefer, but simply about keeping my word.”

“But you were under no necessity to promise anything?”

“Of course I was not compelled to do it, but I trust you do not intend thus to deprive me of my personal liberty so that I cannot dispose of half a day's leisure without first getting permission.”

“Personal liberty! a pretty word, indeed! A husband has always liberty to do his duty when he loves his wife. He only talks of compulsion when he wishes to evade the promises he has given her.”

“Dearest Flora, it is just because I like to be considered a man of my word that I am obliged to leave you to-day, and I am surprised to find that my love for you can for a moment, in your opinion, be contrasted with my courtesies to some of my companions and a number of strangers.”

“Really, the only surprise to me is, that you feel yourself under greater and more sacred obligations to these strangers than to me and my family.”

“This surprise you must have had at a bargain, for—”

“On the contrary, I think it has cost me dearly.”

It was time to give the dialogue a new direction. Taking both my wife's hands I said gently, but seriously, "Flora, you will neither listen to what I say nor understand what you hear."

"That is, that I am stupid and unreasonable. Pray go on. What two delicate compliments! One must be used to such, not to show surprise." Upon which she burst into tears and wished to leave the room, but I detained her, and tried, half in joke and half in earnest, by a recapitulation of our conversation, to convince her of being wrong. When I finally thought I had succeeded, she raised her head, which meanwhile had rested on my shoulder, and dried her eyes.

"You won't go, then," she smiled; but the smile reminded me rather of the appeased goddess than the sinner who has received pardon.

"I must," I insisted.

"You must," she repeated with the usual little saucy toss of her head, as then with her contemptuous "pshaw!" she swept away my promise like everything else which stood in her way. She then burst into laughter, clapped her hands and danced out of the room. An hour after, a servant brought me a note, saying: "We are of course extremely sorry to do without you, but are aware that matters of business must be attended to." It was signed by my friend Captain Brask, who was to preside at the dinner; but how did he come to send me such an epistle? Well, my lady had ordered our honest Anders to take her husband's compliments and excuses to the committee, and that unavoidable business called him from the city this very afternoon. This was one of the little tricks in which she had excelled in her own home. Her father viewed them as childish pranks, but I had learned from his example that if they were left unchecked my last remnant of independence would soon be swept away. I went therefore quietly, but with a very serious countenance, into the sitting-room, where I was received with a chorus of laughter from Flora and all the aunts, who could not sufficiently admire this precious practical joke.

"I am very unwilling to make any complaints, Flora, but you have done that to-day which I must beg of you not to repeat another time. You will probably say that it is a little innocent artifice which you have played upon your father scores of times, without his finding fault with it. I know too well that this has often been the case, but if you think it an innocent one you make a grievous error. It proves a contempt for the truth and the

rights of others which you are not permitted to exhibit towards your poorest menial, much less your husband, and which would be entirely unpardonable if you had been brought up according to the usual rules."

"According to the usual rules!" reiterated Flora, in a trembling voice and with flashing eyes; "be kind enough to explain your meaning."

"Well, then, when a child is not only guilty of a lie, but what is worse, puts the guilt of it upon another, an ordinary educator of children will admonish it severely for the first time, perhaps for the second time; but the third time, a severer remedy is applied. Now, you have been accustomed to have such little jokes admired as strokes of genius, and I shall therefore for this time not mind your thoughtlessness so much. Both for your sake and mine I shall not recall the message you sent in my name. I shall not take part in the public dinner, but it necessarily follows that the gentlemen who think me engaged in business out of town must neither learn that I have dined at home nor made a pleasure-drive on the beach-road. I shall therefore make your words the truth as near as possible, and intend to go into the country this afternoon."

"You will."

"Yes!"

"Only to spite me."

"I have told you the reason."

"Where do you intend to go, if I may ask?"

"Any place; perhaps to Malmoe or to Roeskilde."

"I will go with you."

"That would be unbecoming, as you have invited your friends here, and your father is expecting you this evening."

"Oh, I see it all,—you have an excuse then to go alone, perhaps to pay a visit to one of your former lady favorites."

"If you really think so, you do not deserve that I contradict you. Enough: I shall leave you this afternoon."

Of the scene which ensued I shall not attempt to give the details. Flora shed abundant tears, while the aunts broke forth into an avalanche of angry words, allusions and accusations, which I listened to, but do not think it worth while to repeat. As I had said, I went out on my journey.

When I returned in the evening I found the house empty. Midnight! and nobody came. Morning and noon passed away in their turn, and yet not so much as a single aunt made her appearance. Evening came and

went again, and I still paced alone my elegant apartments.

The morning after, I drove out to my father-in-law's villa. It looked nearly as empty there as at home. The ladies, who were usually to be seen embroidering or amusing themselves upon the lawn in front of the house, had possibly fled in terror at my approach. My worthy servant Anders was the only person visible, and he received me with an air of trouble, having nothing else to communicate than that the old gentleman wished to see me in his room. I soon discovered that I had been expected, for the speech with which the old man received me showed evident traces of thorough preparation and study. I shall only give the drift of the introduction; it was a fresh variation of the inexhaustible theme: my matchless and undeserved piece of good fortune, and ended with the clergyman's words: heavy, heavy indeed would my responsibility be, if only a tear, a single tear, etc., etc. Then followed the full register of my sins.

First: Had I not in the most brutal manner and in the presence of others, overwhelmed my poor young wife with all kinds of abuse—a treatment to which she was entirely unaccustomed?

Secondly: I had alluded to him, my benefactor, with scorn and contempt, as a man without principles, and a father who had educated his only child in lies and deception.

Thirdly: I had not even limited my insults to words, but had plainly declared that on future occasions I should amend my wife's neglected education by personal chastisement.

Fourthly and last: That I have shown myself to be so utterly shameless, that I had not hesitated to make, in presence of my wife and her family, the atrocious confessions of unworthy intrigues.

The judgment therefore was, that I must make her the most complete apology, and beg her pardon; and promise him solemnly that I would behave better in future.

Had I received these charges and this judgment in writing, I should have been inclined to look upon it as a jest of the old gentleman; but the appearance of displeasure manifest during its oral delivery soon convinced me that he was fully in earnest.

I attempted several times to get in a word, but he cried out each time: "Let me speak out!" with a violence that almost threatened an apoplectic stroke. The oration had been carefully prepared and had to be delivered to the last syllable.

At its conclusion, I told him the real state

of affairs. My explanations and assurance somewhat quieted, but by no means satisfied him completely. He said that I did not know how to manage so delicate a creature as Flora; that I had made altogether too much ado about a childish prank, and however ingeniously I colored my conduct, I was still the one most in the wrong. Flora had not misrepresented the circumstances, nor had the aunts, and they had understood my remarks the same as herself. However, as the intention of the whole had not been as bad as the words, he would try to induce her to forget and forgive the whole affair; she was such a sweet angel, that a few kind words from me would be enough to appease her indignation.

I assured him that I was quite ready to do this; that I had forgiven *her* fault at once, and hoped that upon reflection she would admit that my conduct had not deserved these reproaches.

With this message the old gentleman went out for Flora, who "did not feel very well," whilst I went into the garden to await her. At last he appeared with Flora on his arm: behind him followed the six aunts in solemn procession. Even had Flora felt herself to be in the wrong, its confession in the presence of these her devoted priestesses would have been impossible; for these it was who had urged her on to stand up for her rights, and now sallied forth to witness how I, in sackcloth and ashes, was to beg for absolution.

As a matter of course, I was the first to extend the hand of reconciliation, and in fact it was not Flora, but her father, who placed her hand in mine.

"Father wishes that all shall be forgotten, and as he assures me that such shall never occur again, let us talk no more about it." These were her words. They were so ambiguous that they might very well presuppose a confession of wrong and apology on my part; but as I was unwilling to cause a new scene, I refrained from urging any explanation, but let the odds be even. Any further approach from Flora was not vouchsafed to me that day; she avoided my society; was cold and distant; complained of headache and languor. She retired to her room before supper, and suffered me to drive back alone to the city: but stay, I am mistaken—a couple of the aunts condescended to accompany me.

I was sitting one day, subsequently, in a place of resort, with only a cup of coffee and a newspaper for company. In the ad-

joining room, I overheard through the open door two voices in conversation over the latest gossip of the city. The one was rather weak and indistinct; the other, loud and sharp; and it was in fact but the latter which reached me in an articulate form. I thought I heard the name of my father-in-law: I listened for a moment, and made out the following fragments of the conversation.

"Yes, indeed; things have already come to a crisis. He beats her already!"

"No; she has returned to her father: yesterday, when out in the park with a couple of friends, we made a circuit and drove past his villa to see if she was there. Sure enough, she was sitting entirely alone on the lawn, apparently in deep dejection. What a handsome woman she is! Of course that will be the end of it: my sister says they are as good as separated already, and she ought to know, for her sempstress works also for the aunts. I'm sure I pity her; and what a fool he is! It was a piece of unheard-of good fortune he made by that marriage."

There could be no doubt they were talking about me. The scandal, then, was already sufficiently public, and I refrained from making it still more so, by abandoning a momentary impulse to make a personal assault upon one of the trumpeters.

That I might silence the gossip as much as was in my power, I hastened to get my wife home, and to show myself in her company on all occasions. I redoubled my care and attention, and neglected no means to establish a real state of affection between us, but the result did not correspond to my expectations.

Flora looked upon every sacrifice as a tribute due to her, which I was made to offer, and she to receive. She went from party to party, and was, as a handsome young wife, constantly surrounded by adorers; the young gentlemen vied in swinging censers before the altar of her vanity, submitted to her every whim, and applauded her most unreasonable remarks and assertions. *They* could, of course, easily do this, and it was duly appreciated when the homage came from them, who were under no necessity to offer it; but if I, who owed everything to her, failed once to act as her slave, it was of course plain that I was the only one that could not appreciate her at all. I soon became aware that Flora neither loved me nor had loved any one else for his own sake. She had, as has been said, from her birth been accustomed to accept sacrifices; therefore she loved first and foremost her father, who had

made the most; next the aunts, particularly Aunt Celia; and generally whoever were disposed to give up their own opinions and sense of right for hers; but least of all did she love her husband, who owed her everything and consequently had nothing to offer. It was a bitter experience, but every day confirmed it still more, and I doubt if any person in my place could have managed to avoid it.

Having enjoyed in this manner for a couple of years my very dubious good fortune, I believed at last that a happier future was at hand. A little child, a daughter, came, and I fondly hoped to have secured a point of union in the heart of Flora. But alas, no! The young mother's previous and subsequent weakness but increased her demands and my duties *ad infinitum*; and as soon as the little one made its appearance, it became plain that in the future there would be two objects of idolatry instead of one. Flora looked upon the baby as the ideal of perfection, and so it was with the grandfather and the aunts. I was, of course, delighted with my first-born as much as a man reasonably can be who has become the father of a fine healthy child; but as I could not, like all the others, at once discover that it was an exact likeness of Flora, and that eight days after its birth it already began to notice what was going on around her, Flora gave me a withering look of contempt, the old gentleman reddened with anger, and hurried away that he might not commit himself, and Aunt Celia candidly declared that I was as destitute of eyes in my head as of heart in my body—that I was no better than a brute.

The mother did, in reality, rear the child to be a perfect fac-simile of herself. It learned very early that her will was law, and all that it coveted was its property. That it began to cry as soon as it saw me, Flora explained as a proof of its susceptible feelings; "it could see that I cared nothing for it;" but I soon discovered the cause of the little one's terror. Both mother and aunts and the nurse made use of me as a bugbear. When the child was four years old, she was at once the prettiest and most self-willed child I had ever known; and as I was the only one who attempted to keep her within bounds, and thus occasionally caused scenes reminding one of the murder of the innocents at Bethlehem, as far as the Rama shrieks went, she must needs have looked upon me as a second King Herod, about whom Aunt Celia had so much to tell her.

My position of father, then, was not much more enviable than that of husband. Sud-

denly, our mode of life suffered a violent change. The so-called prosperous times came to a grievous end in 1857, and the wealth of many an honest trader with them. My father-in-law, whose house was supposed to rest on a rock, by the failures of some great Hamburg houses suffered such an enormous loss that he began to apprehend the worst, and ordered his chief-clerk to make up for him his balance-sheet. The cashier, who, on his own behalf and venture, had disposed of considerable sums which he could not account for, to cover up his peculations, had disappeared with the cash on hand and all the available assets. The news gave the old merchant his death-blow. He was struck by apoplexy before the messenger had ceased speaking, and when the physician arrived he was dead. When the estate was wound up, the result was painful. But a small percentage was left for the creditors; and my wife's maternal inheritance, which had been invested in the business, was thus also entirely swallowed up. Unfortunately for myself, that I might satisfy in some degree my wife's pretensions to elegance, I had kept up a costlier household establishment than our actual income would warrant, and thereby incurred a debt of several thousand dollars. This was of course now called for at once, and I was obliged to apply to the Court of Bankruptcy for relief. Our costly furniture now vanished piece by piece under the stroke of the auctioneer's hammer. Only enough was left to furnish plainly a couple of rooms which I engaged in an humble portion of the city. In the midst of these terrible reverses, we suffered a painful loss—an epidemic fever carried off our little girl.

We stood now alone and poor in the wide world. I engaged with indefatigable exertion in every kind of work by which anything could be earned; limited our expenses to the utmost, and began already to nourish the hope that adversity might bring about what happier days had failed to do—a more intimate and happier relation between us. But this hope also failed me. Flora had never known work, and had always detested economy; how could she then appreciate my exertions! When I endeavored from early morning till late in the evening to procure absolute necessities, she saw nothing in that which deserved acknowledgment; she only noticed that I neglected her. In the frugal existence which cost me so much labor to obtain for her, she only saw want, constraint, and emptiness. She had never had sufficient self-denial to submit to any kind of exertion, and therefore there was nothing which could interest her.

Housekeeping had always been left to the servants; she despised every kind of needle-work; books tired her; music she had never had patience to learn; and everything beyond the sphere of her toilet, her dresses, and pleasures she had ever looked upon as entirely beneath her attention. How was she to fill up the long, vacant hours while I was absent? No parties, no new dresses, no box in the theater in the winter, no drive on the parks in the summer. In lack of other occupation, she engaged in the worst of all. She brewed poison and wormwood out of every occurrence, out of every word which was spoken. She soon became convinced that she was the unhappiest and most-wronged being in the world. Having ever looked upon the world as made for her sake, she was now disposed to quarrel with the course of nature and destiny as an especial arrangement contrived to pain and worry her. And the blessed old maids did not fail to do their part. They sat as mourners around, and aided her lamentations by their whining pity. When I came home in the evening I encountered only sullen faces. It was impossible to utter a word which would not give occasion to a bitter answer. I therefore preferred to be silent; but this gave umbrage too, for then my silence was construed as a sign of indifference and contempt. One day I undertook to try if I could not, by argument, bring her to reason, but the attempt convinced me that such a result was not to be hoped for. I was overwhelmed with a flood of senseless reproaches and accusations without cause, and was but too glad to make my escape from my wretched home to my work again. When I returned in the evening, the crooked old Aunt Celia opened upon me immediately with a lecture that might have made a saint lose his temper: that, not content with tearing my wife from the happiness and wealth to which she had been born, and abandoning her to poverty and misery, I now was bent upon killing her with my insults and outrages. This was really too much. I opened the door and told Aunt Cecilia and the other old witches that for this time they might walk down the stairs or vanish up the chimney, but if ever they crossed my threshold again that I would throw them out of the window. What a relief it was to me when the words were at last spoken which had so long oppressed me. It seemed as if I had at once succeeded in pushing off six dreadful nightmares from my breast. But now open war was declared. Flora's bitter feelings towards me assumed henceforth the vigor of uncon-

cealed hatred, and she gave vent to her anger on every occasion with such a concentrated fury, that I often thought I could detect traces of a dawning aberration of mind in her. What kind of revenge the aunts resorted to every one can guess. When once you have thrown down the gage to *one* such fury, your reputation must bear the brunt as well as it may; and I had declared war on all the six. For the space of a year I heard frequently of them, but was saved from their visits. The relation between my wife and myself grew worse and worse; we finally avoided seeing and speaking to each other. One Sunday morning our bell rang. I opened the door, and saw to my surprise Aunt Celia standing there.

"I don't intend to enter, don't be afraid," grinned the old maid with her basilisk smile. "I have only called to tell you that I have won a trifle of an hundred thousand marks in the Hamburg lottery. I have enough to make my old age comfortable, and as I know that the support of Flora must be very inconvenient to you, I come to propose that she shall stay with me. If she wishes to take *you* with her, and you can condescend to put up with our accommodations, you will perhaps find the way to my door, and then there will be no occasion for you to enter through the window or chimney. Good-by!"

This was, I think, the happiest day of our married life, for it was the last. Flora and I agreed to a quiet separation, and each of us went our own way: she to her dear aunt, and I forth into the wide world, to that liberty and peace I had so long sighed for.

You now behold me, gentlemen, ten years after the unfortunate ball, on my way to Algiers to try my fortune in another part of the world, with no other possessions than a large store of gloomy memories, a mind ill at ease, and with deadened feelings. Had I, on the contrary, on that fatal evening been so fortunate as to stumble over the little black marble, I would now find myself a prosperous man, enriched with an adventurous life's interesting recollections, and on a trip of pleasure to Paris, to return in a short time to the land of my birth.

"Well, my dear doctor, how do you like the continuation of your history? If now it should happen to be true, do you not think you would have good cause to set your black marble in Brazilian diamonds?"

The train began to slacken its speed; we presently entered the huge station which terminates "*le chemin de fer du Nord*." Miller sat in a brown study for a few moments, which

he broke off by seizing his traveling companion's hand, saying: "It is not impossible that such might have happened, as indeed I must confess I knew very little of the young lady I lost, and I admit that she might have possessed beauty, wealth, and elegant manners, without therefore being the source of happiness I looked for. But then I am much obliged to you for your entertaining story. Although I knew it was but a mere exercise of your powers of invention, I will confess that at times I almost believed they were actual events."

"It is not so very strange, for I had it in confidence from a most reliable person," answered the other.

"From a reliable person!" cried Miller, astonished.

"From the first of all—the *reality*."

"How? You are——"

"The Lieutenant; you are conversing with him, and with no one else! The more's the pity. Good-bye, and I hope you will enjoy Paris!"

And how did the story end? By rights it ended as I have just told it; but not long ago I heard of another which pleased me as much as the first had interested me. One evening as I was sauntering about our charming Tivoli Gardens, the prettiest and most agreeable place of resort in Europe, and looking at the gay crowds which filled its walks, my eye was caught by two intensely happy faces. They belonged to a man in his best years and a lovely blonde maiden apparently twenty-five years of age. As the gentleman caught sight of me, he hurried over with an exclamation of pleasure; I was embarrassed for a moment, the recollection of strange faces not being one of my strong points, as I have before explained, particularly when so much changed in expression as was the case at present.

"Don't you really know me again?" he asked, laughing at my vain attempt to recall him to my recollection.

"What! is it possible! my unfortunate traveling companion with the black marble!"

"The same; and no wonder that you failed to recognize him, as he is now, on the contrary, the happiest man in the world. Let me present to you my dearest love, my little Constance!"

And then he related to me the story of his return and engagement. It was so interesting and romantic that I should dearly like to acquaint my reader with it also, but I have no time at present, having promised to write a poem for their nuptials: and it must be ready to-night, as it is to be used to-morrow.

KATHERINE EARLE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN WHICH THE OLD YOUNG MAN APPEARS.

A TIME of rest from excitement succeeded—the ebb after a flowing tide. So far as the Earle household knew, no other search was ever made for Ben, who was assuredly not worth the trouble of pursuit. He escaped in safety to Canada, returning when the excitement had died away the same shiftless, helpless character as before, aggravated however by a new sense of his own importance; and the little back attic hid never again anything duskier than the shadows.

Gradually the winter wore out and the spring peeped through. Not the spring of the country, all buds, and birds, and blossoms; and yet something of bloom came even to Poplar street. Certain demented robins,—for surely no bird of a sound mind would seek the crowded, noisy town,—came to build in the apple trees in the back yard—the poor old trees that had nearly overslept the time of waking and that shook out only a scant banner of green as the spring went trailing by. White syringas and an old-fashioned lilac bloomed under the parlor windows, while across the narrow front yard the honeysuckle climbing the ugly brick wall threw out delicate arms to sway and beckon and promise sweets to the summer.

With the spring came a new wonder to Katey. The old young man who had danced with Delphine at the party began to appear at every turn. What did it mean? Did they walk quietly down the street bent upon a mission of charity, to Mammy, perhaps, lo! as they reached the first corner he stood before them, smiling and bowing and raising his hat. The basket in Delphine's hand was changed to his own; he walked by her side, unrebuked, and even welcomed, which Katey, who was left to follow as she chose, marked with indignant astonishment.

He seemed to the child to spring up from between the bricks of the sidewalk, so unlooked-for was his coming. Did they attend church—out from the shadows under the heavy old-fashioned gallery his face beamed upon them; did Katey come

strolling home late from school—she was sure to catch a glimpse against the syringa blossoms of Delphine's pink gown vanishing through the gateway, and the next moment the well-known form passed her, the old young man smiling and raising his hat. "Smiling at nothing at all," Katey said to herself, giving him a stiff little bow as she passed. "Silly thing!" she added from the depths of her superior wisdom. But her astonishment knew no bounds when one afternoon as she came down the street she saw him deliberately entering the great gate. She started upon a run, swinging her bonnet by the strings with an indignant whirl at the sight of this invasion. Her eyes had surely deceived her! But no; when she pushed open the heavy gate he stood upon the broad stone steps before the door. His hand was upon the knocker; but at Katey's appearance he paused. "Well, little one," he said pleasantly, by way of greeting, as the elfish figure, clad soberly in brown, with the little bonnet still hanging by her side, came up to him. Katey made no reply. The occasion plainly called for severity. She opened the door with an absorbed and preoccupied air and would have disappeared among the soft, cool shadows within had not he stretched out his hand to detain her. "Could I see Miss Earle a moment? Your sister?"

"O Delphine," Katey said. "Silly thing! then why did you say 'Miss Earle,'" she wanted to add, as, leaving him upon the threshold of the parlor from which the summer sunshine had been shut out, she ran away to call Delphine.

The young man groped forward. After the dazzling glare of a summer day outside he could distinguish nothing among the faint, ill-defined forms here. It was odd to think that the great, prone creature before him might in the light prove only a sofa or—then there was a sound as of a swift step upon the stairs and the child appeared again, a veritable brownie in the dim light.

"You found her?" he ventured interrogatively.

"Yes;" with a little drawl of importance.

"Well,—" when Katey volunteered nothing more—"what did she say?"

The child had crossed the room and opening the blind let in a long, quivering ray of sunshine in which she stood like a droll little saint with a glistening halo about her head. She hesitated a moment, folding her hands and looking down. "She said—" she began.

"Well!"

"She said," Katey went on with grave deliberation, "'What in the world has he come for!'"

The young man stared open-eyed, and then laughed, viewing Katey as though she had been a newly discovered species. "Perhaps *you* would like to know what I have come for."

Katey's face betrayed her curiosity; but at that moment Delphine, sweet and shy, appeared in the doorway, dismissing the child by a backward wave of the hand as she closed the door. Katey sat down upon the stairs to await the development of the mystery. Presently Delphine, who had slipped out of the parlor unobserved, tripped over her as she ran by. "What are you doing here, child? Go away."

So she rose and mounted the stairs slowly. She had hardly ensconced herself in the window seat of the hall above before Delphine descended, accompanied this time by her mother. The parlor door closed upon them. Curled up behind the curtains, with the heavy odor of the lilacs stealing in at the open window and the soft twilight slowly gathering outside, she waited and listened. A great bumble bee went whirring by to the honeysuckle over the way, the bit of sky discernible between the high brick houses was blue and drifted over with summer clouds; there was a twitter of birds in the elm just outside the great gate; but no sound came from the mysterious stillness below. After a time she heard Chloe's heavy tread in the hall and a faint glimmer from the swinging lamp over the stairs reached her hiding-place. All at once, when she had almost decided to steal down in search of Jack, the echo of voices came up to her. The parlor door had been opened, the outer door swung to, and a sudden stillness succeeded. The visitor had gone.

She sprang out and ran down the stairs. Jack had come in and the family were seating themselves at the tea-table. Her mother's face was unusually grave and upon Delphine's cheeks were unmistakable signs of recent tears. "O dear! what can it be?" thought Katey, too proud to ask

since she had been so plainly left out of their confidence. Jack alone appeared as usual. He was in high spirits, and gradually, in listening to his account of the trials and adventures with which every boyish day is full, her curiosity was forgotten and the mystery of the afternoon passed from her mind.

Lying in her little white bed at night, she was awakened as though her name had been uttered aloud. She opened her eyes, —was it morning? No; it was the bright moonlight which flooded the room and made of Delphine, standing before the window with her hair unbound, a white-robed spirit.

Katey gave a little cry and hid her face from the vision.

"It is only I. Are you awake?" said Delphine. She crossed the room and sat down upon the edge of the bed. "I want to tell you something." And Katey, looking into her shining face and seeing the glint of glory on her hair, trembled, and felt that perhaps it was an angel after all. She put out her hand to touch her softly. A passing cloud hid the moon. The glory died out of the room, and it was indeed only Delphine with her golden brown hair falling over her shoulders and with an untold story in her face. "Do you know what I am going to tell you?"

"No," Katey replied. How should she know! and if she did, what would be the use of telling it!

"I am going to be married," said Delphine dreamily, and as though to herself.

"Why, Delphine Earle!" exclaimed the child, sitting upright in the bed.

She had thought of marriage indefinitely, as a state upon which they would each and all enter at some distant period of their lives—an inevitable event; but so far away, so shrouded in the dimness of futurity as to be beyond all calculation. Delphine, it seemed, had forestalled the time, and Katey's first impulse was one of indignation.

"I shall tell mother," she said, severely.

Delphine laughed. "Oh, she knows it. She said I might tell you."

This made a different affair of it; and Katey was for a time lost in astonishment and the gravest calculations.

"Do you know whom I am to marry?" Delphine went on, after a moment.

Katey considered. "O Delphine, it *isn't* that old young man?"

"Yes, it is, and I am sure you will like him."

Katey only uttered a deep sigh without speaking. Then aroused to fresh wonder, "Does *he* know it?" she asked.

"O yes;" and again Delphine laughed.

"Are you sorry?" continued Katey, remembering the tears upon Delphine's cheeks.

"No, only that I shall have to go away from you all," and the tears sprang to Delphine's eyes.

A cold horror crept over Katey. "Not to heaven?" she whispered.

"O no, but I shall go away to live at Robert's home; and that is a long distance from here, four hundred miles at least."

"O dear!" wailed the child.

"There, don't cry." Delphine's cheerful nature began to assert itself at sight of Katey's woe. "You will come and make me long visits. Perhaps some day you may live with me: who knows! Then you shall have a pretty little room all to yourself—not at all like this;" and she glanced about rather disdainfully upon the heavy furniture which had seen its best days. "But lie down and close your eyes now; it is time we were both asleep."

She rose as she spoke and shut the moonlight out of the room. Other questions crowded Katey's brain confusedly, but were never formed into words, for already the little feet were close upon the borders of dream-land.

The next morning, however, her interest and curiosity awoke with the day. "When are you going to be married?" she asked, as she brushed out the tangles in the short black locks.

"I don't know—in a few weeks," Delphine replied. "Mother says it is a very short acquaintance, but then we know all about the family."

"What is the matter with 'em?" asked Katey.

"I mean how fine a family it is," Delphine replied. "And, O Katey, you don't know how honorable he was!"

As Katey certainly did not; and had, moreover, no idea as to the meaning of the word, she contented herself with looking exceedingly responsive, being much flattered by Delphine's unusual confidence.

"He talked with mother before he said a word to me."

"Why, Delphine Earle," exclaimed the child, "he was in the parlor a long time with you before you went up stairs to call mother. I was hiding in the hall," she added as corroborating evidence.

"But he had been here before, when neither you nor I were at home."

The breakfast bell interrupted their conversation. Delphine paused as she was leaving the room to say: "He is coming to tea to-night. You'll be a good little girl, will you not? and appear as well as you can; for his people are all quite fine."

"Are *they* coming?" Katey was aghast at the prospect.

"O no; but he would be likely to tell them about you."

"I don't think much of tell-tales," was Katey's severe response.

"O dear!" sighed Delphine in despair, looking down at the little figure standing composedly before the glass, pulling out the somber folds of its gown, and knowing full well of what unexpected developments the child was capable. "Listen to me, Katey," she said, "I want him to like my little sister, do you see? and that is why I asked you to try to appear well."

"And so I will," Katey replied warmly, "I'll be a *beautiful* girl."

When she pushed open the heavy street door at night the tones of a strange voice came out to her from the parlor. Robert Estemere, Delphine's lover, had come, then, already. At that moment Delphine descended the stairs. There was a fleck or two of yellow-white lace about the neck of the green pongee, above which rose the fair face flushed and happy and lit by shining eyes. And as she came she hummed a little song.

"Is that you, Katey?" checking the song. "Run away, dear, and make yourself nice." Then she passed on, and the parlor door closed after her. Katey ran up the stairs with the bright vision still before her eyes. She, too, would be fine to honor their guest. She tossed the little brown bonnet into the corner of the room and began a search among the heavy drawers and in the depths of the great wardrobe for something with which to adorn herself. Suddenly she remembered Delphine's curls. At least she could dress her hair in an unusual way; and, filled with prophetic delight, she brought out a curling-iron, and lit one of the candles in the tall candelabrum on the mantel, making all the pendent prisms to jingle like bells.

What though she burned her fingers and streaked her forehead with queer hieroglyphics in her efforts? Even when the first curl vanished from before her eyes in fire and smoke, as do the genii in fairy tales,

she was neither discouraged nor dismayed. The final result was a succession of droll little stiff points standing out at every conceivable angle, as though she had adorned her head with tenpenny nails. "Won't he be s'prised?" she thought, viewing them admiringly in the glass before proceeding to array herself in a last-summer's gown of some bright hue, which had caught her eye as she explored the recesses of the wardrobe. Very scant it was in every particular, requiring a herculean effort of the little fingers to make the refractory hooks and eyes join hands. No amount of pulling could lengthen the sleeves or prevent a deep flounce of white from showing below the skirt. This she essayed to remedy by means of a couple of pins, transforming herself into a ballet-dancer, but a ballet-dancer, alas! who had forgotten her white slippers. Even then the back of the skirt could not be reached by the hurrying, trembling fingers, startled as she was by the unexpected sound of the tea-bell; but the ornamentation of her head also had been only in front; "and people always sit with their backs to the wall," she thought, so it did not much matter. Though how very fortunate it was that it should be so! There were no bounds to her ingenuity, nor indeed to her desires, as she hastily searched among Delphine's treasures, conscious that her own were not equal to the occasion, nor suited to the grand scale of her preparations. Her time being limited, she contented herself with a showy scarf, crossed upon her proud little bosom, and fastened by an enormous brooch, which upon the diminutive figure had much the effect of a moderate-sized breast-plate. Thus bristling about the head and tolerably shielded, armed and equipped for conquest, she was ready to descend; filled with an ecstatic joy, a thrilling sense of delight at the result of her efforts, in the midst of which struggled the one thought of "Won't he be s'prised?" Of that she had no doubt.

She reached the parlor door. She opened it with assurance and moved stiffly into the room; shuffling forward in a way intended to hide her dusty shoes remembered now for the first time. Jack had already been presented to the stranger and taken refuge in a corner. Her mother had risen from her chair prepared to lead the way out to tea. Delphine and her lover were half hidden behind the heavy curtains of one of the windows. The open-

ing door caused every one to turn. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Delphine involuntarily, as the strange little figure, with its face tattooed like that of a South Sea Islander, paused a moment before advancing. At the same instant a suppressed shout burst from Jack's corner. An awful pause succeeded, in the midst of which the strained fastenings of the gown began to give way with a noise like the discharge of musketry. Jack started from his seat. Delphine laughed aloud. "Child! what have you done to yourself?" exclaimed her mother. Poor Katey! She looked from one to another with great beseeching eyes in which the tears were slowly gathering as her mother led her hastily from the room. "I don't know what to do with you," Madam Earle said in a puzzled tone, trying not to laugh, as the mortification and grief of the child gathered into sobs. She hesitated. The guest must not be neglected. "I think you had best go to bed. Chloe shall bring you some supper presently. There, don't cry, dear," and kissing the little tattooed forehead she returned to the parlor, while Katey climbed the stairs with far different emotions from those with which she had descended a few moments before. It was Jack who, with much clatter and rattle, and imminent peril to his burden, sought her a little later, a supper-tray in hand. She was lying upon the bed in all her despised finery sobbing as though her heart would break. "O Jack! isn't it dreadful? He'll tell all his folks, and they're *beautiful* people."

"No, he won't," returned Jack consolingly, setting down the tray at an alarming angle.

"Yes he will; Delphine said so," persisted Katey, refusing to be comforted.

"He isn't such a fellow as that, I'm sure," Jack went on. "He's going to rig my ship after tea."

"Is he?" Katey's tears ceased to flow. "That will be real nice. But O Jack! I've got to go to bed!"

"No you needn't. Mother only said so because she didn't know what else to do with you. My!" as Katey sat upright, inspired with hope at this. "Well, you are a picture!" The problem was almost beyond Jack's skill. He regarded her doubtfully for a moment; then he said: "Suppose you wash your face and comb out that top-knot, and put on the clothes you always wear; you might come down and slip into the parlor and no one would notice you."

Katey turned her head upon one side doubtfully.

"I'll tell them not to," Jack burst out, ignoring his bashful fears by a mighty effort.

"Will you? O you are the goodest Jack!" and Katey intercepted his retreat by throwing her arms about his neck.

"Well, don't choke a fellow," said Jack, struggling to get free, inwardly pleased that his efforts were appreciated, yet, boy-like, determined not to show it. "Mind, no folderols this time," he added sharply from the door.

"Oh no," Katey replied with awful solemnity. "I should n't think of such a thing."

Half an hour later a little brown figure stole down the stairs and lingered in the hall where a summer wind blew rustling leaves in at the open door with the sound of a street organ, and the jingle of a tambourine. After awhile, when the music and the tinkle of the bells sounded far away, Katey crept towards the parlor. No one noticed her; no one looked up or greeted her. Delphine before the old piano touched soft chords with gentle fingers, the breeze lifting the curtains behind her and stirring her hair. Madam Earle sat in the shadow, her head turned away and resting upon her hand. Jack's round freckled face was close to the blazing lamp disputing possession with the moths that flew dizzily about, while he watched every movement of his new friend under whose skillful fingers the rigging of the ship went on. Soon Delphine left the piano. Katey ventured to draw near, and even Madam Earle at last joined the circle, and the evening begun so inauspiciously had a very pleasant, and even merry ending after all.

CHAPTER IX.

A DOZEN YEARS LATER.

DELPHINE'S wedding followed before many weeks—the first break in the family. But the little rift once made, how it widens as the years go by! They were very peaceful, uneventful years which settled down upon the old house after Delphine's sunny presence left it, the happiest years of all—those which tempt no one to write their history. One by one they fell softly, each covering the last with forgetfulness. Katey's odd freaks and fancies passed out of mind as they were toned down by the

touch of womanhood. For Katey was growing to be a woman. Jack had arrived at man's estate already. Have we dwelt too long upon the child, and the people who moved in and out and formed a part of her daily life? Many, perhaps the most of them, were but accessories to the picture, but lay figures—in however strong a light they were placed at the time. In the days of our great-grandmothers, when it was the fashion to transmit one's portrait to his or her descendants, it was not the face alone, however grand or sweet it might be, which found a place upon the canvas. There was a shimmer of soft silk, a fall of yellow lace, a bit of marble pavement under the impossible feet, the back of an old carved chair, the projecting corner of a cabinet surmounted by an antique vase, or possibly an open door or window and a smooth stretch of lawn with the towers of a castle in the distance. All these were not—and yet they helped to make up—the portrait of a lady. And so Katey's early surroundings and associations may serve in some measure to show the child-nature which was the same to the end. Years will strengthen or soften, they can never utterly destroy.

Sad days came at last to the old house when the mother began to fade away; imperceptibly at first, not losing, only failing to gain with the gathering years. Gradually Katey assumed her cares, until she bore them all, with a burden of dread heavier than care. She was alone; Jack had gone to be agent for some stone quarries in which Delphine's husband held an interest. She was doubly alone; Jack had Josie Durant,—for the boyish fancy grew and strengthened and he had won her promise now,—Delphine had her husband and child, but to Katey was only the mother who was slipping away now. Oh, to know this at last beyond all comfort of doubting, to feel that strong hands could not hold her, that neither prayers or tears could avail; to have the awful sense of walking day after day in the valley of the shadow of death, with feet heavy and sore and eyes blinded by crying; to grope in the midst of thick darkness; to stretch out the hands and grasp nothing; to know that somewhere, into this darkness the dear form would presently vanish where she could not follow!

She knew that around, above, beneath, were the everlasting arms; but in those days they seemed to her to enclose only

the happy. Then came the last hour, the last word, the last trembling breath—and the darkness.

But the Light shineth in darkness.

The old house with all its tender associations passed into the hands of strangers. It passed from the face of the earth and the sight of men years ago; but the loving memory of the place rests in the heart of one woman to-day. Chloe sought and found a new home and Delphine claimed Katey for her own, bearing her away to the distant city where she had reigned a pretty, capricious, but warm-hearted and indulgent queen, in society as well as her own family, for a dozen years.

"Perhaps you will live with me some day," she had said once to assuage Katey's childish grief; little dreaming that the words would prove a prophecy, fulfilled through more bitter tears than those which had wet the little face at the prospect of Delphine's marriage.

It had been autumn and winter while the mother was passing away—the very season taking on something of the gloom and heaviness of the sad young heart that waited and watched so helplessly. The spring bloomed out in Delphine's city home like a promise of happier days. Hope and even joy will return though we think they are banished forever; and the late summer of that year brought, in no flowers to Katey, yet a certain freshness and something like bloom which showed that life was not meant to be so dreary and forlorn as she had believed it would be only a little time before.

Again the autumn and the winter passed by and she had become accustomed to the new life, which in its ease and luxury was so unlike the old, but which must always hold one place unfilled. They had come down to the sea, Mrs. Estemere, Katey and Launce, Delphine's boy, a long way from their city home to spend the summer months. The Durants had taken a house close by, just across the gravelly carriage way and strip of lawn dotted with flower plots which ran before the cottages, —in the last of which they were domiciled, —from the hotel to the cliff. It was a hot, breathless morning with the sun hanging like a globe of fire over the shining sea and glistening sands. Katey had descended late, to find Delphine already gone for her bath. Calamity, the colored waiter from the hotel, had brought in the breakfast and was making the coffee now in the little

butler's pantry, out of the toy dining-room. She pulled up the blinds and seated herself before the table set out in the bay-window which framed a picture, shifting as the views of a magic lantern. A straggling honeysuckle branch crowded with blossoms barred her vision, while beyond, below the cliff, the yellow sand stretched out far as the eye could see, alive with bathers.

Some one ran hastily up the steps from the beach and passed the window. It was Delphine in a pink morning-dress, her hair twisted up loosely under her wide-rimmed hat, but falling in damp, crinkling waves down upon one cheek. Fresh and sweet to look at as a young girl she was, though she had been wife and mother for a dozen years or more now.

"Whom do you think I met this morning?" She stood before the table eating strawberries from the glass dish encircled with cool, green leaves, just before her, picking them up one by one with her pink-tipped fingers. How did Katey know? The Russian minister, perhaps, in his drosky, after whom in any other place but this, where common things only were strange and unlooked for, the boys would have run in the street; or Mrs. Col. Cuyler with her hideous black dwarf in the rumble of her phaeton; or—

"Dacre Home!"

"Ah?" but Katey's face showed only a passing interest. "Here is Calamity with the coffee. Was ever misfortune more welcome?"

"But you remember him?" persisted Mrs. Estemere, when she had unloosed the little silk scarf tying her hat under her chin and was seated opposite her sister.

"Oh, yes!" There flashed upon Katey's mind a recollection of the morning when she ran down Poplar street followed by poor quaking Ben, when Dacre stood upon the steps over the way and saw him enter the great gate after her. He told of it, she knew. It was he who informed the officers. That was a dozen and more years ago; but again she was thrilled with indignation at the thought. "How childish!" she added, in a moment to herself. "It was probably accidental after all. I suppose I should hardly know him now," she said aloud "He went away to school when we were both quite young, and I never chanced to meet him afterwards."

"I am sure you would. I recognized him at once," Delphine rejoined hastily. She

was evidently pleased by this unexpected *rencontre*; "and I asked him to call."

Katey laid down her fork. "How could you?"

"How could I avoid it? Besides I was thoroughly glad to see him. We knew him when we were children. It was for you, dear. What do you mean? I thought you would be pleased." Then she drew a frightened breath, and stared at the innocent blossoms that had thrust their pink faces in at the open window. "I fear I ought not to have asked him after all. What have we heard? What were the stories? Some affair at college—"

"He never finished his course, I believe," Katey replied. "He was expelled, or left under suspicion. I don't know the story, I could not ask Jeanie, but there was something."

"Then what did he appear to me for!" exclaimed Mrs. Estemere in real vexation. "Why do such people always come up when you least expect them and have had no time to decide upon how they ought to be received?"

"Very likely you'll never see him again," suggested Katey consolingly.

"Oh, yes, I will; I shall meet him the first time I leave the house; and he will call, I know. I saw it in his face. He seemed quite overcome by the invitation. Poor fellow! I suppose nobody is glad to see him. Perhaps it is not so bad after all. Such stories are always exaggerated," she added, anxious to find some point of comfort in what appeared now an awkward dilemma. "But I cannot allow you to meet him; not at least until I learn something more. And, as you say, we may never see him again."

At night Calamity came down from the hotel with a steaming kettle in one hand and a plate of toast wrapped in a napkin in the other, running back for the butter and a dish of berries with which he marked his course the length of the carriage way, and again for the shrimps and cresses. The bustle was over at last, the tea served, the tea-things cleared away, and Katey had gone up to her room to write a note to Jack. She would run over to Josie Durant's and enclose it in her semi-weekly letter presently when it was finished. She was writing the last word when she heard a step outside upon the gravel, then a voice and a movement down below upon the veranda. She sprang up, urged by curiosity; the letter upon her knee fluttered

down to the floor. But she was too late, the roof of the veranda screened the visitor from her sight, whoever he might be. The voice had sounded strange in her ear, but Delphine would send for her if it were one of the many acquaintances whom the pretty mistress of the little buff cottage had gathered about her here.

It must be Dacre, Katey thought, when the hot, still twilight settled into a breathless darkness, and yet no summons came. She groped about in vain for a light. Where was Dobry?—Delphine's maid. She had forgotten to leave a candle. She found her way at last to the open window again. Something slipped under her foot. It was the note to Jack. Josie would mail her letter without it now, believing she had not written. It was a pretty little cottage, this which they had taken for the summer—all gables and dormer-windows, and cream-colored peaks and points, glaringly bright and dazzling under a mid-day sun. But to-night, with no breeze from the sea, the chambers were hot and stifling, and it was double torment to be shut up like a prisoner here throughout the whole long evening.

Mrs. Estemere looked in on her way to bed.

"What, still in the dark, Katey? This is quite too bad. Where is Dobry?"

"Then it was Dacre?" And Katey stepped out of the shadows into the circle of light from the candle in Delphine's hand.

"Yes; and you might have come down after all. Still, I am not sorry," she added thoughtfully, seeming to drop out of the present moment into the past hour again, of which Katey had heard only the murmur of voices. "He has told me a great deal about himself; and I think he has been abused."

"Perhaps so." Katey spoke indifferently. She knew nothing of the story. Still her prejudices were against him. Something within her rose up and joined his accusers.

"He is coming again," Delphine said as she was leaving the room. "That is, if he does not go away at once." Then she set down her candle and kissed Katey good night. And a new chapter had begun already in Katey's life, though she knew nothing of it.

The summer twilight was like a story—like a beautiful old story read to the accompaniment of music, with the great far-spreading, luminous sea before the eyes and the dull, hushed noise of the surf rol-

ling in upon the ear, as though some fearful dragon of ancient times lay bound and moaning upon the shore. Straggling carriages filled with gaily dressed people toiled home across the sands. Young men and maidens trooped by along the cliff—an endless procession. Year after year the sea heard a story more beautiful than that of the twilight—whispered softly, or shouted aloud by happy voices, shrill and gay; the story of youth, and love, and summertime. The voices, the forms, the faces may change; but the story will go on while the world stands, and the sea crouches upon the shore to listen.

Katey, tall and slight, and holding up her white gown caught here and there with black ribbons, stepped out from the veranda. The little strip of lawn was wet with dew which might have blown in from the sea, so salt it was; the cupid's bow set in the grass flamed with scarlet geraniums.

"Allow me, if it is a nosegay you want," said a young man who had followed her, moving languidly down the steps. But Katey was already bending over the flowers. "Don't disturb yourself, Mr. Vose, I was looking for heliotropes; but there are none I see," and she rose again. Some one coming up from the cliff turned at the sound of her fresh, sweet voice—a young man whose eyes met hers. Dark eyes they were, set tolerably near each other in a dark, smooth face. For an instant she stood quite still, holding the white drapery about her, some recollection struggling in her mind, the darkening space behind her, the bright flowers at her feet; then he had raised his hat and passed on. Delphine was right, she knew him now, it was Dacre Home, though for a moment his face had been strange to her. But where had he been all this time? A week had passed since he came to win Mrs. Estemere's good opinion. He was evidently in no haste to follow up his victory.

She was down before Delphine the next morning. What was this upon her plate?—a loose knot of wet, heavy-scented heliotropes. "Mr. Vose," she said. And yet he was not accustomed to be abroad at such an early hour, she knew. Calamity came shambling in from the pantry at her call, ducking his head by way of obeisance.

"A young gem'man passin' de winder when I's settin' out de table lay it jus' dar," he explained.

"For Mrs. Estemere?"

"No; for de young lady—for you, Missy."

"Some one of the gentlemen up at the hotel, I suppose. Which?"

"No, Missy: a strange gem'man. I nebber seen him 'fore, shore's I lib. A young, dark-like gem'man."

The flowers dropped out of her hand.

Dacre had heard her remark then, the evening before. How impertinent! to come to the window. She rose and took hold of the tassel of the shutter-cord. The string caught: it fell with a crash at last. "Don't leave it so again, I am sure it is not safe," she said, and passed on into the little drawing-room to wait for Delphine.

"How nice it was of him!" Mrs. Estemere exclaimed when Katey had told the story, even to the chance encounter of the night before.

"I think it was impertinent," Katey replied. She remembered him as a boy with his haughty, supercilious ways. How he had looked down upon and scorned them all then! That time was as fresh and vivid to her mind as when they lived it. Why had he come now to act a different part? Circumstances had changed; but they had not changed. Dobry came down with Launce and they passed out to the breakfast-table. It was Mrs. Estemere who gathered up the despised flowers at last, put them in water and set them out in the drawing-room. "Why should it not be?" she had said to herself, thinking of Katey and Dacre and looking far into the future with a woman's hasty catching at possibilities.

He had won upon her sympathies,—by no means a difficult matter of attainment, for Delphine was tender-hearted and unsuspicious; he was undeniably well-born, as we Americans reckon good birth, having had a grandfather of whom it was safe to speak even in polite society. His family had prospered and increased in wealth since the old days in Poplar street, where their name was remembered now to point more than one story of success; he had been wild and reckless in his life,—but though she said the words to herself the blessed innocence of the woman's mind clothed them with but vague meaning,—still he would turn, he would change, and he had only to repent to be received like the prodigal son with music and dancing, with feasting and gifts in his father's house. And when all these results were brought about, what could be more desirable for Katey, who was growing restless under her idle, unaccustomed life, and was planning:

even so soon to go away and do for herself. Proud, foolish Katey! who could not take even from Delphine and Jack, dearly as she loved them, what they were only too happy to bestow upon her.

The wind changed towards night. The sky shut down upon the sea and the fog came driving in heavy and thick. Down upon the shore the dragon roared and chafed at his chains. The beach was deserted, the cliff bare of strollers as Katey sprang out of the low phaeton at the door of the cottage, her pretty violet gown drenched, her hair, heavy and damp, falling upon her neck, her arms filled with great creamy lilies. The drive across the country with the wet wind in her face had brought a new light to her eyes, a new deep red to her cheeks. "Good night," called Josie Durant, gathering up the reins and turning the heads of her ponies. Josie's gown, gray and glistening, held its own despite the fog—her hair, too, bound up tight and smooth, knew no change. Our very outward adorning takes on something of our inner nature, and Josie, calm, unruffled, self-contained, would have passed through a fiery furnace unscathed. So it seemed to poor, foolish, impulsive Katey, who from gown to heart reflected every beam of sunshine about her or was wrapped in every cloud.

Some one rose as she paused in the drawing-room door, her hat with its wreath of lilies sliding down to her feet. "Ah!" she gasped. She was not nice for company. That was her first thought. Her hat in its descent had caught the comb which held her hair. "Sabrina!" Dacre uttered under his breath. "You remember Dacre, I am sure," was Delphine's more common-place greeting, trying to put them upon familiar terms at once by this frank use of his name.

Katey answered coldly, bowing formally as she passed on, at which Delphine stared. It is hard when one has arranged a play

and begins to pull the strings to find that the puppets throw out an arm instead of a foot or, worse still, turn their backs upon each other. But to Katey it was a charade in which she was to improvise her own part, only unfortunately she and Delphine had not chosen the same word. There was an awkward moment, then Dacre excused himself and went away.

"Why did you do so?" said Mrs. Estemere when he had gone. "Why should you not be kind and pleasant to him?"

"Why should I?" Katey replied with a jarring chord in her voice, "he was anything but kind and pleasant to us when we were children."

"Good gracious! Katey. You don't mean that you have laid anything by to bring up against him after all these years?" Delphine looked at her as though Katey had developed the spirit of a Lucretia Borgia.

"No—o," Katey replied slowly. "But I wish he would go away."

"I am afraid that is a very wicked spirit," said Mrs. Estemere severely. Her quickly devised scheme seemed toppling to the ground already.

"I don't know; I don't wish him any harm, I am sure," Katey replied in a softer voice. "I should be glad to know he was doing well. But I should prefer it to be a great way off." Then she laughed, bending over Delphine and giving her a kiss. "It is silly and childish, I know," she added, "and I'll do differently another time, since you wish it."

"Perhaps there will not be another time," replied Delphine rather coldly; "His stay is extremely uncertain. He said to-night that he ought to go."

"Then why don't he?" Katey rejoined quickly. "I'm sure we are not keeping him."

"He has other friends here, I presume."

"Very likely;" and then Katey went on arranging her lilies, and nothing more was said of their visitor.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.*

THE education of women is, no doubt, a hackneyed theme. It may be quite impossible to say anything that is absolutely new about it, and very difficult to say what is certainly true. But the public mind is now deeply interested in this and kindred topics. The atmosphere is alive and vocal with them. The age is instinct with them. The world is full of them. It is, therefore, a good time to discuss the subject. And one who holds a relation of trust and responsibility to one "Woman's College," one "Female Seminary," and one "Young Ladies' Institute," while he has devoted his life to the work of an educator, may be pardoned for having some opinions on the Higher Education of Woman, and wishing to give them utterance.

We are confronted at the outset by the question of the co-education of the sexes; for if the sexes are to be educated in all respects alike, and educated together, the question is not only greatly simplified—it is substantially settled. The course is already marked out. The curriculum is determined. The colleges and professional schools are at hand, sufficiently numerous, with large endowments, and prescribed studies, combining the science of the present with the wisdom of past ages; and all that is necessary is to open the doors to women and let them come in.

For myself, I have no prejudice against co-education. On the contrary, I am free to say that, when the question of opening Amherst College for the reception of women was under discussion, I was in favor of trying the experiment. And it is not telling tales out of school (for it is not a matter which any of us wish to conceal), when I add, that my colleagues in the faculty were generally of the same sentiment. We were willing to try the experiment. But we were overruled by the trustees and the students, who, being either more conservative or less gallant than the faculty, combined against us, and, of course, outnumbered us. Truth requires me to add that we did not expect the experiment to succeed. We believe in fair play. We believe in giving everybody a fair chance, and everything that holds out any promise or prospect of good, a fair trial. So we

were willing the experiment should be tried, not only in the West, where, as at Athens, *ti kainoteron*, something newer, is always the motto, but (where it is quite another question) in conservative New England, in old Massachusetts, and tried here under the most favorable circumstances, in one of the youngest colleges, where Christian principle has perhaps the fullest sway over the students, and where the faculty are not afraid of new things, simply *because* they are new, but have always endeavored to act on the apostolic precept: "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." But we expected the experiment to fail, even under these circumstances. Do you ask why? Not because we do not believe there are many young women who are fully capable of competing with young men in the studies of the existing college curriculum. Facts prove the contrary. Not chiefly because we fear the effect on the morals of the young men. On the contrary, I am inclined to believe their morals and manners would be improved by association with the other sex. If the experiment were really and permanently successful, it would be one of the most hopeful methods of exorcising from our colleges some barbarous customs that have come down from the dark ages, and introducing the courtesies and refinements of Christian civilization. I am not, however, without some misgivings on this point, when I observe how blindly young women, in some of our so-called woman's colleges, ape the follies of young men in theirs. And when I see how bad women have sometimes corrupted the morals of schools and of courts, the manners of society, and the taste in literature and art, I must confess that the experiment would be attended with great hazards, and I am far from looking for the millennium in our colleges as a probable result of the admission of young women. Not, however, chiefly for these reasons did we expect the experiment to fail, but for the same reason that we expect the woman suffrage movement to be a failure, viz.: Because women—women generally—the truest, purest, and best of the sex—do not wish for the right of suffrage, and that because their unerring instincts and intuitions tell them they would lose more than they would gain by the change, because their good sense and right-feeling teach

* A discourse delivered at the late anniversary of Mount Holyoke Seminary.

them there is a wiser and better way of exalting their influence and blessing mankind. So women generally—women in the East—the truest, purest, and best of the sex everywhere—do not wish for co-education. Mothers in our most cultured and refined families do not wish it for their daughters. And daughters—the genuine daughters of such mothers—*matribus pulchris pulchriores filiae*—do not wish it for themselves.

The founder of Williston Seminary provided with no little care and expense for the education of young women in the same classes and studies, by the same teachers, and in just the same way with young men, in that richly endowed and well-appointed institution; but the experiment failed, and the woman's department was relinquished, simply because young women preferred to go to Mount Holyoke and other seminaries where the training was expressly intended for them, adapted to their nature, and suited to meet their wants. In Oberlin, where the experiment has been tried under the most favorable circumstances, it has proved a failure so far as the regular college course is concerned. The number of young women in that course, instead of increasing with the prosperity of the institution, has diminished, so that it now averages at most only two or three to a class. The rest pursue a different curriculum, live in a separate dormitory, and study by themselves in a course of their own, reciting, indeed, partly with the young men, and by way of reciprocity and in true womanly compassion, allowing some of them to sit at their table in the dining-hall, but yet constituting substantially a female seminary, or, if you please, a woman's college in the university. So that if Oberlin had been a college with its four collegiate classes, without any preparatory department, female seminary, or professional schools, the experiment would have turned out just as it did at Williston Seminary, and would have been a failure even there. It could have been made successful at Amherst, or any other New England college, only by turning it into a university—in other words, only by enlarging the accommodations, changing the entire system, and thus nearly doubling the expense, and then it would not have been the ideal woman's college. There would have been no economy,—which is the great American argument for co-education,—there would have been little or no advantage for young

women in such an institution—the course established for young men would have been complicated, revolutionized, and exposed to new hazards, and after all there would still have been a more excellent way.

When I was a boy we used to discuss in the debating societies of my native place, among other questions equally wise and equally insoluble, that of the relative superiority or inferiority in native talent of the two sexes. The same sage and solemn question was also gravely discussed by our class in college when we were grave and reverend seniors, and in the presence of the venerable Dr. Humphrey. I do not remember the arguments of the students, though of course they were very wise and entirely conclusive *on both sides*. But I well remember the decision of our honored President, which was as follows: 1.—Men are superior to women. 2.—Women are superior to men. 3.—Neither the one nor the other are superior. I do not propose to argue that question. It is a fundamental principle in mathematics that there can be no *ratio* between *unlike quantities*. We do not measure flowers, as we do corn and potatoes, by the half bushel. It is idle to discuss the question which are the stronger, the golden beams of truth, or the silken cords of love. They must be twisted or woven together if you would make a bond of power and influence that is quite irresistible. But they must be *spun apart*, and you must take good heed that you do not spoil or soil either in the twisting or weaving process. It is not worth while to ask which is the more valuable implement, the needle or the drill and crowbar—which the more useful, the sewing-machine or the mower and reaper. They are both invaluable in their places, each utterly useless in the place of the other. And even Mr. Beecher would not argue that there was any great wisdom or economy in manufacturing the needle or the crowbar, or even the sewing-machine and the reaper, in the same shop. The wood and the iron,—the raw materials,—may be gotten out in mass and wrought into some manageable form together. But any manufacturer would prefer to fashion and finish the needle or the sewing-machine in a special factory. It were folly to inquire which is the richer and sweeter music, bass and tenor or alto and soprano. They must unite to make up the anthem of the Crea-

tion. But there must be a great deal of separate training before you can produce either a Mario or a Nilsson. And to set either one trying to sing like the other would spoil both.

Woman's profession and sphere certainly differ more from man's than the several special trades and professions of men differ from each other; and when men are ready to educate lawyers, doctors, ministers, farmers, mechanics, merchants, engineers, miners, chemists, and all the rest, in the same school, for the sake of economy, then it will be soon enough to begin to talk of saving a little money by sinking the Higher Education of Woman,—her liberal and professional education,—in schools founded and fitted only for men. Economy! It is economy run mad. Nay, it is parsimony. It is meanness—meanness in the education of women aggravated by contrast with liberality, almost lavishness in the education of men. And this from those who set themselves up as the special friends and patrons of the sex! The Athenians in ancient times had a three-fold system of education, corresponding, in its general features, with our own triple system of primary, liberal and special educations, and with their inborn love of beauty and harmony, they called the higher education MUSIC. The higher education of woman is, emphatically, *music*, for when properly furnished and applied it will make music in her own soul, music in the family, music in society, music in the church and state, and there can be no real harmony in either without it.

Education, in order to be wise and useful, must, of course, be adapted to the nature and sphere of those who are to be educated. The higher education of woman, if it is to deserve the name, must develop the powers and faculties of woman, especially her higher faculties and those in which she excels; if it is to answer the ends of education, it must qualify her for the sphere in which she is fitted to move. Let us, then, take a rapid survey, first, of the peculiar nature of woman, and, secondly, of her proper sphere, that we may thus infer what should be the characteristic features of her education.

The most obvious peculiarity of her nature, which none will question, because it is patent to the senses, is her comparatively slender, delicate and feeble bodily constitution. There are individual exceptions. But as a general rule, which is

only proved and made palpable by these exceptions, woman is no more capable of enduring the same severe and protracted study with the other sex, by day and by night, through all the months and years of her early life, than she is able to perform the same labors on the farm or in the shop, in the mine or at the anvil, or to brave the same dangers, and bear the same hardships and exposures on the tented field. This fact alone goes far to settle the question of co-education. Sooner or later, in the long run, co-education will, for this reason alone, inevitably either break down the health and constitution of woman, or change the curriculum and lower the standard of college education. A system of higher education for young women should, first of all, and I had almost said above all, guard her health, invigorate her constitution, develop her form, animate and irradiate her features, give color to her cheek, light to her eye, music to her voice, elasticity to her step, grace to her motions, the native hue of health, life and joy to her whole person. To this end, her education should be, not exactly gymnastic, although a well applied and wisely conducted gymnasium is quite essential, but it should be largely *calisthenic* in the widest and best sense of that expressive word, so that the result shall be strength clothed with beauty, and beauty informed and enforced by strength. Give us one generation of such women, and Dio Lewis and Dr. Allen will both lose their vocation together, and the millennium, not of muscular Christianity, but of physical perfection, will already have begun.

We cannot but add in this connection that woman's person must be protected, her character guarded, her virgin purity preserved, and her womanly delicacy cultivated and cherished with the most sedulous care. Hence there should be less of publicity, more of retirement and seclusion in her education than in that of the other sex. She must be educated largely at home. Her school education should be as much as possible under the immediate watch and care of her parents. And when she goes away to the seminary or the college, she should find there the nearest possible approach to the arrangements of home and the family circle. Just what the coming woman's college will be in this respect, I do not venture to predict. The dormitory and boarding-house question, difficult enough in regard to young men,

is beset with peculiar difficulties in the case of young women. If it were possible to provide suitable homes for them in good families, this would, perhaps, be the best arrangement. The next best thing would, perhaps, be small boarding-houses under the immediate supervision of the teachers. Some medium, at any rate, ought to be found between turning the pupils loose on the community, like young men in most of our colleges, and such great, overgrown establishments as Vassar college, which shut the students up to a confined, artificial, conventual life, and at the same time overwhelm the teachers with a load of constant care and toil, which has prematurely destroyed, or at least broken down, the health of those who have undertaken it.

Turning now from the physical to the mental constitution, none will deny that woman is more observing and less reflective than man. She sees by intuition what he proves by argument or establishes by demonstration. She has more taste, more feeling, more fancy, perhaps more imagination, but less reason and judgment. Hence she requires a system of education which will develop the powers in which her superiority lies, and at the same time supply marked deficiencies, strengthen points of positive weakness, and, so far as there is a manifest want of balance, restore the true equipoise. For the latter purpose, perhaps, there are no better studies than mathematics, logic and philosophy—in a word, the sciences both of matter and of mind; since it is the office of science to weigh and measure, to prove and demonstrate, to find and fix the equilibrium, whether in the material or the spiritual universe. For the former purpose,—that of developing and disciplining the powers in which woman naturally excels,—rhetoric, belles-lettres, language, literature, art, are certainly better adapted. And in the higher education of woman, I cannot but think that literature and art rather than science should have the preponderance. Science lays a solid foundation, but art should build and finish the superstructure. Mathematics are the framework of the universe, but life, love, reason, speech, music, poetry, constitute its beauty and glory—nay, they are its informing soul and its speaking features. We have had but one Mrs. Somerville, and only one Miss Mitchell, while women who have shone in literature and art, in the realm of taste and imagination, are like the stars in the firmament.

But woman's *forte* lies, not in her physical or her intellectual, but in her emotional, in other words, her moral and religious nature. Here, in this highest sphere of being and action, she has been endowed with the rarest and richest gifts, here is the sphere of her widest and highest influence, and here, above all, she should receive the wisest and best culture of which her nature is capable. Woman is naturally more conscientious and religious than man. It is easier for her to love and fear God. She may have been the first to apostatize from her Maker, but she is certainly always and everywhere foremost in the work of mediation and reconciliation. She is naturally more charitable and philanthropic. It is easier for her to love and pity all mankind, and that more as they more need compassion. Woman needs education, I had almost said, more than man, that her impulses, which are stronger, may receive only a right direction. And the education which she needs for this purpose is especially in ethics, anthropology and theology—those all-comprehending and all-illuminating sciences which pertain to God and man and the relations that subsist between them. To these should be added the original languages in which those Scriptures were written which reveal God to man and make man known to himself as he is in the sight of his Maker. Not that every educated woman, any more than every educated man, should study Greek and Hebrew, or theology. But these fountains of the highest truth and the most sacred duty should be open and accessible to all, without distinction of sex, who have the taste and the talents for such studies, and who feel themselves called to them by an inward and effectual calling. How much light might be shed on the interpretation of the Scriptures, the plan of salvation, and the best methods of blessing mankind in this life as well as saving them in the life to come, by the union of such high culture with the clear intuitions and warm hearts of women, taught also of God and sanctified by his Spirit. The work that has been accomplished, without all these advantages, by the religious teachings of Miss Lyon, Miss Fiske, Miss Hopkins, and other teachers in Mt. Holyoke seminary, suggests and *only* suggests the answer. In such educated, enlightened and sanctified women will be realized, if it is ever realized anywhere in this world, the clear spiritual vision so vividly described by our

Lord, when, the eye being single, the whole spirit and soul and body is full of light, having no part dark, as the bright shining of a candle doth give light to all that are in the house. Nay, woman thus fully educated, and then irradiated by the love of Christ, were a fulfillment of the vision in the Apocalypse: I SAW AN ANGEL STANDING IN THE SUN.

But we must pass from this mere glance at the peculiar nature of woman to a no less rapid survey of her proper sphere. We are well aware that woman's sphere is, much of it, disputed territory, and that we are here entering on the great battleground of the age. Yet one point, I think, will be universally conceded. All will agree that home is emphatically woman's sphere. The family is her kingdom. Her throne is in the hearts of father and mother, brother and sister, husband and children. Love is the scepter of her power, and if wisdom may but share the throne and scepter, there is no power so great, no dominion so absolute, no realm so wide or so happy as hers. The character and conduct, the prosperity and happiness, the health and life, of the family are chiefly intrusted to her; and, since the family is the fountain of the church and the state, she stands at the fountain-head of national as well as individual, public not less than private, spiritual not less than temporal, life. Woman takes the individual, the community, the state, the church—in a word, she takes every person and every thing in the germ, and, at its forming period, molds and shapes it for good or evil, weal or woe.

Surely she needs *all* knowledge for a work of such unlimited extent and unbounded influence. She needs, above all, to know herself, her physical and mental constitution, the laws of her own being, health and life, for she is herself to be the fountain of being, health and life to her children. As the mother and nurse of the family, the first principles, at least, of anatomy, physiology and medicine are indispensable. As the housekeeper, and, in a broad sense, the home-builder, chemistry, botany and natural history, cookery and domestic economy, the art of building, also, and adorning—all those arts and sciences which combine to make the home convenient, the grounds beautiful, the kitchen clean, the library cozy, the parlor neat, the table wholesome, the fire-side cheerful, home attractive—all these branch-

es of knowledge are needful to her, all these have more to do with the character and happiness of the family than we are apt to think. Indeed, they are quite fundamental; and if they are ever to enter and bless our homes generally, they must be introduced by well-trained, educated, cultivated women. Of course, the mother must be the teacher, and home the school in which alone those arts that adorn and bless home can be practically and fully learned. But the seminary and college can better teach the sciences which underlie them. And this is not the least important department in the higher education of women.

Again, it will be universally admitted that woman must be the center and soul of all good society. Without her civilizing and refining presence, society always and everywhere degenerates into barbarism. Clubs from which she is excluded tend to rudeness, roughness, coarseness, corruption of morals and manners. Gentle manners come from the gentler sex; pure morals from purity and propriety in woman. She is the standard of social customs, the glass of fashion, the rule of good breeding, the law of refinement and decorum, the regulator of society, the atmosphere with which public sentiment rises or sinks like the barometer, and the very element in which public morals and manners live and move and have their being. If women were only sufficiently enlightened, united and decided—if women would always frown upon those habits of eating, drinking and smoking, which lead to intemperance and minister to licentiousness—if women would never walk or ride with a smoke-stack, or keep company with a beer-barrel or a bottle of champagne—I repeat it, if women were only sufficiently enlightened, united and decided never to smile, but always to frown, on these and similar habits, from which they themselves are the greatest sufferers, banished from all decent society, they would vanish and disappear. As means to this end, ethical and æsthetic culture are indispensable. She must be instructed, first, in what is right. And then she must be taught those arts, or elements of art, which the Greeks so well understood, and which they called to *kalon* and to *prepon*, the beautiful and the becoming. The art of pleasing is pre-eminently woman's art, and if truly understood and fully practiced, it would make her omnipotent in her proper sphere. Woman

differs from man somewhat as poetry does from prose, music from mathematics, and the fine arts from the useful. That is, she seems to be made and meant *primarily to please*, and *by* pleasing, indirectly and thus more effectually, to instruct and benefit, to make wise and good. Hence music and poetry—not the mere frippery of them on the tongue and fingers' ends, but the science of them in the mind and the essence of them in the soul, are most important studies in her higher education.

There is another art, never taught in our schools and too little studied or practiced in the family which, in woman's hand, would be a scepter of sovereign power, a wand of more than talismanic influence—the art of conversation. It is a fine art, yet second to none in usefulness. Like other æsthetic arts, it was carried to great perfection by the Greeks—a very good reason, by the way, for women's studying the language of Socrates and Plato. In modern times it has been cultivated by the French beyond any other nation, and it is one of their chief charms.

Woman, again, is a born and divinely constituted educator. Home education always has been, and always must be, chiefly her work. School education also is passing more and more into her hands. Hence, she should be taught the science and art of education. All schools for women should be largely and in a broad sense normal schools, and what the Germans call propædæutics should be a prominent branch of their higher education.

Woman is also a born physician and nurse. Her quick perceptions and lively sympathies, her soft hand and nimble, noiseless footstep, fit her pre-eminently to administer as well as minister to the sick and the suffering, to visit the houses of others as well as to stand by the sick-bed in her own home, to have charge of hospitals in time of peace as well as to extemporize them in war and battle. Medicine is destined to be more and more the sphere of woman. She ought, therefore, to have the fullest opportunity to study chemistry, anatomy, physiology—all the sciences that underlie medicine as well as the art and practice of medicine itself. And then let the young doctors and medical students look out for their honors!

Art, literature, language and religion, as they are all especially adapted to woman's nature, so are they all daily more and more opening and expanding before her

as her sphere of action. Miss Hosmer and Miss Edmonson are only the advance guard of a great company of sculptors and artists of their sex who will breathe new life and beauty into the marble, touch the canvas with unknown tenderness and grace, and make art subsidiary more than it ever yet has been to truth and goodness, humanity and religion. Uncle Tom's Cabin has shown how a woman's pen, moved by a woman's heart and guided by a woman's wisdom and wit, can stir the nations to sympathy with an oppressed and down-trodden race; and a sacramental host of authoresses have already set out under her leadership, and will move on in increasing numbers and with ever-growing power, overthrowing oppression, restraining vice and crime, reforming morals and manners, enlightening the public mind, purifying public sentiment, revolutionizing business, society and government, till every yoke is broken and all nations are won to the truth. Woman has the gift of tongues, if anybody has it in modern times. She learns languages with great facility. She is already doing much in translating from one modern language and literature into another, and thus enriching each with the treasures of all the rest. The coming woman is destined to act a still more beneficent part as the interpreter, mediator and reconciler of the nations. At the same time,—being by nature and divine appointment a priestess of religion, a heaven-ordained minister at the altar of domestic piety, a deaconess in the church with or without ordination, a sister of charity among the poor, the suffering, the tempted and the lost, a missionary to the heathen whether in Christian or Pagan lands,—*she*, if any one, can teach the whole family of man to offer the morning and evening prayer—*she*, if any one, is destined not only to reconcile the nations to each other, but to win them back to Christ and to God. With such a mission to accomplish for art, literature, language and religion, all the existing treasures of art, literature, language and religion should be laid at her feet.

There has been much discussion, and not a little sharp contention, between the advocates of women's colleges and polytechnic schools for women. Why should there be? Why not have both, as men have colleges and also professional schools? I cannot hear Mrs. Livermore or read Miss Beecher, without feeling that there is a wide

field for schools to train woman for her "profession," "as wife, mother, house-keeper, nurse and the mistress of servants;" and I cannot but agree with Miss Beecher, that this kind of education and training is likely to do much more for the education of her sex than the right of suffrage. At the same time it seems to me that no one can look over the whole ground of woman's nature and sphere and the education she requires, as we have endeavored to do, without seeing that there is also ample room for a real woman's college, which shall offer a truly liberal education at least to the select few that have special taste and talents for it. Nay, to *many* who shall form a class of educated women, who shall take the lead in cultivated society and form public sentiment, who shall fashion and rule the enlightened Christian society of the coming age,—the *good* time coming,—as the women of France did the corrupt and fashionable society of the court and the aristocracy in the time of Louis XIV., and the demoralizing, disorganizing infidel society before and during the French Revolution, who shall also become professional educators, physicians, artists, authors, editors, translators, superintendents and teachers in Sunday schools, missionaries, enlightened Christian philanthropists, trained leaders of "the sacramental host of the Lord's anointed." Or give us, if you please, a university for women, which shall furnish both the liberal culture and the professional training, and thus

complete the circle of the higher education for which we plead. Here we have the key to the solution of most of the many questions touching women which now vex the public mind. The way to extend woman's sphere is to enlarge her faculties, enrich and adorn her nature, and perfect her development. Her sphere is sure to widen with her capacities and her education. Give us the educated, enlightened, transfigured woman we demand, and she will clear a track for herself—she will create a sphere in which she will do her proper work and exert a commanding and transforming influence.

It is woman's mission, by developing her whole nature, filling her entire sphere, and thus making the most of herself, to make men better, and so to reform, refine, and exalt the human race. Normally, if not naturally, woman is truer, purer, better than man. To extend her influence, therefore, is to purify home, adorn society, and bless mankind. To make that influence as wise in its direction, and wide in its extent as it is good in its aim and intention, were to make man as true and pure and good as woman. And every step in her proper education is a means to that end. Every stage of her progress always has marked and always will mark a higher stage of human civilization. For, as all history and all philosophy show, the elevation of woman is at once the measure and the means of the advancement of mankind.

BY THE DEAD.

O POVERTY, till now I never knew
The meaning of the word! What lack is here!
O pale mask of a soul, great, good and true!
O mocking semblance stretched upon a bier!

Each atom of this devastated face
Was so instinct with power, with warmth and light:
What desert is so desolate! No grace
Is left, no gleam, no change, no day, no night.

Where is the key that locked these gates of speech,
Once beautiful, where thought stood sentinel,
Where sweetness sat, where wisdom passed, to teach
Our weakness strength, our homage to compel?

Despoiled at last, and waste and barren lies
 This once so rich domain. Where lives and moves,
 In what new world, the splendor of these eyes
 That dauntless lightened like imperial Jove's?

Annihilated, do you answer me?
 Blown out and vanished like a candle flame?
 Is nothing left but this pale effigy,
 This silence drear, this dread without a name?

Has it been all in vain, our love and pride,
 This yearning love that still pursues our friend
 Into the awful dark, unsatisfied,
 Bereft, and wrung with pain? Is this the end?

Would God so mock us? To our human sense
 No answer reaches through the doubtful air;
 Yet with a living hope, profound, intense,
 Our tortured souls rebel against despair;

As bowing to the bitter fate we go
 Drooping and dumb as if beneath a curse;
 But does not pitying Heaven answer "No!"
 With all the voices of the universe?



A REPRESENTATIVE TRIAD.

HOOD—ARNOLD—PROCTER.

I BRING together the foregoing names of poets, whose works very clearly reflect certain phases of English life and literature. It would be difficult to select three more unlike one another in genius, motive, and the results of their devotion to art, or any three whose relations to their period can be defined so justly by a process of contrast and comparison. This process is objectionable when we are testing the success of an author in the fulfillment of his own artistic purpose; it has its use, nevertheless, in a general survey of the poetry of any given time.

Here are the poet of sympathy, the poet of cultured intellect, and the born vocalist of lyric song. The first is thoroughly democratic in his expression of the mirth and tragedy of common life. The second equally represents his era, with its excess of culture, subtle intellectuality, poverty of theme, reliance upon the beauty and wisdom of the past. His sympathies may be no less acute, but the popular instinct has deemed them loyal to his own class; his humanity takes small note of individuals, but regards social and psychological

problems in the abstract; as for his genius, it is critical rather than creative. The last of this triad is delightful for the troubadour quality of his minstrelsy: a dramatist and song-writer, loving poetry for itself, possessing what the musician would call a genuine "voice," and giving blithe, unstudied utterance to his tuneful impulses. Hood is the poet of the crowd; Arnold, of the closet; Procter, of the open air:—all are purely English, and belong to the England of a very recent day.

II.

EXAMINING the work of these minor, yet representative, poets, we find that of Thomas Hood so attractive and familiar, that in his case the former qualification seems a distinction by no wide remove from the best of his contemporaries. He had a portion of almost every gift belonging to a true poet, and but for restricted health and fortune would have maintained a higher standard. His sympathetic instinct was especially tender and alert; he was the poet of the heart, and sound at heart himself—the poet of humane senti-

ment, clarified by a living spring of humor, which kept it from any taint of sentimentalism. To read his pages is to laugh and weep by turns; to take on human charity; to regard the earth mournfully, yet be thankful, as he was, for what sunshine falls upon it, and to accept manfully,—as he did,—each one's condition, however toilsome and suffering, under the changeless law that impels and governs all. Even his artistic weaknesses (and he had no other) were frolicsome and endearing. Much of his verse was the poetry of the beautiful, in a direction opposite to that of the metaphysical kind. His humor,—not his jaded humor, the pack-horse of daily task-work, but his humor at its best, which so lightened his pack of ills and sorrows, and made all England know him,—was the merriment of hamlets and hostels around the skirts of Parnassus, where not the gods, but Earth's common children, hold their gala-days within the shadow. Lastly, his severer lyrical faculty was musical and sweet: its product is as refined as the most exacting need require, and keeps more uniformly than other modern poetry to the idiomatic measures of English song.

Hood failed in a youthful effort to master the drudgery of a commercial desk. He then attempted to practice the art of engraving, but found it ruinous to his health. It served to develop a pleasant knack of sketching, which was similar in quality and after use to Thackeray's gift in that line, and came as readily to its owner. At last he easily drifted into the life of a working man of letters, and figured creditably, both as humorist and poet, before the commencement of the present British reign. Yet that portion of his verse which is engrafted upon literature, as distinctively his own, was not composed, it will be seen, until within the years immediately preceding his death. He thus occupies a niche in the arcade along which our vision at present is directed.

His youthful career, in fact, belongs to that interval when people were beginning to shake off the influence of Byron and his compeers, and to ask for something new. It is noticeable that the works of Keats, Shelley, and Coleridge, separated themselves from the *débris*, and greatly affected the rising generation of poets, inciting a reaction, from the passionate unrestraint of the romantic school, to the fastidious art of which Keats was the rarest and most intuitive master. The change was ac-

celerated by such men as Leigh Hunt—then at his poetic meridian, and a clear, though somewhat gentle, signal-light between the future and the past. Hood's early and serious poems are of the artistic sort, evincing his adherence to the new method, and an eager study of Shakespeare and other Elizabethan models.

At various times between 1821 and 1830 were composed such pieces as "Hero and Leander"—in the manner of "Venus and Adonis"; "The Two Swans," "The Two Peacocks of Bedford," and "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies"—carefully written after the fashion of Spenser and his teachers; "Lycus, the Centaur"; numberless fine sonnets; and a few lyrics, among which the ballad of "Fair Ines" certainly is without a peer. Much of this verse exhibits Hood's persistent defect,—a failing from which he never wholly recovered, and which was due to excess of nervous imagination,—that of overloading a poem with as much verbal and scenic detail as the theme and structure could be made to bear. Otherwise it is very charming: such works as then commended itself to poets, and which the modern public has been taught to recognize. "Lycus, the Centaur," for instance, reads like a production of the latest school; and Hood's children, in their "Memorials" of the poet, justly term the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" a "most artistic poem," which "has latterly been more fairly appreciated in spite of its antiquated style." But his own public took little interest in these fanciful compositions of Hood's younger muse, however clearly they reveal the artist-side of his nature, his delicate taste, command of rhythm, and devotion to his ideal. These traits were more acceptable in his shorter lyrics of that period, many of which were delicious, and beyond his own power to excel in later years. His ballads,—contributed to the magazines and annuals, then in vogue, with which he was connected,—are full of grace, simplicity, pathos, and spirit. All must acknowledge, with Poe, that "Fair Ines" is perfect of its kind. Take this exquisite ballad, and others, written at various dates throughout his life—"It was not in the Winter," "Sigh on, Sad Heart," "She's up and gone, the graceless Girl," "What can an old Man do but Die?" "The Death-Bed," "I Remember, I Remember," "Ruth," "Farewell, Life!"; take also the more imaginative odes to be found in his collected

works—such as those “To Melancholy,” and “To the Moon”; take these lyrical poems, and give them, after some consideration of present verse-making, a careful reading anew. They are here cited as his lyrical conceptions, not as work in what afterward proved to be his special field, and we shortly may dismiss this portion of our theme. I call these songs and ballads, poetry; poetry of the lasting sort, native to the English tongue, and attractive to successive generations. I believe that some of them will be read when many years have passed away; that they will be picked out and treasured by future compilers, as we now select and delight in the songs of Jonson, Suckling, Herrick, and other noble kinsmen. Place them in contrast with efforts of the verbal school,—all sound and color, conveying no precise sentiment, vivified by no motive sweet with feeling, or easeful with unstudied rhythm. Of a truth, much of this elaborate modern verse is but the curious fashion of a moment, and as the flower of grass: “the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.”

Although Hood took little recognition by the delicate poems which were the children nearest their begetter's heart, he at once gained the favor of his countrymen through that ready humor which formed so large a portion of his birthright. He had versatility, and his measures, however lacking in strength of imagination, exhibit humane and dramatic elements which we miss in those of his greatest contemporary. His fantastic image, though topped with the cap and bells, may well be garlanded with rue, and placed, like Garrick's, between the Muses of Comedy and Tragedy. He had the veritable gift of Humor,—that which makes us weep, yet smile through our tears. But how this faculty was overworked! and how his verse was thinned and degraded, to suit the caprice of a rude public, by that treacherous facility, which it seemed beyond his power to rightly control!

Hood's *Odes and Addresses*, his comic diversions in *The London Magazine*, and the pronounced success of *Whims and Oddities*, (1826,) gave him notoriety as a fun-maker, and doomed him either to starve, or to grimace for the national amusement during the twenty after-years of his toiling, pathetic life. The British always will have their Samson, out of the prison-house, to make them sport. Tickle the ribs of those

spleen-devoured idlers or workers, in London and a score of dingy cities; dispel for a moment the insular melancholy; and you may command the pence of the poor, and the patronage, if you choose, of the rich and titled. But at what a sacrifice! The mask of more than one Merryman has hidden a death's-head; his path has followed to the tomb, though strewn with tinsel and taffeta roses, and garish with all the cressets of the circus-ring. Whatever Hood might essay, the public was stolidly expecting a quip or a jest. These were kindly given, though often poor as the health and fortunes of the jester; and it is no marvel that, under the prolonged draughts of “Hood's Own,” and the “Comic Annuals,” the beery mirth ran swipes. Even then it was just as eagerly received, for the popular sense of wit is none too nice, and the British commons retain their honest youthfulness, coarse of appetite, pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.

There is no more sorrowful display of metrical literature,—a tribute extorted from the poet who wrote for a living,—than the bulk of his comic verses brought together in the volumes of Hood's remains. It was a sin and a shame to preserve it, but there it lies, with all its wretched puns and nonsense of the vanished past, a warning to every succeeding writer! To it might be added countless pages of equally valueless and trivial prose. Yet what clever work the man could do! In extravaganzas like “The Tale of a Trumpet,” his sudden laughter flashes into wit; and there are half-pensive, half-mirthful lyrics, such as “A Retrospective Review,” and the “Lament for the Decline of Chivalry,” thrown off no less for his own than for the public enjoyment, of which the humor is natural and refined: not that of our day, to be sure, but to be estimated with the author's nationality and time. The “Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire,” though long and loosely written, is an honest, healthful satire, that would have delighted Robert Burns.

In one sense the term “comic poetry” is a misnomer. A poem often is just so much the less a poem by the amount it contains of puns, sarcasm, “broad grins,” and other munitions of the satirist or *farceur*. Yet the touch of the poet's wand glorifies the lightest, commonest object, and consecrates everything that is human to the magician's use. There is an imaginative mirth, no less than an imaginative wrath or passion, and with this element

Hood's most important satirical poem is charged throughout. The "Golden Legend" of "Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg," as a sustained piece of metrical humor, is absolutely unique. The flexible meter takes the reader with it, from the first line to the last, and this is no small achievement. The poem is utterly unhampered, yet quite in keeping; the satire faithful and searching; the narrative an audacious, fanciful story; the final tragedy as grotesque as that of a Flemish Dance of Death. At first the poet revels in his apotheosis of gold, the subject and motive of the poem: the yellow, cruel, pompous metal lines the floor, walls, and ceiling, of his structure; it oozes, molten, from every break and crevice; the personages are clothed in it; threads of gold bind the rushing couplets together. What a picture of rich, auriferous, vulgar London life! Passages of grim pathos are scattered here and there, as by Thackeray in the prose satires of "Catherine," and "Barry Lyndon." When the murdered Countess's "spark, called vital," has departed,—when in the morning,

"Her Leg, the Golden Leg, was gone,
And the Golden Bowl was broken,"—

then comes the "Moral" of the jester's tale:

"Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd, and roll'd;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold;
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled:
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the church-yard mold;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen
Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary."

The legend of the hapless Kilmansegg is known to every reader. Who can forget her auspicious pedigree, her birth, christening and childhood, her accident, her precious leg, her fancy-ball, her marriage *à la mode*, followed in swift succession by the Hogarthian pictures of her misery and death? The poem is full of rollicking, unhampered fancy; long as it is, the movement is so rapid that it almost seems to have been written at a heat—at least, can easily be read at a sitting. Though not

without those absurd lapses which constantly irritate us in the perusal of Hood's lighter pieces, it is the most lusty and characteristic of them all. Standing at the front of its author's facetious verse, it renders him the leading poet-humorist of his generation; and, in a critical review of any generation, the elements of mirth and satire can not be overlooked. Of course, we are now considering a time when the genius of Thackeray scarcely had made itself felt and known. The grave-and-gay ballads of the novelist were but the overflow of his masterful nature; yet so bounteous was that overflow, so compounded of all parts which go to the making of a Shakespearean mind, that, brief and without pretension as Thackeray's trifles are, more than one of them,—for wit, grace, fancy, and other poetic constituents,—is worth whole pages of the doggerel by which Hood earned his bread. What the latter did professionally, the former executed with the airy lightness of a cavalier trying his sword-blade.

Contrasting the taste revealed in Hood's lyrics with the paltriness of his comic jingles, it would seem that his deterioration might be due to the constant necessity for labor, which poverty imposed upon him, and to the fact that this labor was in the department of journalism. Only the most unrelenting toil could support him as a magazine-writer; he gained the ear of the public not so much by humor as by drollery, and joke he must, be the sallies wise or otherwise, or the fire would go out on the hearth-stone, and the wolf enter at the door. In his day it was the laughter inspired by the actual presence of the comedian, upon the stage, that, in the nature of things, was measured at its worth and paid for. A few hundred pounds to the year were all that England gave the weary penman, who could send a smile wreathing from Land's-End to John-o-Groat's.

If a poet, or aspiring author, must labor for the daily subsistence of a family, it is as well for his art that he should follow some other calling than journalism; for I can testify that after the day's work is over,—when the brain is exhausted and vagrant, and the lungs pant for air, and body and soul cry out for recreation,—the intellect has done enough, and there is neither strength nor passion left for imaginative composition. I have known a writer who deliberately left the editorial profession, for which he was adapted both by taste and vocation, and took up a pursuit which bore

no relation to letters; hoping that authorship would proffer him thenceforth the freshness of variety, that upon occasion of loss or trouble it might be his solace and recompense, and that, with a less-jaded brain, what writing he could accomplish would be of a more enduring kind. It is so true, however, that one nail drives out another! As an editor, this person was unable to do anything beyond his newspaper-work; as a business-man, with not the soundest health, and with his heart, of course, not fully in his occupation, he found himself neither at ease in his means, nor able to gain sturdier hours for literature than vigorous journalist-authors filch from recreation and sleep. Fortunate in every way is the æsthetic writer who has sufficient income to support him altogether, or, at least, when added to the stipend earned by first-class work, to enable him to follow art without harassment. For want of such a resource, poets, with their delicate temperaments, may struggle along from year to year, composing at intervals which other men devote to social enjoyment, rarely doing their best; possibly with masterpieces stifled in their brains till the creative period is ended; misjudged by those whom they most respect, and vexed with thoughts of what they *could* perform, if sacred common duties were not so incumbent upon them.

Nevertheless, if Hood's life had been one of scholastic ease, in all likelihood he would not have written that for which his name is cherished. He was eminently a *journalist-poet*, and must be observed in that capacity. Continuous editorial labor, beginning in 1821 with his post upon *The London Magazine*, and including his management of *The Comic Annual*, *Hood's Own*, *The New Monthly*, and, lastly, *Hood's Magazine*,—established but little more than a year before his death,—this journalistic experience, doubtless, gave him closer knowledge of the wants and emotions of the masses, and especially of the populace in London's murky streets. Even his facetious poems depict the throng upon the walks. The sweep, the laborer, the sailor, the tradesman, even the dumb beasts that render service or companionship, appeal to his kindly or mirthful sensibilities and figure in his rhymes. Thus he was, also, *London's poet*, the nursling of the city which gave him birth, and now holds sacred his resting-place in her cemetery of Kensall Green. Like the gentle Elia, whom he resembled in other ways, he loved "the

sweet security of streets," and well, indeed, he knew them. None but such as he could rightly speak for their wanderers and poor.

The rich philanthropist or aristocratic author may honestly give his service to the lower classes, and endeavor by contact with them to enter into their feelings, yet it is almost impossible, unless nurtured yourself at the withered bosom of our Lady of Poverty, to read the language of her patient foster-children. The relation of almoner and beneficiary still exists, a sure though indefinable barrier. Hood was not exclusively a poet of the people, like Elliott or Béranger, but one who interpreted the popular heart, being himself a sufferer, and living from hand to mouth by ill-requited toil. If his culture divided him somewhat from the poor, he all the more endured a lack of that free confession which is the privilege of those than whom he was no richer. The genteel poor must hide their wounds, even from one another. Hood solaced his own trials by a plea for those "whom he saw suffer." A man of kindred genius, the most potent of the band of humanitarian writers, who, in his time, sought to effect reform by means of imaginative art, also understood the poor, but chiefly through the memory of his own youthful experiences. In after years the witchery of prose-romance brought to Charles Dickens a competence that Hood never could hope to acquire. Most men of robust physical vigor, who have known privation, yield to luxury when they achieve success, and Dickens was no exception; but his heart was with the multitude, he never was quite at home in stately mansions, and, though accused of snobbery in other forms, would admit no one's claim to patronize him by virtue of either rank or fortune.

We readily perceive that Hood's modes of feeling resembled those which intensify the prose of Dickens, though he made no approach to the latter in reputation and affluent power. Could Dickens have written verse,—an art in which his experiments were, for the most part, utter failures,—it would have been marked by wit and pathos like Hood's, and by graphic, Doresque effects, that have grown to be called melodramatic, and that give a weird strength to "The Dream of Eugene Aram," "The Haunted House," and to several passages in the death scene of "Miss Kilmansegg." Hood nearly has equaled Dickens in the

analysis of a murderer's spectral conscience :

" But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed ;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red !

* * * *

" Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing ;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

The old Hall in "The Haunted House" is a counterpart to the shadowy grand-staircase in the Dedlock Mansion, or to Mr. Tulkinghorn's chamber—where the Roman points through loneliness and gloom to the dead body upon the floor. This poem is elaborate with that detail, which, so painful and over-prolonged, gives force to many of Dickens' descriptive interludes—such as, for instance, the opening chapter of *Bleak House*. The poet and the novelist were fellow-workers in a melodramatic period, and there is something of stage effect in the marked passages of either. Take an example from "Miss Kilmansegg :

" As she went with her taper up the stair,
How little her swollen eye was aware
That the shadow which follow'd was double !
Or, when she closed her chamber-door,
It was shutting out, and for evermore,
The world—and its worldly trouble.

* * * *

" And when she quench'd the taper's light,
How little she thought, as the smoke took flight,
That her day was done—and merged in a night
Of dreams and duration uncertain—
Or, along with her own,
That a Hand of Bone
Was closing mortality's curtain !"

In extravagance, also, Dickens and Hood resembled each other, and it seems perfectly natural that the fantasies of both should be illustrated by the same Cruikshank or Phiz. Both, also, give us pleasant glimpses of England's greensward and hedge-rows, yet the special walk and study of each were in the streets and alleys of London ; together they breathed the same burdened, whispering, emotional atmosphere of the monster town. They were of the circle which Jerrold drew around him, the London group of humane satirists and poets. There was no amateur or closet-work, but the flower of zeal and fellow-craft, which binds the workmen's hearts

together, and makes art at once an industry, a heroism, and a vitalizing faith.

Our digression at length has brought us to the special group of lyrics upon which Hood's fame indubitably rests. The manner of what I call his proper style had been indicated long before, in such pieces as "The Elm Tree" and "The Dream of Eugene Aram," of which the former is too prolonged, a still-life painting, barren of human elements—and the latter, as has been seen, a remarkable ballad, approaching Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" in conception and form. In Hood's case the intellectual flames shone more brightly as his physical heat went out ; in the very shadow of death he was doing his best, with a hand that returned to the pure ideals of his youth, and a heart that gained increase of gentleness and compassion as its throbs timed more rapidly the brief remainder of his earthly sojourn. In his final year, while editor of *Hood's Magazine*, a journal to which he literally gave his life, he composed three of the touching lyrics to which I refer : "The Lay of the Laborer," "The Lady's Dream," and "The Bridge of Sighs." The memorable "Song of the Shirt" was written a few months earlier, having appeared anonymously in the preceding Christmas number of *Punch*. With regard to this poem the instinct of the author's devoted wife, who constituted his first public, was prophetic when she said : "Now, mind, Hood, mark my words, this will tell wonderfully ! It is one of the best things you ever did !" No other lyric ever was written that at once laid such hold upon the finest emotions of people of every class or nationality, throughout the whole reading or listening world—for it drew tears from the eyes of princes, and was chanted to rude music by ballad-mongers in the wretchedest streets.

The judgment of the people has rightly estimated the two last-named poems above their companion-pieces. They are the unequaled presentment of their respective themes, the expressed blood and agony of "London's heart." "The Song of the Shirt" was the impulsive work of an evening, and open to some technical criticism. But who so cold as to criticise it ? Consider the place, the occasion, the despair of thousands of working-women at that time, and was ever more inspired and thrilling sermon preached by a dying poet ? With like sacredness of feeling, and superior

melody, "The Bridge of Sighs" is a still more admirable poem. It is felicitously wrought in a meter before almost unused, and which few will henceforth have the temerity to borrow: "Who henceforth shall sing to thy pipe, O thrice-lamented! who set mouth to thy reeds?" The tragedy of its stanzas lies at the core of our modern life. The woes of London, the mystery of London Bridge, the spirit of the materials used by Dickens, or by Ainsworth, in a score of turbid romances,—all these are concentrated in this precious lyric, as if by chemic process in the hollow of a ring. It is the sublimation of charity and forgiveness, the compassion of the Gospel itself; the theme is here touched once and forever; other poets who have essayed it, with few exceptions, have smirched their fingers, and soiled or crushed the shell they picked from the mud, in their very effort to redeem it from pollution. The dramatic sorrow, which attends the lot of womanhood in the festering city, reaches its ultimate expression in "The Bridge of Sighs," and "The Song of the Shirt." They were the twin-prayers which the suffering poet sent up from his death-bed, and, methinks, should serve as an expiation for the errors of his simple life.

Our brief summary of the experience and work of Thomas Hood has shown that his more careful poetry is marked by natural melody, simplicity, and directness of language, and is noticeable rather for sweetness than imaginative fire. There are no strained and affected cadences in his songs. Their diction is so clear that the expression of the thought has no resisting medium—a high excellence in ballad-verse. With respect to their sentiment, all must admire the absolute health of Hood's poetry written during years of prostration and disease. He warbled cheering and trustful music, either as a foil to personal distress—which would have been quite too much to bear, had he encountered its echo in his own voice, or else through a manly resolve that, come what might, he would have nothing to do with the poetry of despair. The man's humor, also, buoyed him up, and thus was its own, exceeding great reward.

How prolonged his worldly trials were,—what were the privations and constant apprehensions of the little group beneath his swaying roof-tree,—something of this is told in the "Memorials" compiled by his

daughter, and annotated by his son—the Tom Hood of our day: an imperfect and disarranged biography, yet one which few can read without emotion. Ill health lessened his power to work, and kept him poor, and poverty in turn reacted disastrously upon his health. With all his reputation he was a literary hack, whose income varied as the amount of writing he could execute in a certain time. To such a man, however, the devotion of his family, and the love of Jane Reynolds,—his heroic, accomplished wife, a woman in every way fit to be the companion of an artist and poet,—were abundant compensation for his patient struggle in their behalf. To the last moment, propped up in bed, bleeding from the lungs, almost in the agony of death, he labored equally in a serious or sportive vein; but while thousands were relishing his productions, they gave no delight to the anxious circle at home. One passage in the *Memorials* tells the whole sad story: "His own family never enjoyed his quaint and humorous fancies, for they were all associated with memories of illness and anxiety. Although Hood's *Comic Annual*, as he himself used to remark with pleasure, was in every home seized upon, and almost worn out by the handling of little fingers, his own children did not enjoy it till the lapse of many years had mercifully softened down some of the sad recollections connected with it."

The sorrow and anguish of the closing hours were not without their alleviation. His last letter was written to Sir Robert Peel, in gratitude for the pension conferred on Mrs. Hood. When it was known that he lay dying, public and private sympathy, for which he cared so greatly, comforted him in unnumbered ways. His friends, neighbors, brother-authors, readers, and admirers, throughout the kingdom, alike profoundly touched, gave him words of consolation as well as practical aid. A new generation has arisen since his death at the age of 46, but it is pleasant to remember the eagerness and generosity with which, seven years afterward, the English people contributed to erect the beautiful monument that stands above his grave. The rich gave their guineas; the poor artisans and laborers, the needlewomen and dress-makers, in hosts, their shillings and pence. Beneath the image of the poet, which rests upon the structure, are sculptured the words which he himself,

with a still unsatisfied yearning for the affection of his fellow-beings,—and a beautiful perception of the act for which it long should be rendered to his memory,—devised for the inscription: “He sang the SONG OF THE SHIRT.”

III.

FROM the grave of Hood, we pass to observe a living writer, in some respects his antipode, who deals with precisely those elements of modern life which the former had least at heart. It is true that Matthew Arnold, whose first volume was issued in 1848, had little reputation as a poet until some years after Hood's decease; but up to that time English verse was not marked by its present extreme variety, nor had the so-called school of culture obtained a foothold. Arnold's circumstances have been more favorable than Hood's, and in youth his mental discipline was thorough; yet the humorist was the truer poet, although three-fourths of his productions never should have been written, and although there scarcely is a line of Arnold's which is not richly worth preserving. It may be said of Hood that he was naturally a better poet than circumstances permitted him to prove himself; of Arnold, that through culture and good fortune he has achieved greater poetical successes than one should expect from his native gifts. His verse often is the result not of “the first intention,” but of determination and judgment; yet his taste is so cultivated, and his mind so clear, that, between the two, he has o'erleapt the bounds of nature, and almost falsified the adage that a poet is born, not made.

Certainly he is an illustrious example of the power of training and the human will. Lacking the ease of the lyrist, the boon of a melodious voice, he has, by a *tour de force*, composed poems which show little deficiency of either gift,—has won reputation, and impressed himself upon his age, as the apostle of culture, spiritual freedom, and classical restraint.

There is a passion of the voice, and a passion of the brain. If Arnold, as a singer, lacks spontaneity, his intellectual processes, on the contrary, are spontaneous, and sometimes rise to a loftiness which no mere lyrist, without unusual mental faculty, can ever attain. His head not only predominates, but exalts his somewhat languid heart. A poet once sang a woman:

“Affections are as thoughts to her,”

but thought with Arnold is poetical as affection and in a measure supplies its place. He has an intellectual love for the good, beautiful, or true, but imparts to us a vague impression that, like a certain American statesman, he cares less for man in the concrete than for man in the abstract—a not unusual phenomenon among æsthetic reformers. While admiring his delineations of Heine, the De Guérins, Joubert, and other far-away saints or heroes, we feel that he possibly may overlook some pilgrim at his roadside-door. Such is the effect of his writings, at this distance, and it is by his works that an artist chiefly should be judged.

Through the whole course of Arnold's verse one searches in vain for a blithe, musical, gay or serious off-hand poem: such, for example, as Thackeray's “Bouil-labaise,” Allingham's “Mary Donnelly,” Hood's “I remember, I remember,” or Kingsley's “The Sands O'Dee.” Yet he can be very nobly lyrical in certain uneven measures depending upon *tone*, and which, like “Philomela,” express an ecstatic sensibility:

“Hark! ah, the nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark—what pain!

* * * * *

“Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through
the leaves!
Again—thou hearest!
Eternal Passion!
Eternal Pain!”

In other poems, which reveal his saddest or profoundest intellectual moods, he is subjective and refutes his own theory. For his work claims to be produced upon a theory—that of epic or classical objectivity, well and characteristically set forth in the preface to his edition of 1854. Possibly this was written shortly after the completion of some purely objective poem, like “Sohrab and Rustum,” and the theory deduced from the performance. An objective method is well suited to a man of large or subtle intellect, and educated tastes, who is deficient in the minor sympathies. Through it he can allow his imagination full play, and give a pleasure to readers without affecting that feminine instinct which really is not a constituent of his poetic mold.

Arnold has little quality or lightness of

touch. His hand is stiff, his voice rough by nature, yet both are refined by practice and thorough study of the best models. His shorter meters, used as the framework of songs and lyrics, rarely are successful; but through youthful familiarity with the Greek choruses he has caught something of their irregular beauty. "The Strayed Reveler" has much of this unfettered charm. Arnold is restricted in the range of his affections; but that he is one of those who can love very loyally the few with whom they do enter into sympathy, through consonance of traits or experiences, is shown in the emotional poems entitled "Faded Leaves" and "Indifference," and in later pieces, which display more lyrical fluency, "Calais Sands" and "Dover Beach." A prosaic manner injures many of his lyrics: at least, he does not seem clearly to distinguish between the functions of poetry and of prose. He is more at ease in long, stately and swelling measures, whose graver movement accords with a serious and elevated purpose. Judged as works of art, "Sohrab and Rustum" and "Balder Dead" really are majestic poems. Their blank-verse, while independent of Tennyson's, is the result, like that of the "Morte d'Arthur," of its author's Homeric studies; is somewhat too slow in "Balder Dead," and fails of the antique simplicity, but is terse, elegant, and always in "the grand manner." Upon the whole, this is a remarkable production; it stands at the front of all experiments in a field remote as the northern heavens and almost as glacial and clear. Fifty lines, which describe the burning of Balder's ship—his funeral pyre, have an imaginative grandeur rarely excelled in the "Idyls of the King." Such work is what lay beyond Hood's power even to attempt; and shows the larger mold of Arnold's intellect. A first-class genius would display the varying endowments of them both.

"Sohrab and Rustum" is a still finer poem, because more human, and more complete in itself. The verse is not so devoid of epic swiftness. The powerful conception of the relations between the two chieftains, and the slaying of the son by the father, are tragical and heroic. The descriptive passage at the close, for diction and breadth of tone, would do honor to any living poet:

"But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there mov'd,

Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste
Under the solitary moon: he flow'd
Right for the Polar Star, past Orgunjé,
Brimming, and bright, and large: then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents; that for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains along
Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
In his high mountain cradle in Pamere,
A foild circuitous wanderer:—till at last
The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
His luminous home of waters opens, bright
And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea."

"Tristram and Iseult," an obscure, monotonous variation upon a well-worn theme, is far inferior to either of the foregoing episodes. "The Sick King in Bokhara" and "Mycerinus" are better works, but Arnold's narrative poems, and the "Empedocles on Etna,"—his classical drama,—are *studies*, in an age which he deems uncreative, of as many forms of early art, and successively undertaken in default of congenial latter-day themes. Their author, a poet and scholar, offers, as an escape from certain heresies, and as a substitute for poetry of the natural kind, a recurrence to antique or mediæval thought and forms. However well executed, is this a genuine addition to literature? I have elsewhere said that finished reproductions cannot be accepted in lieu of a nation's spontaneous song. Arnold thus explains his own position: "In the sincere endeavor to learn and practice, amid the bewildering confusion of our times, what is sound and true in poetical art, I seemed to myself to find the only sure guidance, the only solid footing, among the ancients. They, at any rate, knew what they wanted in Art, and we do not. It is this uncertainty which is disheartening, and not hostile criticism." This is frank and noteworthy language, but does not the writer protest too much? Are not his sadness and doubt an unconscious confession of his own special restrictions,—restrictions other than those which, as he perceives, belong to England in her weary age, or those which, in a period of transition from the phenomenal to the scientific, are common to the whole literary world? Were he a greater poet, or even a small, sweet singer, would he stop to reason so curiously? Rather would he chant and chant away, to ease his quivering heart-strings of some impassioned strain.

We cannot accept his implication that

he was born too late, since by this very reflection of the unrest and bewilderment of our time he holds his representative position in the present survey. The generation listens with interest to a thinker of his speculative cast. He is the pensive, doubting Hamlet of modern verse, saying of himself: "*Dii me terrent, et Jupiter hostis!*" Two kinds of *dilettanti*, says Goethe, there are in poetry: he who neglects the indispensable mechanical part, and thinks he has done enough if he shows spirituality and feeling; and he who seeks to arrive at poetry by mere mechanism, in which he can acquire an artizan's readiness, and is without soul and matter. And he adds, that the first does the most harm to Art, and the last to himself." Quite as frankly Arnold goes on to enroll himself among *dilettanti* of the latter class. These he places, inasmuch as they prefer Art to themselves, before those who, with less reverence, exhibit merely spirituality and feeling. Here, let me say, he is unjust to himself, for much of his verse combines beautiful and conscientious workmanship, with the purest sentiment, and has nothing of *dilettantism* about it. This often is where he forsakes his own theory, and writes subjectively. "The Buried Life," "A Summer Night," and a few other pieces in the same key, are to me the most poetical of his efforts, because they are the outpourings of his own heart, and show of what exalted tenderness and ideality he is capable. A note of ineffable sadness still arises through them all. A child-like disciple of Wordsworth, he is not, like his master, a law and comfort to himself; a worshiper of Goethe, he attributes, with unwitting egotism, his inability to vie with the sage of Weimar, not to a deficiency in his own nature, but to the distraction of the age:

"But we, brought forth and rear'd in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?"

* * * * *

"Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harass'd, to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
And luminous view to gain."

Arnold falters upon the march, conscious of a mission too weighty for him to bear,—that of spiritualizing what he deems an era of unparalleled materialism. The age is dull and mean, he cries,

"The time is out of joint: O, cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right!"

And as Hamlet, in action, was inferior to lesser personages around him, he thus yields to introspection, while protesting against it; and falls behind the bard of a fresher inspiration, or more propitious time. In all this we discern the burden of a thoughtful man, who in vain longs to create some masterpiece of art, and whose yearning and self-esteem make him loth to acknowledge his limitations, even to himself.

In certain poems, breathing the spirit of the tired scholar's query—"What is the use?" he betrays a suspicion that knowledge is not of itself a joy, and an envy of the untaught, healthy children of the wild. Extremes meet, and this is but the old reaction from over-culture; the desire of the wrestler for new strength from mother Earth. "The Youth of Nature," "The Youth of Man," and "The Future," are the fruit of these doubts and longings, and, at times, half-sick of bondage, he is almost persuaded to be a wanderer and freeman. "The Scholar Gypsy" is a highly poetical composition, full of idyllic grace, and equally subtle in the beauty of its topic and thought. The poet, and his poet-friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, in their wanderings around Oxford, realize that the life of the vagrant "scholar poor" was finer than their own:

"For early did'st thou leave the world, with powers
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things;
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
Which much to have tried, in much been baffled,
brings.
O, Life, unlike to ours!"

In after years, Clough himself broke away somewhat from the trammels which these lines deplore. Arnold says of him, in "Thyrsis,"

"It irked him to be here,—he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lowered on the fields.

* * * * *

He went!"

But even Clough made no such approach as our own Thoreau to the natural freedom of which he was by spells enamored. And who can affirm that Thoreau truly found the secret of content? Was not his ideal, even as he seemed to clutch it, as far as ever from his grasp?

"Thyrsis," Arnold's more recent idyl,—a monody to commemorate the author's friend,—is the exquisite complement of

"The Scholar Gypsy." It is another, and one of the best, of the successful English imitations of Bion and Moschus; among which "*Lycidas*" is the most famous, though some question whether Swinburne, in his "*Ave atque Vale*," has not surpassed them all. Before the appearance of the last-named elegy, I wrote of "*Thyrsis*" that it was noticeable for exhibiting the precise amount of aid which classicism can render to the modern poet. As a threnode, nothing comparable to it had then appeared since the "*Adonais*" of Shelley. If not its author's farewell to verse, it has been his latest poem of any note; and, like "*The Scholar Gypsy*" probably exhibits the highest reach of melody, vigor, and imagination, which it is within his power to show us.

That the bent of Arnold's faculty lies in the direction rather of criticism and argument than of imaginative literature, is evident from the increase of his prose work in volume and significance. Some of the most perfect criticism ever written is to be found in his essays, of which that "*On Translating Homer*," will serve for an example. He carries easily in prose those problems of religion, discovery, and æsthetics, which so retard his verse; is thoroughly at home in polemic discussion, and a most keen and resolute opponent to all who heretically gainsay him. The critical faculty is not of itself incompatible with imaginative and creative power. We are indebted for lasting æsthetic canons to great poets of various eras. Even the fragmentary comments and marginalia of Goethe, Byron, Landor, Coleridge, etc., are full of point and suggestion. For one, I believe that, as able lawyers are the best judges of a lawyer's powers and attainments, so the painters, sculptors, musicians and poets, are most competent to decide upon the merits of works in their respective departments of art,—though not always, being human, openly honest and unprejudiced. Doubtless many lawyers will assent to the first portion of this statement, and scout the remainder. But, at all events, poets, like other men, are wont to become more thoughtful as they grow older, and I do not see that the work of the masters has suffered for it. Arnold, however, is so much greater as a writer of critical prose than as a poet, that people have learned where to look for his genius, and where for his talent and sensibility.

His essays are illuminated by his poetic

imagination, and he thus becomes a better prose-writer than a mere didactician ever could be. In fine, we may regard Mathew Arnold's poetry as an instance of what elevated verse, in this period, can be written, with comparatively little spontaneity, by a man whose vigorous intellect is etherealized by culture and deliberately creates for itself an atmosphere of "sweetness and light."

IV.

A WIDE leap, indeed, from Matthew Arnold to "Barry Cornwall"—under which familiar and musical lyronym Bryan Waller Procter has had more singers of his songs than students of his graver pages. No lack of spontaneity here! Freedom is the life and soul of his delicious melodies, composed during thralldom to the most prosaic work, yet tuneful as the carols of a lark upon the wing. It is hard to think of Procter as a lawyer, chanting to himself in a London omnibus, on his daily journeys to and from the courts. He is a natural vocalist, were it not for whom we might almost affirm that song-making, the sweetest feature of England's most poetical period, is a lost art, or, at least, suspended during the present reign. There never was a time when little poems were more abundant, or more carefully finished, but a lyric may be exquisite and yet not possess the attributes of a successful song.

I can recall a multitude of such productions, each well worth a place in any lyrical "Treasury;" among them, some that are graceful, touching, refined to perfection; yet all addressed as much to the eye as to the ear—to be read with tone and feeling, it may be, but not really demanding to be sung. The special quality of the song is that, however carelessly fashioned, it seems alive with the energy of music; the voice of its stanzas has a constant tendency to break into singing, as a bird, running swiftly, breaks into flying, half-unaware. You at once associate true songs with music, and if no tunes have been set to them, they haunt the mind and "beat time to nothing" in the brain. The spirit of melody goes hunting for them, just as a dancing-air seeks and enters the feet of all within its circuit. Procter's lays have this vocal quality, and are of the genuine kind. To freedom and melody he adds more refinement than any song-writer of his time, and has a double right to his station in the group under review.

His stanzaic poems have, in fact, the rare merit of uniting the grace and imagery of the lyric to the music and fashion of song. It is well to look at this conjunction. The poet Stoddard, in a preface to his selection of English Madrigals, pronounces the lyric to be "a purer, as it certainly was an earlier, manifestation of the element which underlies the song," and says that there are no songs, modernly speaking, in Shakespeare and the Elizabethan dramatists, but lyrics in abundance." His distinction between a lyric and a song is that the one is "a simple, unstudied expression of thought, sentiment, or passion; the other its expression according to the mode of the day." Unquestionably the overplentiful songs of the Eighteenth Century, and those, even, of the generation when Moore was at his prime, are greatly inferior as poetry to the lyrics of the early dramatists. Yet, were not the latter songs as well, save that the mode of their day was more delicate, etherial, fine and strong? It seems to me that such of the early lyrics as were written to music possess thereby the greater charm. And the songs of Barry Cornwall, beyond those of any other modern, have an excellence of "mode" which renders them akin to the melodies of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Jonson, Heywood, Fletcher, and to the choicer treasures of Davison, and of the composers, Byrd, Wilbye and Weelkes. They are, at once, delightful to poets and dear to the singing commonalty. I refer, of course, to their pervading character. It may be that none are so absolutely flawless as the Bugle-Song of Tennyson. The melody and dying fall of that lyric are almost without comparison this side of Amiens' ditties in "As You Like It" and Ariel's in "The Tempest." But how few there are of Procter's numerous songs which stand lower than the nearest place beneath it! Many of them excel it in swiftness, zest, out-door quality, and would be more often trolled along the mountain-side, upon the ocean, or under the greenwood-tree.

The fountain of Procter's melody has not so long been sealed as to exclude him from our synod of the later poets, although,—how strange it seems,—he was the school-fellow of Byron at Harrow, and won popular successes when he was the friend and associate of Hunt, Lamb and Keats. Born twelve years earlier than Hood, he was before the public in time to act the pro-

phet, and in the dedication of "The Genealogists" predicted the humorist's later fame. He dates back in years, not in literature, almost as far as Landor, and like him was among the foremost to discern the new spirit of poetry and to assist in giving it form. In a preface to his "Dramatic Scenes" he tells us: "The object that I had in view, when I wrote these scenes, was to try the effect of a more natural style than that which has for a long time prevailed in our dramatic literature. I have endeavored to mingle poetical imagery with natural emotion." Like Landor, also, he performed some of his best works at dates well toward the middle of this century; in fact, it is upon songs given to the public during the fourth and fifth decades that his influence and fame depend. This has led me to consider him among recent poets, rather than in his youthful attitude as the pupil of Leigh Hunt.

Hunt's poetic mission (taken apart from his career as a radical) was of note between 1815 and 1830, and was that of a propagandist. Without much originality, he was a poet of sweetness, fluency, and sensibility, who became filled with the art-spirit of Keats and his masters, and both by precept and example was a potent force in its dissemination. Beyond the position attained as a shining light of what was derisively called the "Cockney School," Leigh Hunt made little progress. He lived, it is true, until 1859,—a writer of dainty verse and most delightful prose, beloved by the reading world, and viewed with a queer mixture of pity, reverence, and affection, by his younger brethren of the craft. Procter's early studies were influenced by Keats and Hunt, to whose work he was attracted by affinity with the methods of their Elizabethan models, as opposed to that of Byron and Scott. His nature, also, was too robust,—and too aesthetic,—to acquire any taste for the metaphysical processes of Wordsworth, which were ultimately to shape the mind, even as Keats begat the body, of the idyllic Victorian School. The fact that Procter's genius was essentially dramatic finally gave him a position independent of Keats, and, against external restrictions, drew him far ahead of Hunt, who,—whatever he may have been as critic and essayist,—was in all respects the lesser poet. Nevertheless, those restrictions compelled Procter, as Landor was compelled, to forego the work

at which he would have been greatest, and to exercise his gift only in a fragmentary or lyrical manner. He found the period, between the outlets of expression afforded by the newspaper and the novel, unsuited to the reception of objectively dramatic verse, though well enough disposed toward that of an introspective kind. In short, Procter at this time was,—as Miss Hillard has felicitously entitled his early friend, Thomas Lovell Beddoes,—a “strayed singer”—an Elizabethan who had wandered into the nineteenth century. His organization included an element of practical common-sense, which led him to adapt himself, as far as possible, to circumstances, and, forbearing a renewal of sustained and lonely explorations, to vent his natural impulses in the “short swallow-flights of song” to which he owes his reputation. The love of minstrelsy is perpetual. Barry Cornwall, the song-writer, has found a place among his people, and developed to the rarest excellence at least one faculty of his poetic gift.

But we have, first, to consider him as a pupil of the renaissance: a poet of what may be termed the interregnum between Byron and Tennyson—for the Byronic passion is absolutely banished from the idyllic strains of Tennyson and his followers, who, nevertheless, betray the influences of Wordsworth and Keats in wedded force. Procter's early writings were embraced in three successive volumes of *Dramatic Scenes*, etc., which appeared in 1819-21, and met with a friendly reception. Some of the plays were headed by quotations from Massinger, Webster, and such dramatists, and otherwise indicated the author's choice of models. His verse, though uneven, was occasionally poetical and strong. There is breadth of handling in these lines from “The Way to Conquer:”

“The winds
Moan and make music through its halls, and there
The mountain-loving eagle builds his home:
But all's a waste: for miles and miles around
There's not a cot.”

An extract from a poem entitled “Flowers,” has the beauty of favorite passages in “The Winter's Tale,” and “A Midsummer Night's Dream”—the flavor and picturesque detail of Shakespeare's blossomy descriptions:

“There the rose unveils
Her breast of beauty, and each delicate bud
O' the season comes in turn to bloom and perish.

But first of all the violet, with an eye
Blue as the midnight heavens, the frail snow-drop,
Born of the breath of Winter, and on his brow
Fixed like a pale and solitary star;
The languid hyacinth, and wild primrose,
And daisy trodden down like modesty;
The fox-glove, in whose drooping bells the bee
Makes her sweet music; the narcissus, (named
From him who died for love;) the tangled wood-
bine,
Lilacs, and flowering limes, and scented thorns,
And some from whom voluptuous winds of June
Catch their perfumings.”

It may be noted that Procter's early verse had an effect upon poets who since have obtained distinction, and who improved on the hints afforded them. Two of the pieces in the first and second volumes, “A Vision,” and “Portraits,” contain the germs of Tennyson's “Dream of Fair Women,” and of his best-known classical poem. The “Lines to —,” and “Lines on the Death of a Friend,” bear a striking resemblance in meter, rhythm, and technical “effects,” to those wild and musical lyrics written long afterward by Edgar A. Poe, “The Sleeper,” and “The City in the Sea.” In several of his metrical tales, Procter, no less than Keats and Hunt, went to that Italian source which, since the days of Chaucer, has been a fountain-spring of romance for the poet's use. His “Sicilian Story,” is an inferior study upon the theme of Keat's “Isabella;” and some of his other themes from Boccaccio have been handled by later poets,—the story of “Love Cured by Kindness,” by Mrs. Lewes, and that of “The Falcon,” by our own Longfellow. Among his dramatic sketches, “The Way to Conquer,” “The Return of Mark Antony,” and especially “Julian the Apostate,” have admirable scenes; their verse displays simplicity, passion, sensuousness; one derives from them the feeling that their author might have been a vigorous dramatic poet in a more suitable era. As it was, he stood in the front rank of his contemporaries, not only as one of the brilliant writers for *The London Magazine*, but respected by practical judges who cater for the public taste. His stage tragedy, *Mirandola*, was brought out at the Covent Garden theater, apparently with success. Macready, Charles Kemble, and Miss Foote, figured in the cast. It is an acting drama, with a plot resembling that of Byron's “Parasina.” A volume of two years later date exhibits less progress in constructive power. It contained “The Flood of Thessaly,” “The Girl of Provence,” “The Letter of Boc-

caccio," "The Fall of Saturn," etc.; poems which show greater finish, but little originality, and more of the influence of Hunt and Keats. Throughout the five books under review, the blank verse, sometimes effective—as in "Marcelina," is often jagged and diffuse. The classical studies are not equal to those of the poet's last-named associate. In Procter's lyrical verses, however, we now begin to see the groundwork of his later eminence as a writer of English songs.

Among the sweetest of these melodies was "Golden-tressed Adelaide," a ditty warbled for the gentle child whose after-career was to be a dream-life of poesy and saintliness, ending all too early, and bearing to his own the relation of a song within a song. I give the opening stanza:

"Sing, I pray, a little song,
Mother dear!
Neither sad, nor very long;
It is for a little maid,
Golden-tressed Adelaide!
Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear,
Mother dear!"

The poet had married, it is seen, and other children blessed his tranquil home, where life glided away, as he himself desired, gently:

"As we sometimes glide,
Through a quiet dream!"

The most perfect lyric ever addressed by a poet to his wife is the little song, known, through Neukomm's melody, in so many homes:—

"How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?"

The final stanza is exquisite:

"Ah!—With what a thankless heart
I mourn and sing?
Look where our children start,
Like sudden Spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and time!"

After Procter's marriage his muse was silent for a while; partly, no doubt, from a growing conviction that no mission was then open to a dramatic poet; partly, from the necessity for close professional work, under the domestic obligations he had assumed. What was lost to art was gained in the happiness of the artist's home; and if he escaped the discipline of learning in suffering what he taught in song, I, for one,

do not regret this enviable exception to a very bitter rule.

The Muse cannot be wholly banished, even by the strong felicity of wedded love. She enters again and again, and will not be denied. Barry Cornwall's voice came back to him, after a molting period; and, although he wrote no plays, he exercised it in that portion of dramatic composition which, like music in every-day life, is used as a relief and beguilement,—the utterance of expressive song.

Dramatic poetry, embracing in completeness every department of verse, seems to reach a peculiar excellence in its lyrical interludes. Procter says that "the songs which occur in dramas are generally more natural than those which proceed from the author in person," and gives some reasons therefor. My own belief is that the dramatic and lyrical faculties are correlative, a lyric being a dramatic and musical outburst of thought, passion, sorrow, or delight; and never was there a more dramatic song-writer than is Barry Cornwall. His *English Songs* appeared at a time when,—setting aside the folk-minstrelsy of Scotland and Ireland,—the production of genuine lyrics for music was, as we have seen, almost a lost art. He declared of it, however, "The Spring will return!" and was the fulfiller of his own prediction. By the agreement of musicians and poets, his songs, whether as melodies or lyrics, approach perfection, and thousands of sweet voices have paid tribute to their beauty, unconscious of the honeyed lips from which it sprang. Mr. Stoddard,—than whom there is no higher authority with respect to English lyrical poetry,—judges Procter to be its "most consummate master of modern days": in fact, he questions "whether all the early English poets ever produced so many and such beautiful songs as Barry Cornwall," and says that "a selection of their best would be found inferior as a whole to the one hundred and seventy-two little songs in Mr. Procter's volume—narrower in range, less abundant in measures, and infinitely less pure as expressions of love."

There are many who would demur to this comparative estimate, and for whom the starry Elizabethan lyrics still shine peerless, yet they too are charmed by the spirit, alternately tender and blithesome, of Procter's songs; by their unconscious grace, changeful as the artless and unexpected attitudes of a fair girl; by their ab-

solite musical quality and comprehensive range. They include all poetic feelings, from sweetest melancholy to "glad animal joy." Some heart-string answers to each, for each is the fine expression of an emotion; nor is the emotion simulated for the song's sake. Now, how different in this respect are Barry Cornwall's melodies from the still-life lyrics, addressing themselves to the eye, of many recent poets! How assured in their audible loveliness! Sometimes fresh with the sprayy breeze of ocean, and echoing the innumerable laughter of waves that tumble round the singer's isle:

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

"I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!"

It is a human soul that wanders with "The Stormy Petrel," dips its pinions in the brine, and has the liberty of Prospero's tricky spirit, "be't to fly, to swim, to dive":

"A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:

* * * * *

Up and down! up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The Stormy Petrel finds a home!"

The zest and movement of these and a few kindred melodies have brought them into special favor. Their virile, baritone quality is dominant in the superb "Hunting Song," with its refrain awakening the lusty morn:

"Now thorough the copse, where the fox is found,
And over the stream, at a mighty bound,
And over the high lands, and over the low,
O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go!
Away!—as a hawk flies full at its prey,
So fleeth the hunter, away,—away!
From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
When the red fox dies, and—the day is done!
Hark, hark!—What sound on the wind is borne?
'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn.
The horn,—the horn!
The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn."

Procter's convivial glees are the choruses of robust and gallant banqueters, and would stifle in the throat of a sensual debauchee. The "Vine Song,"

"Sing! who sings
To her who weareth a hundred rings!"

has the buoyancy of Wolfe's favorite, "How stands the glass around?" Among the rest, "Drink, and fill the night with mirth!" and "King Death," are notable, the first for its Anacreontic lightness, and the last for a touch of the grim revelry which so fascinates us in "Don Giovanni," and reflects a perfectly natural though grotesque element of our complex mold.

In one of the many editions of Barry Cornwall's lyrical poems I find two hundred and forty songs, of surprising range and variety: songs of the chase, the forest, and the sea; lullabies, nocturns, greetings and farewells; songs of mirth and sorrow; few martial lays, but many which breathe of love in stanzas that are equally fervent, melodious and pure. Some have a rare and subtle delicacy, so characteristic of this poet as at once to mark their authorship. Such is the melody, commencing

"Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying,"

such, also, "A Petition to Time"; and such the lyric, entitled "Life," the beautiful dirge, "Peace! what can tears avail?" and "The Poet's Song to his Wife"—already quoted. Another class of songs, to which earlier reference has been made, mostly composed in a minor key, may fairly be compared with the work of other poets. Bayard Taylor's early lyrics, "The Mariners," and "Wind at Sea," have the same clear, healthy ring, and his "Bedouin Song," in fine poetic quality, is not excelled by any similar effort of the British lyricist. Again, without knowing the author, we might assume that Emerson had traced the royal lines descriptive of "The Blood Horse":

"Gamarra is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light."

More than other poets, Barry Cornwall tempts the writer to linger on the path of

criticism and make selection of the jewels scattered here and there. Like the man in the enchanted cavern, one cannot refrain from picking up a ruby or an emerald, though forbidden by the compact made. The later chips from Procter's dramatic workshop are superior to his early blank-verse, in wisdom, strength and beauty. It is a pity, that, after all, they are but "Dramatic Fragments," and not passages taken from complete and heroic plays. Bryan Waller Procter, restricted from the pro-

duction of such masterworks, has at least done what he could. The world has listened to the voice of a sweet singer. He still remains: a white-haired, silent minstrel, into whose secluded mind the reproach would fall unheeded, should the rosy-cheeked boys, whom Heine pictures, spring around him, place the shattered harp in his trembling hand, and say, laughing, "Thou indolent, gray-headed old man, sing us again songs of the dreams of thy youth!"

DR. BLAUVELT'S "NOVUM ORGANUM."

WE use this title to denote the new method of dealing with Modern Skepticism, set forth by Dr. Blauvelt in the September and October numbers of this Magazine, because, like the *Organon* of Aristotle, it propounds a method of treating it, and like the *Novum Organum* of Bacon, a *new* method, with new instruments and appliances, to work it. It proposes a "scientific testing" of Christianity which claims to achieve results, analogous to the differential calculus in mathematics, the inductive system in physics, or the common-sense method of the Scotch philosophers in metaphysics.

It is this, and not the varied and interesting information they and a previous paper contain, which constitutes the salient feature of those articles, and has called forth the earnest criticisms of the religious journals. This we propose now to inquire into, and, if possible, to set it in a just light before the multitude who read this magazine.

We will premise, however, that, while we would on no account underrate the extent and malign influence of Modern Skepticism, either now existing or imminent, we think the picture of it drawn in those articles too one-sided, exaggerated and portentous. It would be easy to depict the scenes of our late commercial panic, as if they were likely to culminate in the destruction of our national wealth; while, in fact, the solid bulk of this wealth will survive, and constitute the capital for its future indefinite increase. So the present wide-spread skepticism, though it has made many sad wrecks, will leave the faith of Christendom essentially intact, and end-

lessly self-propagating—as the "incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth forever."

The new method in Apologetics we shall now briefly summarize and test.

It first requires an abandonment, not to say scornful rejection, of the standard Christian apologists and modes of apology, as at best obsolete, and contemptibly beneath the just demands of present skepticism. "You might precisely as well administer your established doses of Paley and Pearson, and other obsolete apologists, to a very lamp-post, as administer them to any man whatever, who has been once honestly and thoroughly made sick with the deep religious doubts peculiar to the present epoch" (p. 584).

Again, it is such that the clergy and professional theologians of every grade, are, and forever must be, from the very nature of their office, and necessary mental habits, incompetent to use it. They are pronounced "forever powerless" (pp. 596, 725). Their "occupation (in this behalf) is taken from" them. They "cannot possibly respond" to the arguments of present skeptics (p. 733). Pastors of course are so incompetent that they "have little more to do than to keep the whole matter altogether from the pulpit" (p. 587). The only resource left for combating it then is the press; but what of this, if our "editors and authors" labor under like disqualifications? "Thus far, however," says Dr. B. (p. 588), "with exceptions almost as rare as angels visits, the American clergy, connected with the world of letters, have been offering rather a babbling rush of irrelevant talking than a strong and steady

counter-current of solid and honest thinking; rather a brilliant and flashing crest of half-angry foaming, than a deep and calm and massive counter-tidal argument, to the leading modern skeptics" (p. 583).

Withal this incompetency of the clergy, and those who "train them, is alleged to be so appalling, that many of these objections (of the skeptics) are not so much as accurately comprehended by one out of a thousand professional theologians" (p. 585.)

The reasons of this profound incapacity on their part are alleged to be—

A. There is required a special "positive preparation" of "many a quiet year of hidden and voiceless study," in order to "cope for a single instant with the new schools of anti-Christian thought, either intelligently or successfully" (pp. 585-7). This of course is seldom possible; but if it were, it is of little avail, because, B, most of the clergy and theologians would imperil their livings if they should investigate freely enough to reach and avow convictions at war with the creed of their church, and so are "bound hand and foot" (pp. 727-30). Or even if this difficulty should be surmounted by some heroic martyrs, a deeper, inherent, ineradicable difficulty still remains, viz. C. The theologian or minister must be "liberated from a thousand mental habitudes and feelings which utterly unfit him to fulfill the task supposed" (p. 731). He must suppress and relinquish all proclivities and habits of religious thought to which he has been accustomed, in order to possess, according to Strauss, "a scientific indifference to results and consequences" (p. 732); or, according to Renan, to cultivate studies in this department, in a "purely secular and non-religious spirit, according to the method of the Hellenists, the Moslems, and the Hindoos, men strangers to all theology;" or, according to Dr. B., "not merely in a non-theological, but also in a non-religious, purely secular and scientific spirit" (p. 730). "But with the mere scientific searcher after religious truth, all here again is changed. He has no absolute conviction, either of the truthfulness of the current Christian views, or of their practical importance to any one at all" (p. 732). It is a foregone conclusion from all this, that it is accordingly a simple impossibility for the true professional theologian to discuss the Christian faith and system with anything even approximating to a "scien-

tific indifference to results and consequences," surely in the sense above set forth (p. 732). Neither then can any minister or private Christian, or believer in the truth of Christianity, whether lay or clerical. Of course not. A thousand times not. According to this, the essential qualification for a scientific defender of Christianity is to de-Christianize himself. It was commonly said years ago, that a coterie of divines who constructed their theology out of hyperborean metaphysics, laid it down, that the test of true Christian conversion was, "to be willing to be damned for the glory of God." He must de-Christianize himself to be a Christian!—about as reasonable as to de-Christianize one's self in order to be a competent defender of Christianity. As to the grand conclusion that laymen have the only fitness, these principles as effectually disqualify Christian laymen as clergymen for the work,—if they are Christians. As to what we may expect from these not Christians let reason and history answer.

The utter fallacy of this claim, however, may as well be shown here as elsewhere. A strong conviction of the truth or importance of given principles is no way inconsistent with being open to new light, or with candor in estimating it. Every truth-loving man,—and none other can be a Christian,—holds every opinion or doctrine subject to his supreme love of the truth. But inasmuch as he holds the truth above all price, and seeks for it as for hid treasure, he accepts as such only, what he finds established by ample evidence after thorough scrutiny. Having thus reached it, he is, of course, slow to believe it can be undermined by counter evidence, and all the more so, if it is deemed to be of great practical moment. He will sharply sift all evidence to the contrary. He will be slow to change these opinions until constrained by overpowering reasons. Were he otherwise, he would have too little depth, firmness and tenacity in his judgments to have any strength or weight of character, to respect himself, or deserve and command the confidence of others. But this no way hinders his readiness to receive and candidly weigh all evidence throwing light on any subject about which he ought to know the truth; and he will stickle for no consistency which is inconsistent with his supreme love of the truth. The paramount obligation of every Christian is fealty to truth, as he would be faithful to his God.

In this respect he does not differ from the honest scientists. Have not they their predilections in regard to the great established laws of physics? Could they be easily persuaded of the untruth of the law of gravitation, or of chemical affinities, even if they would listen with patience to arguments against them? But does it therefore follow that they would not readily accept and candidly estimate any facts bearing on the subject duly ascertained and tested? Indubitably not. Indeed, according to the representations of the articles before us, whatever prejudices may unduly bias theologians, they are as nothing in comparison with the stubborn and immovable bias of the present skeptics against the supernatural—such a spirit, indeed, as shuts them against all evidence, or the fair estimation of evidence for it, and for revelation. And yet, are they not constantly held up as models, not to say prodigies, of thoroughness in searching, and candor in estimating evidence? How then are theologians disqualified for thorough scrutiny and judicial insight?

Next we are informed that, unless the mode of Christian apology for which the clergy and theologians are so incompetent, is immediately inaugurated, "there is soon to be a terrible in-sweeping and out-sweeping of Christian faith and hope from among the thinking and reading masses of this nation and on the other side" (p. 588). And there is much more of like purport. What is the outcome of all this? No competent apologists are found among those who are officially "set for the defense of the Gospel," and consecrate their lives to it, and to preparation for it—that they may be enabled to fulfill their commission "in meekness, to instruct those that oppose themselves, if peradventure God will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth." If competent defenders cannot be found in this class, it is certain they can be found nowhere. As soon look for the ablest defenders of philosophy outside of the philosophers. What then remains as the conclusion from such premises, but that Christianity and the Church are helpless against modern skepticism, and can only look to see themselves "in-swept and out-swept" by this great "counter-tidal wave?"

Is it surprisinig that the Christian mind of the country has been startled to find Christianity put in such a plight by one assuming to be chief strategist in

planning and organizing its defenses? Or that this dissatisfaction should have found vent through the religious press, in forms temperate and intemperate? In the eye of all classes, the skeptics, the world and the church, to exhibit the recognized, trained and official defenders of Christianity, as a set of incapables, is a sure way of creating the impression that the cause itself is indefensible. For so it is, if it cannot be defended by those whom it sets for its defense. Such representations from Christian divines will do more to promote skepticism, than all the assaults of skeptics themselves.

And all the more so, when they are told that the minds of men are "subject to *a priori*, and on the whole, perfectly reasonable prepossessions" [adverse to Christianity] "before the trial begins," (p. 594); that the "transition [of the skeptics] to some form of religious faith or another hostile to Christianity, has not taken place on their part without a sufficient reason," (p. 590); and "they rightly feel that Christianity, as theologically established, is very often not rested on evidence which would rationally satisfy a fearless, scientific thinker," (p. 737).

Yet more, when we bring to view the unstinted eulogies of the anti-Christian thinkers and their volumes, as not only earnest and candid, but as products of "not merely first-class genius, but long time, and deep thought, and thorough research, and the most painstaking labor put upon them," (p. 586);—all this in contrast to the helpless incapacity and unfairness of theologians, whose blunders are responsible for Renan's skepticism, (p. 591)—and who are, with equal charity and courtesy, depicted as "a pack of theologians out upon the track of the mere religious doubter, hounding him onward into an open rupture with Christianity;" although, through favor, we are informed that such a scene is growing rarer and rarer. Yet "the current ignorance of the American clergy on the leading outlines of the modern forms of disbelief" should be a "perfectly fatal objection to their assuming the pastoral care," where it prevails; (p. 590).

Yet, he at last apparently relents a little in this onslaught upon the theologians, to whom he, after all, says it "belongs at the present religious crisis to bring up, as much as in them lies, *the discussion and the defense, but not the scientific testing* of every fundamental tenet fully abreast with every in-

telligent requisition of modern thought and culture" (p. 733). The italics are his.

In regard to which it is in place to ask, to what purpose they discuss or defend Christian tenets, if they cannot offer such proof of them as ought to command the assent of honest and candid minds? And if they do this, what further "scientific testing" of them is called for? What is this "scientific testing" for which theologians are incompetent, without which infidels and their apologists may justify their infidelity? Says Dr. B., "whatever current Christian dogma is found unable to give a truly scientific reason for demanding a continued credence from the truly scientific thinkers must, of course, at once put aside all claims upon a truly scientific thinker" (p. 737). And, we may add, if upon them, then upon all others. They say that "Christianity, as theologically presented," confessedly "does not rest upon a rigidly scientific basis," such as other and opposing systems claim to rest upon (p. 737). We deny this, in any just meaning of the word science, or scientific reasoning or tests.

When Dr. B. says (p. 737), the skeptics "feel that they must know religious truth for reasons as valid as they know any other truth," we justify the feeling. We yield and ask belief on no lower ground. If this is all these men mean by science or scientific tests, we have no controversy with them about the principle—but simply about its applications. If this is all that Huxley means, as quoted (pp. 595-6), when he says, "By science I understand all knowledge, which rests upon evidence and reasoning of a like character to that which claims our assent to ordinary scientific propositions. And if any one is able to make good the assertion that his theology rests upon valid evidence and sound reasoning, then, it appears to me, that such theology must take its place as a part of science." Giving the words science and scientific their due breadth, we quite agree with him. The Christian founds his belief on nothing but the most "valid evidence and sound reasoning." And science in its highest form differs from other knowledge, simply in being an ordered and systematic knowledge, which cognizes facts, not merely as separate and disjointed, but in their causes and unity. So theology justly claims to be queen of the sciences, *scientia scientiarum*, because all things find their ultimate cause and true unity in God, the

Great First Cause. If these writers, however, mean what seems to be intimated on page 595, that scientific or valid evidence is that only which "facts can prove, or the senses bear witness to," or that the evidence of the senses, or of experience, and logical deductions therefrom, are alone trustworthy, we protest against it with all the earnestness of our being. The fact that so many of these strange paradoxes about Christian evidences came from physicists, and are irreconcilable with any other conception of valid evidence, would seem to lend color to this construction.

However this may be, it is certain that valid evidence enters the soul through various inlets, and varies in its nature according to those inlets, which are the senses, consciousness, intuition of supersensual truths, faith in testimony, and reasoning, deductive and inductive; and when these faculties are rightly used, the evidence perceived by each is valid. Now the standard and traditional defenses of Christianity address its evidences, external and internal, to all these powers of the soul, and in such number and force as ought to produce conviction, and must produce conviction, in every candid mind. Any new forms of effective Christian apology are not new in essence, however they may be so in circumstantial adaptations to any given style of skepticism which happens, for the time, to be in fashion. And we repeat, without going into them, that the proofs of the divinity of our religion are sufficient to convince all fair minds, and to throw upon unbelievers the guilt of the inexcusable rejection, as fictions of human imposture, of the words of Him "who spake as never man spake." There is no escape from this position for those who accept the Bible and undertake to defend it; for it is the constant declared attitude of our Lord towards unbelievers, whose condemnation he pronounces to be that "light has come into the world, and they have loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil"—while we are assured that "if any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Like it or dislike it, beyond all question, the Gospel assumes not only that it is attested by sufficient evidence, but that it carries such an impress of divinity, as to be its own evidence to every unperverted mind, and to lay upon every one to whom it comes, the inexorable obligation to believe in it on pain of perdition. It assumes

that none can reject it without guilt in refusing to appreciate, and to be convinced by, its incontestable marks of divinity. "He that believeth not is condemned already." Just as the works, so does the Word of God, declare His glory and show His handiwork. All this is confirmed by the external evidence of authentic history and of miracles, culminating in the resurrection of our Lord, the very account of which is above all human invention, and bespeaks its Divine Original. To reproach Christian apologists, therefore, with insisting that the due appreciation or rejection of the Gospel and its proofs depends on the moral state and bias, is to reproach our Lord Himself who constantly affirms it.

The attempt to make the belief in the Gospels a purely intellectual exercise, devoid of any moral element, is vain. Moral truth and moral considerations are none the less intellectual for being moral; they must be perceived by the intellect, if at all, yet not to the exclusion of moral and spiritual discernment, which is an exercise of our moral faculty indeed, but does not, therefore, cease to be intelligent as well as emotional. We are not to be diverted, however, from our main purpose, which is not the matter of Christian Apology, but the *Novum Organum* or method demanded for it.

This has been at last reduced to a certain "scientific testing," no criteria of which are given that we are able to find, beyond the few indicia, which we have touched. Only one other method of testing this method remains, that is by its fruits—a test divinely prescribed. "By their fruits shall ye know them." And we need not go far to find them. We need not repeat what has already been evinced with respect to the disparagement and disowning of the appointed defenders, and recognized evidences of Christianity; with proportionate eulogies of the genius, temper and power of its assailants, and ominous auguries of their speedy triumph, unless confronted on the plan of this *Novum Organum*. It is enough to add, that it has apparently led the men who tried it, Strauss, Renan, Seeley, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall, Froude, into their various materialistic, or other destructive theories in proud and defiant antagonism to Christianity; that, according to Dr. B., it has led them "to a most pronounced repugnance to the supernatural," so that they set themselves against it, and

all that involves it as *a priori*, impossible or incredible. Says Strauss: "No single Gospel, nor all the Gospels together, can claim that degree of historical reliability which would be required in order to make us to debase our reason to the point of believing miracles." And Dr. B. adds, "that the Gospels are a myth, that Jesus is a common Thaumaturgic trickster, this, or *anything beside*, is much sooner to be conceived of (by these men) than it is to be conceded that the belief in the miraculous becomes a modern *savant*" (p. 593). Let him who can, or will, point out any mode of scientific testing, which after having conducted to such stupendous, and unrelenting antagonism to Christ and his Gospel, shall avail to overcome it—that having raised this fell spirit can lay it.

Not by any new scientific testing, or accumulation of new evidences, is it to be exorcised. "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting;" prayer to Him who out of the very "stones can raise up children unto Abraham." Unless He "give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth," their transmutation will be more hopeless than even a transubstantiation. What avail new signs, proofs, or arguments, against the spirit that avowedly dominates such men? "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one arise from the dead."

Another fruit of this scientific testing is intimated to be the "hopeless doom of much of our so-called *Christian Theology*;" by which we understand nothing different from some of the leading articles of our accepted Christianity. How much or how little this may mean we are not informed. But we confess that, judging from the havoc made with the defenses of Christianity, our hopes are not sanguine as to what would be left of its doctrines.

While such is our estimate of this new method of Apologetics, we have no doubt it has been devised and put forward by its author with the best intentions. Overdoing what is good sometimes turns it into the worst of evils. Undue liberality and concessions to skepticism can only issue in compromising the defenders and defenses of Christianity itself. The like of this frequently occurs. Sir William Hamilton largely neutralized his own refutation of Kant's system by the extravagant concessions he made to it.

ENGLISH SUNDAYS AND LONDON CHURCHES.

I DOUBT if there is, upon the outside, an uglier or more unattractive holiday in the world than Sunday in an English or American town. There is something in the spectacle of the closed shops and barred windows, the long, deserted business thoroughfare, and in the ringing of the iron cellar doors over which your feet rattle drearily, to the last degree desolate and inhospitable. Even in the parks and city squares the day does not lose its desolate aspect. The shoemaker and his wife trundling their baby carriage afflicts us with a sense of commiseration. His Sunday clothes and his wife's parasol and their solemn, circumspect walking about, suggest most vividly his unhappy, shabby toil, his unending drudgery. Can there be anything but ugliness in a city square upon a Sunday, with an iron bench to sit upon, a gravel path to walk upon, a policeman near at hand, and the sight of three or four smart young clerks condemned to spend the day in each other's company. There, is however, in many American towns (I never saw anything of the kind in London,) a street where the nice people walk up and down on Sunday afternoons. The young ladies are pretty and gay and loquacious, and the young gentlemen, though a trifle overdressed, are happy and endeavor to be agreeable. On a winter's or autumn's afternoon, the fine promenade of an American city is bright and splendid. There is something a little hard, something not quite warm and generous, in the spectacle of the long, cold, gay street. Yet the scene is not unpleasing. The polished window-pane is now and then lit up with a flickering ray of the firelight within. Certainly the day is not without austerity. But the neighborhood of friends in a great city finds one well contented with the severity and peculiarity of the religious festival of the week. I am willing to put up with the abolition of the shop windows, and the desolation of streets so bright on other days, with the depressing hilarities of the people, and the dismal bits of green grass, with fountains, iron benches, policemen and baby-carriages. The tinge of gloom which hangs over the elegant quarter of the town is agreeable rather than otherwise. I am glad of the Puritan reminiscence which yet hangs about our Sunday. It is well that there should be

one day in the week which we are under some vague obligation not to give to trivialities, when at times we shall even repress that laughter and joking at the sound of which dreams and emotions are apt to break away and vanish, when the lights are lowered and fingers wander over the keys, and "The spacious firmament on high," and "By cool Siloam's shady rill," are sung by the voices of the kind and good.

The English Sunday is more somber than our own. Here the day wears more of a holiday aspect; the people in the streets look happier and are better dressed. The genteel English think it common and snobbish to dress much on Sunday. Of course they ascribe this notion to their nicer sense of propriety; but how much of it is due to superior taste and sanctity, and how much to the tradition that snobs dress on Sunday because persons of their station are compelled to work on other days, I do not pretend to decide. One may say that the English as a rule regard Sunday with rather more sobriety and strictness than ourselves. They think it is godless to stay away from church; and it is to the churches one must go to see the English Sunday. We, in this country, have always had a poetic curiosity and interest in the churches and parsonages of England. The "decent church" (inimitable adjective!) when, for the first time, on the road from Liverpool to London, one sees it crowning a well-clipped, humid hill-top, softly returns to the imagination as something known in infancy and forgotten. Ever since childhood our minds have been filled with innumerable stories and poems about the parsons and parsonages. There is the Vicar of Wakefield, and there is the clergyman in the "Deserted Village;" and, later, we are familiar with many admirable or amusing parsons or parsons' wives and daughters on the pages of Miss Austin and Trollope. The clergyman seems to have been the best man in their society to unite in his person virtue and gentility with tragical poverty. On the other hand, there is in the lives of many clergymen's families just that *plenum* of earthly comfort which is alluring for the gentler uses of literature, just that happy balance of circumstances which equally removes the household from the ugliness of want, and from the preten-

sion which is the peril of too much success. The parson has been called the "center of English society." High and low, rich and poor, all group themselves about him, and compute their position by reference to him. He touches the community at every point; he may know everybody, though his place is a very variable and accidental one. His importance, of course other things being equal, is in proportion to his income. He is a greater man in the country than in town. Some parsons are very much greater than others. Between a bishop and a poor curate there exists what the novelists would call a "gulf." Indeed, I am told that a young curate, when speaking to a bishop in the street, would be likely to take off his hat and stand bareheaded. In London, the priest appears to lose himself amidst the crowd; but even there he retains an intrinsic identity and distinctiveness which nobody else possesses.

We have, besides, been attracted by the artistic and poetical qualities of the Church of England. It possesses these attractions, not because it is a State Church, but because it is a National Church. It is the Church of all, and, because the people in humble and middle life outnumber the great and the fortunate, it is more the church of the poor than of the rich. This fact gives it substance and depth, and a somber strength, like the chill sod and damp winds of their autumn evening. In the Church the people have for ages been christened, married, and buried; indeed, any other kind of religious establishment has a look either shabby or glaringly brand-new. With us it is always the particular church, say, at the corner of Moyomensing avenue and 18th street, which attracts or repels one. Is it a good place to go? Do we like the clergyman, and do we like the people? One of the best parts of any Church Service here, I take it, is shaking hands with acquaintances going down the aisles. We go here to those houses which attract and please, which are the brightest and happiest-looking. The minified cathedrals, where gloom was secured by the same cheap means that one can have it in any pantry, namely, by having no windows, are replaced by houses of worship more fit and sensible. We have no old churches; and antiquity here is so weak and unimportant, that people do well in ceasing altogether to imitate its solemn and pathetic impressions. How slight and feeble is our

past, the man will feel who loiters in Trinity church-yard, or strolls for an hour in St. Paul's, the interior of which wonderfully resembles an old English church. What comes to us from pre-revolutionary times is scarcely more inspiring than the rubbish left in an attic by the people who move out to those who move in. Who that drops his ticket at Wall street Ferry cares to remember that, on that spot, George and Martha Washington landed from Virginia ninety years ago; or who of the crowds that flock hourly about the Exchange calls to mind that, on the balcony of a building which once stood there, the first president was inaugurated? The mighty To-Day of the continent is scarcely conscious of these trifles. It is different in England. George III., with his tumultuous, triumphant Empire, and his thundering Waterloos and Trafalgars, curbs the conceit and insolence of the living. So far as duration goes, America has had the very respectable past of nearly four centuries. But, whatever is ancient in point of time by association with this continent, seems to partake of its newness. What is old here does not at all become precious because it is rare. It is rather swallowed up in the all-pervading, all-forgetting present. A tomb-stone with 1790 scratched upon it is a less impressive object here than in Europe. The occupant has no constituency; there are too few of him to make it worth while to take him into account. But even the recent past in Europe is strong, because of the multitudes which disappear with a generation, and of the ages full of life and history upon which it lies. The names over the chancel of men who fell with Nelson, and the tablets upon the walls, not a half century old, appeal to us with a strange earnestness.

There is no doubt that these English temples possess sublime and fervid impressions which houses of worship of yesterday cannot produce. Yet the services in many of them, particularly in the West End, are very dull and vapid. The churches were a third full, with pretty much everybody asleep or inattentive. The most devout and enthusiastic worship is to be found in those parts of London inhabited mainly by the lower middle classes, people who live by trades and small shops. In some churches, where the pews are reserved until the time for the service to begin, the outside public range themselves along the aisle, waiting to take the unoccupied seats

when the moment comes. In other churches the pews are thrown open during the evening service, and anybody can come in and take a seat, the only precedence being such as long occupation and courtesy give. I remember a young lady who hustled me out of a comfortable corner on the plea that it was "hers." There she sat and opened her prayer-book and surrendered herself almost greedily to her ecstasy and meditation. How she valued that snug corner I could tell from the warlike expression of her countenance, when for a moment I looked sceptical of her right to eject me.

This was at St. Dunstan's, with the curate of which church I had the good fortune to contract an acquaintance. The curate of St. Dunstan's was a very good, laborious and capable man. He preached two or three sermons on Sunday; his evenings were occupied with lectures and charities; during five days of the week he taught a great city school. The rest of the time he took in writing his two sermons, visiting the sick and burying the dead, in reading the Bible to all the bed-ridden old women in the parish, and in baptizing certain red and blue-faced, black-haired and very tender babies. How shall I describe him—a saint without feebleness, a humorist without skepticism, an Englishman without a trace of the egotist, a tireless worker and an unquestioning child of duty, yet with the most generous sense of enjoyment and a most modest charity for the indolent and the semi-virtuous. I had a note to him from a friend who had met him in Switzerland. With his countenance I saw a good deal of St. Dunstan's. Often on Sunday evenings at 7 o'clock I used to call at the curate's lodgings for the chance of a walk with him to church, or rather a trot, for we were nearly always late, the parson stopping to tack a tail on to his sermon. It was a mile away, and the chimes of St. Dunstan's were clanging as we brought up at the vestibule. It was an ancient building, standing in what is called the "City,"—a district enclosed by the old walls and now entirely taken up by trade. I got my seat in church, and when the bell stopped, the procession of choristers, dressed in white, began to move up the aisle, the youngest and tenderest coming first, the older and taller following. The little ones were often beautiful boys, with the soft, tender English complexion, and looked like angels, though I often saw

them nudging each other when they were responding the loudest, and communicating by dumb show, with spelling upon their fingers and with grimaces. Their faces were so clean, and they had their hair so well brushed, that it was easy to see that some neat and proud mother had inspected every one of them. One little fellow in particular looked as if his mother had followed him all about the room, holding him by the chin, brushing his forehead and temples violently as he retreated, and, perhaps, giving him now and then a crack on the head with the hair-brush. The procession grew coarser as it grew older; the difference between the little and the big choristers was much like that between young and tender leeks and onions gone to seed. The choristers were, I suppose, taken almost entirely from the families of small shopkeepers and mechanics. Directly behind the grown choristers, and attired very much like them, came the clergy; and the contrast between their countenances showed more plainly than anything I remember seeing, the unmistakable unlikeness of gentlemen to persons who are not gentlemen. There were the well-defined, educated faces of two or three young clergymen, and in a singular contrast was the loutish, indistinct chaos in the countenances of the overgrown singers.

The curate preached always in the evenings, and led a good part of the service. His sermons were delivered in a low, musical monotone or recitative. They were thoughtful and well expressed, excellent sermons, among the best I heard in London, but what made them especially admirable was the manifest purity of the man, the reality of his goodness. Whether he read or preached or prayed or sat silent, you felt the influence of a devoted spirit. It is the sort of man he is, not so much what he says, that makes a clergyman a good one. You would not care to have a vulgar, superficial or conceited person sit in your room and occupy your attention for an hour. It is just as unpleasant to have any such man moving constantly before your eyes in church, praying, reading and exhorting. Of vulgarity one sees very little in England, but, of course, most clergymen, like most other people, do not possess very clear ideas, and it is necessary that they be exhibiting their lack of strength during the whole time they occupy the eyes of the congregation. Their manner of reading the Bible seems to be altogether without sense or reason. They

take the promises, the revelations, the ecstasies, the lamentations and the genealogies all in the same voice, and at the same pace. I remember once to have heard in the afternoon service at Westminster Abbey, a clergyman reading the Scriptures in a heavy, sonorous voice with which he was obviously very well contented. Paul, in the chapter read, has been speaking in a lofty, Apostolic strain which the agreeable baritone suited very well. But he closes the epistle with some common-place messages, which are manifestly not to be read with the same sublimity of enunciation as the other parts of the chapter. But the clergyman grandly intoned, "Bring Zenas, the lawyer-r-r-r-r," and the cadencies of this bathotic expression rolled among the arches of the cathedral and over the heads of the people. The curate of St. Dunstan's intoned the service also, and with the motions of his voice his large congregation was instinctively in sympathy. His reading was affecting, as I have said, owing, not so much to any grace of manner, or agreeable vocal cadencies (though his voice was a sweet one), as to the purity and devotion of his spirit. Some more modern sorts of sin, I used to think, though, might have very well found their way into his liturgy. Could he not have elided "From false doctrine, heresy and schism," and have intoned instead, "From inconstancy and vain obliviousness, from ennui, lassitude, and all self-admiration!"

St. Dunstan's was one of the oldest of the city sanctuaries, its history stretching way back before Elizabeth. The church was destroyed and re-built at the time of the great fire. Its aisles have been the resting place of city worthies as long as London has had Lord Mayors, or London women have been comely. Their quaint memorials were upon the windows—"Thomas Watson, citizen of Milk street,—1513." How many generations of listless children, lying back in these pews during the long service have spelt out his virtues on the marble underneath, and wondered what a quaint old fellow he was, and how strange it must be to be dead so long, and have one's name scratched in such queer characters under the painted figures of saints and martyrs, then sighed to think what an age it would be till dinner. St. Dunstan's was just such a church as old city magnates should have worshiped and grown rich in. The place had a look of

tarnished bullion and dingy guineas; it made one think of the dark corners of old counting-rooms. On the walls and over the chancel, upward-gazing saints aspired with the faith of long gone ages. The glad singing of the choristers and the murmurings of the people arose incessantly; from the tablets upon the walls the past gave testimony. There with the dark wilderness of London trade without, the people knelt and worshiped in the same old place which had been a landmark to their believing fathers.

After church the curate used to guide me through all sorts of strange lanes and arcades, and openings, and narrow passages through which we could scarcely get abreast, to the vicarage, which was a third of a mile away, where half-a-dozen of the parsons of the neighborhood gathered for supper. Incessant and indefatigable as he was, he yet seemed to have more time for his friends than many men who do not accomplish a fourth of his work. I took advantage of all the time I could get of him. He was always to be found after church on Sunday, when the same group that gathered at the vicarage came to him to lunch. These meetings were marked by a sort of *ivresse*, rare, I should have supposed, among Englishmen. This we owed to the hospitality of the curate's spirit and his laugh, which, I think, was one of the most delightful I ever heard. He possessed a most capacious nature. His humor, of which he had a great deal, was just like his frame, large and ruddy. He was from the farmer class; and, it seemed to me, that he had in his blood the jollity of a hundred Christmas Eves, and in his voice the warmth and volume of centuries of roaring Yule-logs upon the hearth. He had perfect health; he was three-and-thirty, indeed, but he had that other youth,—the youth of purity and simplicity. On Sundays he usually came back from church in great spirits. His talk with his clerical friends ran upon parish matters, the peculiarities of some familiar people, an odd answer of a charity scholar to a question in the catechism, or what had been seen and heard among the poor during the week. For instance, (this was told me in a subdued voice, as if to apologize for its profanity,) the curate had called upon a poor girl who had lost her baby. He tried to comfort her, and told her that it was better off where it was. She was inconsolable; but when he reminded her that it had gone to Heaven, she said "yes" (sobbing), that

she believed it was a "bloody little angel." I mention this to show the strength of the soil from which these men drew their nutriment. Their conversation was full of fact and personal experience; but the wit and pleasure, the "sweet insanity" to which the company attained when their minds were the clearest and kindest, they owed to the patronage and hospitality of the host. The freedom and perfect unselfishness of the parson provoked the humor of his guests to the very limit of audacity, indeed, at times, to the border of delirium.

This pale photograph is all I have with which to reproduce his modesty, his efficiency, his goodness, his friendship, his humor. Even these words,—a hieroglyphical sort of suggestion of him rather than a definition,—may bring him into trouble, should they find their way across the ocean. The ladies at the vicarage, where we used to sup on Sunday evenings after service, used to tease him sorely. Indeed, that was the way they took to testify the warm regard in which they held the curate. They had rather a handle against him in the great devotion of certain old ladies in the parish. These old people could not help testifying their love of him, and not very skillful in expressing themselves, would make use of epithets rather more fond than accurate. Expressions meant for parsons of the honied or pallid and ascetic sort sat rather absurdly upon his broad shoulders. Then there were certain good and pretty women who used to persecute this devout man and worthy servant by recalling these compliments in his presence. Thus he was never permitted to forget that he had been called "the handsomest curate in Wolverton." Perhaps they may find something in my encomiums to tease him about. I can see him after church on Sunday evenings at the vicarage, indulging deep draughts of beer, and very busy at the cold chicken, amid gusts of his own laughter and expostulation, exclaiming that a certain friend of his is a "blasted Yankee," "a heretic," etc.

People in England do not run together so much by churches as in this country. There is the broad division between the establishment and the dissenters, much broader than that between any two American denominations, though the line is by no means so marked as it once was. But you find comparatively very little association by particular church societies. In the

West End there is none at all; in the less fashionable parts of London the Church is a sort of focus for the congregation, but to no such degree as in America. They have nothing like our Sunday schools, about which the young people in an American town and village get together, and which, in their own minds, they associate much more intimately with cider and hickory nuts than with the catechism. Sunday schools in England are entirely for the poor. Their original object was to teach children who could not go to school during the week. Of the bright and attractive gatherings of pretty children and happy people among us they have no idea. The Sunday school here is so national and peculiar an institution, that I wonder it has not got into literature. The number of people, the country through, who have recollections of them, must be very great. In the days when school discipline was severer than at present, a boy's reason for liking them was that they did not "lick" and "keep in." But the man who looks back upon those festivals will remember some impressions more exalted and mystical than any he has known since. There was a pale little girl, with a demeanor of almost severe purity, and a face quite grave and intense, who, on Sunday mornings, was hid from him too often by intervening and constantly interrupting heads and bonnets. The breeze that swung the branches into the open windows, rattled the Bible leaves, and blew a skein of her yellow hair over her temples. Then there was a boy of fifteen, who was the secretary, and who wore coat-tails, and who was a very great personage. With book in hand and pencil behind his ear, he went among the girls and gathered pennies, and received the offering of the pale little girl, apparently unconscious that she was unlike the others. This boy was marshal, and wore a rosette on excursions, and when a missionary came to address the school, he rose and moved a vote of thanks. Wild and thrilling eminence! There was but one unpleasant thing about the Sunday-school, that to-morrow was Monday, and that the sight of the pale little girl, and the pleasant hubbub about Jonah and Elijah, would be exchanged for the long, dark school-room, and the desks and the black-boards, and "What place was celebrated for its manufactures, and what place for the intelligence of its inhabitants?" the odious smell of slates and slate-pencils; the mas-

ter's ruler over the hands and his cane over the legs.

But Sunday schools have of late years become much prettier places than they were fifteen or twenty years ago. The changes in the manner of conducting them and the adorning and beautifying of the rooms seem to mark in our recent religion some *vellités* toward the warm coloring and light-heartedness of Southern Europe. At present they fit them up with fountains, nice furniture, and warm-colored carpets, and the walls are decorated with mottoes and texts of Scripture in red, blue and gilt. They sing sweetly and heartily, and the conversational hubbub of voices is bright and exhilarating. The confusion of tongues and subjects, when one sits in the midst of it, is agreeable. A little boy near you spells out, "go to the ant, thou slug-gard." In the Bible class a young collegian of an investigating and somewhat skeptical turn is confounding the wisdom of his simple-minded teacher, who is really in much awe of him, expostulates with his erudition, and logical superiority, and warns him that too much learning has made him mad. Over the way the bears are devouring the boys who mocked Elisha; while a fair little group of girls to your left are taking down the priests of Baal to a destruction which they and their teacher in a rather matter-of-course and apathetic manner appear to approve. Considering that so many human beings are cut to pieces, the look of mild and tacit acquiescence in the young teacher's countenance is rather dreadful, and it is somewhat strange that the scholars should inspect each other's dresses, and exchange confidences, and that their faces should fall into absent and far away expressions.

They have none of these pretty things in England. I once attended a sort of Sunday school in the loft of a warehouse down by the river, where some bargees were taught. The young boatmen walked in in single file with an enormous clamping of boots, which must have been wooden, and an expression upon their countenances of an intention to behave with great decorum. They knelt down much as you would suppose a row of Egyptian obelisks to do, and when down you wished that they would never attempt to get up again. One young man did continue kneeling some moments longer than was necessary. He arose with as much haste as possible, and the whole of them, as a matter of course,

immediately crammed their handkerchiefs down their throats (or whatever in a bargee's wardrobe corresponds to a handkerchief,) and by this pantomime expressed their readiness to choke rather than violate propriety. I suppose that all British Sunday schools are modifications of this one. As the children who compose them are taken altogether from the very poorest, a look of squalor and dirt must be, I imagine, inseparable from them.

St. Dunstan's had no Sunday-schools like ours, yet the young people of the church had some exceedingly pleasant ways of spending time. For instance, they had dances during the Christmas holidays in the school-room of the church, to the great scandal of some of the neighboring parishes. A small sum was charged for admission. The room was prettily decorated with holly, evergreen and ivy; and all the young people of the church came and danced. Over this little realm, hid in the heart of London trade, the vicar's wife, a person of much sense and beauty, exercised a pleasant rule. Most of the young men had rather a half-baked look; the best of them, it was easy to see, were not quite done. But my experience is that gentle and refined and lady-like women are of no class at all; you find them everywhere. For centuries the beauty of London women has been famous. These young ladies, indeed, were not quite like the slight, pale slips, and faintly tinted blue-bells of the West End. Bloom and zone they possessed in abundance. The faces of many of them were exceedingly comely. They had health, spirits, good nature, and much freedom and humor. St. Dunstan's was very high, or very broad, or both, or neither, I forget which; but at any rate it occupied just that theological attitude which a church may hold and give charity balls to the young people. At such times the school-room was too small, and they secured a hall in the neighborhood. These assemblages, I think, attracted rather a higher class of people than the dances in the school-room. Thither came the most devout and charitable ladies of the parish. You may fancy how pleasant it was; the church at Philippi gave me the right hand of fellowship. I was permitted to waltz with Priscilla, to gallop with Lydia, and to *balance* and turn not a few of the chief women in the lancers.

St. Dunstan's, it will be seen, practiced a very agreeable type of Christianity. It

must not be imagined, however, that this religion was in very general vogue. I heard a number of elderly people say that they never heard of such things in their lives as a dance in a church school-room. But a great many strange things have come to pass which elderly people never heard of. It really seems at present that everybody is tolerated except the Evangelicals.

There are in England at present a great many kinds of people and a great many kinds of belief. They have a strong, ably expressed and respectable unbelief like which we have nothing in America, and lying oddly by the side of it is a good deal of what might be termed "religion as a matter of course." Thus, it is mentioned in the Blue Books, that certain children in the agricultural regions cannot tell who made them; yet this is not to be wondered at, when so many of the learned professors in the universities say they don't know. As a specimen of the diversity of opinion one meets with, a young lady once told me that she saw no reason to believe in the immortality of the soul, and that women, she thought, were religious because they had nothing else to do. The next day the curate of St. Dunstan's assured me,—yes, you did, old boy,—that on no account could he marry an Evangelical girl, though this austerity, I fancy, was a reminiscence of a severe youth which time and nature had mollified. (He promised, by the way, that he would take me to call upon "an Evangelical girl," which he never did.) Between these extremes there is obviously room for some shades of opinion. Yet widely diverse as are the notions of men, all alike receive the heritage which the strong religious moods of early England have bequeathed them. They yet have the churches and the universities, St. Paul's, the Abbey, and Magdalen cloisters. There yet remain abodes of solitude and emotion which no modern hand can imitate, where men in mighty cities can retire apart for an hour from the crowd, and dust, and turmoil.

The night of my arrival in London I stopped at a hotel not far from Westminster. It was raining during the evening, and I did not go out, but sat before the grate in the smoking-room, strangely reflecting upon the strange, dark, new, old world about me. It was one of those large hotels to which people go who know nothing about London, and I had dined in a

hushed and stately dining-hall instead of the dingy little coffee-room one should always seek. I was somewhat disappointed by the arid elegance of my surroundings, and began to fear that the world I was to enter upon the morrow might be as vain and modern. There was a young clergyman sitting near me with whom I entered into talk. He was the rector of a parish somewhere in Shropshire, of which he told me the name, and it had an extremely pleasant country sound. (The reader will perhaps think me impressive, but why should I tell him of the stupid people I met?) I had never met a man, it seemed to me, with a manner and spirit more refined, and when afterward I had an opportunity to know him better, that impression was fixed and strengthened. His countenance and behavior, united gentleness and purity, softness and dignity. In the course of the conversation he spoke of the Abbey, and as he was modestly and kindly communicative, I got from him a good deal about it. He took a pencil and sketched me some hints of its architectural history; and he told me this story which is perhaps familiar to most of my readers, but was new to me. Ages ago a clear stream watered the grassy margin of the river, where now the brown, viscid wave of the Thames laves its stone walls and embankments. Once at night a boatman saw upon the bank a man who beckoned him to come nearer. He rowed him across the stream to where the Abbey stood. The figure entered, and immediately the church was filled with light and music, and singing angels. It was St. Peter who came to possess and consecrate his cathedral. When my acquaintance retired he proposed that we should attend the ten o'clock services at the Abbey the next morning. "They have every day," he said, "a morning and afternoon service. It is well to have some place in the heart of the city where one can be apart with one's God." The manner of the young clergyman was constrained and diffident; I can convey no impression of the gentleness and purity with which these words were uttered.

The next morning we went to the Abbey. I have never been since so distinctly conscious of the mood of which it was the expression—if it be not presumption to talk of distinctness upon such a subject. I felt in the authors of that work a sense of that strong exclusion which possesses

all artists in their clearest moments. Had the builders not had the sympathy of the multitude, these were emotions which when brought in contact with an alien and astonished atmosphere, would have appeared how wild, how strange! They could not have survived a day which did not comprehend them. But the aspiration and exultation had been changed to the stone of the solid globe. The thoughts of the

builders may now fly hither and thither, the builders die and their visions with them, but still that dream entranced remains; the towers yet linger, the arches exult, the saints aspire; so I thought when first those aisles and ascending vaults were revealed to me, and when, with the pious few gathered under its canopy, I first heard the rejoicing of the choristers.

EARTHEN PITCHERS.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER X.

AUDREY's plan for getting out of a quicksand, like the invention of a sewing machine, or the best passages of Shakespeare, was so simple and admirable a matter, when done, so undeniably the only way in which the thing could properly be done, that nobody found much in it to applaud.

"It was lucky," Pike said, his hands in the waistband of his trousers, "that Miss Swenson hit on it 'arly in the evenin'. But of course it was the right way. Some on us would have hit on it afore long."

Mr. Goddard bestowed a word of praise on her. "Very nice in you to remember that idea," coming up to where she stood like a ghost watching Graff's steady driving of the piles. Goddard was quite secure of Jane's rescue, and was his own buoyant self again, sauntering from group to group, enjoying their queer idioms and traits. One could have sworn that his fanciful blue suit of clothes was newer than the one he wore half an hour ago, and surely his reddish mustache was freshly waxed. "Very *apropos*, your remembrance, I'm sure, and fortunate for poor Jane. But really you must not fill your brain with facts. It would be like choking up a vase of old Dresden with matches, burned and unburned, as I have seen done."

"Old Dresden?" Oh yes, certainly, certainly," said Audrey, staring at the two dark figures in the quicksand. Goddard, finding she was deaf to all sounds but the axe, wandered off up the beach and stood alone with an awe-struck face surveying the awful plane of water and the sky above, muttering to himself, "The heavens declare the glory of God. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto

night showeth knowledge." The words so expressed his own emotion that the tears rose to his eyes, and he quite forgot the dying Jane, who loved him, and the living Audrey, whom he loved.

Graff had time to think of both. Driving the piles was slow work, and the remembrance of the Cortrell blood of his companion dragged him down harder than the invisible jaws of the sand below. Jenny kept him from any serious thoughts of death by an incessant nagging of questions and orders how to work. If it had not been for that, he would have liked to pray silently in this extreme and sore strait, for Kit was a steady church-going Methodist. Jane had not looked at the question of death at all from a religious point of view; the top of her head was remarkably flat. She observed Goddard going off to Audrey as soon as Graff reached her; she felt with an humble, dull misery, that it would have helped to keep her soul alive, and eased the deathly cold in her back if he had stayed on the bank, but what did it matter for her? It was all miserable. Even if she were saved she could not use the experience in her newspaper letters. There was something so ridiculous in being swallowed in a quicksand. "But Goddard would have died for me if they had not kept him back," she said at last, looking after him.

"No doubt, no doubt. Goddard's a very clever fellow. Another stave, Joé," hallooed Kit.

"I wish he would go home out of this night-air. His bronchial tubes are affected; he forgets he's not used to outdoor work like these rough men here. I can't see the use of driving those planks in slanting," turning to him snappishly. "It's a mistake. Drive them straight. You're

so slow, too. Do you think there's any chance for me?"

"We'll hope so at any rate. Try and keep up, Jenny," cheerfully. But for himself he had very little hope. He knew he could drive a pile with any man, but not when the Cortrell blood and the sea were both against him.

Hammer, hammer away. The moon had set, but the men had kindled fires on the bank, and the fierce red glow flushed out now and then through the gray mist. They had not spoken for a long time.

"That pounding," said Jane at last with a feeble cackle of a laugh, "sounds as if you were making our coffins."

"Umph!" muttered Graff. "It would be more to the purpose if you'd sing a hymn, Jane, or say a prayer."

"I don't sing hymns. But if I die, when he marries Audrey, Kit, I want you to tell him that I said I hoped God would bless him."

Graff stopped. "Don't talk like a fool. Do you think Audrey would marry that—that cock-sparrow?"

She did not answer him, and looking around he saw that she had fallen and lay at his feet. "Jane! Jenny!" He was not sure whether she had fainted or was dead. "And I spoke like a brute to her!" he said. But death and the chance that Audrey would marry Goddard were too near at hand for him to choose his words or stop his pounding.

CHAPTER XI.

JANE was quite cold and white when Graff at last dragged her out and carried her to the side of one of the sand-hills. The crowd gathered about her. Audrey began to breathe in her mouth.

"Lay her down, Christopher. Just here," said his mother who had arrived with a black woman and a wheelbarrow of necessities. She was a little light woman in black alpaca, with a curl of gray hair dangling at each cheek from a side-comb; one of those executive and legislative females who, if she had been in Eve's place, would have had flannels, and a patent medicine, and a code of morals in half an hour wherewith to defy death and put Satan to the right-about.

"Lay her on this settle. Now take it up, you men. Tut, tut! She's sopping wet to the hips. She'll have a pretty cold!"

"It's not likely to end in a cold," said Audrey, "the sea has had a hold on her, and she has the Cortrell blood."

"I don't know that the Cortrells ever had more rheumatism than other folks," dryly. "Don't be absurd, child. Kit, do you go home at once and take a hot bath and get to bed."

"You are coming, Audrey?" anxiously. "Then I will, mother. I'll drink some boneset tea, too." For Kit, like many other brawny heroes, would follow duty to the cannon's mouth, but liked to be coddled and plastered and dosed for every twinge of a sick stomach.

A miscellaneous group formed their escort. "That ar Goddard's a tremendous fellow, Mrs. Graff," said Pike. "We could hardly hold him from rushin' in to the young woman, to die with her. It 'ud have brought the tears to yer eyes to hear him cryin', 'Let me sheer her fate! let me sheer her fate!'"

Mrs. Graff's restless black eyes were on Audrey in an instant. "No doubt, you thought that very fine, child, eh?"

"What more can a man do than to die for his friend?" said Audrey gravely.

"Don't know," returned Kit's mother, "when a woman's in a scrape it's the business of a man to take her out of it, just as it is to hold an umbrella over her, or to earn her bread and butter and clothes. So I've taught my boy, at any rate, and I'm glad to see he remembered his training to-night. Do you think he would have dared come home to me if he had left Jenny in the lurch?"

But Audrey, apparently, attached no more credit to Kit's night work than to any ordinary stave-driving. She turned her head carefully from him and stooped over Jané. "Her eyes are open, aunt Ann," she said.

"Of course her eyes are open. Three quinine pills will bring her right. Take Kit's arm, child. He looks shaky." But Audrey drew off and walked in her usual lonely, free fashion, her hands clasped behind her. Aunt Ann had superintended motherless little Audrey through measles and whooping-cough, and so up to the age of love, and was now engineering her into a marriage with Kit. "A shiftless, good-natured creature who would waste a year's income in a month. But dear me! the boy would not care for his life without her," she said. She was fond of the girl besides, and she really had a broad motherly bosom, if her chin was sharp. But the two women were ill at ease together, always. Audrey usually stood off as she

did now, and eyed her in her sober absorbing fashion, feeling herself big and young and useless beside the energetic little woman. A block of unhewn stone, if stone could feel, might have just such a sense of uncouthness and out-of-place-ness beside a sharp little steel chisel tip-tapping and boring into it.

Audrey was conscious suddenly that Goddard was beside her, and dropped behind to walk with him, with a brilliant smile of welcome, at sight of which Jane, Kit, and his mother all pricked up their ears.

"She is better," said Audrey, nodding to the settle.

"Oh, yes," indifferently. "My head," pressing both hands over it, "has been oppressed too much. I want relief. Let me hear you talk."

She nodded, but walked on so silently that he doubted if she had understood him. The night, after the moon had gone down, was dark. They had left the fires behind them, but a sudden flash of auroral light showed their faces to each other and the dark, scattered figures trooping silently along the beach, the dunes rising in a procession of gigantic white shadows against the vague darkness.

"We look like the damned upon the shores of that last sea," said Goddard, determined to make small talk out of the vastness and terror, as he could not shift the scene. "The sky is dead and the sea is dead, and those are but the ghosts of hills, too." Another glimmer of light showed him that Audrey was not looking at sea or sky; her head was bent on her breast, her face thoughtful. He started forward.

"I read it in your eyes! You have learned a new lesson to-night. You can never say again that nature suffices to you! Some heroic thought, some human being has touched you closer than ever you were touched before! Audrey?" He took her hand, and when the light died out she had not yet withdrawn it. Kit, turning from them in sullen, dumb rage, saw by the same flash Jane's eyes fixed on the clasped hands, and heard a faint sigh.

"What a gesticulating talent your friend Goddard has, my dear," observed Mrs. Graff, calmly. "He ought to turn it to account on the stage. Too much hand wringing there for every day use."

"The man is well enough, mother," said Kit, sharply; he would like to have knocked him down with the axe he held, but he

could not tolerate woman's pin-sticking revenges. "He is going to make a great name as an artist, I have heard."

"I should suppose his virtues lay in the future," retorted his mother coldly.

CHAPTER XII.

"I HOPE, Audrey," said Mrs. Graff, as they halted at the gate of the Swenson House, "that you'll go to bed at once. I would advise a Dover's powder also, and hot water bottles for your feet."

"Yes, Aunt Ann."

"Dover's powder?" grunted Audrey's uncle, as she pushed open the door of the sitting-room. "What is that female quack doing abroad at this time of night? It is Ann Graff, isn't it?"

"She is taking home a sick woman."

"The Lord have mercy on the sick woman then." Audrey made no reply. She let her Aunt Ann and the night's events drop at once, having no fondness for waving red rags in anybody's face. In fact, it was what Audrey did *not* say that gave people the odd sense of security and faith in both her depth and height.

Doctor Swenson trotted over to a book-case, wrapping his faded dressing-gown about him with a shrill little chuckle. "Your Aunt Ann is not content with drenching people with magnesia, and pills, and potassium, she dabbles in spiritual pharmacy. She comes to me with a story of one who has fallen from grace into a state of despair, when I know all that ails the man is too much salt pork; and of another who sees visions like St. Teresa, and all that she or St. Teresa needed was a husband and a baby. Did you see my slippers anywhere? I began to look for them to go up to bed, and took up my violin, and now it is quite late. No, Audrey, you need not dispute the point; there is not a trait nor a passion in a man's character, as you sentimentalists call them, that cannot be resolved into an overplus of carbon, or ozone, or a lack of phosphorus. Did I ever explain this theory to you before?" anxiously. "Of course I have, though. I'm a bore to everybody with it, I suppose. Now, Audrey, you are fond of what they call Nature. You look at the clouds or the river, and have what you deem immortal longings. It is nothing but the matter in the trees, or rain, or growing corn attracting similar matter in your body. Lime calls to lime, and oxygen to oxygen. When you or Kit die you will be so much salts,

so much phosphates, so much gaseous matter; that's all, nothing more." The little man stood see-sawing in his gray stocking feet, a candle in one hand, the other grasping his flowered gown, his round cheeks and blue eyes on fire with delight under the wig pulled askew.

Audrey laughed. "You are an amiable ghoul! Go to bed, uncle."

"I cannot sleep. Neither can you, I'll wager. Now you think it's love or remorse keeps you awake? It's electricity. Why, the sea and sky are alive to-night with it. If I were a sentimentalist like you I should say they were angry—had been disappointed of their prey."

"So they were. One of the Cortrells—" She stopped, and laughed. What could the great forces of Nature have to do with poor scribbling Jane, with her shrewd brain and lumpy body?

"Cortrell, eh?" eagerly snuffing the candle with his fingers. "Now, do you know there's a great deal of reason in those old superstition? Sea and sand are made of the same matter as ourselves, so how can we tell how much of the same knowledge they have? You're not sick, my dear? Your nose is pinched, and there are dark rings about your eyes. Liver all right, Audrey?" He took her hand in his, and Audrey was glad to let it lie there, though the pudgy fingers were stained with snuff and candle-wick. She had a curious longing to-night, for the mother she had never known, and could almost have laid her head against the flowered gown, and cried.

Instead, she only laughed when he stroked her hand fondly.

"Some lime and phosphate is worth a good deal more to you than others. Eh, Uncle Tom?"

"I've made such a poor substitute for your mother, child. That's the trouble. Susan would have known how to manage about your lessons, and falling in love, and diet, and all that. I could only make you sound in your music. As to your knowledge of counterpoint, I'm satisfied there, quite satisfied. Suppose we try—" taking down his violin, and opening the old, fine piano that seemed oddly out of place on the bare floor with its strip of rag-carpet.

"Not to-night. You must really go to sleep." She lighted the candle again, found the slippers, and kissed him good-night. She did not know what ailed her to-night; even his petting she could not

bear. Of the usual nervous, sickly megrims of girls, Audrey, with her light strong frame, and fair firm flesh, rose-tinted and healthy as a baby's, knew nothing; but now a kind touch made her shiver, and, as he opened his door to nod good-night again, her blue eyes filled with tears. Was it only the electricity, as her uncle said? She took up the violin to play the sonata with which she often quieted the old man to sleep, but the notes seemed to have caught the fierce foreboding temper of the night, and shrieked fitfully. The girl listened as though a living being was talking to her, laid down the violin, and, paler than was her wont to be, went out to the garden, which, darkened with the quaint box of the old colony town, sloped down to the sands.

If these were the dead sea, and sky of Hades, as Goddard said, they had taken life in the last hour, and, as it seemed to Audrey, the life of a vengeful, malignant purpose. The long stretch of beach and dunes had drawn back into a gray melancholy twilight, and the sea thrust itself into sight, solid and black, yellow flashes of phosphoric light upon the incoming waves, like the fiery crest of Milton's Satan as he rose from the undermost darkness. It muttered with an ominous thunder. Audrey had learned its voices since she was a child, but this was unknown to her. To the north and west, hedging in and driving on the sea, pale columns of auroral light followed each other through the darkness. She went through the gate aimlessly, over the sand, her grave, steady face turned towards them as though some one called her. The village was lost in the fog and silence, the light was out in her uncle's window; she remembered, hardly knowing that she remembered it, that he and Kit, and even her aunt, Ann Graff, were asleep. She was glad that all the world was asleep, and she alone was left to receive the message. Audrey had been abroad in all seasons; in nights when the storms had driven sea-faring men in-doors; when she was a child, frightened at the wind or crash of the waves on the shore, she yet had gone, dragged, as it were, against her will. Now, it seemed to her, she had grown to the age of sea and woods: they had received her into their company: she was one with them. She knew in sun or storm, summer or winter, she must go when they called her, to know what was this word they would have her speak for them. She never had found it. It came near her, often,

in sight as in sound, in a nor'-easter whistling through the rigging, in the fretted brown seeds upon a fern leaf, in the glint of sun through the tan-colored bay water upon the kelp below. It was so real a thing to her, they were such actual companions, that she talked of them to no one, just as a man does not talk of the wife whose head lies on his bosom to mere passers-by. Aunt Ann, had she ever sounded the girl's brain, would have called her an idiot, and Kit would not have taken an undeniably mad woman to be his wife. But Audrey kept silent, and looked on their blindness with an amused wonder. "Can they not hear the sea? Does not the sun shine on them as on me? Are these things not as real to them as a Dover's powder, or a box of canned peaches?"

The voice she could almost hear, the uncomprehended message was never as near her as to-night. It was as though all the world sang a lofty hymn, in which there was one word lacking left for her to supply. It seemed to her that all nature came close and pressed upon her to give her knowledge of it. She stooped and buried her hands in the warm sand, she touched the thick bay-leaves as she passed; the wet sou'-wester flapped dashes of spray in her face. The cries of the sea grew shriller, as it sent in a heavier tide from its far off caverns; the northern lights, to the north, crossed the unbroken night unceasingly like a troop of pale and vengeful ghosts.

She wandered down the beach; she would have penetrated into the heart of this eternal world if she could; its mysteries, its vastness, its infinite, inaccessible repose, even in this transient outcry, reached through her flesh to something within which awoke and answered again. Her blood grew heavy in her veins, vain tears rushed to her eyes. The longing, the hope, which belong to those who are akin with Nature, for which no man has ever found words, oppressed and choked her, "And I," she said, looking up and around her, as one who seeks a familiar face, "I, too!"

She would find words for this unknown hope; her message had been close to her to-night. Some day she would reach it.

A curious change came upon Audrey from that moment. The forces that had appealed to her might be incomprehensible to others, but their effect upon her was plain and practical enough. She had heard a heavenly call and she would not

slight it. Messages of high meaning were given to a few men to deliver to the world, as of old to the prophets; they wrote or painted, or cut them out of stone. Audrey knew that she had no utterance but in song. "It may be but a poor work that is given to me to do; but it is mine," she said humbly.

She sat down on one of the sand-hills overlooking the sea. Strains of simple, powerful harmony were heard, unknown before by her; whether she sang them or not she did not know. If she could make audible to the world the meaning of this night to her? How angry storm and prophetic sea, the malignant wind, and the gracious, comforting earth to its smallest green leaf, summoned alike the unwilling soul to the work which God had given it, and forbade it to accept any other. If she could find fit utterance for even so much as this, her life were cheaply given.

Morning had broken before she entered the garden again. The box hedges drenched with rain were hung with spiders' webs, and in the early light her cow was fretting in the stable to be sent down to the salt-marsh pastures; they belted the beach with rich browns and purples, covered yet by mist; a biting wind drove the pink clouds from the brightening west to the dark sky overhead; a covey of white sail fled further behind the wall of the breakwater; a flock of kingbirds preparing to go southward whirled from a clump of cedars past her feet. Audrey and they were old friends; their black beads of eyes, full of a courage greater than that of any living creature, were fixed on her with a friendly meaning. Wherever she turned, from the vast, red plane of the sea, with the sandpiper hopping along the white wash of the tide, to the wet poppies and gillyflowers of the beds beside her, all things seemed waiting, glad, questioning, having accepted her as their own. She went down and threw herself into the sea, floated out to deep water; the waves light and buoyant caressing her with fine supporting touches. To Audrey it had the solemnity of a baptism. She came out with a glad bound of her blood from heart to limbs. Beyond the brilliant sky line lay the world where she must work; she felt the touch of sun and wind as a benediction; even the man she loved, (and in her secret soul Audrey knew she loved him,) would surely bid her God speed.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Rich and Poor.

THE relations of employer and employed have existed since civilization began. Nothing has been done without capital: nothing has been done without labor. To realize what is regarded as the ideal condition, associations of laborers with capital have been organized,—co-proprietary and co-operative,—with varying results. After all attempts of this kind, the fact seems well established that industrial unions and partnerships will never become the rule, and that labor and capital will respectively be at the disposal of different men. Those who have labor to sell, without money to invest in the materials and products of their own industry, will always be a large proportion of the community. If the capital of the world were to be equally divided to-day, it would not take a month to re-establish the old division of capitalists and laborers. There are organizing, directing, controlling minds, which would manage at once to win capital, and employ the industry of others; and even the accidents of life would make many poor men rich. There is no possibility of maintaining equality of condition among men. The capitalist, with money to be employed in commerce, agriculture and manufactures, and the laborer, with various industry and skill to sell, will live side by side while the world stands. The natural wish of the first will always be to get the best profit he can on his money, and of the other to get the best price he can for his labor.

The great, practical question with both classes concerns the relations that exist between them. Shall those relations be friendly and harmonious, or discordant and inimical? Is there any real ground for opposition and jealousy? The strikes of laborers, the formation of trades-unions, the speeches uttered and the editorials published on the tyranny of capital, show that at least a portion of the laboring community consider themselves aggrieved by those who employ them. To some extent this is undoubtedly true. There are men who would make their laborers their slaves, and who would gladly obtain their labor at the lowest price compatible with the maintenance of their laboring power. There are corporations without souls, which have no more consideration for the muscles and the skill which they employ in their mills and shops, than they have for the horses employed outside. It is entirely natural for labor to organize against such men and such corporations, and to look upon them as enemies. Where personal rights are unrecognized, where capital refuses to see in the laborer anything but its dependent and servant, where oppressions are practiced, there will and must be rebellion. The man or the corporation whose supreme object is to get the most out of the laborer for the least consideration in money, will be

sure to have laborers who will aim to get the most money possible for the smallest consideration in labor. Laborers will do this independently or in combination, and their action will be entirely justifiable, though it may not always be wise.

The iniquity of trades-unions is that they make no distinction between good and bad employers, and breed universal discontent and demoralization. Even in this day of wide and deep distress among capitalists,—this day of shrunken values and business stagnation,—when, but for the sake of the poor, capital would greatly prefer to lie idle, there are bands of men who quarrel with their wages, and feel that they are badly used.

Now we believe that the majority of employers intend to do full justice to those whom they employ. We believe that in this day of trial and loss, there are men who are doing more than they can afford to do, in order to keep their laborers from distress. At this time, as at all times, they are the subjects of the inexorable law of demand and supply, and so, with a great supply and no demand, they stagger feebly along with their business, that those dependent on them may be fed. They are men who recognize the inter-dependence of labor and capital, and are willing to share the trials of the time with those who minister to their prosperity in better days.

Now labor stultifies itself and makes itself an object of contempt when it fails to recognize and reward a just and generous disposition on the part of capital. A laborer who will join a band of fellow-craftsmen in the attempt to extort an increase of wages from an employer who uses him well in adversity and fairly in prosperity, surrenders his manhood, either to his own selfishness, or to the despotism of his fellows. We hope strikes have done good. It would be a pity that the amount of suffering they have caused should have been of no avail. If they have checked any tendency to oppression on the part of capital; if they have taught the holder of money not to claim too much of the profits of industry, we are glad. But we are sure there is a better way, and that now is a good time to enter upon it. It is a good time for capitalists to ask themselves the question whether they have always recognized the rights of labor, and given it an appropriate reward—whether they have ever tried to win the heart of labor—whether they have given it brotherhood and endeavored to minister to its comfort, happiness and elevation. It is a good time, too, for the laborer to ask himself the question whether he has always sufficiently considered the fact that capital runs all the risk, while he runs none; that it is liable to be destroyed by flame, or dissipated in financial disaster; and that his ability to feed and clothe his wife and little ones depends upon the prosperity of capital. It is a good

time, too, for him to remember that capital bears the great burdens of society, that it pays the enormous taxes of the time, that it supports all the charities, and that, whether there is labor for the laborer or not, the laborer is fed. It is a good time for him to remember that in the last resort of necessity, capital does not permit him or his children to go houseless and without bread.

In short, it is a good time, in their common trouble, for the capitalist and the laborer to learn that they are brethren, and dependent in many ways upon one another. When this period of depression passes away, as it must soon,—for the world moves on,—it is quite possible that work will be recommenced upon a more modest basis of wages on one side and profits on the other. We hope, then, that employers and employed will lay aside all the old jealousies and resentments, and learn to be not only just but generous towards each other. There are communities in America, blessed by capitalists who share in many ways with their laborers the fruits of their prosperity. Public halls, reading rooms, libraries, comfortable houses and the best schools, bestowed by employers, have made some manufacturing villages a collection of intelligent and happy homes, and even labor itself a choice privilege. There is nothing that the laborer wants so much as recognition as a man, and a chance for his family. When the employer has the power to give both and gives both, he ought not to be troubled with strikes or jealousies, or the inefficiency of those who do his work.

Organs.

MACHINE music is not as popular as it was. The old-fashioned hand-organ has become a bore, even to the children; and unless it be supplemented by a knowing monkey, with appeals to the eye, the grinding goes on without reward. This confinement of musical execution to certain tunes, for which the player is not responsible—this circumscription of the limits of emotion by a foreign manufacturer—this reiteration of the same jingle from street to street, at all times of the day and in all months of the year, to ears that are dainty and ears that are dull—all this conspires to make the organist an offense and the hand-organ a nuisance. There really was a time when things were different. When children heard no music in the school and none in the home, when brass bands were scarce and church-organs were supposed to be an invention of the devil, or one of the seductions of the Woman of Babylon, it was quite nice to be assured by a dirty Italian, who never had a home in his life, that there was no place like it, even when his reluctant instrument groaned and fainted away on the last syllable.

What has happened with regard to the hand-organ has also happened with regard to party organs of every kind, political and religious. The fact can be no longer ignored that the people are tired

of organs. A newspaper, recognized as strictly a party organ, is regarded as a newspaper without any soul. A newspaper that is simply the exponent of a party policy, the defender of party measures, and the unvarying supporter of party men, is looked upon with a contempt in this country which may well make it tremble with the apprehension of its certain doom. Party organs were adapted to a simple, unintelligent condition of society. At a time when the few invariably led the many, when the great masses of the people pinned their faith to their leaders, and did not do their own thinking, the party organ was in its glory. It cracked its whip, and the whole team, however widely straggling, came into line. It blessed and blamed at will. When it declared one man to be a patriot, and another to be a traitor, the people believed it. It led unquestioning hosts to battle for measures and against measures, for men and against men, according to party policy, and did not even pretend to independence. Now, everything from a party organ is regarded with distrust; and it ought to be. The mouth-piece of a party is never the mouth-piece of a man. Its utterances are all shaped by the selfish policies and interests of party leaders; for the strictly party press is never its own. The people have learned that there is nothing which needs to be accepted with so much caution as any political statement uttered by a political organ. The chances are all against its being strictly true. In short, the people have outgrown the party press, and the day of independent thinking and independent scratching and bolting has come.

What we have said of the political party press is quite true of the religious party press. It has come to be absolutely essential that, in order to the achievement of a large success in religious journalism, the journal shall be independent. The strictly sectarian newspapers are not regarded at all with the respect which was formerly accorded to them. It is only the independent religious press that wins subscribers by the hundred thousand. Men have ceased to be interested in the discussion of questions from a sectarian stand-point. Their sympathies have surpassed sectarian bounds, and their interest goes deeper than creeds. They want to know what the independent thinker thinks. They would read what he writes. They have learned that the organ of a sect is as much a slave as the organ of a party. They have learned to think little of the conflicting systems of theology, and are anxious to know something about religion. They are less anxious about any particular "ism," and more interested in Christianity. Orthodoxy and heterodoxy mean less to them, and truth, more. In brief, they have ceased to pin their faith to sectarian leaders, and are thinking for themselves.

Now, all this is undoubtedly true, and what is to be done about it? Is it a good thing, or a bad thing? Without any question it is a good thing. It marks an era in the development of Ameri-

can Christianity. Everything that looks toward Christian unity breaks the power of the religious party press. Whatever the late meeting of the Evangelical Alliance did to forward Christian unity drove a nail in the coffin of the sectarian organ; and more and more in the future the sectarian organ will cease to be a moral and religious power in the world, until it shall become simply a record of sectarian decadence.

Meantime, the great masses of the people will read only for instruction and inspiration such records of independent religious thought as emanate from those whose interest in Christianity is so deep and broad that they have no partizanship, and no party schemes to promulgate. All advance towards Christian unity—all advance toward vital Christianity—is an actual retirement from the influence of the sectarian organ; and one of the best signs of the times is the recognized necessity of urgent appeals to the people for the support of the organs representing the different sects.

Everything goes to prove that religious truth is to be formulated anew, in the interest of Christian unity, and it is proper to ask those clergymen who stand by their party organs, and hold themselves up as the representatives, conservators and defenders of orthodoxy, if it is not about time for them not only to recognize the signs of the day, but to begin to be true to their own convictions. There is no one of them who can express fully on paper his views of the Sabbath question, or the Bible question, or the question of future punishment, to say nothing of questions still higher, and get all his orthodox associates to sign that paper. There are numbers of them who do not choose to preach the doctrines which they profess, and who do not fully preach what they believe. And they call themselves orthodox, and they criticise the orthodoxy of others, and they dread the proscription of the sectarian press, from whose influence the people are becoming more and more free every year. Woe to a sectarian press that stands in the way of progress, and woe to those mistaken teachers who either bow to that press in front, or bolster it behind. The organ is worn out. It creaks and groans and whines with its old, old tunes, and they who turn the crank have lost their admirers, because the children have become men and women, and can do better with their time and money.

What Has Been Done About It.

MR. TWEED has his answer to the question, "What are you going to do about it?" He has also the leisure and seclusion desirable for weighing its pertinency and conclusiveness. We say this in no spirit of banter, and with no pleasure that is not toned by pity for the fallen chief, and sorrow that he should have brought upon himself such shame and ruin. The "Boss" had many amiable and admirable traits. He was courageous, he was talented, and

in his deep humiliations he has refrained from criminating those whom he had bought and used, and who still hold up their heads in the community. A thoroughly mean man would have tried to bolster himself by degrading others whom he had in his power. If he was the prince of thieves, he has the honor of a prince of thieves. There is no question that he had the reputation of hundreds of men in his hands, and sank alone when he might have had multitudinous company.

The special significance of Tweed's conviction and condemnation, as a lesson in public morals, lies in its definition of theft. He entertained the same idea that thousands all over the country entertain, viz.: that everything that can be got out of a corporation or the public is legitimate plunder. The amount constantly stolen from railroad corporations in this country, by men who certainly would regard it as immoral to rob a neighbor's hen-roost, is enormous. Somehow, poor men touch railroads in an official capacity, and get rich, while the railroads get poor, and stockholders are not only cheated out of dividends, but out of the railroads altogether. Picking and stealing are going on everywhere,—in railroad managements, in municipal governments, and in all sorts of corporations,—going on among and by the hands of, men who regard themselves as doing an entirely legitimate business. The theft is disguised by the medium of some scheme like that of the *Crédit Mobilier*; and it is unconfessed to the consciences of the thieves themselves. Men will consent to hold an office and do no duty, while the pay they receive is practically a theft. There are ten thousand thefts, only less gross and high-handed than that which enriched Tweed and his gang, that are practiced all through the community, unrecognized by the thieves themselves as thefts. There are whole States that seem to be demoralized on this subject. To a great multitude, to take anything from a private person is stealing; to take anything that can be got by any indirection from the government or a corporation, is a matter of perfectly legitimate business.

Tweed's condemnation extends, for a large number of minds, the definition of theft. Multitudes are brought to apprehend by it, as they have never done before, the fact that to steal from a corporation is as bad as to steal from a man, and that all men who grow rich in places of public trust, through the advantage which their offices give them, are thieves. All hangers-on, all dead-heads, all sinecurists, all men who use office for the filling of their purses, all putters-up of jobs, all public men who take a bribe of any sort whatsoever, all men who manage to get out of corporations and the government more than they earn are thieves. Why is it—how is it—that the public conscience has become so debauched that it cannot see this? If all who have done and are doing to-day exactly what Tweed has done, in all essential respects, were to be dressed in striped suits, in uniform with his, there

would be an immediate advance in the price of the goods, and a call for the enlargement of "our public institutions."

Now we wish that this matter could go a little further, and that the public might be treated to an extension of the definition of gambling. Wall street is little more than a gigantic gambling-shop. There is, of course, a certain amount of legitimate business done there; but it is entirely put in the shade by that which is just as truly gambling as any game that the Heathen Chinee does not "understand," or that John Morrissey does understand. There is no moral difference between betting on the turn of a card and betting on the rise and fall of stocks. The law ought to take the matter in hand, and Judge Davis ought to administer it. The betting on stocks is a constant menace to the commercial and industrial interests of the country. We have no statistics, but we do not believe that illegal gambling does as much harm in this country as that which is done under cover of law. The games of bulling and bearing stocks, of making "corners," and of buying and selling long and short without the transfer of a share, is just as immoral and unchristian as the games that are played in the gambling-hells. Yet the Wall street conscience—what little there is of it—cannot take it in, and needs the extension of the definition of a word which alone fitly characterizes their business. Nothing will work a cure but the law and the striped clothing.

The "Watchman and Reflector."

THE advanced preparation of editorial material, to which our large edition compels us, has prevented us from presenting the following article from the *Watchman and Reflector* until the present number. It was prepared before the indignant protest of the MONTHLY was made in our December issue, and is a free and spontaneous disavowal of the article against which we protested. We accept it in the spirit in which it was written. It was a manly, Christian thing for the editor to do, and it was done in a manly, Christian way. He has our hearty thanks for it, and our regrets that a blunder should have made him liable to such a misconception, and led ourselves into such a misapprehension. His disavowal expunges our protest, and will have an influence beyond the case in hand. Such frankness and magnanimity furnish a lesson in Christian manners that will not be lost, either

upon the press or the public. It will, at least, prevent any misunderstanding between us and the *Watchman and Reflector* in the future. We can do no less than copy the article entire:

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

In a late number of the *Watchman* there appeared an article under the above caption. It was, in substance, a severe attack upon the magazine, pushed with more than usual vehemence of language. It proved a puzzle to our readers. For a time it was a puzzle to ourselves, the opinions there expressed being so directly in the face of those which the *Watchman* had always entertained and frequently pronounced respecting *Scribner's Monthly*.

It is not less a matter of justice to us than to our readers and all concerned, that the affair should be truthfully explained.

In a list of writers for the *Watchman* there are a large number whose communications appear under the authors' names. We allow to this class a wide latitude of opinion. The authorship of the communication being known and published, we do not to any full extent feel responsible for its sentiments.

The writer of the article in question belongs to this class. He has in this capacity served the *Watchman* and its readers long and acceptably. Neither our readers nor ourselves have always agreed with him in his opinions of men and things. It has been enough for us that we have held our columns open to an expression of their or our own dissent from him, as we have in respect to all other like writers. The unfortunate thing in the case of this particular article from our writer's pen is, that it appears in our columns bereft of the author's name, and so as an editorial utterance of our own. It thus committed the *Watchman* to a judgment of *Scribner's* magazine which is contrary to the opinion which we have uniformly pronounced upon it.

We have recently looked over several numbers of this magazine. We have done so with special reference to the severe criticism of our own writer, and of the recent strictures of certain religious journals. We find in the magazine papers which bear hard upon the Protestant clergy. But the animus of these articles is by no means bad. On the contrary, the spirit and intent are good. And the result which such free handling of the deficiencies of our American pulpit is working out cannot but be wholesome.

Besides, we find in other numbers able replies, in which American preachers are defended from the supposed injustice of these criticisms. There is nothing unfair in this, nothing that any intelligent and candid minister would denounce or be afraid of. There is much that he might well be thankful for. Take the papers, the famous papers, on Skepticism. They were written by an eminent Doctor of Divinity. There are many points in which we, and no doubt many others, differ from him; but his ability, and candor, and ardent zeal for the faith, we see no reason to question. We count it a grand thing that a great popular magazine is trying to give its readers something worth thinking about, something that challenges a deeper interest and more vigorous thought than the love stories and the pictorial pages which make up the main staple of other like periodicals. We have read the editorial notes of this magazine, and we find them pitched to a high tone of morality, and full of reverence and love for Christianity. It must be borne in mind that *Scribner's Monthly* is not a distinctively religious magazine. It is not to be judged as we judge our theological reviews. It was established for other purposes and to meet other wants. It is in the line of the other great monthlies whose end is to amuse, entertain and instruct the thousands. If it is not always true in its theological utterances, always correct in its religious sentiments, always squarely up to our notions of Christian morality and taste, what other monthly of all the rest surpasses *Scribner's* in these respects,—nay, what one of them equals it? As for ourselves we thank God for the many qualities in *Scribner's* magazine that, in our opinion, make it to be the purest, safest and best of all these monthly periodicals which are seeking a welcome at our firesides. We hold to it for what it is, and yet more, for what we hope it may yet become.

THE OLD CABINET.

THE way artists put themselves into their pictures is very amusing. They are so unconscious about it. I told Chrome he could never make a drawing without putting into it somewhere his own

likeness. He brought me a picture. At first I thought he had the better of me. His trick was to have no human at all. But over there, in the right hand corner, was a nanny-goat, with the very set of

Chrome's shoulders and the very turn of his head. His dog might have seen the likeness. He is more careful since I have plagued him about it; more careful with his male figures, but with his female he is off his guard, and there is hardly one of them without a suggestion somewhere of the artist, in shape or pose. In his last cartoon is an upright piano I would know for Chrome anywhere.

It is quite well understood that an artist imbues his work with his own qualities. His reproduction of the figure itself is a thing to study in its bearings upon the question of the mysterious connection between the body and the soul; a great question, indeed, having attached to it many little questions, such as the relation between jimmer-jaws and geniality, flaming hair and a flashing temper, meeting eyebrows and a jealous disposition.

I have a theory about the human voice which some day I mean to elucidate in a perfectly clear and satisfactory manner. The essay will be illustrated with diagrams and designs of a character which can hardly fail to carry conviction to the most mathematical mind. Meantime I will merely say, in brief, that from a writer's voice I obtain his style. I do not mean his voice in conversation, but in reading. It is perfectly natural to suppose,—and I believe it is true in experience,—that a man writes to the sound of his own voice, both in prose and verse.

It is very well known that a painter's work is imbued with his own qualities, his temperament, his moods, and all that. It is very well known that it is the same with a writer's. And yet I think this matter of personality in art, and all that relates to it, is the one thing upon which there is most need, now-a-days, of insistence. You may say that it is to-day more than ever acknowledged by all the world; that the very history of philosophy is made up, in large part, of personal biography; that no man pretends to study a philosophy apart from the life of its founder. For all that, because one man was born blind we behold another man bandaging his own eyes. I hear one running in the streets and crying, "Down with the Pope!" I look out of window and see him holding hard by another mortal's coat-tails.

If the old faith must die, let us not be hasty in taking up a new that is less beautiful, and haply may prove, as did the old, a delusion and a snare. If we are to have new prophets, let them, at least, be men of prophetic vision. If the old gods are dead already, let not the new be altogether destitute of divinity.

OF course when we hear of some abominable piece of rascality we cannot help having a twinge. I, for one, cannot become accustomed to the unpleasant. It is a never lessening weariness to the spirit. That song of the poet.

"O how easily things go wrong!"

has an unsurpassable pathos.

Still, one must live; and in order to live one must be a philosopher—no matter how small. Verily, great are the consolations of a little philosophy.

And this is my consolation concerning any given deed of abomination,—moral or æsthetic,—that thereby the doer illustrates, proclaims and publishes the very nature of him; and having thereby asserted and defined himself, his power for evil is at once and perceptibly limited. Not to dwell upon the large unpleasantnesses of crime; have you never had occasion to be glad that a man whose innate meanness was known well to yourself, and was seen by you to be exerting a baleful influence upon a circle great or small—have you never been glad when such a man, at last, publicly advertised his evil character by an act of such conspicuous depravity that the whole world knew him as well as you knew him. I glory in no man's shame, but I have been glad when a pretender in trade, in art, in literature, in religion, has been brought to the blush by some true flower of his false life. Thank Heaven there are abounding opportunities for the evil as well as for the good. Thank Heaven the man of no taste, and the man of refinement, the dolt and the genius, the good man and the bad man, each alike is tested, whether or not he knows it, by the chemic touch of opportunity.

SOME of the philanthropists have got so far as to classify crime among the diseases. They want criminals committed to prison "for cure"—instead of for a definite term; just as a yellow-fever patient is sent to the hospital to be kept there till he gets well. There is something plausible in the theory; at any rate, the rascal is put under lock and key—call him sick man or sinner.

But neither the philanthropists nor the courts take cognizance of a certain kind of moral malady which is quite as contagious, quite as dangerous, does every bit as much harm in the community as those diseases made manifest by a tendency in the lower ranks of society to pick pockets, and rob hen-roosts, and in the higher circles to imitate other people's signatures, and speculate upon other people's securities.

I mean the malady of meanness. I mean—you, poor wretch, whose disease is eating out not only your own heart, but the hearts of those who are dearest to you. You, with your talk about right, and justice, and human law; and your deed which has in it nothing of right, or justice, or law divine,—you, who are bringing gray hairs to sorrow, and training your children in ways that are more villainous than the ways of vice.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Plant Stand.

THE lack of a desirable place to keep plants often prevents the pleasure of raising them. They must have light, and air, and sunshine, and it is not always convenient to devote the brightest windows to their occupancy. If kept on the ledges, they are in danger of being chilled on a frosty night; and it is a tax to be compelled to move the heavy pots every time the thermometer drops. A flower stand of some sort that can be readily moved from window to window is, therefore, a necessity. The old-fashioned wooden ones are clumsy, heavy, and take up too much room. The modern wire frames are pretty and light; but one of moderate size costs ten or twelve dollars, which is a great deal to put in the stand when we wish to put it in the flowers.

We saw something, the other day, that seemed to serve both economy and convenience. A box three feet long, a foot and a half wide across the bottom, and eighteen inches deep, is made of common pine. The sides flare outward, so that, at the top, they measure six or eight inches more, from edge to edge, than at the bottom. This box stands on four legs with casters, and under the bottom of the box, a piece of wood fancifully cut on the edge (a sort of pine valance), holds the legs firmly and symmetrically together. The top of the box is nearly even with the window-sill, and, when the whole is constructed, it may either be painted in colors, or stained dark-brown, to match the furniture wood. The inside of the box is better preserved from decay, if lined with zinc or tin; but it will last one, possibly two, seasons, without any lining at all. Over the bottom is spread a three-inch layer of bits of broken flower-pots, and on this is set a double row of pots, or as many as will stand evenly on the surface. Then a thick layer of sand is poured over the broken pieces, and the rest of the space filled up with earth till it is even with the top of the flower-pots. In the bed thus formed, bulbs and slips are planted between the pots, and vines are started at the corners. When the latter are well under way, wires, on which the vines twist, are fastened diagonally from corner to corner, forming a beautiful, green arch over what seems to be a bed taken bodily from the garden. Sometimes a tiny hanging basket, or an ivy growing in water, is hung from where the wires cross in the arch, but, even without it, there is no appearance of bareness. A carpenter will make the box for two dollars and a half, and the rest, painting and all, can readily be done at home.

Odd Minutes of Waiting.

WHILE you are arranging the parlor, just have a thought for the visitors who must sometimes wait to see you, and carefully refrain from putting every

object of interest beyond their reach. Of course, as a careful hostess, you never mean to keep callers waiting; but if they come when the baby is on the eve of dropping to sleep, or you are in the midst of planning dinner with the cook, you must delay a little, while they are reduced to staring out of the window, or to an involuntary effort to penetrate some insignificant household secret. The family photograph album is usually regarded as a sufficient resource in moments like these; but is there not something akin to indelicacy in allowing strangers and ordinary acquaintances to turn over the likenesses of our nearest and dearest; perhaps to criticise them with the freedom of unfamiliarity, or the unsympathy natural to a lack of personal appreciation.

The late magazines, a book of good engravings, a household volume of poetry, a stereoscope and views, photographs of foreign scenes, and a dozen other things, are all good aids to the occupation of stray minutes. Moreover, they often suggest to the visitor and the host topics of conversation more profitable and interesting than the state of the weather or the history of the kitchen.

Economic Entertainments.

THOUGH people do not feel quite so poor as they did a month or two ago, they are not yet burthened with superfluous means, and they are still glad to get their pleasure as inexpensively as possible. So many persons have suffered financially from the panic, and the influences of the season have been so depressing, that there has been little heart for society as it used to be. But it is when the spirits are lowest that they need cheering; when mental disquiet is greatest, that healthy diversion is most desirable. We ought to do our utmost this season, therefore, to promote sociability. Costly *soirées*, which tax the entertainer's purse, and from which half of those invited feel obliged, for pecuniary reasons, to remain away, are this year out of place and favor. We are beginning to realize that there is no true hospitality in offering to friends what it pinches and worries us to give, and forcing upon them an uncomfortable sense of obligation. The most popular parties and receptions are those where last winter's dresses are the correct thing, and light and inexpensive refreshments the only supper. So decided is the tendency to economy, indeed, that some ladies have requested the simplest home dress at their small gatherings, and frankly avow coffee and cake the sole repast they intend to have.

Some of the social clubs have made a new departure. Instead of making the meetings full dress parties, where dancing or small talk is the chief amusement, they have widened their limits, taking

in the parents and married friends of the club members. These go in walking dress; play games in which all can join; act charades; have contra dances (the elderly host leading out the belle); in short, have an old-fashioned and thoroughly enjoyable evening, attractive from its very novelty. For refreshments there are, sometimes, ice cream and cake with lemonade or coffee; sometimes apples and nuts and sweet cider; sometimes nothing at all, as the receiving member chooses. These clubs generally meet once a fortnight.

The informal literary receptions, to which we have previously referred, continue to be many and frequent. The hosts take especial pains to make them pleasant, in order that they may be bright glimpses through the somewhat somber social atmosphere. The dressing for them is simpler even than usual. Ladies wear dark silks and handsome street suits, and gentlemen are seldom seen in anything more elaborate than morning attire; sometimes appearing in semi-business coats, perhaps the most becoming, if not always the most appropriate, of styles.

Good Games.

A SMALL home circle can furnish enough players for a satisfactory round game; and if a friend or two drop in of an evening, and join the fun, so much the merrier.

A capital game, and one now very popular, is "Yes and No," which is an improved form of "Twenty Questions." Somebody goes out (a feature of almost all the good games), and a subject is selected by the company—anything from a lightning rod to the Colossus of Rhodes will do, though it is wise to take a specific thing and not one of a kind. Then the guesser comes back, and by putting categorical questions, to which only "Yes," "No," and "I don't know," may be answered, unravels the mystery. The choosing of the subject should be careful, since what would be easy for one to discover would be difficult, if not impossible, for another. We have known "The Dogs of War," and "The Back-bone of Vaulting Ambition," to be promptly guessed, to say nothing of "The Cow that Jumped over the Moon," and "The Curds and Whey," which little Miss Muffit who sat on a tuffit devoured for the edification of the readers of Mother Goose. It is quite possible that somebody should be unacquainted with "The Golden Apple Paris gave to Helen;" but nobody would fail to remember "Mother Hubbard's Dog" or "The House that Jack Built." Although the guesser starts out into infinite space, a few leading questions as to the natural kingdom, period or existence, size, shape, etc., soon narrow the field to embraceable limits. "Yes and No" is good, as well as entertaining, mental discipline for all ages and capacities.

The games of "Authors," which most people

know, are excellent methods of fixing in the mind the names of famous writers and their noted works.

The game of "Poets" is a pleasant variation of these, and the cards for it can be readily made at home. Any number can play, the cards being evenly distributed, except to one person, who receives none, and acts as time-keeper. The cards have on the face a single letter of the alphabet,—there may be duplicates if many are required,—and each player's pile should be turned face down. The person at the right of the time-keeper begins the game by turning his top card, and laying it down where the others can see it. He is then given thirty seconds to think of a line of poetry, beginning with the letter on the card. If he thinks of a quotation in time he wins the card; but if he cannot think of one in the half minute, the time-keeper cries "Time," and an opportunity is given to the next player, whose allowance is but fifteen seconds. If the second fails, it goes to the third, who has fifteen seconds, and so on until some one wins the card. Then the second player turns a card, and the game continues as before, the person who gains the most cards winning the game. The quotations must not be used twice; but if some careless player offers one out of turn, his neighbor may take advantage of the slip, and give the quotation in turn. The lines given should all be from well-known poets, and if any be offered of which the author is unknown and the verse unfamiliar to the majority, the time-keeper is privileged to throw it out, and demand another. When X or Z is turned, it is added to the winnings of the turner without a verse; but if a verse can be given, the turner is entitled to try another card. When no new lines can be remembered for a card, it must be laid aside, and given to the next winner. At first this game seems difficult, but a few rounds inspire the players, and it soon becomes both amusing and instructive.

"Gossip" is very droll and not demoralizing, in spite of the name. Somebody writes on a sheet of paper a brief but original story. After reading it carefully, he whispers it in the ear of his nearest neighbor, who in turn repeats it to the next, and so on till the last one utters aloud what he believes has been communicated to him. Then the starter reads the original tale, between which and the last version is an astonishing discrepancy.

"Who am I?" requires somebody to go out of the room, while the players find a historical character for him to fill. When he is summoned the others ply him with questions, and make remarks in regard to the character assumed, from which he guesses whom he is personating.

"Quotations and Authors" merely requires that somebody shall give a quotation, while the others name the author; the first one answering correctly giving the next quotation.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Social Science and its Students.

THE term "Social Science" has of late years become very common in its use, although somewhat misleading in its application, partly because it has so broad a significance that it can be made to cover anything, from a knowledge of abstract principles to an experiment in the humblest details of the social mechanism, so infinitely complicated. A new theory of moral philosophy, and a new form of the "tin-kitchen" of our grandfathers, come equally under the broad canopy of "Social Science," as the phrase is now used; just as the word "philosophy" has been employed within our recollection, to include metaphysics, ethics, physics, chemistry, geology, mechanics, and mineralogy. There is no way of avoiding these verbal factotums until the natural progress of intelligence and ingenuity supplies the world with more utensils for its processes of thought and classification. And just as "philosophy," which in Plato's time embraced mathematics, and in Newton's period included optics and the natural sciences generally, has now been subdivided into a dozen or twenty different branches of knowledge; so, in course of time, the cumbersome but indispensable term "Social Science" will be cut out, like Juliet's Romeo, in "little stars" that will make the face of sociology so fine,

"That all the world will be in love with it."

Something has been done already in the past fifteen or twenty years to give Social Science its proper subdivisions, and to carry on the experiments and debates necessary for its development. In 1856-7 Lord Brougham and a few of his friends, among them George Woodyatt Hastings, now president of its Council, laid the foundation of the British Social Science Association, since grown into so powerful a body. For the first few years of its existence, and indeed until within a very recent period, this Association encountered much ridicule and some neglect. The great newspapers, like *The London Times*, sneered at it, and did not always report its proceedings respectfully; and it was then compelled every year, when its annual "congress" met in the different cities of the United Kingdom, to reassert its claim to be something. As the French wit said of the Third Estate in 1788, Social Science in England was something, had been nothing, and aspired to be everything. When the last Congress met at Norwich early in October, 1873, its proceedings were of such a kind, and made so deep an impression both directly on those who participated, and indirectly through the newspapers, that few are likely hereafter to dispute the title of the Association in England to exist and wield an important influence.

In 1865, at a meeting in Boston, over which Gov. Andrew presided, an American Social Science As-

sociation was formed, having its office and many of its officers in Boston, but with members in many of the Middle and Western States. Its first president was Prof. W. B. Rogers, formerly of the University of Virginia, then the founder, and for some years the president, of that spirited young college of science, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was succeeded in 1868 by Dr. Samuel Eliot of Boston, a kinsman of President Eliot of Harvard, and himself for a while president of Trinity College at Hartford. In 1872 Dr. Eliot retired and was succeeded by Mr. George William Curtis, the well-known journalist, orator, and statesman, who is now president of the Association. Among the vice-presidents are Dr. Woolsey, President Gilman of California, Mr. William T. Harris of St. Louis, and Mr. David A. Wells; and among the directors are President Eliot, and Professors Peirce and Washburn of Harvard, Judge Walker of Michigan, Dr. E. C. Wines, the prison reformer, Dr. S. G. Howe, and Messrs. T. C. Amory, James M. Barnard, Mrs. Parkman, Miss May, Miss Hooper, and other ladies and gentlemen of Boston. The late Professor Agassiz was also a director, and one of the most earnest members of its Department of Education. Mr. J. S. Blatchford is its treasurer, and the place of General Secretary, for some time vacant, was filled in October by the election of Mr. F. B. Sanborn. The Association numbers something more than 200 members, has an office at No. 5 Pemberton Square, Boston, and holds general meetings once a year in some of the chief cities. Its last one was in Boston last May, when it discussed the higher education of women, and other questions of present importance, and it proposes to hold its next one at some other large city in the coming spring.

Having an extensive correspondence in the United States and Europe, the American Association is in the continual receipt of the freshest information respecting the practical applications of Social Science; for it by no means confines itself wholly to the discussion of abstract principles. This information, so far as it is likely to interest the readers of SCRIBNER'S will be briefly laid before them from month to month, adding another class of topics to those hitherto presented in these pages. For the present we have only space to say that the Subjects of Health in the Public Schools, the progress of the Civil Service Reform, Training Schools for Nurses, the establishment of Art Schools for the people, improvements in our methods of taxation, the restoration of a sound currency, the ameliorations in the treatment of the insane, the preservation of infant life, and the establishment of prisons for women, separate from those in which men are confined,—are among the matters now under consideration by

committees or members of the Association. Respecting several of these we shall soon have something definite to report; first of all in regard to the new schools for nurses that are going forward with so much success in New York and Boston.

Strauss's "The Old Faith and the New." *

NEARLY thirty years ago Strauss startled Germany by the publication of his first *Life of Jesus*. The idea at the foundation of that work was not wholly original, but may be found suggested in as old a writer as Volney. It was carried out and applied, however, by Strauss with a fullness of detail that gave to his book the character of novelty. Let us say here that Strauss is a perspicuous and fluent writer, and, for a German, is a master of the literary art. He is one of those authors who owe very much to felicitous qualities of style. In this respect he resembles Hobbes, and some other free-thinkers who might be named. It is a merit which is partly due to the nature of the matter. As it is possible to see farther on the desert of Sahara, or on the dead level of a Western prairie, than among the mountains of Switzerland, so that class of thinkers who sweep away mysteries and reduce their creed to a few notions as plain as a sum in addition, have no apology for being obscure. Strauss, in the earlier work of which we are speaking, undertook to eliminate all supernatural elements from the Gospel histories, by calling these portions of the Gospel narratives "myths;" by which he meant spontaneous, unconscious creations of fancy, products of the warm, simple feeling and imagination of the primitive Christian community. This theory was expounded and maintained in two pretty heavy volumes, devoted to a criticism of the contents of the four Gospels. It was found that this fine theory could not stand a scrutiny. There was no such community, apart from the influence of the Apostles, to brood over the prophecies, and over the circumstances of the life of Jesus, to connect the two together, and to spin out this web of mythology. The Gospels were written too early to admit of the rise of such a circle of myths. The narratives of miracles were interwoven inextricably with teachings of Christ, and with unmiraculous events which must be admitted to be historical. These and many other considerations sufficed to overturn the mythical hypothesis, in the judgment of candid and thorough historical students, at least as far as the main body of the Gospel narrations is concerned. It may be remarked that Strauss adroitly directed his attention largely to the stories of the infancy of Jesus, certain details of which are less easy of a completely satisfactory verification. But the mythical theory received a heavy stroke from the arm of Baur, the teacher of Strauss, and a much abler and

more profound scholar. This procedure, Baur said in substance, will not do. You cannot disprove statements of one Evangelist by quoting a second whom you also impeach. You cannot discredit one witness and then use him to discredit another. You must get a solid footing somewhere; otherwise everything is afloat. Moreover, Baur asserted that the theory of myths would not explain the origin of the New Testament histories. How could it explain the Fourth Gospel, obviously the production not of any "community," but of a single mind? How could it explain the book of Acts? Strauss, though a little nettled by the criticisms of Baur, gave way to them. In his second *Life of Jesus* for the people, he fell in with the Tübingen tendency-hypothesis; that is, he sought to explain the narratives of miracles by attributing them, to a considerable extent, to willful design and conscious deception on the part of representatives of different theological tendencies in the post-apostolic age, to whom the New Testament writings were attributed. He sought to modify the definition of "myth" to suit this change of base; being naturally unwilling formally to part company with a famous theory of which he claimed the parentage. He kept the name, but transferred it to another child not his own.

Now we have, from the same active pen, a volume of Confessions. In one respect it justifies its title. It is a much more honest book than his first *Life of Jesus*. Then he was a Hegelian Pantheist, spoke with personal respect of Christ and Christianity, and professed to consider the Gospel a popular form of truth, which in philosophy is stated with more literalness. He attempted even to justify preachers who disbelieved in the Resurrection of Jesus, and in the rest of the miracles, in continuing to preach what they only received in a highly figurative, non-natural, esoteric sense. Now, as we have said, he is more honest. He does not claim any harmony for his doctrine with the innermost essence of the Christian religion, and shows how impossible it is for unbelievers of his stripe to accommodate themselves in any way to Christian statements whether of fact or doctrine. He takes the bold position of an antagonist, and discharges his missiles at all the characteristic truths of Christianity. His Pantheism he abandons; or rather reduces it to a materialistic form. No longer an idealist, he scouts the notion of there being a soul or spirit in man, distinct from the functions of the body. What Sir William Hamilton was fond of calling the "dirt-philosophy" has found a new adherent in Herr Strauss, whom we knew of old as the smooth advocate of a high-sounding idealism. It is always pleasant to see to what things come when left to their natural course. We never regarded him as fairly in earnest in pronouncing his speculative dogmas the sum and substance, the fair equivalent, of the Christian Creed. His own Confession verifies our judgment with remarkable accuracy.

* *The Old Faith and the New: A Confession*; by David Frederic Strauss. Authorized Translation, from the sixth edition, by Mathilde Blind. American Edition. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The book before us consists of Four Parts and two Appendixes. The First Part considers the question, "Are we still Christians?" and is an attack on the New Testament writings, and on the doctrines of the Christian system. The Second Part discusses the inquiry, "Have we still a Religion?"—a very natural question, we should suppose, for the author, or for any of his disciples who had followed him, with assent, through section first. The Third Part gives "Our Conception of the Universe." The Fourth Part undertakes to present the Atheist's and Materialist's "Rule of Life." The Appendixes are on the Great German Poets and Musicians; and this concluding part of the book contains some fine and penetrating criticism of the classic authors and famous composers of Germany.

We will glance at the divisions of Strauss's new book, *seriatim*. One striking point to be observed is the author's assertion that we know very little of Christ; less than of almost every other great historical person. It is quite consistent with Strauss's skeptical treatment of the Gospels that he should say this. On his principles of criticism scarcely anything can be certainly known respecting the Founder of the Christian religion. How strange a thing it is, considering when Jesus lived, and considering the fact that he has drawn to himself an immeasurably greater amount of personal love and devotion than any other human being! He lived in an age when reading and writing were common; he made a most powerful impression; he sent forth Apostles who taught Greeks as well as Jews; and yet we have no means of ascertaining much about him! We agree that if the Gospels are false, we have not. Strauss finds it possible to frame only a confused conception of the career and teachings of Jesus. Rejecting the supernatural, casting away the miracles as fictitious, he is left in this state of ignorance and perplexity. But admit the miracles and give credit to the Evangelists, and no such difficulty exists. A full and harmonious conception of a life, which with all its supernatural features, is natural throughout, and produces just the impression which such a life would naturally produce, is at once formed. Strauss goes so far (pp. 89, 90) as to throw out the conjecture that Christ at last abandoned faith in his own mission. This conjecture he founds upon the words spoken on the Cross: "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me?"—words, we may remark, which of themselves are sufficient to demonstrate the honesty of the Evangelists who record them of their Master, and to stamp their narratives with the seal of verity. Unless Christ rose from the dead, Strauss tells us, these words express despair and disbelief in the reality of His divine mission. How then does Strauss account for the failure of these words to make this impression on the Disciples? This is one of the numerous instances in which the infidel criticism betrays its weakness, and furnishes arguments to its adversaries.

Another striking feature in the First Part of this book is its frequent recklessness of statement. For example, the author says that "no modern theologian, who is also a scholar, now considers any of the four Gospels to be the work of its pretended author, or in fact to be by an Apostle or the colleague of an Apostle." It would be an unwarrantable disparagement of Strauss's intellect to suppose him sincere in this assertion. Is not Tischendorf a scholar? Strauss knows as well as anybody that there is a multitude of scholars—much better scholars than he is—who believe the Gospels to have been written by Apostles and their Colleagues. The Fourth Gospel, he tells us, was composed in the middle of the second century. Why, there is not a respectable scholar now in Germany, of the skeptical school, who pretends to place the Fourth Gospel at so late a date. Strauss must know that his assertions on this point are false. We instance them as specimens of a carelessness of statement, which pervades his entire discussion. The case for the genuineness and credibility of the Gospels never stood stronger than now, when the shifting and contradictory hypotheses of Strauss and Baur, and their followers, have been sifted, and their advocates driven from one untenable position to another, without being able to find a resting-place for the soles of their feet.

As might be expected, Strauss's statement of the Christian Doctrines is a caricature. He describes the Christian Doctrine of Atonement in such a way as to leave it wholly inexplicable how a tenet, such as he makes this to be, could have ever had the assent of millions of intelligent minds, or have met, in any degree, the profound wants of the human soul. This flippant and superficial way of treating such a theme is, regarded from a purely literary point of view, a weakness. How a scholar who has read the Greek tragedies, or the deepest productions of literature of any age, can thus handle the subject of Expiation, is unaccountable. But Strauss writes not in the tone of a scholar, or of a philosopher, but in the loose style of a demagogical propagandist of Atheism. Christianity, he says, of itself never rose above the spirit of the crusades and the persecution of heretics. Has he ever read the Sermon on the Mount, or the 13th chapter of Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians? Of a piece with this defamation of the Gospel, is the affirmation that Christianity never inspired the love of humanity. It is hardly necessary to confute such wild propositions. They are the offspring of a hardly disguised malignity of feeling towards a religion which Strauss has spent almost a lifetime,—he is now sixty-five years of age,—in the vain attempt to weaken and overthrow.

His book contains some curious inconsistencies. The old Astronomy, he informs us, could find room for heaven and the throne of the Deity; but modern Astronomy has altered all our conceptions, so that no such room is left. Strauss seems not to be conscious that he implies in this remark a concep-

tion of Heaven and of the Deity, quite as materialistic and spatial as was ever cherished in the simpler and ruder ages.

The second section of the book is a labored attempt to undermine the proofs of the existence of God, and to establish the dogma of Atheism. The future life, or the continued existence of the soul after death, is, also, repudiated as in contradiction with modern science, which teaches that man consists of his body alone. What room, one may well ask, is left for religion? There is left, answers Strauss, the fact of our dependence, our absolute dependence. Dependence on what? On the forces of matter, which built us up and will soon dissolve us and annihilate us forever.

A separate section is given to an exposition of the "Cosmic conception," or the Cosmic system, which takes the place of a personal God, the object of a Christian's love and trust. Strauss enters into a full statement of the way in which the world made itself. It is astonishing how much he knows about the genesis of things, and how sure he is on points which are far from being ascertained. He travels off to the stellar system, and then comes down to the earth. He gives an enthusiastic welcome to Darwin, and to the Doctrine of Natural Selection. This, we are assured, dispenses with the need of supposing any forethought or design in the construction of the world. How the rudimental organs of animals came to exist in all their peculiarities, and whence the impulse came which develops them, are questions which are not answered. As to the origination of life, Strauss is delighted (p. 198) with Huxley's discovery of the Bathybius, a slimy heap of jelly on the sea-bottom, "which is capable of nutrition and accretion." Here, cries Strauss, the chasm is bridged between the inorganic and organic. He seems not to have heard that Huxley has given up the claim to have found in the Bathybius a case of spontaneous generation. The fact is that the substance contained germs of life. Strauss's construction of the Universe, in its last analysis, comes to the old doctrine of chance. The argument from design has ever carried in it, and ever will, to an unbiased and sound intelligence, an irresistible conviction that the world, of which we form a part, was planned by a mind. Strauss accounts for the numerous missing links in the Darwinian chain of evolution in the usual way, by assuming that they are lost. The particular speaking ape, for example, who was the father of men, has utterly disappeared, not leaving, as far as we know at present, a single bone for his descendants to kiss.

From his exposition of religion, which consists in the feeling of dependence that a bunch of nerves has on the mass of matter of which it is a part,—a feeling which, in common with all sensation and thought, will utterly vanish at death,—the author of the new faith advances to the unfolding of his ethics. The notion of duty and of all particular duties grows up, we are told, on the basis of utility

and sympathy. We cannot follow out the process which Strauss has sketched. It is a series of conjectures, such as a Materialist of the modern school would naturally frame. What foundation is there for ethics on such a metaphysical basis as that which Strauss lays? He denies the freedom of the will, and affirms necessity and fatalism in the baldest terms. How can space be found for responsible choice, for remorse, or for self-approbation? How can there be guilt, in any proper sense of the term, or the rational infliction of punishment? Almost all that Strauss says on the subject of morals, which is of any value, is reproduced from the old Stoics, whose moral maxims were in notorious contradiction to their metaphysical dogmas. The Discourses of Epictetus and the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, say, and, generally speaking, in a much nobler way, all that is to be found in this modern edition of Paganism. On special topics, as, for example, on capital punishment, Strauss has good thoughts. He is averse to democracy, opposed to the International Society, as inconsistent with patriotism, very lukewarm in his feeling towards the United States and with respect to American society and institutions, and an ardent supporter of the German Empire.

Strauss appears for a moment to be appalled at his own conclusions. The loss of a belief in Providence he admits to be something serious and afflictive. "In the enormous machine of the universe, amid the incessant whirl and hiss of its jagged iron wheels, amid the deafening crash of its ponderous stamps and hammers, in the midst of this whole terrific commotion, man, a helpless and defenseless creature, finds himself placed, not secure for a moment that on an imprudent motion a wheel may not seize and rend him, or a hammer crush him to a powder. *This sense of abandonment is at first something awful.*" No God—man without a soul, and destined very soon to perish forever—the race, also, to be eventually destroyed, together with everything on the earth, and the earth itself—no goal, no grand final cause, an aimless universe,—such is the attractive creed of the new religion. The consolation is—Goethe and Music! Most men will find in the awful sense of gloom and desolation which, as it is confessed, this creed inspires, an intimation and an assurance from nature,—yea, from the God of nature,—that the creed is false, that man is more than a clod, and that spirit and intelligence, not blind force and brute matter, preside over this universe, which teems in every part with traces of an intelligent Creator.

We are glad that Strauss has written this book; not glad that anybody holds such opinions, but that holding them, he frankly avows them. It is well to see every mask thrown off, and to look the system of Atheism fully in the face. The school of Atheists are now more outspoken; and the result, on the whole, will be wholesome. Morley, for example, in his recent book on Rousseau, distinctly discards

as illusive every expectation that looks beyond "the black and horrible grave." We are glad to see this publication, also, because it tends to convince men of what we believe to be true, namely, that the alternative is Atheism in the gross, materialistic form, or the Christian Faith. There is no halting-place between these two positions. The old-fashioned Deism was an attempt to find such a middle place. It is becoming every day more evident that no logical and consistent mind can stop short of one or the other of these mutually antagonistic beliefs. Let them be judged by their inherent rationality and by their fruits. The fabric of ethics which Strauss rears is unsubstantial. In the long run, logic will have its way, and duty will give way to sensuality. If man believes that he is akin to the beast he will behave like one.

"The Burgomaster's Family."*

WHILE this novel may be described as a painting of a Dutch interior, it is not to be understood as a translation into speech of the grotesque merriment of Terburg's boors, but rather as a delicate copy of the harmony and simple vigor of Van Ostade's home-life canvas. It is a story of the middle-class, graced with no noble names, and led through no exalted scenes, but displaying within its narrow range remarkable diversity in characters and variety in the occasions invented for their action upon each other in an entirely natural and probable manner. It is a proof of the author's skill that within these limits she finds the materials, neither commonplace nor exaggerated, for a very effective story. For she either rejects or overlooks the obvious aids to be borrowed from descriptions of outward nature. Holland may be flat and tame enough to a Hollander, but her artists in words might heighten their work by sketches from those surroundings which her artists in color have known how to make attractive to the rest of the world. Still, if we must be denied the view of dykes and polders, canals and grazing herds, we are repaid by the delicacy of the tints spread over the drawing of inside life. The book has even a finer domestic air than those other popular novels of northern European ways, Miss Bremer's stories, have made us familiar with. It is more confined within home-walls, and suffused with home warmth.

One peculiarly Dutch conception there is that enlivens and accentuates the even course of the story. Celine, the daughter of a returned East Indian, of the variety once known in England as nabobs, brings tropical ardor and semi-savage caprice into a staid neighborhood. The wild beauty and wild impulse inherited from her Javanese mother surround her figure with vehemence and singularity among those cool temperaments. Her more than heterodoxy in religion, and more than uncon-

ventionalism in manners, contrast with the even self-contained character and rather phlegmatic passion and prudent self-denial of the villagers she lives among in proud seclusion. Such prudence is carried to an extreme, yet not beyond nature, in Mary, the daughter of the invalid Uncle von Stein. The 'malade imaginaire' is by no means a Dutch creation. We know the peevish, intolerable creature too well, not only in the drama that caricatures him, but in the more truthful drawing of the novelists of England, the home of hypochondriacs. But we do not remember that he is anywhere so effectively placed as a foil to the dutiful abnegation of a daughter. It is a hard fate meted out to her filial piety that, after sacrificing all else to the invalid's whims, she must find herself deserted by her lover and driven to complete the self-denial of her life by consecrating its relics to the service of charity. This part of the story is touched with very soft harmonious neutral tints, in subdued contrast with the brilliant tones lavished on the tropical Celine.

Between these two, both in the course of her fortunes and the qualities of her character, stands the heroine Emmy, cheerful, sensible, and conscientious. We almost quarrel with the author, who, after subjecting her orphan life to the trials of a peculiarly unpleasant step-mother's control, leads her to the sacrifice of her first affection for Bruno Eversberg. Indeed, none of the lovers, deserving or not, are permitted to be happy in their own way, except the pair whose insignificance seems to protect them from the necessity of any discipline through disappointment. Yet we should unwillingly spare the scenes of much tenderness and simple natural sorrow through which Emmy is taught that happiness in life may very well survive the waste of its romantic early effervescence.

Otto, who deserts Mary to marry Celine, for his deserved punishment, is a thorough-going prig, and the disgusting consistency of his priggishness attests the author's nice touch, as well as the general diffusion of the tribe. So that when, after becoming a widower, he endeavors, in a commercial fashion, to negotiate a second draft on Mary's regard, we by no means mourn that she prefers a sisterhood, and dismisses him with her half-contemptuous blessing to find such solace as he may among his law-books. We even enjoy the fancy that the crossed affection which turns to sweetness and strength for his finer companions will gather no such good for him, out of the recollection that in striving to tame a falcon he had missed the chance of a plain domestic mate. There is very nice shading in the persistent quiet household tyranny of Emmy's step-mother, Mrs. Welters, over her family, and her gourmand lord, whom she had brought to her feet by a soup, and in the elder daughter Minna's persevering designs for escape by the aid of some husband who never arrives. It is with righteous satisfaction that we see the family disgraced and hustled out of the story in the most natural way, through the official misconduct of the

**The Burgomaster's Family* By Christine Muller. Translated by Sir John Shaw Lefevre. Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

son. An unsuccessful suitor to Emmy, he uses his position as postmaster at Dilburg, to intercept letters from her absent lover, which he contrives to lay all at once upon her table just after the marriage she has at last consented to make with the husband not yet loved, but whose sense and tact and affection at last bring happiness to her life.

When the author leaves her natural range to draw a somber background of graver crime, her resources are hardly equal to the task. She wants familiarity with the region of great temptations and tragic movements. The story of murder committed by the prosperous iron-founder Eversberg, and detected twenty years later, jars with the quieter tone of the rest of the book, besides being rather feebly dealt with in itself. Avarice and remorse are too grand passions to be thrust into a parenthesis; nor need they come into play to induce the separation between Emmy and young Eversberg, for which some of the easier, more probable devices, in which the author is so fertile, might suffice. With the notice of this single blemish, we can well understand that the critics of her own country are gracious to our author, who fairly deserves their praise for variety of incident, ingenious and natural episodes, and knowledge of the heart. Only they can judge of her fidelity to Dutch traits and Dutch family life; but all readers can appreciate her nice perception of character in general, and her unobtrusively excellent morality, and can join in the wish that this may not be the last, as it is the first, of her novels.

"Saxe Holm's Stories." *

GATHERED into a single volume, the stories of Saxe Holm impress us anew, and more strongly than ever, with their peculiar qualities. They are distinct from the work of the usual magazine story-writer in something more than the conscientiousness of their English. Lack of the highest constructive faculty may not be a thing to praise in one who constructs stories, but the genius of an author must be remarkable, when he wins for his fictitious creations the most absorbing interest and sympathy, merely by the force of characterization—simply by that surpassing art of imbuing the persons of his play with a part of his own intense individuality. The danger with such a literature is, that at every point where the reader's sympathy fails the stress is unendurable; and there is a further danger of the oppression one suffers from the too heavily scented atmosphere of certain richly odorous flowers. But the intensity is genuine. There is no straining for effect. The glow is from the center, not from the surface.

The character in these stories which, for us, has the greatest charm, is that of Draxy Miller, especially as developed in "The Elder's Wife." It

* *Saxe Holm's Stories.* (Draxy Miller's Dowry.—The Elder's Wife.—Whose wife was she?—The One-legged Dancers.—How One Woman Kept Her Husband.—Esther Wynn's Love-Letters. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., N. Y.

would be hard, we think, to find in the fiction of our time, a fresher, stronger, more individual, more pathetic creation than this.

There is no better, no more original piece of art in the volume than the little poem in "Esther Wynn's Love-Letters," called "A Song of Clover." But the critic sometimes feels guilty of an impertinence when coldly discussing the "art" of a book which reveals so flagrantly that better thing—a marvelously sensitive, pure, poetic, human soul.

"Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates." *

ONE of the charms of *Hans Brinker* is that it seems to be written by an author who has no Ideal Child in her mind, whom she seeks to interest, and instruct: not even an ideal Real Child—that precious creature who is the bane of much of the finer sort of the juvenile literature of our day. In style it is straightforward, earnest, simple without a shadow of any kind of affectation; it has all that glow and shimmer of wit, that vivacious, genial element which is the very essence of healthy, joyous childhood, and which, when caught into literature, wins to the book all, no matter what their age in years, who have, at heart, the freshness of youth.

"Records of a Quiet Life." †

THIS is a most delightful book. It has a charm like that of Tom Hughes' *Memoir of a Brother*. It reveals a similar picture of the life of the cultured clergy in rural England; and it sets forth without vaunt and without obtrusive detail the ineffable beauty and the immeasurable influence of one simple, upright, loving, godly soul. Maria Hare, wife of the Rev. Augustus Hare, was for forty years the radiating center of an influence which no human estimates can reckon. The loved and loving friend of Heber, Wordsworth, Landor, Arnold, Sterling, Maurice, her life was "quiet," not by reason of obscurity; her influence was a silent one, not for lack of opportunities of self-showing and self-seeking. Her life was quiet, and her influence was silent, because they were the beautiful, perfect outgrowth of an ideal womanliness, the development of an ideal womanhood.

In these clamorous and unsexing days, we wish that this exquisite picture of a woman's true life, and most exalted sphere could be placed in every woman's hand. It is hard to believe that any woman could read its pages even hastily, without having a consciousness, like clear air from mountain heights, penetrate her soul, that godliness is the only true gain, and that a woman's kingdom, like the kingdom of God, cometh "not of observation."

* *Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates.* A Story of Life in Holland. By Mary Mapes Dodge, author of *The Irvington Stories*, etc. A new edition, with additional illustrations. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

† *Records of a Quiet Life.*—By Augustus J. C. Hare, author of *Walks in Rome*. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Dr. Robinson's Sermons.*

As the brief and modest preface informs us, these Sermons are "neither occasional nor selected;" they are the successive discourses of six months' regular preaching. They afford us therefore a fair exhibition of the ordinary ministrations in the "Memorial Church." Nearly all volumes of printed Sermons are made up by a careful selection from a large number. Out of eight hundred or a thousand manuscripts twenty-five or thirty of the very best are chosen, and only these exceptional Sermons are given to the public. We see the preacher at his best and highest, and not in his common and characteristic work. But in the volume before us we are permitted to know the regular Sabbath work of Dr. Robinson. In looking through the volume one

* *The Memorial Pulpit, Vol. 1*—Sermons Preached in the Presbyterian Memorial Church, New York, from January to July, 1873, by the Pastor, Chas. S. Robinson, D. D. New York, A. S. Barnes & Co.

is struck with the evenness and uniform excellence of the Sermons. They are sparkling with illustration, bright with allusion; often strong with substantial thought, or intense with the warmth and power of a large and loving heart. They are practical rather than doctrinal; in subject and in style they are never ambitious, but are aimed directly at the accomplishment of some specific good in and for the hearers, who are evidently always upon the mind and heart of the preacher. There is unmistakable evidence in these discourses that the preacher "skeletonizes" with unusual care before he writes. In some of them, perhaps, the bones are a little too conspicuous, and the flesh should be allowed to cover and conceal them more. Each Sermon is followed by a poetical selection. This is an innovation to which some may object. The Sermons, at any rate, are good enough to stand by themselves.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.
Sanitary Science.

IN a lecture delivered at Birmingham on Sanitary Science, Professor Corfield states that one of the most important conclusions the study of Sanitary Science has forced upon us lately is, that the immediate removal of refuse matters is the first necessity of the healthy existence of a community. "There are those who would have you believe that refuse matters may be rendered innocuous in one way or another, so that they may be kept with safety in or near to houses. Don't listen to them; the principle is wrong—radically wrong. Depend upon it that the true method is to get rid of such matters at once, and in the simplest possible way, and that is the cheapest plan in the end. Show me a town where refuse matters are kept,—no matter how they are treated,—and I will show you a town where the standard of vitality is low; I will show you a town with a high death-rate, especially among children."

Though Sanitary Science may be a thing of yesterday, such is not the case with the observation of sanitary facts nor of the practice of the sanitary art. In all ages there have been writers on this subject. From the times of Hippocrates, Galen, and Celsus, we have had records of the results of observations on the methods of preserving the health; from the time of Moses we have had lawgivers imposing salutary conditions of existence upon unwilling, because ignorant, populations. We may well look upon the immense engineering works undertaken and carried out by the Romans with astonishment, when we see our own towns supplied from polluted rivers, or worse still, from shallow wells dug in the soil upon which they themselves stand, and supplied in most cases with the foul water which has percolated from the surface of the ground.

Zoological Classification.

PROFESSOR Allman, in his opening address before the section of Biology, of the British Association, says: A comparison of animals with one another having resulted in establishing their affinities, we may arrange them into groups, some more nearly, others more remotely related to one another. The various degrees and directions of affinity will be expressed in every philosophical arrangement, and as these affinities extend in various directions, it becomes at once apparent that no arrangement of the animal or vegetable kingdom in a straight line, ascending like the steps of a ladder, from lower to higher forms, can give a true idea of the relations of living beings to each other. These relations, on the contrary, can only be expressed by a ramified and complex figure similar to a genealogical tree.

In another portion of the same address, the Professor remarks: In almost every group of the animal kingdom, the members which compose it admit of being arranged in a continuous series, passing down from more specialized or higher, to more generalized or lower forms; and if we have any record of extinct members of the group, the series may be carried on through these. Now, while the descent hypothesis obliges us to regard the various terms of the series as descended from one another, the most generalized forms will be found among the extinct ones, and the further back we go the simpler do the forms become.

Relations of Mathematics to Physics.

OF these relations Professor Smith, the Chairman of the Mathematical section of the British Association, writes: So intimate is the union between Mathematics and Physics that probably by far the larger

part of the accessions to our mathematical knowledge have been obtained by the efforts of mathematicians to solve the problems set to them by experiment, and to create for each successive class of phenomena a new calculus or a new geometry, as the case might be, which might prove not wholly inadequate to the subtlety of nature. Sometimes the mathematician has been before the physicist, and it has happened that when some great and new question has occurred to the experimentalist or the observer, he has found in the armory of the mathematician the weapons which he needed ready made to his hand. But much oftener, the questions proposed by the physicist have transcended the utmost powers of the mathematics of the time, and a fresh mathematical creation has been needed to supply the logical instrument requisite to interpret the new enigma. Electricity, for example, like astronomy of old, has placed before the mathematician an entirely new set of questions, requiring the creation of entirely new methods for their solution, while the great practical importance of telegraphy has enabled the methods of electrical measurement to be rapidly perfected to an extent which renders their accuracy comparable to that of astronomical observations, and thus makes it possible to bring the most abstract deductions of theory at every moment to the test of fact.

Contractile Movements in Plants and Animals.

IT is well known that in higher animals the muscles and the nerves distributed to them are possessed of certain electrical currents flowing in definite directions. These currents exist only during the life of the tissues, and have been subjected to the most accurate measurement. Strange as it may seem, the plants which possess the property of irritability and contractility, such as the Venus's fly-trap and the sensitive plant, have escaped the observation of experimenters until recently. Dr. Burdon Sanderson has, by his investigations, now shown that these plants are also endowed with currents similar to those found in the contractile tissues of animals, and that they are subject to the same laws.

Natural Science and Education.

ALL knowledge of natural science that is imparted to a boy, is, or may be useful to him in the business of his after life; but the claim of natural science to a place in education cannot be rested on its practical usefulness only. The great object of education is to expand and to train the mental faculties, and it is because we believe that the study of natural science is eminently fitted to further these two objects, that we urge its introduction into school studies. Science expands the minds of the young, because it puts before them great and ennobling objects of contemplation; many of its truths are such as a child can understand, and yet such

that, while in a measure he understands them, he is made to feel something of the greatness, something of the sublime regularity, and of the impenetrable mystery of the world in which he is placed. But science also trains the growing faculties, for science proposes to itself truth as its only object, and it presents the most varied, and at the same time the most splendid examples of the different mental processes which lead to the attainment of truth, and which make up what we call reasoning. In science, error is always possible, often close at hand; and the constant necessity for being on our guard against it, is one important part of the education which science supplies. In science sophistry is impossible; science knows no love of paradox; she has no skill to make the worse appear the better reason. On the one hand she inculcates a love of truth, and on the other sobriety and watchfulness in the use of the understanding.—(*Prof. H. J. S. Smith.*)

Relations of Marriage to Religion.

IN a paper read before the British Association, Mr. Edward B. Tylor makes the following remarks: The evidence of the lower races indicates, that in the early stages of civilization marriage was a purely civil contract. Its earliest forms are shown among savage tribes in Brazil, and elsewhere. The peaceable form appears well in the customs of the marriageable youth leaving a present of fruit, game, etc., at the door of the girl's parents; this is a clear symbolic promise that he will maintain her as a wife. Another plan common in Brazil, is for the expectant bridegroom to serve for a time in the family of the bride, till he is considered to have earned her.

The custom of buying the wife comes in at a later period of civilization, when property suited for trade existed. The hostile form of marriage by capture has also existed among low tribes in Brazil up to modern times, the man simply carrying off by force a damsel of a distant tribe. The antiquity of this "Sabine marriage" in the general history of mankind is shown by its survival in such countries as Ireland and Wales, where, within modern times, the ceremony of capturing the bride in a mock fight was still kept up.

In none of these primitive forms of marriage, as retained in savage countries, did any religious rite or idea enter. It is not till we reach the high savage and barbaric conditions that the coalescence between marriage and religion takes place; as among the Mongols, where the priest presides at the marriage feast, consecrates the bridal tent with incense, and places the couple kneeling with their faces to the east, to adore the sun, fire and earth; or among the Aztecs, where the priest ties together the garments of the bridegroom and bride in sign of union, and the wedded pair pass the time of the marriage festival in religious ceremonies and austerities.

Scuppernong.

THE *Farmer and Gardener* tells us, that in regions where the Catawba and other vines often succumb under the vicissitudes of the weather, the scuppernong not only survives, but continues to furnish an abundant annual yield of fruit. The official reports of the Department of Agriculture show that the average yield of scuppernong vines in North Carolina, when in full bearing, is from 400 to 500 bushels per acre, yielding from 2,000 to 2,500 gallons of wine. This is sold in the New York market for \$1.50 to \$3.00 per gallon, while the net cost for a product of 1,000 gallons per acre, is about 35 to 40 cents per gallon; there is, therefore, a greater profit on this than almost any other fruit crop that can be raised in the Southern States.

Experimental Lectures.

No man has ever attained greater perfection in the art of delivering an experimental lecture than Faraday, and it is very instructive to recall the rules which he laid down for himself in this matter at the commencement of his career, and to which he adhered to the last. In a letter to a friend he writes:—"An experimental lecturer should attend very carefully to the choice he may make of experiments for the illustration of his subject. They should be important as they respect the science they are applied to, yet clear, and such as may easily and generally be understood. They should approach to simplicity, and explain the established principles of the subject, rather than be elaborate and apply to minute phenomena only. I speak here, (be it understood,) of those lectures which are delivered before a mixed audience, and the nature of which will not admit of their being applied to the explanation of any but the principal parts of a science. If, to a particular audience, you dwell on a particular subject, still adhere to the same principle, though, perhaps, not exactly to the same rule. Let your experiments apply to the subject you elucidate; do not introduce those which are not to the point. Though this may appear superfluous, yet I have seen it broken through in the most violent manner. A mere alehouse trick has more than once been introduced in a lecture delivered not far from Pall Mall, as an elucidation of the laws of motion."

Respiration in Plants.

FROM a paper by A. Barthélemy, in the *Comptes Rendus*, we extract the following: In conclusion, my experiments prove the dialysis of carbonic acid through the cuticle of leaves, just as much as the experiments of Dutrochet on membranes and aqueous solutions prove endosmose by cellules, or the experiments on absorption made by Mr. Dehérain with porous vessels, to which the Academy accorded one of its highest rewards. In a word, cuticular respiration appears to me sufficiently proved by the presence of this membrane on all the organs,

by the analogies of constitution, physical and chemical, with caoutchouc by Graham's experiments, and the measurement of the passage of gases through colloid membranes, and lastly, by the experiments of M. Boussingault, who attributed to the upper surface of leaves, destitute of stomata, a greater decomposing faculty than that of the lower surface, riddled with these minute apertures.

The Ailanthus.

THE *Ailanthus Glauclulosa* or Paradise tree, though possessing a foliage that presents great advantages in the formation of large groups of trees on a lawn, is very generally abused on account of the unpleasant odor emitted by the flowers of the male trees. This difficulty is readily obviated by discarding the use of the male trees, and employing none but females. These are not at all offensive, may be easily propagated by cuttings from the roots, and the pendant bunches of flat seeds that follow the flowers, add to the ornamental properties of the tree. The wood also may be utilized, being very close-grained and susceptible of taking a fine polish.

Influence of Evergreens on Pear Trees.

THE Hon. E. H. Hyde, some few years since, planted evergreens in a circle around certain pear-trees to produce a desired landscape effect. The circles of evergreens having been neglected, they soon out-stripped the dwarf pear-trees, and nearly encircled them. Though it was to be expected that the pear-trees would, under these circumstances, cease to bear fruit, the contrary result was obtained, for while the pear-trees away from the evergreens were bearers of inferior fruit, those within the circles were nearly always prolific, and the fruit was of superior quality.

Gun Cotton.

FOR more than ten years Professor Abel has been experimenting on this substance at the Woolwich Arsenal. Among other important results that have been obtained in these researches, is the discovery of the fact that gun cotton is, to a certain extent, sympathetic in its action, responding in its combustion to the manner in which it is ignited. If, for example, it was ignited in the form of yarn, by a spark, it smoldered away; if set on fire by a flame, it burnt quickly; if exploded as a charge in a mine, it at once responded to the shock, and replied with equivalent energy, acting after the same manner as gunpowder; and finally, if fired by a few grains of fulminate it detonated with the same terrible effect as its instigator.

In addition, the Professor has discovered that it may even be exploded when wet, by the agency of a little fulminate of mercury. In this case the quantity of water appears to be of no importance, for "compressed" cakes enclosed in a fishing-net

and thrown overboard with a dry primer and a fulminate fuse, will explode with just as much energy as when confined in a water-tight steel case.

Memoranda.

PROFESSOR ROOD has obtained very large secondary spectra by using for one element the spectrum furnished by oil of cassia, bisulphide of carbon, or even flint glass; the other being the normal spectrum obtained by the use of a diffraction grating.

In a recent paper on the Aurora Borealis by M. Donati, the learned author explains these phenomena on the hypothesis of electro-magnetic currents passing from the sun to the planets, and having for their vehicle the ether, which fills all space.

M. E. de Laval recommends the use of sulphide of carbon in the culture of the vine to destroy phylloxera.

M. Bergeret believes that he has proved that *goitre* is produced by the use of waters containing an excess of sulphate of lime. His deductions are drawn from experiments made during an epidemic of *goitre* in a regiment of soldiers.

The value of perfume farms may be estimated from the fact that one acre of jasmine has produced over one thousand dollars, and one acre of violets eight hundred dollars.

At a meeting of the Lyceum of Natural History, Mr. Collingwood related several instances in which wood exposed for a long time to a slight degree of heat, in connection with peculiar atmospheric conditions, became so combustible as to ignite at temperatures lower than 212° F.

In Prussia the coal measures are said to be 20,000 feet thick, containing 117 seams; in all, 294 feet of coal. In another field there are 164 seams over six inches thick; in all, 338 feet; of workable seams there are 77. Some of the seams are 10, 12, and 14 feet thick; and it is extraordinary that the lowest known seams are bituminous or caking coals, and the higher they range in the series the more dry or anthracite do they become.—(*MacFarlane Statistics of Coal*.)

Dr. Brunton supposes that if a poison could be found having an action similar to that of cholera, an antidote to the former might prove a remedy for the latter. Parkes and Johnson having attributed cholera collapse to a contraction of the vessels in the lungs, and Brunton having found that muscarin (an alkaloid derived from a poisonous mushroom,) produced the same condition, the symptoms of which are relieved by atropia, concludes that atropia might be useful in cholera. It is said to have been so used in the Southern States in large doses with success.

The investigations of Drs. Endeman and Am Ende appear to show that the epizootic disease, that destroyed so many horses in the winter of 1872,

may have originated from fungoid growths on the grasses or hay with which they were fed. The spores of these fungi were found in all the discharges, on the mucous membranes, and even in the blood and other fluids of the body.

Professor Williamson says:—"If we find a coal seam we look upon it as wasteful not to work it and make the most of it. To leave the clear heads of our countrymen untilled is more wasteful, as they are infinitely more valuable than any coal seam that ever was discovered."

It is said that old seeds placed in a solution of oxalic acid or of ammonia will germinate in one or two days. In 1834 wheat was exhibited before a German scientific association, that was raised from seed found in an Egyptian tomb, where it had lain for some 2,500 years. This was soaked in a fatty oil before planting.

Mathieu and Urban assert that when blood is submitted to the exhausting action of a mercury pump, its albumen no longer coagulates on the application of heat. The same is the case with egg albumen. They, therefore, conclude that the presence of carbonic acid is necessary for the coagulation of albumen by heat, and that albumen deprived of its volatile salts is transformed into globulin.

The *Gardener's Chronicle* recommends the planting of the Japanese privet, *Ligustrum Japonicum*, in our shrubberies. It is an evergreen, having a very pretty foliage, and produces a good effect in shrubbery borders.

Iron states that at the last meeting of the Society of Civil Engineers, Mr. Asselin recommended the use of glycerine to prevent incrustations forming in steam boilers. One pound of glycerine should be placed in the boiler for every four hundred pounds of coal burned.

It is suggested that the invisible inks might be used in carrying on correspondence by postal cards. Among such inks some, like the chloride of cobalt, give a writing which is illegible until it is warmed before the fire, while others are rendered legible by the application of a suitable chemical—a weak solution of sulphate of iron, developing a clear black writing when moistened with a solution of galls.

Mr. Colin Campbell finds that the process for making parchment paper is improved by passing the paper through a solution of alum, and drying it before it is immersed in the sulphuric acid.

The Signal Service has established a station on the summit of Pike's Peak, about 11,000 feet above the sea. Reports of the weather are to be sent thence to Washington by telegraph three times each day.

Dr. Bessel has collected phanerogamic, or flowering plants, as high as latitude 82° N., which is the most northern position from which such plants have hitherto been procured.

ETCHINGS.

Weather Reports.

You bid me search the paper, dear,
 For prophecies upon the weather;
 To tell you if you've rain to fear,
 Or if the questionable seer
 Will give us two fair days together.

Why should I vex myself in vain,
 Or bother you, my dear Lavinia,
 With all his tangled cloudy skein
 Of "areas of wind and rain,"
 And "partial clearing in Virginia?"

You are the ruler of my skies,
 And make it clear or cloudy weather;
 Within the heaven of your eyes
 I find more sweet uncertainties,
 Than "Probabilities" can gather.

'Tis there I look for threatening rain,
 Or see the gradual, tender bright'ning
 That promises "set fair" again,
 And points due south the wav'ring vane,
 Suddenly lost in storms and lightning.

A moment—and from changeful eyes
 Love beams with such a dewy splendor,
 That in my raptured heart arise
 The wildest "probabilities,"
 Beyond the power of words to render.

Then let me cease the futile quest,
 Nor search the papers for the weather;
 Secure as Halcyon in her nest,
 Careless of wind and storm I rest,
 While we may live and love together.

The Family Upas.

"Cross Patch, draw the latch,
 Sit by the fire and spin;
 Take a cup and drink it up,
 Then call your neighbors in,"
Mother Goose.

DAME "Cross Patch" need not draw the string,
 To keep her neighbors out,
 For no one wants to come within
 To see her fret and pout,
 To hear her scold, or share her cup,
 They're glad alone she drinks it up.

The cross and crabbed need not fear
 They'll be beset by friends;
 As bolts and bars to keep them off,
 Their sullen crossness tends;
 As all would shun the Upas tree,
 So from the crabbed scold they flee.

Then let us keep our latch-strings out,
 And share as we are able,
 With genial word and kindly smile,
 Our crust or loaded table;
 And not, like "Cross Patch," sit alone,
 'Till friend and bounty both are flown.

Rotation.

BARRY, one day, fell very deep in love;
 He vowed that nothing could his passion quench;
 True as the everlasting heavens above
 His ardor burned for this his only wench.

Barry, too soon, had all that love forgot;
 Another flame was lighting up his sky,
 For her he wore a blue forget-me-not,
 And swore his love would never, never die.

And so the world goes round and round and round,
 The same old world, greeting new days by turn;
 Barry's fond heart some new true love hath found,
 The same old fire doth on new altars burn.

Does the world change amidst such swift revolving?
 Does Barry change when idols fade and fall?
 The world and Barry are this problem-solving—
 How things can rotate and not change at all.



DESIGN TO ILLUSTRATE CANDY-MOTTO:
 "'Tis hard indeed Love's agony to feel,
 But harder still that passion to reveal."

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THE GREAT SOUTH.



LOWER SUGAR FORK FALL—BLUE RIDGE—NORTH CAROLINA.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

"You ain't a show, be ye?" said the small boy.

The question was pardonable; the GREAT SOUTH expedition, and the travelers who had joined it, certainly presented a singular spectacle that rainy June even-

ing, alighting from their weary and mud-bespattered horses at the door of a little inn, in a Tennessee mountain town, and proceeding to unload their baggage-wagon. Such mysterious array of traps the small boy's round, wondering eyes had never

seen before. He controlled his curiosity until the tin case containing the artist's materials was produced, when he gave a prolonged whistle, and forthwith proceeded to inquire our qualities. Visions of magic lanterns and traveling mounte-



THE JUDGE.

banks danced before his eyes; his heated imagination hinted at even the possibility of play-actors.

No wonder. First alighted the Colonel, coming down with a solid thump in the sticky mud, and unbuckling from his saddle capacious bags and rolls of blankets; then taking from the wagon certain mysterious packages, he propounded the inquiry which is of such thrilling interest to mountain travelers after nightfall:—

"Can we get to stay here to-night?"

"Reckon we can accommodate ye."

Next descended the Judge, his long, gray beard and Arabian mustache streaming with rain, his garments bedraggled, and his eyes dim with the sky-spray. He, likewise going to the wagon, took from it seductive valises, boxes which gave forth a cheering rattle of apparatus, and cans of various patterns, and hastened to shelter. A new accession of small boys silently viewed these proceedings with awe.

But ah! the next figure which galloped lustily to the door, mounted on a prancing, delicate Kentucky mare! How did the juvenile by-standers gape at that short, alert youth, with spectacles on nose, and riding-whip swung cavalierly in hand;

with white Marseilles trowsers mottled and drenched with mud and water; with jaunty gray hat, flabby and drooping; with overcoat tied about his neck, and a collection of minerals knotted in his handkerchief at his saddle-bow. He was no common traveler. It must—it must be a show!

Or he with camp stool slung on his shoulders, and dripping umbrella in hand; with broad slouch hat crushed down over his eyes, and a variegated panorama of the road along which he had passed painted by the weather upon his back—the artist, whose hands were filled with the mystic tin box; behold him! the envied cynosure of boyish eyes.

Then the writer,—clambering down from his horse's smoking sides, and hastening to join the others before the crackling and leaping flame in an old-fashioned fireplace, overhearing as he entered, however, a new come boy's wild guess:

"If 'taint a show, it's 'rock-hunters,' I reckon."

What mattered rain and mud, the ferrying of swollen streams, the breaking down of wagons, and the weary climbing of hills? The prospect before us was none the less inspiring. We were about to enter upon that vast elevated region which forms the southern division of the Appalachian mountain system, and constitutes the culminating point in the Atlantic barrier of the American continent. We stood at the gate of the lands through which runs the chain of the Iron, Smoky, and Unaka mountains, separating North Carolina from Eastern Tennessee. Beyond the blue line of hills faintly discerned in the rainy twilight from the windows of our little room lay the grand table-land, two thousand feet above the heated air of cities and the contagion of civilization; and there a score of mountain peaks reached up six thousand feet into the crystal atmosphere; torrents ran impetuously down their steep sides into noble valleys; there was the solitude of the cañon, the charm of the dizzy climb along the precipice-brink, the shade of the forests where no woodman's axe had yet profaned the thickets. It was a region compared to which the White Mountains seemed dwarfed and insignificant, for through an extent of more than one hundred and fifty miles, height after height towered in solemn magnificence, and the very valleys were higher up than the gaps in the White Mountain range! We were equipped for, and one

day's journey advanced upon, our ramble among the peaks of Western North Carolina.

We had come from Morristown, in Eastern Tennessee, where we left the railroad and met our cheery companions, the Judge, the Colonel, and "Jonas," and started across country, along the highways in the mountains. Through the thick rain-veil we had seen the noble outlines of English Mountain, and the distant and rugged sides of the Smoky; had passed over hill-sides covered with corn, where the white tree trunks in the "deadensings" stood like specters protesting against sacrilege to the forest; along banks of streams where intense and richly-colored foliage sent forth perfume, and past log farm-houses, where tall, gaunt farmers, clad in homespun, were patiently waiting for the rain to cease—until we came to the "Mouth of Chucky," as the ford just above the junction of the Nolichucky and French Broad Rivers is called. Time was when all the country bordering the rivers at their junction was romantic ground. The "great Indian war trail," upon which so many scenes of violence and murder were enacted, ran not far from the banks of the Nolichucky, and the war-ford "upon the French Broad" was but a short

distance from Clifton, where we had halted for the night. From the time of the settlement along the banks of the two rivers, one hundred years ago, until early in the present century, the settler took his life in his hands daily, and the war-cry of the Indian was a familiar sound to his ears. The Nolichucky at the ford ran rapidly between great mountain banks, whose sides were so steep as to be inaccessible on foot, and just below gave its waters to the racing and roaring rapids of the "French Broad," whose unquiet wavelets seemed angry at being pent up among the cliffs. A long halloo brought the ferryman with his flat-boat from the opposite bank; the clumsy ark drifted us safely over to the stretch of winding road which finally led us through a still old town, hidden and moldering at the base of a hill; then along picturesque paths until we reached the placid Pigeon River, with the mountains near it mirrored in its rain-rippled breast; crossed it, and dismounted at Clifton, to be confronted by the small boy with the abnormal appetite for "shows."

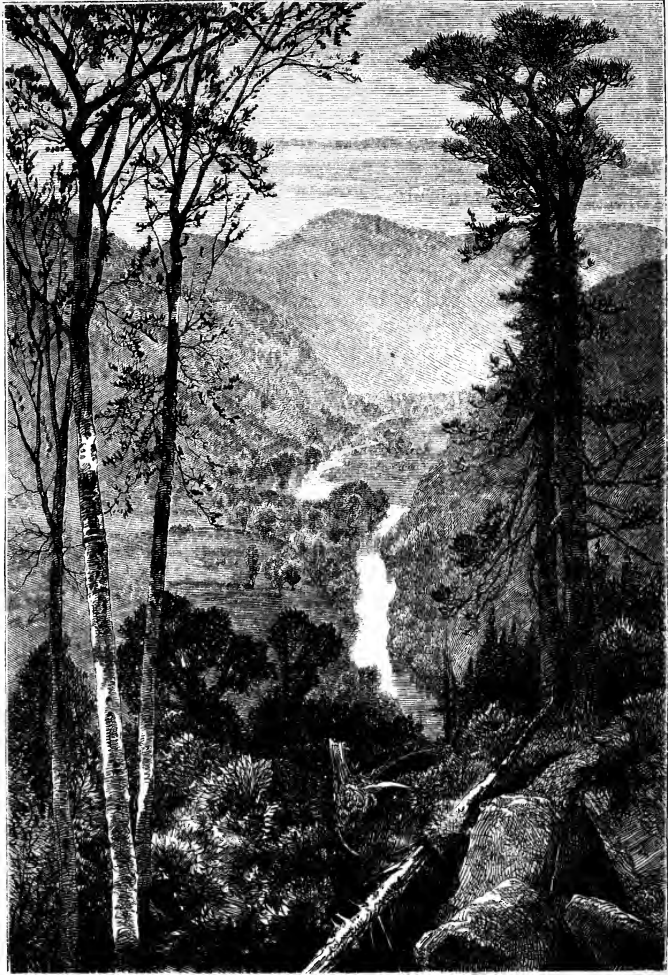
When we were safely housed, and our drenched garments were drying before the fire, while supper's perfume hinted at bacon and biscuits, flanked by molasses syrup and blackest of coffee, the rain



THE JUDGE SHOWING THE ARTIST'S SKETCH BOOK.

ceased, and we could catch a glimpse of the prosperous little town set down in a nook in the mountains, with one railroad line giving it a hold on the outer world, and running directly through the main street. The river was fringed with trees, and overhanging vines and creepers; in every direction was the blue stretch of far away hills, or the shadow of luxuriant woods. Our lullaby that night was the murmur of the river and the cry of the whip-poor-will. Before dawn we were astir, and while the dwellers in cities were still asleep our little cavalcade was vigorously *en route* for the North Carolina line. Ahead, caracoling merrily from side to side of the highway on his coquettishly-pacing mare "Cricket," whose very motions were poetry, rode Jonas of the blond locks, our German companion, in his saddle graceful as a Centaur, in his motions alert as a cat, for he had ridden to many a battle in the cavalry saddles of Prussian William's victorious army. There was a dash of the trooper in him still—the erect military port, the joyous outburst into song, now roystering, now tender; the enviable familiarity with all the secrets of road and woodland life; and a calm, æsthetic sense, never disturbed by weather or rude inconvenience of travel.

Our route that morning lay through the forest, along unused road-ways; and, constantly ascending, we caught from time to time exquisite views of the summits of English, the Smoky, and other mountains. Great mists were moving lightly away; now and then some monarch of the ranges had his lofty brow wrapped in the delicate embrace of white clouds, which trembled into fantastic shapes of smoke-wreaths and castles and towers, and sometimes seemed



THE CAÑON OF THE CATALOUCHE—SEEN FROM "BENNETT'S."

to take the contour of the mountains themselves. Now we came to a log-house, with sloping roof, set on some shelf of a hill-side, whence one could look down into deep valleys, and around whose doors sheep and goats were huddled, lying in the shelter of the fences until the sun came out. A shepherd dog would bark at us; a tall maiden, clad in the blue or greenish homespun of the region, would tell us which road to take, and how to turn and "foller the creek," and we would wander on. Sometimes the hill-sides were so steep that we preferred to dismount and lead our horses rather than take the risk of being pitched over their heads. All along the way rapid little streams foamed across the roadways, and hid themselves in the forests. Beneath a great oak or wide-spreading

willow, we would find a cool spring with a gourd balanced on a board above it, and the travelers halted beneath the tree would salute us, and inquire our names, and whither we were going. Still we went on climbing up and up; we came nearer to some of the peaks, and could see the clearings upon their sides, and the bald patches where the rocks stood out in the light.

By and by, at a lonely log-house, on a beautiful mountain side, whence one could see the hills craning their long necks in every direction, we halted for dinner, but before we had hitched our horses there came a blinding storm of wind and rain, in the midst of which we hurriedly gave the animals over to our impervious mulatto wagon driver, and with the lunch baskets beat a retreat for the cabin porch. The typical Tennessee woman of the mount-ains, tall and thin, but kind and graceful, the mother of ten children, who stood ranged around her like white-headed notes in the scale of love, welcomed us, and a loaf of hot corn-bread soon smoked before us. Very humble and simple were the appointments of this cabin home. The bare floor shone, however, so clean it was; the spinning-wheel, with the flax hanging to it, stood in a corner of the porch; in the great kitchen in the rear of the cabin was a fire-place, in the ashes of which another corn-cake was baking, and the good woman offered us the wild honey, the buttermilk, and the berries of the mount-ains. "No man-folks nigh home now," she said. "Air ye 'rock-huntin'?" Assuring her that we were not looking for minerals, she asked us no more, and seemed to regard us as strange beings, since the Colonel hinted that we were in "search of information."

Once more the rain cloud lifted, and the skies were clear; Andy hitched up, singing a cheerful melody, and we rode on, now through gaps in the chain of hills where level fields were in cultivation, and where the women were at work side by side with the men, hoeing corn; now by the banks of some creek which rippled merrily over a pebbly bottom, and was overhung by short, densely-set willows; until at last we came into a valley where there were a few scattered frame houses and a little mill, around which were gathered some twenty mountaineers. Here our much over-loaded wagon suddenly gave a doleful groan and broke down, directly oppo-

site a cabin, in which, through the interstices, we could see anvil, bellows, and other insignia of the blacksmith's trade. The afternoon was waning, and the punctual Judge had planned that we should spend that night in North Carolina. But before us lay a tremendous height, whose rugged sides seemed interminable. Riding on in haste to find a blacksmith, we were suddenly surrounded by a threatening mob of half-drunken mountain men clad in rude garb, some mounted, some on foot, but not one of them friendly-faced. An inquiry for the disciple of Vulcan, as Jonas and the writer backed their horses rapidly, was answered with an oath, and a peremptory demand why we were "racketing about the country." This not being answered in the most satisfactory manner, demonstrations of violence were made, and it dawned upon the advance guard of the wagon that a retreat would, perhaps, be prudent. There were bad and drunken faces among the rough men; two or three hands were clutching stones, plucked from the wet roads, and the circle gradually narrowed in towards us. So we turned, and, galloping back, reported "breakers ahead." We patched up the wagon and all moved forward together. As we approached the mill the threatening attitude of the mountaineers was resumed, and when we had passed the motley crowd fell in behind, and seeming to await some

signal, followed doggedly. Presently the Colonel and the Judge were assailed with questions like this: "Reckon ye don't want to steal nothin', do ye?" and more pointed remarks. At last hostility was so evident that we were forced to stop and explain. Gathering



VIEW OF CATALOUCHE MOUNTAIN.

around the wagon, we answered the inquiries, "Whar be ye from?" "What do ye want down yar?" "What mout your name be?" and by much parleying demonstrated that we meant no harm. Finally man by man dropped off, but, much to our discomfort, two or three of the more drunk and uproarious followed us towards the ford at the base of the mountain in a manner which plainly indicated attack. We now entered upon a wild and lonely by-road, and even the heretofore incredulous of our party had suspicions of mischief afoot. The

retired. After consulting vaguely together for a little time in the road, they disappeared, and our companion assured us that they would do us no harm. "But ye can't always tell," he added. "A man wants to keep his eye out in these regions when the boys 've been drinkin'."

The ascent of the Chestnut Mountain now became tedious and painful. The road ran zigzag along the edges of banks and rocks, and over our heads hung mammoth embankments, which might have crushed a caravan. But how delicious the sunlight on the tree stems,

through the forest glades; how delicate the green mosses clothing the trunks of fallen monarchs; how crystal and sweet the water which we drank from the foamy brooks! For miles we clambered along this lofty road until night was at hand. Our companion, who paused from time to time to treat himself from the bottle, and to importune us to drink, finally left us at a cross-road, advising us to stay at Parson Caton's. Beyond it was a matter of all night in the woods. We could get to stay with the Parson—he kept folks; would we have



A MOUNTAIN FAMILY SINGING PSALMS.

ascent, wooded and somber, was before us.

At this juncture another man approached, and said he would walk with us to the mountain top. He was sober, and producing from his pocket a flask of "moonshine" whisky, invited us to drink. The secret was out. We had evidently been mistaken for a party of revenue officers, on a mission to seize some of the concealed stills in the gorges and caves of this wild region. We drank of the blistering fluid, and presently, to our great relief, the drunken horsemen behind reluctantly

some more 'moonshine'? No? Good luck to us. So we hurried on to Parson Caton's.

A by-road, leading into a thicket where wild vines grew luxuriantly; steep descents and lofty knolls, crowned with strong tree stems; a woodland path; then a clearing, and we were at the parson's humble cabin.

On the way up we had passed the church. It was a rude structure of boards and logs, which we should have mistaken for some deserted shanty, had not our friend of the "moonshine" whisky pointed it out. The cabin stood in an enclosure, guarded by a rude fence, and as we approached, a

stalwart young fellow opened the little gate, and some hounds followed him out, making the woods ring with their yelping. A tall matron and two or three of "the girls"—young women, at least five and a half feet high, dressed in straight homespun gowns,—peered out at us, and we were presently invited to remain at the cabin all night, as "the parson never refuses nobody." The pigs and the geese had just come home together from their day's ramble in the woods, and were quarreling over the long trough which ran along the fence. The cows wandered about the clearing, watched by the hounds; and the "boys" busied themselves in hewing logs of wood into sticks for the fire. Behind the cabin rose a rib of the mountain, on which was a corn-field, and below this ran a brook. The whole cabin did not seem large enough to house a family of four; yet Parson Catton's stalwart brood of ten children lived there happily with himself and wife, and found the shelter ample. There were but two rooms on the lower floor, each lighted by the doors only; above was a loft, in which were laid truckle-beds. Supper was

speedily cooking on the coals in the fire-place; the scent of bacon was omnipresent. In the smaller of the two rooms there were four large beds, covered with gay quilts, and shoved closely together. Around the room hung herbs and bundles of household goods; the walls were lined with the clothing of the family; there were a few rude chairs, a rifle over the fire-place, and a small table, on which were some antiquated books.

As we returned from the brook, whither we had gone to refresh our demoralized toilets, the parson came home, and



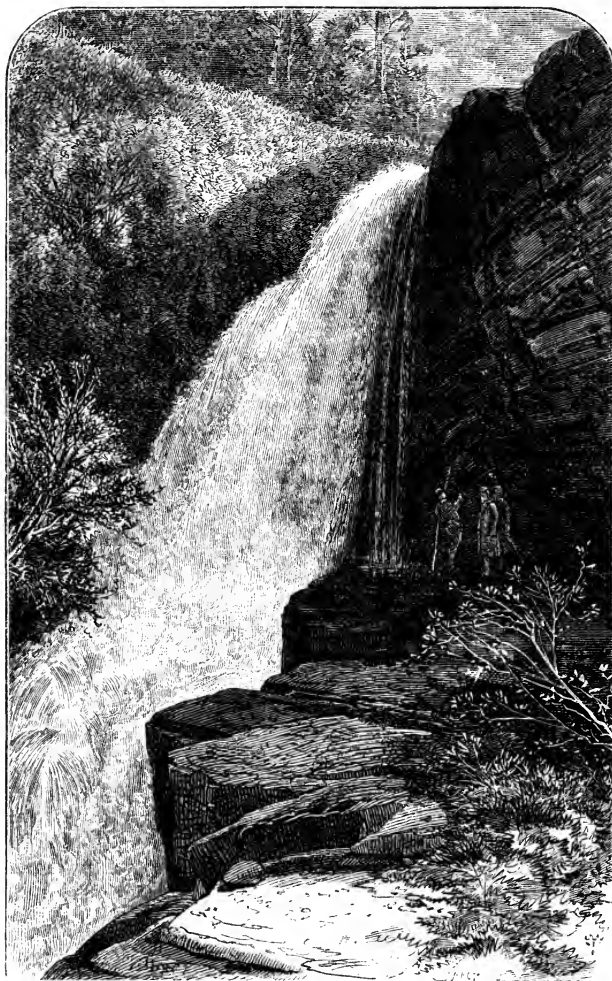
THE MAIL CARRIER.

was greeted with a cheery bay from the hounds. He was not a large man; his sons overtopped him; but every inch of his face was filled with rugged lines which told of strong character. He stood leaning on his staff, and looked us over intently for some moments before he said, "Good evening, men." Then finally he greeted us heartily, and our invalid wagon was forthwith dispatched to the rustic forge near the cabin for repairs. There Andy held a pine knot, while the parson's son, a stout smith, worked.

This old man, in his mountain home, was as simple and courteous in his demeanor as any citizen. After the frugal supper was over, he asked many questions of the outer world, which he had never visited; New York and Louisville seemed to him like dreams. By and by, the family came crowding in to evening prayers. By this time it was quite dark, and the forest around us was still. The parson took down a well-worn Bible, and opening it at the Psalms, read, in a loud voice, and with occasional quaint expoundings, one or two selections; after which, taking up a hymn book and rising with the candle in his hand, he read a hymn, and the family sang line by line



THE CARPENTER—A WAYNESVILLE STUDY.



THE "DRY FALL" OF THE SUGAR FORK—BLUE RIDGE—NORTH CAROLINA.

as he gave them out. They sang in quavering, high-pitched voices, to the same tunes which were heard in the Tennessee mountains when Nolichucky was an infant settlement, and the banks of the French Broad were crimsoned with the blood of white settlers, shed by the Indians. The echoes of the hymn died away into the depths of the forest, and were succeeded by a prayer of earnestness and fervor, marked here and there by strong phrases of dialect, but one which made our little company bow their heads, for the parson prayed for us, and for our journey, and brought the prayer home to us. Another hymn was lined, during which the hounds now and then joined in with their musical howl, and at last the family

withdrew, and we were left in the spare room. Presently, however, the parson re-appeared, and announced that he and his wife would share the room with us, which they did, and we were wakened to the six o'clock breakfast by the good woman, who joined with her husband in reproving us for continuing our journey on the Sabbath day.

As we started once more on our journey the wagon, carefully mended over night, broke down again! So then the parson stripped a hickory bough with his own hands, and bound together the pieces. A mile farther on, coming to another forge, we halted until a second smith could try his hand at a permanent mending, although he said he "mout get fined by the authorities for working on a Sunday." The Judge amused the smith's children with the artist's sketch-book, while the hammer rang on the anvil.

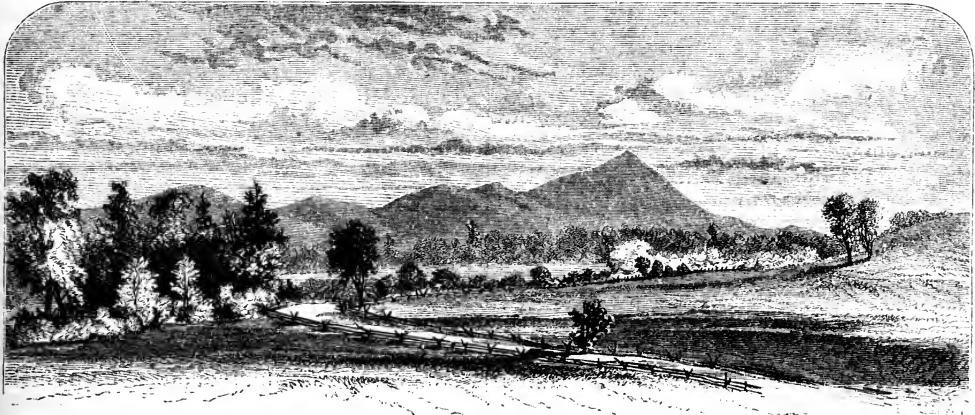
The country here and henceforward was of the wildest and most romantic character. The mountaineers, scattered sparsely along the ridges, cultivated the land in corn, of which there were huge fields visible in the clearings, but sent nothing to market in winter, and while the crops

were growing were idle. The houses were almost invariably of logs. Sometimes, as in Switzerland, looking down a high bank, we could see the tree tops in a long valley below us, and the cabin of some farmer, with his cob-house granary and little cattle pen nestling by a creek. Here, by the hard, firm roadways, the mountain laurel, the ginseng and the gentian abounded, and pines and spruces, poplars, hickories, walnuts, oaks, and ash grew in the valleys and along the banks. We were now climbing over the hills of the Great Smoky range, making our way towards the elevated gap, through which we were to enter North Carolina. Every turn in the angular highway brought a new vista of mountains, blue and infinite, behind us; now in serrated

ranks, receding into distance; now seeming to close up near at hand, and shut out the world from us. The rare atmosphere of these high regions gave new zest to the journey, and we hardly knew that evening was at hand when we reached the State Line and began to descend into the valley to "Hopkins's," the first station in North Carolina. In this remote and mountain-guarded dell,—this cup hollowed out of the Great Smoky range, visited only by the post-rider once a week, and the few farmers who go to the far towns of Eastern Tennessee to market, we found the mountaineer in his native purity. No contact with even the people of the lowlands of his own State had given him familiarity with the world.

The people traveling along the roads out of Tennessee into North Carolina,

through a delicious valley, making charming nooks and niches among the round polished stones. Once a prosperous farmer, the war had left the venerable mountaineer only the wrecks of his home. Both parties had guerrillaed through the gorges and gaps; one "army" burned Hopkins's cabin, and the other stole his produce. High on the hill-sides grew the native grape; a little cultivation would have turned the whole valley-cup into a fruitful vineyard; but Hopkins said it was too late for him to try. It was, too, an excellent sheep-grazing country; the wolves sometimes made cruel havoc, but shepherd dogs could easily keep them off. Along the slopes of the Smoky beyond his home grew the finest of building timber, and water-power was abundant; yet there were no frame houses for miles around.



MOUNT PISGAH.

whom we passed as we rode on to Hopkins's, were tall and robust; their language was peculiar, and their manners, although courteous, were awkward and rough. The gaunt, yellow-haired women were smoking, and trudged along contentedly beside the men, saying but little. They were neatly dressed in home-made clothes, and their hair was combed straight down over their cheeks and knotted into "pugs" behind. There were none of the modern conventionalities of dress visible about them. The men were cavalier enough; their jean trousers were thrust into their boots, and their slouch hats cocked on their heads with bravado air.

The hills rose high up around the humble log dwelling of Hopkins, and a little road ran beside a roaring torrent which came down from the mountain

"Wal, you uns don't understand, I reckon," said Hopkins. "I hain't had a mighty sight o' git up since the war." Supper was served in the kitchen by one of the tall females we had observed upon the road, who was Hopkins's housekeeper, and who laid aside her pipe to come to the table and wait upon the strangers, whom, she said, she did not understand, "for you uns don't talk like we uns;" and added that she "reckoned we found this a mighty fine country."

Half a day's journey from this nook in the mountains brought us to the gap near Mount Starling, where we crossed through the Smoky range, and began to descend on the other side into Haywood County, a division of North Carolina, extending over nine hundred square miles, and annually producing more than two hundred thou-

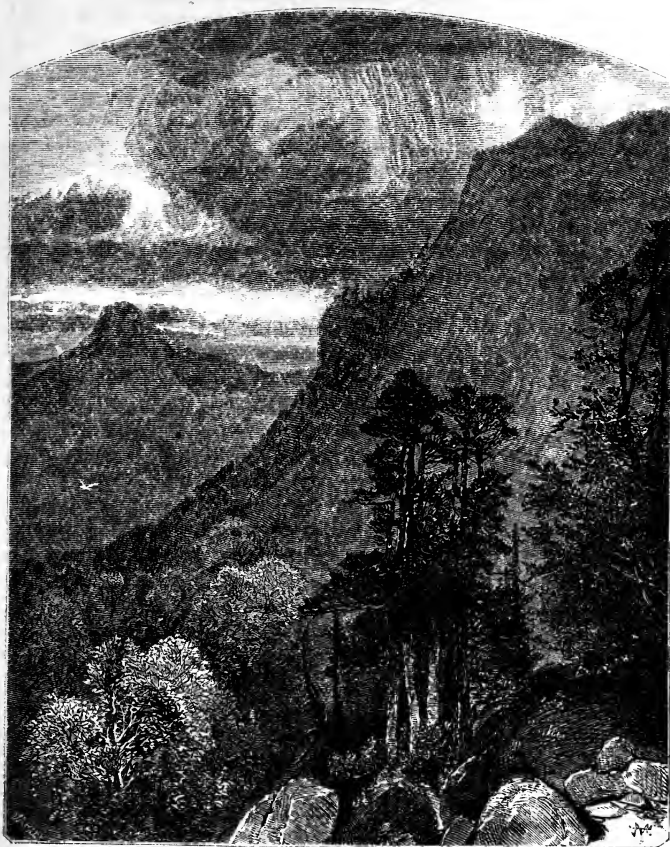
sand bushels of corn. The chain of the Smoky Mountain which we had traversed extends for about sixty-five miles, from the deep gorge through which the French Broad River flows at "Paint Rock" to the outlet of the Little Tennessee; and Professor Guyot, who is authority upon the Appalachian system, calls it the master chain of the whole Alleghany region. The dominant peaks in this line of mountains north of Road Gap are Mount Guyot, 6636 feet high; Mounts Alexander, Henry, South, and Laurel Peaks, the True Brother, Thunder, Thermometer, Raven's, and Tricolor Knobs, and the Pillar Head of the straight fork of the Oconaluftee river. South of Road Gap rise the peaks known as "Clingman's Dome," 6660 feet high; Mounts Buckley, Love, Collins, and a dozen others, more than five thousand feet high. Each of these rises to six thousand feet elevation above mean-tide water, and many of them overtop Mount Washington, the monarch of the East, by several hundred feet. Seen from a distance, these mountains seem always bathed in a mellow haze, like that distinguishing the atmosphere of Indian summer. The gap through which we passed was at an elevation of at least five thousand feet; beneath us were vast cañons, from which came up the roar of the creeks. We looked down upon the tops of mighty forests, and now and then, descending, caught a glimpse of the symmetrical Catalouche Mountain, fading away into distant blue. There are no gaps in the Smoky range which fall below the level of five thousand feet, until Forney Ridge is passed; and there is a surprising number of peaks and domes rising higher than six thousand feet. Once having traversed the barriers created by this vast upheaval of ancient rocks, one enters the mountainous region comprised between the Blue Ridge and the chain of the Iron, Smoky, and Unaka peaks. This region properly begins at the bifurcation of the two chains in Virginia, and extends across North Carolina and into Georgia for a hundred and eight miles. The chain of the Blue Ridge to the eastward is fragmentary, and the gaps are only from two to three thousand feet high. All the interior region between the Blue Ridge and the Smoky is filled with spurs and chains, of which, perhaps, the most noticeable is the great Balsam, whose highest point, called the Richland Balsam, or Caney

Creek Balsam Divide reaches the height of 6425 feet. Into this cluster of highlands, extending to the extreme western boundary of North Carolina, we now daily made our way.

This day's journey was but a succession of grand panoramic views of gorge and height. Descending, we rode for several miles along a path cut out of the mountain's steep side; and hundreds of feet below us saw the tops of tall pines and spruces. Not a human habitation was to be seen; there was no sign of life save when a ruffled grouse or a rabbit sprang across the track. Now we came into a valley, through which a wide creek flowed rapidly, finding its outlet between two hills towering thousands of feet above us, and there, at a rude cabin, stopped to feed our weary horses, and to partake of the milk, the honey, and the corn-bread set before us; to lie on the turf beside the cool stream, and to drink in at every pore the delicious inspiration of the pure mountain air; then we climbed along the side of shaggy "Catalouche" until, late in the afternoon, we came to "Bennett's."

Imagine a little frame house set on a shelf on the road, so that its inmates can look for miles down a deep straight valley, through which flows a river between banks fringed with dense foliage, and by rocks over which pines lean and straggle in wildest confusion. At the far end of this river valley looms up a mountain peak, so high, so beautiful, that one's soul is lifted at very sight of it. As our little company drew rein at the edge of the steep bank leading to the cañon, there was a universal cry of delight. Bennett's folks called to us at that moment, "Won't you 'light,' strangers, 'n come in?" And we sat long in the little porch, gazing at Oconaluftee's height, and the Balsam Mountains, dimly shadowed beyond the point where the valley was lost in the breast of the hills. The grandeur of the sentinel mountain, standing alone at the end of the chasm; the reflections of high rocks and mighty tree-trunks in the far away stream; the dizzy precipices which overhung the rarely frequented valley, lent a charm which carried its terror with it.

The road grew narrower and rockier as we clambered along Catalouche; but the air was cooler, purer, the laurels more abundant, the vistas more charming; until just at sunset we came to the "Cove Creek Gap." In front lay a narrow valley, over



THE DEVIL'S COURT HOUSE, WHITESIDE MOUNTAIN.

which the mountain known as Jonathan's Bald threw his shadow : but beyond !—

High on the horizon lay a wavy line of hills, sharply outlined in the strong glare of the sunset, their delicate blue colors springing so suddenly upon our vision against the purple and crimson of the evening tints that we were amazed and delighted. As far as eye could reach, to right, to left, in front, stood the long line of uplifted crags, from which there seemed no outlet ! Turning our horses on the crest of the mountain, and looking Tennesseeward, we saw our old friends of the Great Smoky, scattered for miles in friendly groups among the dark forests ; westward and eastward deep ravines, and, beyond them, uncounted peaks, which the very sky seemed tenderly to bend over and kiss.

It was fast growing dark as we rode on to the winding road in the valley of Jonathan's Creek. As we were rattling

by a log farm-house in a deadening, a loud voice cried :

"Strangers, wait a minnit till I ketch my ole mule, or he'll foller you uns clean down to Boyd's, I reckon."

The owner of the voice, carrying a log on his shoulder, came up through the fields as he said this, and, throwing down his burden, secured the restive mule, who was looking over the low fence, after which he turned to each one of the party, and asked,—

"What might be your name?"

Having settled any doubts he possessed as to our identity, he gave us good evening civilly enough, and struggled with his log again.

Farther on a young farmer crossing the creek came to us as we inquired the distance, and, before giving us the desired information, said "What mout be your names?"

"Whar are ye from?" After which he added carelessly, "Mile 'n half; good evenin'."

Troops of children played about the doors of all the cabins along these roads. Families of ten and twelve are by no means uncommon. Girls and boys work afield with their parents in the summer, and hibernate with but limited chances for culture.

Passing around the base of "Jonathan's Creek Bald," we came into a more open and fertile country, where the farm-houses were neatly built and painted, and the wheat-fields were wide and well stocked. The creeks were numerous, and everywhere bordered by fascinating foliage ; at each turn in the road there was a picture ; one was constantly reminded of the rich views in the Loire country in France, or of the fat fields of Alsatia.

On the plain of Waynesville, twenty-seven hundred and fifty-six feet above the



JONAS SEES THE ABYSS.

level of tide-water, and in the shadow of the great Balsam Range, stands Waynesville town. The approaches to it are lovely, but the view from the town itself is lovelier still. On all sides rise the mountains; the village nestles between the forks of the Pigeon River, which is nowhere more beautiful than within a few miles of this nook. To the westward lie the Balsam peaks, seven of which, Amos Plott's, the "Great Divide," Brother Plott, Rocky Face, Rockstand Knob, and the two Junaleskas, tower more than six thousand feet high. They are clad on their highest peaks in the somber garb of the balsam, the sad and haughty monarch of the heights, whose odorous boughs brush against the clouds, and whose deep thickets, into which the sun himself can hardly penetrate, afford a refuge for the wolf and the bear. The balsam is emphatically an aristocratic tree; it is never found in the humble valleys, and rarely lower than an elevation of four thousand feet; it consorts with the proud rhododendron, whose scarlet bloom was the object of the Indian's most passionate adoration, and its grand stem springs from

among the decaying and moss-grown rocks. On these Balsams, as on the great Black Mountains, the moss offers an elastic carpet, sometimes a foot thick, and is tough and hard as the hides of the bears who delight to disport upon it. Here and there on the sides of the Plott Peaks there is a long furrow which marks the path cut by some adventurous woodsman. The peaks are not romantically named; the unimaginative early settlers called them after the men who owned or lived near them; and many of the most imposing heights are still nameless. The Bald Mountains,—so called because their summits are destitute of forest, and because the sun makes the rocks on their tops glisten like a bald man's shining poll,—are numerous in the vicinity of Waynesville. North and northeast of the town lie the "Crab Tree" and "Sandy Mush" Balds, and beyond them in the same direction rises "Bear Wallow" Mountain. On the south and southeast are "Mount Pisgah," the "High Tower," and Cold Mountain, which rises 6063 feet out of the "Big Pigeon Valley;" and away to the south and southeast stretches the chain of the "Richland Balsam." The dry and pure air of Waynesville gives new value to life; the healthy man feels a strange glow and inspiration while in the shadow of these giant peaks. The town is composed of one long street of wooden houses, wandering from mountain base to mountain base; it has a trio of country stores; a cozy and delightful little hotel, nestling under the shade of a huge tree; an old wooden church perched on a hill, with a cemetery filled with ancient tombs, where the early settlers lie at rest; and an academy. There is no whirl of wheels; the only manufacturing establishments are flour-mills located on the various creeks and rivers, or a stray saw-mill; here and there a wealthy land-owner is building an elegant home with all the modern improvements. By nine o'clock at night there is hardly a light in the village; a few belated horsemen steal noiselessly through the street, or the faint tinkle of a banjo and the patter of a negro's feet testify to an innocent merry-making. The court-house of Haywood County, and the jail, both modest two-story brick structures, are the public buildings; the jail has only now and then an inmate, for the county is as orderly as a Quaker community. The Marshal, as in most of these tiny Western North Carolina towns, is the law preserver

and enforcer; no liquor is sold within a mile of the town's boundary; some lonely and disreputable shanty, with the words "BAR-ROOM" on a clearing along the highway, is the only resort for those who drink "spirits;" the sheriff, the local clergyman, the county surveyor, and the village doctor, ride about the country on their nags, gossiping and dreamily enjoying the glorious air; nowhere is there bustle or noise of trade. The county court's session is the event of the year; the mail, brought forty-five miles over the mountain roads from the nearest railroad, is light, and the stage-coaches bring few passengers from the outer world. But what a perfect summer retreat; what chances for complete rest; what grandeur of mountains; what quiet rippling of gentle rivers; what noble sunsets; what wealth of color and dreaminess of twilight; what breezy mornings, when the mists fly away from the deep ravines in the mountain chains, and shadow and sun play hide and seek on the dense masses of the Balsam tops! Waynesville, so goes the story, was named in honor of "Ma^rl Anthony" Wayne; and the stranger wonders that some of the peaks have not been named in honor of the old hero.

The great counties of Haywood, Jackson, Macon, Cherokee, Buncombe, Henderson, Madison and Yancey, contain the principal

portion of the mountain scenery of Western North Carolina. The mighty transverse chains of the Nantahela, Cowee, Balsam and Black Mountains, run across these counties from the Smoky range to the Blue Ridge, and the traveler wandering from county seat to county seat must constantly climb lofty heights, pass through rugged gaps, and descend into deep valleys. Western North Carolina is not only exceedingly fertile, but abounds in the richer minerals, and needs but the magic wand of the capitalist waved over it to become one of the richest sections of this Union. Occupying one-third of the entire area of the State, and possessing more than a quarter of a million of inhabitants, its present prospects are by no means disagreeable; but its prominent citizens, of all walks in life, are anxious for immigration and development of the rich stores of gold, iron, copper, mica, and other minerals now buried in the hills. Let no one fancy that this mountain region is undesirable as an agricultural country; there are few richer and better adapted to European emigration. The staple productions of Haywood county are corn, wheat, rye, oats and hay; all vegetables grow abundantly, and the whole county is admirably fitted for grazing. The level bottom-lands on Pigeon River and its numerous tributaries are under fine cultivation; the uplands and the slopes produce rich wheat; the ash, the sugar maple, the hickory and the oak, are abundant; and white pine is rafted down the Pigeon River in large quantities yearly. But the exceptional fertility of most of the ranges throughout all the counties mentioned is the great pride of the section. The sides and tops of the mountains are, in many cases, covered with a thick, vegetable mould,* in which grow flourishing trees and rank grasses. Five thousand feet above the sea level one finds grasses and weeds that remind him of the lower region swamps. Cattle are kept in excellent condition all winter on the "evergreen" growing along the sides of the higher chains. Winter and summer, before the ravages of the war thinned out their stocks, the farmers kept hundreds of cattle on the mountains, feeding entirely on the grasses. In the spring the herds instinctively seek the young grasses springing up on the slopes, but with the coming of winter they



A MOUNTAIN FARMER.

* Testimony of Prof. Richard Owen, of the Indiana State University.

return to the tops to find the evergreen. The balsam tree can easily be banished, for, after being felled for a few months, it will burn easily, and in its stead will spring up thick coats of evergreen. On some of the mountain farms corn yields one hundred bushels to the acre, and wheat, oats, rye and barley, flourish proportionately. In the "deadenings," where the large timber has been girdled and left to die, and the under-growth has been carefully cleared, timothy and orchard grass will grow as high as wheat. The native grape, too, flourishes on all the hill-sides, within certain thermal lines established by observation of the elder mountaineers; and varieties of grapes can be selected, and so planted as to ripen at different periods of the autumn. The negro population is not numerous in Western North Carolina. Wherever the black man is found, however, he is industrious, faithful, and usually quite prosperous. In some of the small towns, as at Waynesville, we found a gentleman's valet of other days officiating as village tailor, barber, errand boy, coachman and "factotum."

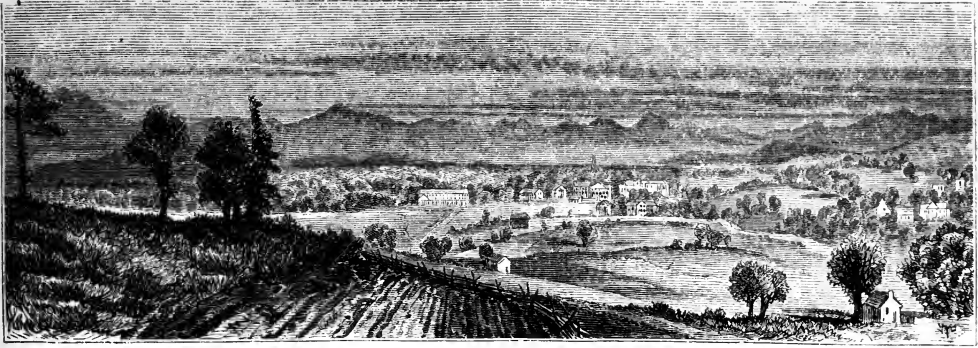
It is sometimes said that Western North Carolina is shaped like a bow, of which the Blue Ridge would form the arc, and the Smoky Mountains the string. Within this semi-circle our little party, now and then increased by the advent of citizens of the various counties, who came to journey with us from point to point, traveled about six hundred miles on horseback, now sleeping at night in the lowly cabins and sharing the rough fare of the mountaineers, now entering the towns and finding the mansions of the wealthier classes freely opened to us. Up at dawn, and away over hill and dale; now clambering miles among the forests to look at some new mine; now spurring our horses to reach shelter long after night had shrouded the roadways, we met with unvarying courtesy and unbounded welcome. As a rule, the younger men with whom we talked were hopeful, very much in earnest, generally free from the mountain rustic dialect; took in one or two newspapers, and were interested in the outer world and general legislation; but their fathers, the farmers of the "befo' the war" epoch, were discouraged and somewhat discontented at the new order of things; looked upon mineral hunters and railroad route surveyors with coldness or contempt; and were wont to complain

of their own lot and of all the results of the war. The young and prominent men in most of the counties were good companions and enthusiastic friends; they had none of the artificial manners of the town, none of its guile.

Wherever we went we found the "rock-hunters" had been ahead of us, and a halt by the wayside at noon would generally bring to us some denizen of the neighborhood, who would say, "Good mornin', gentlemen. After rocks?"—and would then produce from his pockets some specimens which he was "mighty certain he didn't know the name of." Many a farmer had caught the then prevalent mica fever, and some had really found deposits of the valuable mineral which were worth thousands of dollars. There is no danger of overestimating the mineral wealth of this mountain country; it is unbounded. There are stores of gold, silver, iron, copper, zinc, corundum, coal, alum, copperas, barytes, and marl, which seem limitless. There are fine marble and limestone quarries whose value was unsuspected until the railroad pioneer unearthed it. The limestone belt of Cherokee County, a wild and romantic region still largely inhabited by Cherokee



ONE OF "THE BOYS."



ASHEVILLE, FROM BEAUCATCHER'S KNOB.

Indians, contains stores of marble, iron and gold; Jackson County possesses a vast copper belt; and the iron beds of the Yellow Mountains are attracting much notice. The two most remarkable gold regions are in Cherokee and Jackson Counties. The Valley River sands have been made, in former times, to yield handsomely, and now and then good washings have been found along its tributaries. The gold is found in veins and superficial deposits in the same body of slates which carries limestone and iron. Before the war liberal arrangements had been made for mining in Cherokee, but since the struggle the works remain incomplete. It is supposed that the gold belt continues southwestward across the country, as other mines are found in the edge of Georgia. The gold of Jackson County is obtained from washings along the southern slopes of the Blue Ridge, near the mountains known as "Hogback" and "Chimney Top;" and Georgetown Creek, one of the head streams of the Toxaway, yielded several hundred thousand dollars a few years ago. In this wild country, where the passes of the Blue Ridge rise precipitously eight hundred and a thousand feet, there lie great stores of gold. Overman, the metallurgist, unhesitatingly declares that he believes a second California is hidden in these rocky walls. The monarch mountain "Whiteside" is also said to be rich in gold.

It is possible that the iron ore of these mountains will not be speedily developed, as capital is now so powerfully attracted to Missouri, and other States, where remarkable deposits exist; but there is no denying the richness of Cherokee, Mitchell, Buncombe, Haywood, Jackson, and Macon Counties. In Cherokee the

hematite ores outcrop in immense quantities along the Hiawassee and Valley Rivers, and, when wrought in the commonest county bloomeries, have yielded an astonishing per cent. Large rivers flow directly through the iron regions in this section, furnishing every needed facility for transportation; and limestone and forest fuel abound. Magnetic ores are freely found in Madison, Haywood and Macon Counties; and there are large outcroppings of hematite in Buncombe.

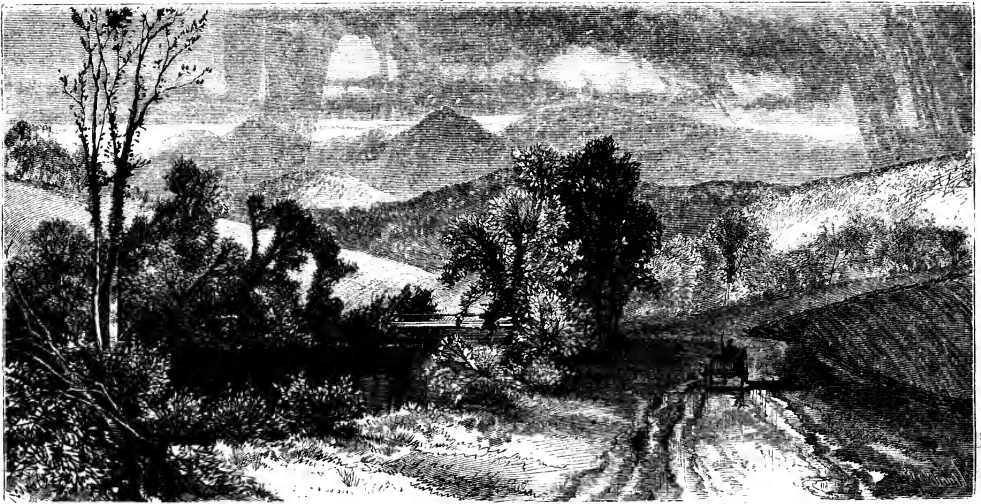
Our expedition grew rapidly after we left Waynesville, and our group of horse-men, followed by "the baggage train," toiling along the mountain roads, caused a genuine excitement at the farms by the way. It was a memorable journey from Waynesville to Whiteside, and down the valley of the Tuckaseege, returning; one so filled with rare and delightful experiences of some of Nature's greatest works, that I must tell you even its details.

Upon this beautiful country through which we now wandered, the Indian lavished that wealth of affection which he always feels for nature and never for man. He gave to the hills and streams the soft poetic names of his expansive language—names which the white man has in many cases cast away, substituting the barbarous commonplaces of the rude days of early settlement. The Cherokee names of Cowee and Cullowhee, of Watauga, of Tuckaseege, and Nantahela, have been retained; and some of the elder settlers still pronounce them with the charming Indian accent and inflection. The Cowee Mountain range runs between Jackson and Macon Counties; and the Valley of Tuckaseege, walled in by four crooked, immense stretches, includes all of Jackson County which lies north of the Blue

Ridge. The river itself, one of the most picturesque in the South, "heads" in the Blue Ridge, and swelling into volume from a hundred springs of coldest, purest, most transparent water, which send little torrents down all the deep ravines, it goes foaming and dashing over myriads of rocks, sometimes leaping from dizzy heights into narrow cañons, until it comes to, and is lost in, the Tennessee. Where the Tuckaseege forces its way through the Cullowhee Mountains there is a stupendous cataract.

The little inn at Webster, the seat of justice of Jackson County, was none too large to accommodate our merry cavalcade. We came to it through the Balsam Mountains from Waynesville, along a pretty

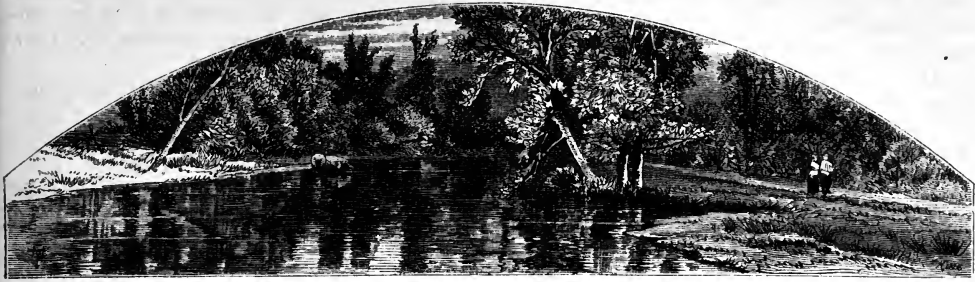
flocked to see it from all the section round about. That episode, and the search for minerals, kept excitement up. As we reposed on the porch in the evening, the village physician regaled the judge with stories of mountain life forty years ago. The colonel placidly received the statements of the mineral men, who had come in weary and footsore from their adventurous tramps in the mountains. Sunset came with a great seal of glory, and before the coming of the dawn we were once more in the saddle, *en route* for the Cowee range. Just below Webster we crossed the Tuckaseege river at a point where once there was a famous Indian battle, and wound up the zig-zag paths to the very top of Cowee, now and then getting a glimpse of



NEAR WEBSTER.

road bordered with neat farms and giant mulberry trees. In the valleys we saw the laurel and the dwarf rosebay, the passion flower and the Turk's-cap lily, and on the mountain sides the poplar or tulip tree, the hickory, ash, black and white walnut, the holly, the chincapin, the alder, and the chestnut in profusion. Webster is a little street of wooden houses, which seems mutely protesting against being pushed off into a ravine. For miles around the country is grand and imposing. A short time before our arrival the residents of the county had been edified by the execution of the only highwayman who has appeared in Western North Carolina for many years. The hanging occurred in front of the jail in the village street, and thousands

the noble Balsams left behind. Now we could look up at one of the "old balds," as the bare peak tops are called. (The Indian thought the bare spots were where the footsteps of the Evil One had pressed, as he strode from mountain to mountain.) Now we stopped under a sycamore, while a barefooted girl brought a pitcher of buttermilk from the neighboring house; now a group of negro children, seeing a band of eight horsemen approaching, made all speed for the house, evidently thinking us Ku Klux or "Red Strings" resuscitated; and now a smart shower would beat about our heads, and die away in tearful whisperings among the broad leaves. The mile-stones by the roadside were notched to indicate the distance; and from hour to



VIEW ON PIGEON RIVER.

hour, in the mountain passes, stops were made to "whoop up" the laggards, and the horses were breathed until the answering halloo was borne back echoing along the ravines. In the rich coves in Jackson County the black mold is more than two feet in depth, and the most precipitous mountain sides are grazing pastures, from which thousands of fat cattle are annually driven down to the sea-board markets. In the ranges, too, where the winter grass grows luxuriantly from November until May, great numbers of horses and mules are raised. Fruit grows with Eden-like luxuriance; the apple is superb, and on the thermal belt in all this section the fruit-crop never misses. Scientific culture introduced there would give grand results. The chances for settlement in this pearl of counties may be judged from the following figures: In 1869 there were but five hundred farms within its limits, and, while 46,000 acres were under cultivation, 775,000 acres remained unimproved.

Near Franklin, close to the site of an old Indian fortification, we crossed the "Little Tennessee" (a stately river, along whose banks are noble quarries of marble, never worked as yet). The chief town of Macon County was fair to look upon, seated amidst well-cultivated fields, and in the immediate vicinity of a grand grazing country; but we pushed on into the mountains once more, anxious to pass the Blue Ridge and climb the ribs of "Whiteside." Three hundred thousand acres still remain unimproved in Macon, and at least one-third of these are rich in minerals. We were now approaching the extreme western border of the State. A little beyond lay "Cherokee" and Clay Counties, a territory taken from the Indians by treaty no later than 1835-6. They lie in the valley of the Hiawassee, which is famous as the place where the

first successful treaty was made. We pushed on until dark, and our little party was dispersed at the various farm-houses on the road, with instructions to gallop up and meet in the morning before reaching the foot of the Blue Ridge.

One of the wonders of the landscape in this comparatively uncultivated region is, that it seems to have been cultured for centuries, so symmetrical is the foliage, so beautiful are the vines trailing over the trees, and the rivers wandering in their willow-fringed channels. As we rode by the Sugar Fork River in the still evening, with the swarms of fire-flies frolicking in the shadows all around us, it was difficult to believe that we were not in the suburbs of a great town, and that the rich clumps of foliage did not conceal villas and country arbors.



LIEUT. COL. FAGG—OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

The stream along whose banks we were now ascending the mountain is known as the "Sugartown Fork" of the Tennessee River, and comes foaming down the wild slopes of the Blue Ridge through some of the most romantic scenery in America. Beautiful as the Rhone in the Alps, majestic in its tremendous waterfalls, and the wild grandeur of the passes through which it flows, it is strange that few travelers from other States have ever penetrated to its upper waters.

It was not without difficulty that our party re-assembled the next morning. The Colonel and the sprightly Jonas came galloping from a town ten miles away, where they had been compelled to remain over night, and the others came straggling to the rendezvous. The village physician from Webster, who knew every foot of the way for forty miles around, the cheery landlord from Waynesville, and the writer climbed the steep hill-side slowly under a broiling sun; the artist, hungry for sketches, browsed lightly on the delicate vistas afforded by every turn in the road; and the Judge, who had enlisted in our service that genial and venerable mountaineer, Silas McDowell, was actively hunting for the obscure pathway leading to the lower falls; while the colored servant guided an overloaded buggy along the rocky road.

As we reached the crest of the hill a sound as of the sweep of the wind through the forest in autumn, or the distant echo of the rush of a railway train, drifted to our ears. Now it was swept away, now came back again powerfully. It was the voice of the fall in the cañon below, and old Mr. McDowell, reining in his horse and placing his hand to his ear, listened intently a minute, then announced that the pathway to the falls was not far, between Lamb and Skittles Mountain, from that spot. So we began

to search for it, some one, meantime, volunteering the information that the ravines abounded with rattlesnakes, and that one must tread carefully.

"What do you think of that?" said one, turning to the gray-haired guide. "Had we better go down this way?"

"Sir," said he, fiercely, "I have a contempt for snakes, sir. I kick them out of my way, sir. I kill them before they have a chance to bite me, sir."

Cold comfort, but no alternative; and, Indian-file, we began the descent. After a walk of two hundred yards through a pleasant grass-grown space, we came to the hill's abrupt sides, broken by ledges and clothed with tangled vines and underbrush. A tiny and scarcely perceptible trail led along the dizzy height, but now and then was lost, as one came to a rock, over which he was compelled to crawl and drop cautiously into black-looking caves and dens, out of which the only sortie was another still more difficult scramble.

Bears are often seen in these mountains now-a-days, and "hard times" will bring them into the vicinity of the farmers' cabins. The bear of this region is black, grows somewhat larger than in the swamps of the Eastern part of the State, and has a glossy fur-like coat of hair. One sometimes



A MOUNTAIN FISHERMAN.

comes upon the wallows in the moss, where Bruin has been taking his siesta.

Half-way down the mountain we could hear the roar of the fall, and sometimes, through an opening in the trees, catch a glimpse of the white foam as it poured over the rocks. Guided by the Judge's cheery halloo, and the occasional crack of a revolver, we reached the valley, swinging down by branches of trees, and tearing our hands against the rough rocks. The Colonel suddenly disappeared. Many a halloo failed to bring him, and I waded through the cold pool at the foot of a great ledge, staggered out of the knee-deep, chilly water on to a shelving platform, clambered over a half-rotten tree trunk, and reached a pinnacle mid-stream, from whose jagged summit I could see the top of the falls and the twin pine-trees leaning over the huge chasm as if awed at the spectacle. Around the pinnacle ran a whirlpool, which made a fierce eddy at the very base of the projection on which I stood. Forcing myself up among the extending boughs of another pine tree, with my boots in one hand and my staff in my mouth, I was just reaching the top when a limb gave way, and I slid rapidly down twenty feet directly towards the pool. A desperate wrench at a knot on the tree stopped me, however, and I finally reached my perch in safety.

To the right was a ledge, a hundred feet high, down which trailed moss and vines, and along which grew tiny white blossoms in dense masses. Far below this ledge on a rock, which he had reached by a dexterous drop, sat the artist, sketching. In the distance was Jonas, clambering on all fours up a wet stone directly under the shadow of the fall, and now and then turning to whoop at the others. No judge, no doctor, no landlord, no colonel visible! but now and then a faint halloo proclaimed them still struggling in the glens.

A gap in the mountains, high up, was pierced by a rapidly flowing stream, which boiled into whitest foam as it sprang down the sides of a great rock, from a shelf jutting out of the mass. At the right grew tall trees and infinite small foliage, clothing the walls, which descended hundreds of feet, with living green, and with blue, white, and red blossoms; on the left the ledge ran up into a peak in front, then receded toward the crest of the hill which we had left. Eighty or ninety feet below the shelf from which the foam leaped, it

encountered opposition, and springing into blinding clouds of spray, which at times filled the cañon for some distance, it ran to the right and formed a second fall, extending thirty feet down to the lower channel. On the left, across the face of the bottom part of the cliff, ran minor torrents, bubbling and seething, and everywhere the current was swift, strong, and musical. Landing as I did mid stream, and facing the fall, there seemed no exit from the valley save by balloon. On every side the walls appeared to rise perpendicularly, and, indeed, the trail was found only after vexatious buffeting among the rocks. When I reached the top, the others had departed, and I overtook them at a log-cabin, where they had halted for dinner. The Colonel smilingly presented himself.

"I got a fall from a high rock," he said, "and lost the antidote for rattlesnake bites, which I carried for you others, out of my pocket. It took me a good hour to find it again; besides, I have seen the falls once before."

The cabin where we rested stood on a very steep hill-side, and was composed of two solidly-constructed square log buildings, connected by a porch. The furniture was of the simplest character. There was a fireplace, a rough board-table, with benches around it, a spinning-wheel, and a quilting frame, at which three tall girls were busily working. The rude walls and the plank floor were bare. In the other room stood one or two high bedsteads, of simple pattern; a mirror, a few inches square, hung near them; there was a Bible and some musty books on the little stand, and a rustic bureau pushed against the wall. The venerable matron of the household, with her gray hair combed smoothly back under her sun-bonnet, which she kept on, stood guard over the table, with a fly-brush, and served buttermilk from an earthen jar, while she gossiped with the doctor.

"Jeems—Jeems is my youngest son's name, doctor. He'll be eighteen this year; 'n he's a right smart boy."

Although sixty, at least, the matron was strong and hearty; had reared a huge family, and never felt the need of anything more than she possessed. "Reckoned them folks that was huntin' for rocks better tend to ther corn, *she* did."

A little higher up the mountain, in the mica lands, our artist was confronted by the belle of that region. She was pretty.

She had evidently been informed as to our coming by the cunning mischief of the urbane Colonel, and approached the man of pencils with a delightful bashfulness, while she said :

"I want you to take my picture."

Imagine him trying to explain.

"Well, they said anyway that you'd



LOVER'S LEAP—FRENCH BROAD RIVER.

take all our pictures, 'n my sisters' waitin' up t' our house's, 'n law! how fur'd you uns come this mornin'? Jim Lawson! ef you don't keep thet horse's heels away from me!" to a North Carolina cavalier anxious to show us his horsemanship by plunging down a steep bank.

Straightway she led the gentle artist captive,—the pretty mountain girl with her hair combed smoothly down over her cheeks, and with her comely form robed in green.

By and by, in the afternoon, the reunited party, as it crept skyward, plunged, Indian file, into the forest, and took its way to the "Dry Falls." A silence, not of gloom but of reverence, seemed to fall upon all as we entered the aisles of the grand wood, and climbed the knolls which rose like whales' backs every few hundred yards. We were already well upon the Blue Ridge, and crossing towards its south side, in which the monarch rocks

"Whiteside," "Black Rock," "Stooly," and "Fodder Stack," are rooted. Here and there the "surveyor," who had joined us, stopped to look for his mark on a tree, and his sturdy little horse seemed by instinct to find his way athwart the furze. After two miles of climbing, sometimes where the hills were so steep that in descending a misstep of the horse would have cost one broken limbs, we came to a long line of laurel thicket. Here, taking our oil capes, we scrambled into the bushes, and stooping, worked our way to a cliff, down which rugged steps were cut, and stood where we could overlook the cañon into which the upper fall of the Sugar Fork sent its leaping water.

It was a Hibernianism to call this glorious cascade the "Dry Falls;" but the name was suggested by the fact that one may pass beneath the giant shelf, over which it pours, without receiving a severe wetting, although the spray is at times blinding. The river, coming to a dizzy height, leaps with such violence that the water is projected far from the rock, and the beholder seems to see a lace veil, at least sixty feet long, dependent from the hoary walls of the cañon. Passing under it, along the slippery rocks, one comes out upon another stone under beetling precipices, from which little streams run down, and around which the mist and spray rise, and can note the changing gleams of the sunshine as they play on the immense mass of foam suspended between earth and sky. Below, the stream passionately clutches at the rocks, and now and then throws them down into the chasm; there are hollows in the stones which have been worn to a considerable depth by the pattering of the spray of hundreds of years upon them. Here a monument of wall rises dozens of feet from the chaos which is huddled at the fall's bottom. Many of the rude figures seem to have human resemblances, and one might imagine them giants rising from the cañon's deeps to tear away the veil which has been drawn across the entrance to their cavern. The stream runs on a hundred and fifty feet below the summit of the falls in whirlpools and eddies, now forming into inlets in which reeds, ferns and blossoms flourish, and now making a deep, steady current, cold and crystal clear. The pines and spruces seventy feet high seem but toys by the sides of the immense walls; the light, too, in the cañon through the mountain, is strange and fantastic, and seems to cast a

glamour over every minute object. Even the pebbles, and the ferns and tiny grass-sprouts in the soil beneath the shelf over which the fall pours, are purple.

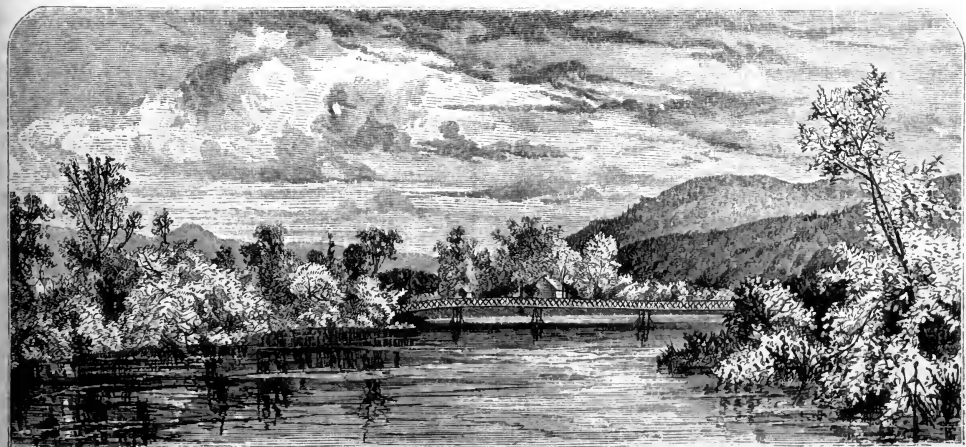
Then the voice—the voice of the fall! Heard from the laurel thicket, it seems to come from the very ground under your feet; heard from the cavern into which you pass, it is somber and complaining, like the winter wind about the house chimneys; and its echoes from the foot of the rapids, to which you may descend if you have firm nerves and a quick step, are like those from some unseen choir in a cathedral gallery,—some chant of priests at High Mass, monotonous, grand, inspiring; “the height, the glow, the gloom, the glory,” all blended, shock and awe the soul. Here is a fall upon whose virgin rocks no quack has painted his shameless sign; whose precipices have not been invaded by the mob of the grand tour; whose solitary magnificence thrills and impresses you as if in some barren land you came upon the dazzling luster of a priceless diamond. But to this, and its brother a few miles below, the feet of thousands of the curious will hereafter wander.

The shadows were creeping over the mighty hills as we hastened back across the wooded slopes, and leaving the main road a little farther on, entered a narrow trail, obstructed by swampy holes and gnarled tree roots. Three miles brought us to “Wright’s”—the little farm-house in a deadening from which we obtained a view of “Short Off,”—and the forest which hid the approaches to “Whiteside.” For some time we had felt the exhilarating

effects of the keen, rarified air, and had noticed the exquisite atmospheric effects peculiar to these regions. The figure of the distant mountain stood out with startling clearness against the heavens; it seemed near at hand, whereas it was in reality miles away. The good farmer and his sons had built a pleasant house on the slope. If every would-be immigrant could see what they have done in a very few years, he would hasten to this fertile section, where more than forty thousand acres are awaiting purchasers. The land is of surprising fertility; even the imperfect cultivation which it has received in the clearings gives surprising results; and the timber is magnificent. All the land is suitable for small grains and roots, gives fine pasturage, and there are numerous quartz veins running through the hills, indicating the presence of gold in large quantities. The Indians once mined successfully for silver along the slopes of the Blue Ridge, near “Whiteside”; but, although they left the region only thirty years ago, and search has often been made for their riches, no traces of them have yet been found.

The Spaniards once prospected for minerals, and with evident success, in all these regions; and in Cherokee county immense excavations, supposed to be the work of De Soto and his army, have been discovered. Some years ago copper crucibles, with traces of white metal still remaining in them, were unearthed at a place where a vein of lead, silver and gold may be noted.

The summit of Whiteside is perhaps five thousand feet high, but its peculiar loca-



VIEW NEAR WARM SPRINGS—ON THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER.

tion enables one to gain from it the most striking prospect in North Carolina. It overlooks a country of peaks and projections, of frightful precipices, often of naked rock, but generally fringed with delicate foliage; a country dotted with fertile clearings set down in the midst of forests; of valleys inaccessible save by narrow passes; of curious caves and tangled trails; of buttes and knobs, reached only by dangerous passes, where one finds the bluff's base thousands of feet down in some nook, and as he looks up sees the wall towering far above him.

At dawn of next day we plunged into the woods beyond "Wright's," and wound through a trail whose trace we of the cities should soon have lost, but in which our companions of the neighborhood easily kept until we reached a wooded hill-side, whence we could see the "Devil's Courthouse," and catch a glimpse of "Whiteside's" top. The former is a grand rocky bluff, with its foot planted among the thickets, and its brow crowned with a rugged castle-like formation. The ragged sides are here and there stained like the walls of an old building, and it is not difficult to imagine that one is beholding the ruined walls of some giant castle. The "surveyor" urged us forward, and our stout horses soon brought us to the clearing, where we were compelled to leave them and climb the remaining distance on foot.

Here, more than four thousand feet above the ocean level, the sun beat down with extreme fierceness, and was reflected back from the hard white of the rocks with painful intensity. The horses lariat, the judge sprang up the narrow pathway, and regardless of rattlesnakes, we clambered on all fours, clinging sometimes to roots, sometimes to frail and yielding bunches of grass and ferns; now trod breathlessly a path in the black dirt on the edge of a rock sixty feet high; now hung, poised by our hands, from one ledge while we swung to another; and now dug out foot-holds in the stone when we ascended a perpendicular wall.

Finally we came to a plateau covered with a kind of gorze, and with laurel bushes scattered here and there; pushing through this, we wound, by a gradual ascent, to the summit of Whiteside, and the edge of the precipice. There we were face to face with the demon of the abyss.

Let me tell you how the surveyor saw him.

"One day," said the surveyor, seating himself with admirable carelessness on the dreadful slope of a rock overhanging the awful depths, "I was taking some levels below, and at last thought I would climb Whiteside. While I was coming up, a storm passed over the mountains, and when I reached the top, everything was hidden in such a dense mist, fog, or cloud, that one could hardly see his hand before his face. I strolled on until I reached a spot which I thought I recognized, and sat down, stretching my feet carelessly.

"Luckily enough, I didn't move; I was mighty still, for I was tired, and the fog was solemn like; but pretty soon it blew away right smart, and dog my skin if I wasn't perched on the very outer edge of this line of rock, and about two inches between me and twelve hundred feet of sheer fall.

"I saw the trees in Casher's Valley, and the clearings, and then the sky, for I didn't look twice at the fall below me; but I flattened myself against the rock, and turned over; and I never want to come up here in a fog again."

Imagine a waterfall two thousand feet high suddenly turned to stone, and you have the general effect of the Whiteside precipice as seen in the single, terrified, reluctant glance which you give from the top. There is the curve and the grand dizzy bend downward; were it not for occasional clumps of foliage down the sides, the resemblance would be absolute.

The mountain itself lies rooted in the western slope of the Blue Ridge. The veteran McDowell has compared it to the carcass of some great monster, upon whose head you climb, and along whose mammoth spine you wander, giddy with terror each time you gaze over the skeleton sides.

The main rock stands on a hill sixteen hundred feet high, and its upper crest is twenty-four hundred feet above the branch of the Chattooga River, which runs near the hill's base. From top to tail of the mammoth skeleton the distance is eight hundred feet. Viewed at a proper distance, in the valley below, from its southeast front, it is one of the sublimest natural monuments in the United States. The sunshine plays upon walls which are at times of dazzling whiteness, and the sheer fall seems to continue to the very level of the valley, although it is here and there broken by landings.



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL—EAGLE HOTEL, ASHEVILLE.

But the outlook! It was the culmination—the finishing stroke of all our rich and varied mountain surprises! When we were seated on the white crag, over which a fresh breeze perpetually blew, the wrinkled world beneath us literally “crawled.” Everything seemed dwarfed and insignificant below. Even the brother crags—to the southwest, Fodderstack and Black Rock, and Stooly, to the northwest—although in reality rising nearly to the elevation of Whiteside, seemed like small hills. To the northeast, as far as the eye could reach, rose a multitude of sharply defined blue and purple peaks, the valleys between them, vast and filled with frightful ravines, seeming the merest gullies on the earth’s surface. Farther off than this line of peaks rose the dim outlines of the Balsam and Smoky Ranges. In the distant southwest, looking across into Georgia, we could descry “Mount Yonah,” lonely and superb, with a cloud wreath about his brow; sixty miles away, in South Carolina, a flash of sunlight revealed the roofs of the little German settlement of “Walhalla”; and on the south-

east, beyond the precipices and ragged projections, towered up “Chimney Top Mountain,” while the “Hog Back” bent its ugly form against the sky, and “Cold Mountain” rose on the left. Turning to the north, we beheld “Yellow Mountain,” with its square sides, and “Short-Off.” Beyond and beyond, peaks and peaks and ravines and ravines! It was like looking down on the world from a balloon.

The wealthy citizens of South Carolina have long known of the charms of this section, and many of them annually visit it. In a few years its wildness will be tamed; a summer hotel will doubtless stand on the site of “Wright’s” farm-house, and the lovely forests will be penetrated by carriage roads; steps will be cut along the ribs of Whiteside; and a shelter will be erected on the very summit. A storm on the vast rock, with the lightning playing hide-and-seek in the crevices of the precipice, is an experience which gives

one an enlarged idea of the powers of Heaven.

There is one pass on Whiteside which, though eminently dangerous, is now and then essayed, and Jonas, and one of the woodmen of our party, resolved to try it. While we commoner mortals drank in the wonderful view, and hob-nobbed with the clouds, these adventurers climbed down the precipice’s sides, and coming to a point not far from the Devil’s Court House, where the pass begins, launched themselves boldly forward. To gain a cave which is supposed in former times to have been the abode of an Indian sorcerer or medicine-man, they were compelled to step out upon a narrow ledge running along the very side of the cliff, and turning a corner with no support above or below. The ledge or path is, at its beginning, two feet wide, and, as it nears the cavern, not more than eighteen inches in width. A single misstep, or a failing of the nerves would have precipitated them a thousand feet into the valley, and above them the comfortless rock rose three hundred feet. Hugging the wall, and fairly flattening themselves against it, they

calmly went forward and reached the cavern in safety. Returning, with their eyes blinded by the shadows of the rocky crevice, the demon of the abyss seized upon Jonas, and prompted him to look down. One glance, and the awful depths seemed to claim him. He shrank towards the wall, dug his finger nails into the crevices,



FIRST PEEP AT PATTON'S.

uttered a faint cry, looked up, and was saved. His companion, following imperturbably behind, did not trouble himself about the depths, and striding coolly forward, with his hand filled with mineral specimens, came out upon the plateau unmoved, while Jonas seemed to have seen specters. From time to time "Indian ladders,"—huge trunks of trees with the boughs so chopped off as to form steps, have been found on Whiteside, indicating that the savages frequently visited the mountain, and the tradition that it was the scene of some of their superstitious rites seems well authenticated. Now-a-days a few young men wander about its hills and ravines, inspecting their bear-traps, and sometimes are fortunate enough to encounter a shaggy bruin, wallowing in moss or ensconced near a tree.

At evening, as we reposed at Wright's, the thunder broke along the sky, and the lightning struck among the rocks on the adjacent hills. The storm was mighty and beautiful; a strange, rushing wind came with it, bending the saplings in the forest like chaff, and then the clouds covered the mountain-top, and a fine mist fell. The

sky was luminous, the lightning seeming to rend it in twain, and we were mute and frightened before the terrific grandeur of the battling elements.

"Whiteside" stands near the extreme southeastern border of Macon county. We descended from it down the Tuckaseege Valley into Jackson. Through both these counties runs an extensive copper belt, the ore in Jackson county being mainly bisulphuret or green carbonate of copper. Throughout this region the advantages for the location of grazing farms are superb, because the high mountains arrest the passing clouds, and condense them into rain so often that the lands are never parched or dry. Snow rarely lingers long there, and even in a hard winter the mountain herbage and ferns are readily made into hay.

On a bright Sunday we descended towards the course of the Tuckaseege, and a violent storm delayed us at a lowly cabin, near the path by which now and then a visitor penetrates to Tuckaseege cataract. According to the custom of the country, we hastily carried our saddles into the porch and sat down on them to talk with the residents. The tall, lean, sickly farmer, clad in a homespun pair of trowsers and a flax shirt, with the omnipresent gray slouched hat, minus rim, drawn down over his forehead, courteously greeted us, and volunteered to direct us to the falls, though he "was powerful afeard of snakes." Butter-milk and biscuit were served; we conversed

with the farmer on his condition. He cultivated a small farm, like most of the neighbors in moderate circumstances; only grew corn enough for his own support; "didn't reckon he should stay thar long; warn't no schools, and he reckoned his children need-ed larnin'; schools never was handy; too many miles away." There was very little money in all the region round about; farmers rarely saw fifty



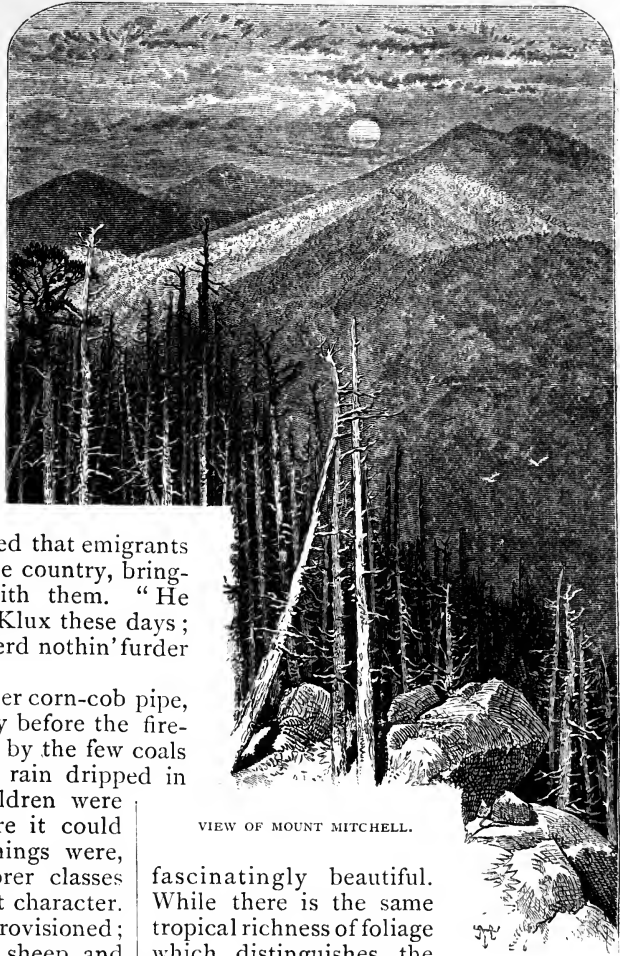
A SPECTATOR.

dollars in cash from year to year; the few things which they needed from the outside world they got by barter. The children were, as a rule, mainly occupied in minding the innumerable pigs about the cabin, and caring for the stock. The farmers thought sheep raising would be "powerful peart," if folks had a little more capital to begin on; thought a man might get well-to-do in a year or two, by such investment. He welcomed the mineral movement gladly; reckoned maybe we could send him some one to buy his farm, and let him get to a more thickly settled region; but seemed more cheerful when we suggested that emigrants might come in and settle up the country, bringing a demand for schools with them. "He reckoned there warn't no Ku-Klux these days; never knew nothin' on'em. Heerd nothin' furdur from 'em sence the break-up."

The housewife was smoking her corn-cob pipe, and sitting rather disconsolately before the fire-place, warming her thin hands by the few coals remaining in the ashes. The rain dripped in through the roof, and the children were huddled mutely together where it could not reach them. The furnishings were, as everywhere among the poorer classes in the mountains, of the plainest character. But the log barns were amply provisioned; stock looked well, and a few sheep and goats were amicably grouped under the shed.

The rain had so submerged the country that we gave up a visit to the cataract, said to be superior to the two other falls we had seen; and, as we rode on, there came a pause in the shower. Presently we overtook a party of mountaineers going to church. The women, perched on the horses behind the men, peered curiously at us from beneath their large sun-bonnets, and the men talked cheerily. The church, which we passed, was ruder than Parson Caton's in Tennessee. It was merely a log-cabin, inside which benches were placed. The congregation was singing a quaint hymn as we rode by, and a few men, for whom there was no room inside, lounged near the saplings where their horses were hitched, listening intently.

The copper region of Jackson County is



VIEW OF MOUNT MITCHELL.

fascinatingly beautiful. While there is the same tropical richness of foliage which distinguishes the other counties, there is a greater wealth of stream-side loveliness; there are dozens of foamy creeks and by-ways, overhung with vines. The hills are admirably fertile in the vicinity of the Way-ye-hutta and Cullowhee copper mines, and many of the vineyards were exquisitely cultivated. The Cullowhee Mountain is charming; no region in the South can furnish stronger attractions for emigrants. "Look at that valley," said an English resident to me, "a few farmers from England, with their system of small farms and careful cultivation, would make this an Eden." And he did not exaggerate. Give all that section immigration now, and railroads cannot be kept out of it, even by the rascality of such gigantic swindles as have been forced upon North Carolina. The copper mines in Jackson were worked extensively before the war, and Northern



THE JUDGE HANGS ON.

capital and shrewd English mining experience are once more developing them. The ore is "hauled," as the North Carolinians say, more than forty miles over a wagon road. The Blue Ridge tracts and the lands in Jackson County demand the attention of such men as Joseph Arch and other English agitators of the agricultural revolution in Great Britain. Vast tracts of the lands in Western North Carolina can be sold to colonists or capitalists at from one to two dollars per acre.

Some days later, the judge enthusiastically pointed out to us the beauties of Asheville, the Mecca of the North Carolina mountaineer. We had journeyed thither down the valley of the Pigeon River,—a tranquil stream, with flour mills here and there, perched in cozy nooks along its banks. A thirty mile wagon ride from Waynesville, landed us at the great white "Eagle Hotel," from whose doors the Asheville stages ply over all the roads west of the Blue Ridge. In the valley where Asheville lies the capricious "French Broad" receives into its noble channel the beautiful Swannanoa, pearl of North Carolinian rivers. Around the little city, which now boasts a population of twenty-five hundred people,—are grouped many

noticeable hills; out of the valley of "Hommony Creek" somber Mount Pisgah rises like a frowning giant, and from the town the distant summits of the Balsam range may be faintly discerned. From "Beaucatcher Knob," the site of a Confederate fort, overhanging Asheville, the looker towards the southwest will see half a hundred peaks shooting skyward; while in the foreground lies the oddly-shaped town, with the rich green fields

along the French Broad beyond it. Asheville Court House stands nearly 2,250 feet above the level of the sea; and the climate of all the adjacent region is mild, dry, and full of salvation for consumptives. The hotels, and many of the cheery and comfortable farm-houses are in summer crowded with visitors from the East and West; and the local society is charmingly cordial and agreeable. Buncombe County, of which Asheville is the central and chief town, was named after Col. Edward Buncombe, a good revolutionary soldier and patriot, and its name has become familiar to us in the quaint saying so often used in the political world, "He's only talking for Buncombe," when a legislator is especially fervent in aid of some local project. At Asheville, we were once more in a region of wooden and brick houses, banks, hotels and streets; and, although still some distance from any railroad, felt as if we had a hold upon the outer world.

Asheville has heretofore, to the world at large, been unknown. Enthusiastic invalids, who there regained their health, have from time to time sung its charms, but the little town, situated two hundred and fifty miles from the State capital, had only a fleeting fame. The war brought

it now and then into notice; Gen. Stoneman with his command, fought his way through the passes to Waynesville, and at a short distance from Asheville the last Confederate battle east of the Mississippi occurred. The town has grown steadily and remarkably since the war, and now has banks, good churches, well-furnished stores, three newspapers, and ample hotels; while in the vicinity the tobacco which grows so abundantly in Buncombe is prepared for the market, and great quantities of cheese are annually manufactured. Beautiful natural parks surround it; superb oaks cast their shadows on greenest of lawns, and noble maples, ash and walnuts border the romantic roadway. But a few miles from the town's center are excellent white sulphur springs, from which a variety of exquisite views are to be had, and only nine miles north of the town are the so-called "Million Springs," beautifully situated in a cave between two ranges of mountains, where sulphur and chalybeate waters may be had in profusion.

The town of Asheville will in future be the railroad center of Western North Carolina, and must grow to be a large and flourishing city. The present poverty of the section as to railroad communication is largely due to the discouragement consequent on the manner in which the confidence of those subscribing to the principal enterprise has been betrayed. The unfinished embankments, the half-built culverts and arches of the Western North Carolina Railroad, which are to be seen in many of the western counties, are monuments to the rapacity and meanness of a few men in whom those counties placed confidence. The plan of this railroad is a fine one, and would soon develop the noble mountain country into a formidably wealthy section. It proposed to supply a route from Salisbury, N. C. to Asheville, and thence by two lines to give advantageous outlets. One of these was to run down the valley of the French Broad River to "Paint Rock," on the Tennessee line, connecting with the Cincinnati, Cumberland Gap, and Charleston Railroad, leading to Morristown, Tennessee, which would have connections with the through route from New York to New Orleans, at Morristown, and would complete the great air line from Charleston in South Carolina, to Cincinnati in Ohio, by connecting at Lexington or Paris, in Kentucky, with the Kentucky Central road. The other outlet was

to be by the main line passing due west from Asheville through the western counties to Ducktown, in Cherokee County, and thence on to Cleveland in Tennessee, whence it is but a short distance to Chattanooga. Thus the gates of this now almost unknown region would be unlocked, and the best sections penetrated by rail routes. But the work lies incomplete, under the very eyes of the hard-working mountaineers who have been swindled. The money which they subscribed has been spirited away, and still the eastern division of the road has only reached to Old Fort, twenty-five miles from Asheville.

The other routes are few and insufficient. The "Central North Carolina," formerly the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad, is to run from Wilmington on the coast via Wadesboro', Charlotte, and Lincolnton to Cherryville, and is intended to reach Asheville, but has eighty-five miles yet to build from Cherryville. The Union and Spartanburg Railroad, leading from Alston in South Carolina to the Greenville and Columbia route, twenty-five miles north of Columbia, is to be extended to Asheville, a distance of seventy-four miles, crossing the Blue Ridge at Butt Mountain Gap; and the Laurens and Asheville Railroad Company intends to build a road from Laurensville, via Greenville in South Carolina to Asheville, which will furnish a means of connection with the Atlanta and Richmond Air Line.

The importance of the extension which would give a through direct line from Cincinnati to Charleston, can hardly be overestimated. The links still to be built would develop not only a rich, but a wildly romantic and picturesque country. The valley of the French Broad River conforms with perfect accuracy to the general direction of an air line between the two cities. And what a valley it is! The forty-four miles from Asheville to Wolf Creek form one of the most delightful of mountain journeys. The rugged wagon road runs close to the river's banks all the way to Warm Springs, a charming watering place a short distance from the Tennessee line. As you penetrate the valley the river grows more and more turbulent; its broad current now dashes into breakers and foam-flakes, as it beats against the myriads of rocks set in the channel bed; now swirls and eddies around the masses of driftwood washed down from the sides of the gigantic mountains which rise almost perpen-

dicularly from the tiny stretches of sand at the water's edge; now, deep and black, or in stormy weather yellow and muddy, it flows in a strong, steady current beside banks where the trees are grouped in beautiful forms, creating foregrounds over which the artist's eye lovingly lingers. The Indians named the French Broad "the racing river;" and, as it hurls its wavelets around the corner of some islet or promontory, one sees how faithfully the name describes the stream. Each separate drop of water seems to be racing with every other. A party of American hunters named the stream after their captain, French, during the days of early settlement, and from "French's Broad" the name finally assumed its present form. One can hear the voice of the river always crying among the cliffs, and moaning and sighing as it laps the low banks in the narrow gorge. It was the rare good fortune of our party to journey beside the stream during a terrific storm. As we reached the little town of Marshall,—a few white buildings grouped beneath immense cliffs,—a wild tempest of wind and rain, which snapped the locusts like paper twine, blew down oaks, made "land slides," and prostrated the crops, came through the valley; and then the roar of the river was sublime. Straggling along in the storm, we gave ourselves completely up to the grandeur of the occasion; the creeks which came down from the rocks were so swollen that they would have carried the stoutest horse out into the wild chaos of the dashing and leaping stream, and drowned him in the mysterious eddies. Night came, and we slept in a little farmhouse, with the river singing its delicious songs of unrest and impatience at its mountain bounds in our ears. Skillful fording in the morning enabled us to pursue our journey along the washed-out road, where beetling crags almost shut out the light; where there was not room for two carriages abreast, and some stone monarch of the glen leaned toward the stream's edge as if just about to topple downward. For miles the rocks towered up loftily, and miniature torrents ran down their sides, rippling across the road into the river, upon whose farther bank there was no refuge whatever; only the sheer rock with its coating of foliage; the tangled thickets on the height; the gleam of the streamlet piercing its way athwart the stones fifteen hundred feet in air!

The traveler who is not strongly moved by his first gaze upon this valley, must be indeed *blasé*. The approaches to Warm Springs exceed in grandeur any other portion of the gorge. Pyramidal hills rise on either hand; the soft breeze of the south brings perfume from the borders of little river lakes, where the current has set backward, and is held in place by banks covered with delicate flowers. "Mountain Island," two miles from the Springs, is a hilly islet in the impetuous stream; its shores and its slopes are rich in beauty, carpeted with evergreens, and all the colors of the rich North Carolinian flora. Below it the river becomes smooth, and moves majestically, only to break up anew into sparkling and fantastic cascades. Suddenly leaving the looming mountains, with the famous rock "Lover's Leap" on the right, one finds that the south-west bank of the river recedes, and gives place to a level plain, in whose center is a beautiful grove. From this clump of trees peer out the white pillars of the Warm Springs' Hotel. It is not far from the banks of the French Broad, which there is more than four hundred feet wide, and traversed by a high bridge. The Warm Springs were discovered late in the last century by some adventurous scouts, who had penetrated farther than was prudent into the then Indian country. The springs boil up from the margins of the river, and of "Spring Creek," and have a temperature of one hundred and five degrees. Thither the rheumatic, and those afflicted with kindred diseases, repair yearly in large numbers, and find speedy relief. From a spacious lawn one can look up river at massive cliffs and mountains clad in rich foliage; and for miles and miles around there is a succession of quaint and oddly shaped rocks. Nine miles beyond the Springs the railroad from Wolf Creek gives prompt connection with the through line to New York. Five miles below, on the Tennessee line, is the "Paint Rock," two hundred feet high, a titanic mass of stone whose face is marked as with red paint, and which seems to have been pounded by some terrible Thorhammer into multitudinous fragments, some of which overhang the highway. Not far from this point one comes also to the "Chimneys,"—the unpoetic name given to jagged stone monuments, rising four hundred feet into the air, serene, awful, gigantic, while the "racing river" cries and caracoles at their bases. Hun-

dreds, nay, thousands of fragments, shaped like diamonds, or squares, of round flint and sandstone, and almost every other kind of stone, lie scattered below, as though hurled down by a thunderbolt; and swarms of turkey-buzzards hover in and out among the crags.

Five thousand square miles are embraced within the limits of Buncombe County, and there are at least four hundred thousand acres still unimproved. The large farms are, as a rule, carefully cultivated; there are several in the immediate vicinity of the town which are models of high culture. The lands are of amazing fertility, and the tobacco has frequently taken the first and second premiums at the Virginia State Fair. The older settlers are beginning to cultivate their land more thoroughly and scientifically, now that new comers have shown them that it is worth while to do it. Throughout Buncombe, as other adjacent counties, the chances for fruit culture are superb; North Carolina can supply the world with apples—gigantic in size and delicate in flavor. Hematite iron ores crop out at various points in the county. The raising of mules and horses is one of the profitable occupations of the well-to-do farmers, and every year immense droves of those animals pass through Asheville on their route to the lower Southern States. Beaufort Harbor will be Asheville's nearest port, and a very convenient one, if ever the Western North Carolina Railroad is completed. Manufacturing is needed, and would find superior advantages, in all the region round about Ashe-

ville. In the valley of the French Broad there are many admirable mill sites, the river at Asheville being quite as large as the Merrimac at Lowell, in Massachusetts. The water power is generally superb, because most of the mountain streams, before they flow out into Tennessee, have a fall of a thousand feet. Timber is abundant, and when the railroad comes, it will run through finely timbered regions.

Our journey along the Swannanoa was a revelation. We missed the noisy grandeur of the French Broad valley, but we found ample compensation in the quiet loveliness of the stream which the reverent Indian named "beautiful." Four miles from Asheville, going north-eastward, towards the Black Mountains, we reached the river, and followed its placid current through a beautifully-cultivated valley. A rich carpet of green covered its banks, and there was the same charming effect produced by the trailing of the vines over the trees, which we had noticed in the mountains. The river was sometimes deeply dark in color; now and then faintly blue or purple, as the sunshine played upon it through the thickets; here and there we came to a place where it had formed a little lake, across which a rustic bridge was thrown, and where one of the long, slender canoes of the country was moored to a sapling; now, where some rich farmer's mansion stood on a lawn, dotted with oaks and hickories; now, where we caught a glimpse of the distant Potato Top Mountain; now, where an old mill was half hidden under clusters of azaleas and the low-laurels.

The summit of the Black Mountains is the highest point in the United States east of the Mississippi river, and the rugged range, clad in its garments of balsam and moss, glorious with its vistas of apparently endless hills and fancifully-shaped valleys, is the chief pride of the North Carolinian mountaineer. Our party left Asheville late one bright morning, sped along the Swannanoa to "Alexander's," a good halting point, seven or eight miles from the mountain's foot, and then pushed on to



SIGNAL STATION AND MITCHELL'S GRAVE—SUMMIT OF THE BLACK MOUNTAINS.

Patton's, the collection of humble cabins, nestled at the very base of the chain of peaks. Our German companion sang his merriest songs that afternoon, and the Judge's cheery halloo was heard at every mile, for the loveliest phases of Nature gave us their inspiration. As we approached Patton's, the long ridges of "Craggy" loomed up like ramparts to the eastward, and the sun tinged the sky above them crimson and purple. The music from the ripples of the fork of the Swannanoa, which we were now ascending, drifted on the evening air; the kalmias, the azaleas, and the honeysuckles, sent forth their perfumes; the wood-choppers, their feet well protected against the snakes by stout boots, were strolling supperward, and gave us hearty good evenings; the cow-bells tinkled musically, and in a corner of Patton's yard a mountain smith was clanging his hammer against his anvil, seemingly keeping time with the refrain to which all Nature was moved. The evening was still and warm, even in that elevated region. While some of us remained in the cabin below, and listened to tales of Black Mountain adventure, the aspiring Jonas, with a companion, pushed on, a few miles beyond, that he might see sunrise from the heights, even though he had to sleep in a crazy and decaying house on the edge of a dizzy cliff, with the floor for his bed, and his saddle for a pillow.

It is twelve miles from Patton's to the summit of Mitchell's Peak, and the ascent, which is very arduous, is usually broken by stop at the "Mountain House," four miles from the foot, and another at the point where the government once maintained an observatory, on a rock six thousand five hundred and seventy-eight feet high, and three miles from the topmost height, which rises suddenly from the range, a mass of ragged projections, covered with deadened tree trunks. At early dawn we were on our road to the Mountain House, at first through thickets, then along a creek bed, where the cautious mountain horses walked with the greatest difficulty;



THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE—ON THE WAY TO MT. MITCHELL'S SUMMIT.

now fording a creek twenty times in half an hour, now bending as we came to tree trunks half fallen across the trail. The road wound snake-like upon the hillside, until at last we were compelled to clamber up perpendicular ascents, and ahead could see the Judge's figure, bent to the horse's neck, with his hands clinging to the mane, and his venerable head dodging the malicious boughs which now and then threatened him with the fate of Absalom. A slip upon a smooth stone frightened one of the horses so that he stood still and trembled for a moment, so well did he realize the result of a fall or roll backwards; sometimes the animals would stand and listen, with their ears ominously cocked as if watching for snakes; often they paused as if in mute despair at the task before them.

But after an hour and a half of this laborious climbing, during which we had ascended at least fifteen hundred feet, we heard the halloo of Jonas and his companion, and, scrambling up the track of a little water course, came out upon the plateau on whose edge stood the Mountain House.

The "house" is a small Swiss cottage, once solidly built of stout beams, but now

fast decaying. It was built by William Patton, a wealthy citizen of Charleston, and before the war was often the resort of gay parties, who dined merrily on the cliff's verge, and saluted the sunset with champagne. It stands but a few yards from the edge of the Balsam growth, where the vegetation changes, and the atmosphere is sensibly different. It is five thousand four hundred and sixty feet above the sea level, at the point in front of the Mountain House where one looks down into the valley, and sees the forest clad ridges creeping below him for miles; notes the twin peaks of Craggy, and their naked tops; then turns in mute wonder to the wood above him, and searches in vain for the peaks beyond. While at the windows of the Mountain House we seemed to be gazing from mid air down upon the Blue Ridge. The illusion was perfect. Below us the mists were rising solemnly and slowly; peak after peak was unveiled; vast horizons dawned upon us; we seemed to overtop the world.

We turned from this view of the valleys and entered the balsam thickets, pushing eagerly forward to Mount Mitchell.

And now we came into the region of the pink and scarlet rhododendrons. Whenever there was an opening in the trees the hill-side was aflame with them. Masses of their stout bushes hung along our path, and showered the fragile red blossoms upon us. The white mountain laurel, too, was omnipresent, but the scarlet banner usurped the greatest space. When we came to a narrow trail, where slippery rocks confronted us, and ragged balsam trunks compelled us to clamber over dangerous crags, we found the way strewn with a crimson carpet after our horses had struggled through. Here, too, were masses of evergreen, and red-pointed mosses, and the azaleas again, along the border of streamlets, and the purple rosebay and the tall grasses in the clearings, in whose midst nestled timorously tiny white blossoms and ground berries.

To climb Vesuvius is no more difficult than to scale the Black Mountain, for although one can reach the very top of the latter on horseback, he is in constant danger of breaking his limbs and those of his horse on the rough pathway. By the time we had reached "Mount Mitchell," and seated ourselves upon its rocks, our horses were as thoroughly enthusiastic as we were, and peered out over the crags with genuine curiosity.

From Mount Mitchell we saw that we were upon a center from whence radiated several mountain chains. To the south we could see even as far as the Cumberland line, and could readily discern the "Bald Mountain," and our old friend the Smoky; while nearer, in the same direction, we noted the Balsam range. Sweeping inward from the north-east coast were the long ridges of the Alleghanies; on the north the chain of the Black culminated in a fantastic rock pile; while on the south the ridges of Craggy once more stood revealed. To the east we could overlook the plains of North and South Carolina; on the north-east we saw Table Rock and the "Hawk Bill," twin mountains, piercing the clouds; while beyond them rose the abrupt "Grandfather Mountain," and the bluff of the Roan. On the south were the high peaks of the Alleghanies, the Pinnacles, Rocky Knob, Gray Beard, Bear Wallow, and Sugar Loaf.

Another hour and a half of climbing, then dashing through a clearing, we suddenly saw above us a crag two hundred feet high, with a stone-strewn path leading up it. Our horses sprang to their risky task; they rushed up the ascent,—slipped, caught against the edges of the stones, snorted with fear, then laid back their ears and gave a final leap, and we were on Mitchell's High Peak, utterly above Alleghanies, Blue Ridge, or Mount Washington. Our horses' ears brushed the clouds. In a few moments we were at Mitchell's grave.

Here we were above the rhododendrons, and only a gnarled and stunted growth sprang up. The trees were nearly all dead; those still alive seemed lonely and miserable. The rude grave of the explorer, with the four rough slabs placed around it, recalled the history of the man, and the origin of the peak's name. The Rev. Dr. Elisha Mitchell, a native of Connecticut, graduate of Yale, and a professor of prominence in the University of North Carolina, established the fact by measurements, made from 1835 to 1844, that the Black was the highest range east of the Rocky Mountains in the United States. He grew very much to love the work of studying these heights, and spent weeks in wandering alone among them. The rough mountaineers learned to revere him, and he became as skillful a woodsman as any of them. In June, of 1857, after accomplishing some difficult surveys, and, as it is supposed, having ascended the pinnacle



VIEW ON THE SWANANNOA RIVER, NEAR ASHEVILLE.

which now bears his name, he was descending into Yancey County, when, overtaken by night and a blinding storm, he strayed over a precipice on "Sugar Camp Creek," and was discovered some days afterwards, dead at the bottom of a waterfall, his body perfectly preserved in the limpid pool. His friends, the mountaineers, who mourned his loss bitterly, buried him in Asheville; but a year later his remains were carried to the mountain tops and there placed in a grave among the rocks he had loved so well.

Near the grave the government has established a signal house, where two brave fellows dare the storms which occur almost daily. The anger of the heavens, as witnessed from this stony perch in mid air, is frightful to contemplate, and many a day the lonely men have expected to see their only shelter hurled down into the ravines below. The view from the topmost peak is similar, in most respects, to that from lower Mount Mitchell; but the effect is more grand and imposing, and the mountains to the south and east seem

to stand out in bolder relief. A tremulous mist from time to time hung about us; the clouds now and then shut the lower world from our vision, and we seemed standing on a narrow precipice, toward whose edges we dared not venture.

As we descended, that afternoon, the pheasant strutted across our path; the cross-bill turned his head archly to look at us; the mountain boomer nervously skipped from tree to tree; the rocks seemed ablaze as we approached the rhododendron thickets; the brooks rippled never so musically, and the azalia's perfume was sweeter than ever before. Each member of the party, dropping bridle rein on his weary horse's neck, as we came once more into the open space where stands the "Mountain House," and looked down thousands of feet into the yawning valley; as the peace and silence, and eternal grandeur of the scene ripened in his soul, involuntarily bared his head in reverence. Goethe was right:

"On every height there lies repose."

THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.


I MET a little maid one day,
All in the bright May weather ;
She danced, and brushed the dew away
As lightly as a feather.
She had a ballad in her hand
That she had just been reading,
But was too young to understand :—
That ditty of a distant land,
“The flower of love lies bleeding.”

She tripped across the meadow grass,
To where a brook was flowing,
Across the brook like wind did pass,—
Wherever flowers were growing
Like some bewildered child she flew,
Whom fairies were misleading :
“Whose butterfly,” I said, “are you ?
And what sweet thing do you pursue ?”—
“The flower of love lies bleeding !”

“I’ve found the wild rose in the hedge,
I’ve found the tiger-lily,—
The blue flag by the water’s edge,—
The dancing daffodilly,—
King-cups and pansies,—every flower
Except the one I’m needing ;—
Perhaps it grows in some dark bower,
And opens at a later hour,—
This flower of love lies bleeding.”

“I would n’t look for it,” I said,
“For you can do without it :
There’s no such flower.” She shook her head ;
“But I have read about it !”
I talked to her of bee and bird,
But she was all unheeding :
Her tender heart was strangely stirred,
She harped on that unhappy word,—
“The flower of love lies bleeding !”

“My child,” I sighed, and dropped a tear,
“I would no longer mind it ;
You’ll find it some day, never fear,
For all of us must find it !
I found it many a year ago,
With one of gentle breeding ;
You and the little lad you know,—
I see why you are weeping so,—
Your flower of love lies bleeding !”



THE CRÉDIT MOBILIER.

ON the 11th day of December, 1865, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker of the House of Representatives, delivered a lecture at Washington, entitled "Across the Continent." It was subsequently addressed to crowded audiences at so many places, that its delivery is said to have netted Mr. Colfax twelve thousand dollars. The peroration of that lecture was a touching appeal for a railroad "across the continent." The eloquent speaker, who then little dreamed that in coming days his good name and fame were to be so sadly entangled with the financial history of the road, reminded his many audiences that every inhabitant of Oregon and California still looked upon the East as his old home. He pleaded earnestly for the union of the two extremes of the country, asking that they might be wedded together by an iron tie. He pictured in glowing terms the commerce and wealth that would result from the connection of San Francisco and New York. The lecture, so often delivered, and to such large audiences, touched a tender and patriotic spot in the nation's heart.

But, long before Mr. Colfax had begun to lecture, the national Legislature had made the most munificent offers to those who would agree to construct a railroad to the shores of the Pacific. A charter with a capital of one hundred million dollars had been given to "The Union Pacific Railroad," with a land grant of twenty millions of acres attached. For every running mile of the road twenty square miles of land was given to it! and Government further offered to lend it sixteen thousand dollars a mile through all the level of the prairies, thirty-two thousand a mile for three hundred miles on the easterly slope of the Rocky Mountains and the westerly side of the Sierra Nevada; and forty-eight thousand a mile for the distance between these two slopes. By these munificent charters, Government offered the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific roads a loan of over sixty millions of dollars and a land grant of twenty millions of acres; estimating the land at its minimum price of two dollars and a half an acre, it was worth fifty millions of dollars; estimated at the actual selling price of five dollars an acre, it was worth one hundred millions. Yet capitalists declined to

subscribe: the risk of building two thousand miles of railroad through an uninhabited country, where there could be no local travel, was too great. The wealthy men of the country were all patriotic, however; every one wanted everybody else to subscribe. But as no subscriptions came in, a bill, yet richer in government promise, was made by a committee of which Thaddeus Stevens was chairman, and Oakes Ames a member. The companies were authorized to issue their own bonds to the same amount as those issued by Government, and these were to be first mortgage; those loaned by the nation were to be the second mortgage. This princely offer made government take the whole risk of the enterprise. If there was failure anywhere, the bonds of the two companies would be paid before those advanced from the national treasury; and, as if this were not enough, the Union Pacific was authorized to issue its construction bonds one hundred miles in advance of construction! It now seemed as if money might be made by taking hold of it. Two million dollars worth of stock was subscribed, of which ten per cent. was paid in: and Gen. John A. Dix, of New York, was chosen President. A first mortgage indenture was executed November 1, 1865, whereby Edwin D. Morgan of New York, and Oakes Ames of Massachusetts, as representatives of the wealthy capitalists who were to lend it money, took a mortgage of the road-bed of a road not yet commenced, but for which it was necessary to borrow money. The whole available capital of the road, that was ultimately to cost fifty millions, was only \$218,000!

But then there was this paper mortgage to Messrs. Morgan and Ames; on which money could be borrowed as long as anybody could be induced to lend. Mr. Ames's reputation as a financier stood high throughout the monetary circles of the country. His business life had commenced by the manufacture of shovels on an enormous scale; he was the King of Spades for the whole land. The failure of a firm, the largest in the world, engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements, and on whose stock he held a mortgage, had made him and his firm the fortunate owners of other factories at Worcester and Groton Junction. Starting from

one of the small homés of New England, he had become a millionaire before he arrived at middle age. As years rolled on, and wealth increased, his business reputation lifted him into Congress. In that body he was a prominent member of the Pacific Railroad Committee, and must have been thoroughly cognizant of these great offers, if he did not, as is most probable, actually inspire them. He was honest, as the world reckons honesty; his word was perfectly good, nor were his plans above or below the morality of Wall street. He well knew the commercial value of a reputation for integrity, and made that value his standard. So clear-headed was he that though doing a private business of millions of dollars a year, though guiding the affairs of a large firm, carrying on three separate factories, attending Congress, and building more than one railroad, he kept no books and employed no book-keeper for his private affairs; nothing but dates was ever forgotten by that capacious brain. He had no dread of large sums; no objection to taking a contract for forty-seven millions of dollars, provided the margin for profit was sufficiently large; and he testified that he never once saw the books which kept the account of his contract for that amount. He believed to some extent in the integrity of men, but acted on their selfishness; and he worked for profit rather than for patriotism. He would have the road built for the good of the nation; but he took hold of it for his own advantage.

Mr. Ames was too clear-sighted a man not to see all the difficulties in the construction of the road. The consummation of this enterprise involved building a railroad for a thousand miles through a desert country, crossing three mountain ranges, through a district swarming with hostile Indians, by whom engineers and laborers were repeatedly killed and scalped. While one part of the construction force was digging, another part, armed with Sharpe's rifles, was watching and fighting. A large part of the route was destitute of water, which had in some cases to be transported a hundred and fifty miles on horseback. All the iron, all the cars, much of the timber would have to be brought from five to fifteen hundred miles before it could be used. And more difficult than all else, capital to a large amount was needed; capitalists were to be so convinced of the money to be made some-

where, or somehow, that they would invest to a large amount.

The first object of Mr. Ames and of the other gentlemen who prophetically saw that government was offering more than was sufficient to build the road, was the discovery of some scheme by which the great profits that would ensue from building the road might be diverted from the road itself into the pockets of its stockholders. Government was asking somebody to take twenty-seven millions of dollars for the Union Pacific Road alone, besides as much more for the construction of its continuation, the Central Pacific. It was authorizing them to borrow twenty-seven millions more on a first mortgage; and giving them lands that would ultimately sell for fifty or sixty millions. Liberal as were these offers, the directors did not find it enough. The road has since issued land-grant bonds to the amount of ten millions of dollars and income bonds for over nine millions more. But even on the original offers, it was evident that here were some fifty millions of dollars floating round, waiting to be pocketed. It is not probable that Mr. Ames considered that there was much, if any, practical dishonesty in devising some scheme to this end. Stock-dealings in Wall street are not favorable to delicate notions of honor, nor was Mr. Ames's mental composition such that he would be likely to strain at any financial gnat. But it should be distinctly understood by every reader of this article that as an investment of money in railroad stock, to be repaid from the future earnings of the road, not a dollar would have been subscribed for a road to the Pacific. The only possibility of that construction arose from the profit to be made out of the liberal offers of Government. It was well known to a few men, to Mr. Ames and his confidential friends, that the road could be built for a much smaller sum than Government was offering. Mr. Dey, the Chief Engineer of the road, had already estimated that the first hundred miles could be built for thirty thousand dollars a mile, while Government was offering thirty-two thousand, and the land-grant besides. It was known that the road through the mountains could be built along their gradually ascending slopes nearly as cheaply as in the level valleys, and that the cost would not exceed forty or fifty thousand dollars a mile. Government offered sixty-four thousand a mile

for a large part of the way, and ninety-six thousand for the remainder, the land-grant to be thrown in as additional. The great question, therefore, was how to transfer this excess of values over cost of construction from the treasury of the United States to the private purses of the builders; and this device was agreed upon: a corporation of a different name, but owned by the same parties, should build the new road. That other corporation should receive all these vast profits and divide them among its stockholders, who were also stockholders in the Union Pacific, but who as such could not legally receive them. Should Congress subsequently make inquiry for its hundred millions, the stockholders of the Union Pacific road would reply: "We have no bonds or moneys; we paid them over to the *Crédit Mobilier* for work that that corporation did for us." To the same inquiry of the other company the reply would be: "We are not a United States corporation, and, therefore, are not amenable to Congress. We contracted to do so much work for so much money, and have done it. Now, what are you going to do about it?" Such was the ingenious plan devised and subsequently carried out. By it Oakes Ames, Cornelius S. Bushnell, John B. Alley, T. C. Durant, and their associates built the road, and divided among themselves all funds not used in its construction.

The corporation they used for this purpose was first chartered as "The Pennsylvania Fiscal Agency." It was a corporation modeled after the *Crédit Mobilier* of France, and to this corporation came a cosmopolitan gentleman, widely but not favorably known as George Francis Train. He introduced himself as the financial agent of Dr. T. C. Durant, of New York, who was desirous of purchasing some manageable corporation; and he speedily bargained for the moribund charter of the Fiscal Agency for \$26,645. Removed to New York, this company soon divested itself of its old name, as not sufficiently pretentious, and was baptized anew as "*The Crédit Mobilier of America*." The stockholders of the Union Pacific Railroad now subscribed for the same amount of stock in the *Crédit Mobilier* that they held in the railroad. Among others, Thomas C. Durant took six thousand and forty-one shares, involving an investment of \$604,100; Oliver Ames took 3,125 shares; Oakes Ames, 900; and S. Hooper

& Co., and H. S. McComb each 500. By this action the Pacific road was transferred, bound hand and foot, to the *Crédit Mobilier*. Henceforth that road only drew the breath of life for the profit of the stockholders of the *Crédit Mobilier*.

The first step taken by the stockholders of the *Crédit Mobilier* under this understanding was to make the right kind of a contract with the Union Pacific. For this purpose Dr. Durant, of New York, the vice-president of the road, brought forward a confidential man of his own, H. M. Hoxie. Mr. Hoxie proposed to build and equip one hundred miles of road on certain specified terms. The proposal soon ripened into a contract, not signed by Hoxie, but by "H. C. Crane, attorney," Crane being the confidential clerk of Dr. Durant. So that an impecunious friend of a confidential clerk of Dr. Durant, not known to any one in the financial circles of the country, proposed to expend two millions of dollars in building and equipping this first hundred miles; but with this further agreement, that he should, when requested, assign this contract to Durant, or to such persons as Durant should designate. And this assignment was made within sixty days; so that, in fact, Durant, vice-president, contracted with himself to build this hundred miles of railroad. But this was not enough; it was hardly the beginning. Within five days more this contract for one hundred miles was extended to one hundred and forty-six miles farther, and then anew assigned to Durant and his associates. By this contract, as it now stood, Hoxie agreed to expend over twelve millions of dollars in building two hundred and forty-six miles of road, and to subscribe one million dollars to the capital stock of the road, at par, which, when paid up, was not worth over thirty per cent. The real intent of the contract was that by this assignment, Durant, Bushnell, &c., should build the road out of the large loans offered by government, and should at least pocket the million of stock. This contract cost the road in stock and bonds, valued at par, \$12,974,416 24; it cost the *Crédit Mobilier* \$7,806,183 33. The odd five millions, or so much thereof as was not absorbed in selling the bonds, remained for division among the stockholders. That amount may not have been large; but it was sufficient to prove that the road could be built from the offers of government, and without calling on the stockholders for

money. Yet even this large amount was not enough. Nearly two hundred thousand dollars was demanded and paid on a change of the location of the track. That these assignees of Hoxie's knew that they were acting fraudulently is evident from the following facts.

Mr. Peter A. Dey was the engineer who surveyed and located the first hundred miles of the road. He estimated its cost at not over thirty thousand dollars a mile. When this estimate was shown to the Directors, it was returned to him with orders to re-touch it with higher colors, to put in embankments on paper where none existed on earth, to make the old embankments heavier, and to increase the expense generally; and then he was requested to send in his estimate that it would cost fifty thousand a mile. When Mr. Dey found that this part of the road was to be let to Hoxie at \$50,000 per mile, for work which he knew could be done for \$30,000,—this difference of \$20,000 a mile, amounting to two millions of dollars on the first hundred miles, and to five millions on the two hundred and forty-six miles,—he resigned his position as chief engineer, with a noble letter to John A. Dix, president of the road. He closed that letter with this statement:—"My views of the Pacific Road are, perhaps, peculiar. I look upon its managers as trustees of the bounty of Congress. * * * You are, doubtless, informed how disproportioned the amount to be paid is to the work contracted for. I need not expatiate on the sincerity of my course, when you reflect upon the fact that I have resigned the best position in my profession this country has offered to any man!"

It was the necessity of procuring funds to carry on this Hoxie contract that had led to the purchase of the *Crédit Mobilier*. To this company the Hoxie contract was now transferred, and the construction of a road to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific was fairly begun. The two brothers, Oakes and Oliver Ames, gentlemen of high financial reputation, of large wealth, and of great business capacity, were induced to invest, and Oliver was subsequently chosen President. Two and a half millions of dollars were subscribed to the stock of the *Crédit Mobilier*—not to the road that was to be built with the money. The bonds advanced by Government were sold for what they would bring, and three or four millions of the company's bonds were hypothecated

at from fourteen to fifteen per cent. interest. But by degrees the funds from all these sources were exhausted. A meeting of the stockholders of the *Crédit Mobilier* was, therefore, called at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, and there it was decided to increase the capital stock of the company fifty per cent; and, to induce the old stockholders to enlarge their subscriptions, it was voted to give to the holders of old stock a one thousand dollar Pacific Railroad bond, for every thousand dollars they should subscribe to the stock of the *Crédit Mobilier*. Every subscriber was to pay in one thousand dollars, and receive therefor one thousand dollars worth of stock in the *Crédit Mobilier*, and another thousand in the bonds of the Union Pacific road. At that time the latter were selling in the market at from ninety to ninety-five per cent; so that this new stock in the *Crédit Mobilier*, subsequently so valuable, was obtained for five or ten cents on the dollar. Nearly all the stockholders accepted this generous offer, and paid in their thousand dollars to the *Crédit Mobilier*, and this company at once handed over the whole amount to the Union Pacific road. For it had been distinctly agreed between Ames, Bushnell, &c., of the Union Pacific, and Ames, Bushnell, &c., of the *Crédit Mobilier*, that whenever a contract should be made for the construction of the railroad, it should be given only to such persons as would hold it for the benefit of the stockholders of the *Crédit Mobilier*; and by this time the Hoxie contract had made known that such a contract would be tremendously profitable. Ten millions of the bonds of the road were at once put on the market and sold at over ninety cents on the dollar. It was determined to press the construction of the road with vigor.

The first two hundred and forty-six miles of the road now being fairly under way, an agreement was made by Dr. Durant, the Vice-President of the Union Pacific Road, with a Mr. Boomer, for the construction of one hundred and fifty miles further west at about \$20,000 per mile; but this price was not to include a bridge, nor the equipment of the road. This agreement was never legally ratified by the corporation, but under it fifty-eight miles were built and formally accepted by Government. These fifty-eight miles, when the bridge was built and the equipment completed, cost about \$27,500 a mile; but this was actual cost. To convert this cost into

profit, the Board of Directors, against the protest of Dr. Durant, extended the Hoxie contract at \$50,000 a mile, over the Boomer contract, already built at \$27,500 a mile; thereby presenting to their stockholders in January, 1867, a New Year's gift of \$22,500 a mile, or an aggregate of \$1,104,000 paid by the Crédit Mobilier for work it had never done, never contracted to do, but which had been done by some one else, and was all paid for. And now the Hoxie contract had done its work. It commenced with an agreement for the construction of one hundred miles of road for \$50,000 a mile, which cost \$30,000; here was a profit of two millions of dollars. It was then stretched one hundred and forty-six miles farther at \$50,000 a mile, and with another profit of three millions. It closed with swallowing up the Boomer contract with fifty-eight miles already built, on which was a profit of over another million. Truly, it was a most valuable and elastic contract.

The great profit to be derived from the construction of the road was now hastening the action of a formidable rival. By the act of 1866, the Central Pacific road, starting from California, was authorized to come eastward to meet the Union Pacific, and the same liberal offers were made to both corporations; and now commenced the most remarkable race in the construction of railroads the world has ever known. Here were nearly one thousand eight hundred miles of road to be built under offers which made it certain that great profits awaited the constructors. The more miles built the greater the profit. This competition between the two roads was so keen that, in the last year, it led to the construction of one thousand miles of railroad in a single season, through an uninhabited country, upon a route beset with unparalleled obstacles, and a largely unnecessary cost. For it was now known to both corporations that however great the expense of construction, the profit would be greater still; and it was evident that what one company did not build, the other would.

Mr. J. M. S. Williams, a wealthy merchant of Boston, and a large stockholder in the Crédit Mobilier, appears as the next contractor. It was probably new business to him; for he agrees to assign the contract, as soon as executed, to trustees chosen by the Crédit Mobilier. He offers to build and equip two hundred and sixty-seven miles of road at \$50,000 a mile.

Ninety-eight miles were already built and paid for; but this was a trifle; he wanted, and the company granted, as much pay for that portion of the road already finished as for that not yet commenced. His offer was therefore accepted. It was a gift of over two millions of dollars from the corpulent treasury of the Union Pacific Road to the hungry pockets of the stockholders of the Crédit Mobilier. But the consummation of this project was defeated by legal proceedings instituted by Dr. Durant. To accomplish the same project in another way and on a larger scale, without individual liability, and with the consent of Dr. Durant, the "Oakes Ames contract" was made—probably the largest and most profitable contract ever made by one man. Drawn up under the advice of Gen. Butler, who thought that advice worth \$6,000, if not \$10,000, it was as strong as it was profitable. This contract began at the hundredth meridian and extended westward six hundred and sixty-seven miles, for which the railroad was to pay as follows:

For first 100 miles,	\$42,000 a mile,	\$4,200,000
For next 167 "	45,000 "	7,515,000
" 100 "	96,000 "	9,600,000
" 100 "	80,000 "	8,000,000
" 100 "	90,000 "	9,000,000
" 100 "	96,000 "	9,600,000
667	-	\$47,915,000

But of this 667 miles, 138 had already been built and paid for. It was now included in this new contract, as if nothing had been done on it; so that the railroad agreed to pay Mr. Ames five and a half million dollars for nothing. The average contract price of these 667 miles was \$72,000 a mile; deducting the 138 miles already finished, it was \$89,000 a mile; the actual cost was less than \$40,000 a mile, or not one half of what was now offered. It was made by Oliver Ames, President, with his brother and business partner, Oakes Ames, stockholder, and with the distinct understanding, which was subsequently carried out, that it was for the benefit of all the stockholders; and a very handsome benefit it proved to be. This contract was executed in August, 1867, and within sixty days was assigned to the Crédit Mobilier. Hereby, Oliver Ames, President, contracted with himself and others, to take all the funds of the road, and after its construction to divide the remainder among the stockholders of the Crédit Mobilier "in proportion to the number of shares which

said stockholders now severally hold and own."

Under this agreement stockholders of either railroad or Crédit Mobilier could get no benefit from their stock or from this contract unless they gave an irrevocable proxy to Oliver Ames, and six associates, to vote on six-tenths of their railroad stock; in other words, unless they constituted them a majority of the stockholders, to remain such forever; and every director or stockholder who should "knowingly hinder, delay, or interfere with" this great fraud, should receive none of the enormous profits made by the Crédit Mobilier. Every stockholder, therefore, subscribed to this agreement; for its whole object was for their benefit, and at the expense of the United States.

As we have said, the contract thus made included one hundred and thirty-eight miles, already built, accepted, and paid for. Here were five or six millions of dollars made by signing the contract, and from these millions, and within sixty days from the execution of the contract, a dividend of one hundred and twenty per cent. was declared! Sixty per cent. of this was paid in first mortgage bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad Company; amounting to \$2,244,000. Sixty per cent. was paid in stock of that company, amounting to another \$2,244,000. Sold at the market rate on the day of its declaration, this dividend would have amounted to \$2,917,200, equivalent to a cash dividend of seventy-seven per cent., from the profit of a contract not two months old, and under which work had hardly commenced! But this amount was derived from the construction of the first one hundred and thirty-eight miles alone; the great profit was yet to come.

Before this contract was made the stock of the Crédit Mobilier was selling at five per cent. below par; when made, the stock jumped at once to sixty per cent. premium. In December, 1867, it was worth one hundred per cent. above par; and in January and February, 1868, it sold for three or four times its par value; in fact, there was none to be had. Nobody could afford to name a price for stock paying dividends of over five hundred per cent. a year! But the Oakes Ames contract did not extend the whole length of the line. One hundred and twenty-five miles yet remained between the end of the portion constructed by Mr. Ames, and the begin-

ning of the Central Pacific Road. This was now put under contract to one J. W. Davis, a man without the requisite pecuniary responsibility for so large a contract, and who was not expected to fulfill its covenants. It was made under the same implied understanding as the Ames contract, and, like that, was no sooner made than it was assigned to the same trustees. Under this contract the Crédit Mobilier constructed the last remaining portion of the road at a cost to themselves of \$15,629,633.62, and at a charge to the road of \$23,431,768.11. This gain of nearly eight millions of dollars was speedily located in the same pockets that had received the previous profits. And now the whole length of line had been contracted for and was rapidly built amid the applause of a waiting nation.

Arithmeticians, who love the truths that figures always tell, may now see what it cost the nation to build the Union Pacific Road, and what it cost the stockholders of the Crédit Mobilier:

WHAT IT COST THE NATION.

Hoxie contract	\$12,974,416 24
Boomer "	1,104,000 00
Ames "	57,140,102 94
Davis "	23,331,768 10
Total	\$94,650,287 28

WHAT IT COST THE CRÉDIT MOBILIER.

Hoxie contract	\$7,806,183 33
Boomer "	0,000,000 00
Ames "	27,285,141 99
Davis "	15,629,633 62
Total.	\$50,720,958 94
Profit	\$43,929,328 34

These figures, however, estimate stock and bonds at par. Taking for an instant the figures of the trustees as correct,—incorrect as we know them to be,—we find the cash value of this profit to have been as follows:

From sale of bonds	\$12,276,150 00
" " stock	8,744,169 81
Divided in cash	2,346,000 00
Total	\$23,366,319 81

The great rapidity with which these immense profits were divided among the stockholders borders on the marvelous; doubtless it made them marvelously joyful. Mr. Oakes Ames's contract was executed October 15, 1867; the first dividend

of one hundred and twenty per cent. was made in December, 1867, and the sixth dividend of two hundred per cent. was made in December, 1868; so that under the Ames contract alone, and within one year, dividends were declared and paid, amounting to five hundred and forty-five per cent. on the par of the stock, and to an aggregate of over twenty millions of dollars! What other company on this continent has ever divided a profit of twenty millions of dollars a year? These dividends were:

Dec., 1867,	120 p. ct. in stock and bonds,	\$4,488,000
Jan., 1868,	20 " " "	748,000
June, 1868,	100 " in cash and bonds,	3,750,000
July 3, 1868,	75 " " "	2,791,500
" 8, 1868,	30 " in cash	1,095,168
Dec., 1868,	200 " in stock	7,599,000
Total,		\$20,471,668

This last dividend of two hundred per cent. was made in December, 1868. In 1869 was made what they called a division,—verily, division appears a more appropriate term than dividend,—of about thirteen millions of stock, as profits, under the Davis contract for the last 125 miles. The payment of these thirteen millions of stock appears to have closed both dividend and construction accounts; and we think no one can read this true history and not see that these enormous dividends were an enormous fraud on a generous country.

But while everything was thus outwardly prospering, inwardly the company was subject to great divisions and searchings of heart. Duff Green had brought an action, substantially asking for the disfranchisement of the Crédit Mobilier; but this had been successfully resisted. John B. Alley testifies that the whole amount of property Green had ever invested in the company was two old office-chairs, an old desk, and a bogus check on a broken bank, drawn by an individual who had failed! Mr. Durant was the most active stockholder of both companies. He was president of the one, vice-president of the other; and as president he made large and valuable contracts with himself as vice-president. He thought himself entitled to guide the affairs of both corporations by his sole direction. But Ames and Alley, who were his superiors in shrewdness and business reputation, wanted the same governing power, and they rested not until they had turned Durant out of office and put themselves in. When once installed, they professed to find great irreg-

ularities. Enormous amounts of money had been disbursed as a secret fund, for which no vouchers had been filed. Subsequently Oliver Ames, president, and John J. Cisco, treasurer, were appointed a committee to investigate these expenditures, and it was voted that "their statement that the facts in the premises are satisfactory to them shall end all further discussion." A more public investigation might develop ugly facts; all secrets were, therefore, to be locked up in the breasts of these two gentlemen. They reported that \$435,724.21 had been properly paid out, mainly by Dr. Durant; and that amount was, therefore, charged to *Suspense*. The purposes, legal or illegal, for which nearly half a million of dollars was thus paid out is not known, nor is it probable it ever will be. We only know that the directors thought it not best to put the objects of this expenditure on their books. At another time Dr. Durant protested against extending the Hoxie contract over a portion of the road already built and paid for; one payment he thought enough. A second time he protested against the J. S. M. Williams contract; and his protest not receiving that attention his importance warranted, he sued out an injunction and restrained the board from carrying out any such contract. Mr. Isaac P. Hazard, of Rhode Island, brought two suits in equity to restrain too large payments. Hon. John B. Alley voted against the first dividend; to secure a change of his vote, Dr. Durant gave him a call for two hundred and fifty shares at 160; then, or in a day or two, worth 200. As soon as Alley received the stock, he voted for the dividend.

The extent of the quarrel among the stockholders is also shown by the fact that Dr. Durant mailed a letter to Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, exposing the rascalities of the two companies of which he had been so prominent an officer,—*quorum pars magna fuit*; but Mr. McComb had sufficient influence to procure from him a letter to the postmaster withdrawing the letter before it reached Mr. Washburne. If Durant had only been permitted to peach, what knowledge of these frauds should we not have received?

General Granville M. Dodge, M. C., C. E., was Engineer-in-Chief of the construction corps of the Union Pacific road. He had made some speculative operations in the stock, and had thereby lost seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. In the

course of events it became necessary to have additional Congressional legislation concerning the bridge between Council Bluffs and Omaha, and Dodge was telegraphed to come to Washington to procure it. Mr. Bushnell, then running the road, promised to make up all his losses and pay him for his trouble, if he would only procure this legislation. He came, saw, and conquered Congress, and the needed law was passed. He then sent in his little bill of \$24,500, made up of the two items of \$17,500, lost in stock speculations, and \$7,000 bonus, or expense. Happily he, being a director, wanted his money at a time when Bushnell, another director, wanted \$80,000, and Col. Scott, president, wanted \$20,000. A meeting of officers was therefore called, composed of Scott, president, Dodge and Bushnell, directors; and these gentlemen voted to themselves \$126,000, of which Durant took \$83,500, Dodge \$24,500, and Scott \$19,000! The \$126,000 thus divided was charged to "special legal expenses."

But the deepest and sharpest thorn in the directorial side was Mr. H. S. McComb, of Wilmington, Delaware. It was his refusal to take stock at one time, and his suit to obtain the stock he once refused, as soon as it became profitable, that brought the company and its measures so prominently before the public. Had it not been for H. S. McComb, the history of the *Crédit Mobilier* had never been written; for so much the world is indebted to him. There is no reason to believe that the Central Pacific road divided smaller profits among its stockholders than the Union Pacific; but they had no McComb in California.

Alarmed at the demands of the Washburnes for an investigation and fixed rates of fare, the *Crédit Mobilier* had intrusted Mr. Ames, then a Member of Congress, with 343 shares of stock, to be distributed at par among members of both Houses after the Ames contract had been signed, and when the stock was therefore worth one hundred per cent. premium.

It was to McComb that Ames wrote that he had "assigned 4 from Mass.; 1 from N. H.; 1 Delaware; 1 Tenn.; 1 Ohio; 2 Pa.; 1 Ind., and 1 Maine." And his publication of this letter amidst the controversy of a Presidential contest, first gave a political bearing to the affairs of a private company. He claimed to be entitled to 250 shares, and to 125 more by the dividend of fifty per cent.; and these were the

very shares that Ames divided among members of Congress. He was to be the victim at whose expense others were to be enriched. No wonder this thought disturbed his pugnacious soul. To obtain these shares, therefore, he commenced a suit in the Courts of Pennsylvania. That suit began five years ago, and yet remains unsettled. At one time he threatened to publish Mr. Ames's letters; at another he sent Jerry Black to threaten their publication; but the company refused to be coerced into giving him his stock. At last, three years after his first threats, the letters were published, and the public attention was aroused. It is due to Mr. McComb's action, therefore, that the third session of the Forty-second Congress was almost wholly given up to investigation.

It was while thus disquieted by Mr. McComb's pugnacity and suits, and while fearing any future Washburnian investigation, that the session commenced. Mr. Ames had come to Washington laden with his 343 shares, which he desired to place "where it will do the most good to us." That place he believed to be in the pockets of influential members, who, once pecuniarily interested, would ever after defend that interest. It is worthy of notice that he did not go to wealthy gentlemen of strict business habits, who would have investigated before they invested; but he offered his stock to poorer but influential members, like Dawes, Wilson, Kelley, and others, who took his word for the value of the stock. What he now wanted was, not large investments, but high Congressional character. After he had partly unladen himself, giving the stock freely to those who would take it without the payment of a dollar, but who would repay him from the dividends he knew would soon be divided, he met Mr. McComb in February, 1868, and gave him the names of those to whom he said he had sold the stock. For three years Mr. McComb patiently waited; at last the names were published. In the heat of the Presidential contest of 1872, prominent gentlemen were publicly arraigned for receiving bribes, or at least for owning enormously profitable stock, which, as honest legislators, they should never have touched. Each and all denied the charge, or at least "they all, with one consent, began to make excuse." Most of them had indeed owned stock, but had kept it in Mr. Ames's name as trustee. They therefore denied owning it at all, carefully

hiding the fact of their actual ownership under the twin fact that the stock did not stand in their name. Through all the Presidential contest the accusations grew fast, and were denied faster; the public knew not what to believe; and it was under this uncertain cloud of assertion and denial that Congress commenced.

It was an extraordinary session—the most extraordinary in our Congressional history. On its first day, the Speaker of the House, descending into the arena, rose to “a question of privilege—of the highest privilege.” Alleging that his good name and fame had been dragged into the recent political contest, and had been sullied by false accusations of enormous profits in the *Crédit Mobilier*, he demanded a Committee of Investigation, the majority of that committee to be taken from his political opponents. From that day till the close of the session scandal held high carnival in Washington. The Vice-President of the United States, the Vice-President elect, the Speaker of the House, eminent Senators, were accused of giving or receiving bribes, of lying, or at least of distorting the truth till it became a lie. No man’s character was safe. The first inquiry had been who owned the stock, but in a short time its ownership was admitted, and the great question became—who lied the most about it. Truth compels us to admit that on this point Mr. Ames did not come off second best. And when the fourth of March arrived and the session had closed, it was found that many had fallen from their high estate, who, at its commencement, had possessed the undoubted confidence of their constituents and of the nation.

The legislators thus accused may be divided into five leading groups. The first and happiest group is composed of Blaine, of Maine; Elliott and Boutwell, of Massachusetts; Conkling, of New York; Bayard, of Delaware; and Fowler, of Tennessee, who were offered stock, accompanied with Mr. Ames’s guaranty of its value, but who refused it. The smell of fire never touched their garments. Then comes a smaller group: Wilson and Dawes, of Massachusetts, and Logan, of Illinois, who, learning that lawsuits were hanging over the company, returned the stock and received back their money with interest, neither making nor losing by the investment. Then come Hooper and Alley, of Massachusetts; Bingham, of Ohio; and Grimes, of Iowa, who bought the stock and

received its dividends, but who never denied the ownership. How gentlemen, who, as legislators, must have been thoroughly conversant with the source of their profits, and, as financiers, were equally conversant with modes of business and how money is made, could receive five hundred per cent. per annum from an investment in building a railroad, and yet not know that somebody was being plundered, is a matter of mystery; but it is a mystery between them and their constituents. Following these gentlemen come Garfield, of Ohio; Schofield and Kelly, of Pennsylvania; Allison and Wilsor, of Iowa, who took the stock, but early became frightened and returned it. How far some of these gentlemen returned or retained their dividends is subject to such opposition of testimony that we decline to enter upon that subject. It is perfectly safe to say that their character did not stand as high at the conclusion of the session as at its commencement. Last and saddest of all in this procession come Colfax, of Indiana; Patterson, of New Hampshire; and Brooks, of New York, who took the stock, received its profits, but denied or explained away its ownership. Two Committees of Investigation were appointed by the House, and one by the Senate. That Committee of the House, of which Judge Poland was chairman, chiefly attracted the attention of the country, for its investigations concerned the personalities of the case, and the public mind looks more to concrete personalities than to abstract justice. That committee, of which Hon. J. M. Wilson was chairman, inquired after the property of the nation, the franchise of the company, and the use made of government bonds. Both committees were composed of able lawyers, and spent the whole winter on this work. The Senate Committee,—Morrill, of Maine, chairman,—examined the charges against Logan, Conkling, Wilson, Harlan, and Patterson, and reported a resolution “that James W. Patterson be and he hereby is expelled from his seat as a member of the Senate.” Fortunately for Mr. Patterson, the pressure of public business was so great that no vote was reached. He remained a Senator till the conclusion of the session, when his term expired.

The House Committee, of which Judge Poland was chairman, reported the facts in the several cases, and recommended votes of expulsion against Oakes Ames, of Massachusetts, and James Brooks, of New

York. It was a thoughtful and honest report, and was happily fortunate in its freedom from party politics, for it was unanimously signed by members of both political parties. The report found that there could be no doubt that Mr. Ames intended to bribe. He sold or promised stock to gentlemen at par, which he well knew to be worth a large premium. His letters were produced showing that he dreaded investigation. "We want more friends in this Congress," and, therefore, he put his stock "where it will do the most good to us." This was bribery. Yet it does not seem to have affected his general character. No one could have listened to his testimony before the committee without seeing that throughout the examination, and in the opposition of his testimony to that of other members, he had the ear of the committee. They believed his statements, and so does the community. His neighbors in Easton, who must be supposed to know him best, gave him a complimentary dinner, where the chief sauce was the praise of that noblest work of God—Oakes Ames. Up to the time of his death he was the controlling mind in the councils of the Union Pacific road, and the owners of that thirty-six millions of stock preferred him as the leading director of that great corporation.

In the case of James Brooks, of New York, the Committee reported that he, being a Government director in the Union Pacific Railroad, and, therefore, incapable of holding stock therein, being the guardian of his country's interests, and the medium through whose report large sums were to be obtained from the Treasury of the United States, and being also the leader of the Democratic side of the House, and, therefore, exercising great political interest, demanded of the officers of the *Crédit Mobilier* two hundred shares in the stock of that corporation. This demand was made just after a dividend of eighty per cent. had been declared; and he wanted both stock and dividend. These shares were not to be had just then, and Durant, therefore, appeased the powerful director by letting him have one hundred shares at par, and also \$5,000 in bonds and \$20,000 in stock. These shares were at that time worth double their par, and soon after became still more valuable. It was, therefore, a clear bonus of twenty thousand dollars, with the expectation and result of a farther gain of many times twenty thousand. When this agreement was ready to

be carried out by the delivery of stock and bonds, Brooks, observing that as Government director, he could not hold the stock, ordered it to be transferred to his son-in-law. But this large payment did not content him. He soon claimed fifty shares more, and received them, together with eighty per cent. in bonds and one hundred per cent. in stock, as dividends made just before his claim. To be able to buy at par stock worth one hundred per cent. premium, and to receive at the time of purchase one hundred and eighty per cent. more in dividends is a privilege only granted to Government directors. This stock was issued to Mr. Brooks himself, but his name was quickly erased, and that of his son-in-law scratched in; but he received all the dividends. He had, therefore, bought one hundred and fifty shares of the *Crédit Mobilier* at par, then worth one hundred per cent. premium, and received with them \$6,000 in bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad and \$25,000 in stock. It was a clear case of betrayal of trust and of the reception of bribes. The Committee, therefore, unanimously recommended his expulsion.

Had the vote on the expulsion of Ames and Brooks been taken the day the report was made, both would unquestionably have been expelled. But the consideration of the report was put off till the following week; and before that time, the virtuous courage of the House found time to cool. The day before the vote General Butler astonished the House by smuggling in a report from the Judiciary Committee, denying the power of Congress to expel for acts done prior to the last election. It is evident that this question does not affect the guilt or innocence of the parties; it merely pleads the Statute of Limitations. In this case it would so operate that Mr. Ames, of the House, who bribed, and who had been elected two years before, would be acquitted, while Mr. Patterson, of the Senate, who had been bribed and had been elected six years before, would be found guilty. The report of the Committee, recommending expulsion, made a strong plea for justice and honesty. The report of General Butler, opposing expulsion, made no allusion to those great principles; it discussed the question solely as a matter of precedent. It is worthy of notice also, that if their constituents condoned these gentlemen their offense by electing them anew, it was most unwittingly

done; for one and all at the time of the election had solemnly denied all connection with the *Crédit Mobilier*. The fact that General Butler had taken a fee of six thousand dollars from the company, and was popularly considered the counsel of Mr. Ames, had some effect in diminishing the weight of his report and his subsequent speech.

The Committee of the House, of which Hon. J. M. Wilson was chairman, chiefly occupied its sessions with an investigation of the relations of Government to the road, as the creator of its charter and the lender of its bonds; and especially with the use its stockholders made of those bonds. After full examination of the legal reports of the way in which the stocks and bonds had been emptied by millions into the pockets of the stockholders, the Committee recommended that suits in equity be instituted by the Attorney General against the Railroad Corporation; against all who held its stock that had not been fully paid for; against all who had received its dividends on capital stock contrary to equity; and against all who had received as profits the property which equitably belonged to the road. These broad provisions included almost all who were connected with the *Crédit Mobilier*, and the House promptly passed the Bill. The Attorney-General as promptly commenced the actions; but it may be doubted whether moneys salted down into private properties half a dozen years ago can ever be recovered.

We have said that the Committee, of which Judge Poland was chairman, had recommended the expulsion of Ames and Brooks. The debate on these recommendations opened on Tuesday, February 25, and continued two days and evenings and part of the third day. A very powerful argument in behalf of Mr. Ames was touchingly read by the Clerk, during the reading of which Mr. Ames was more than once seen in tears. The House was evidently divided between the straightforward rectitude of Judge Poland's report, the strong and ingenious pleas of General Butler against expulsion, and consideration for fellow members, who had been of their number for ten and more years. At length, on motion of Mr. Sargent, of California, the House of Representatives, by a vote of 181 yeas to 36 nays, entered on its records, that it "absolutely condemns the conduct of Oakes Ames, a member of this House, from the State of Massachusetts, in seeking to

procure Congressional attention to the affairs of a corporation in which he was interested, and whose interest directly depended on the legislation of Congress." By a similar vote of 174 yeas to 32 nays, the House voted that it "absolutely condemns the conduct of James Brooks, a member of this House from New York, for the use of his position as Government Director of the Union Pacific Railroad, and as member of this House to procure the assignment to himself or family of stock in the *Crédit Mobilier*."

Attempts were also made to censure Messrs. Kelly, Hooper, and others; but it was generally conceded that virtue should be lenient; and so the Congressional curtain dropped upon the scene. Mr. Colfax returned home to South Bend, Mr. Ames to North Easton, both to be feasted by admiring neighbors. Nobody was expelled; no money was returned to the Treasury. The character of two members of the House and one Senator was politically ruined; that of a few others badly damaged; that of others yet more slightly scorched; and then the flames expired for lack of fuel. Strangely enough both of the censured members died soon afterward, within a few days of each other.

Before the Forty-second Congress had adjourned, it passed a special act, summoning the stockholders of the railroad and of the *Crédit Mobilier* into the courts of the United States, there to give some account of the moneys and bonds intrusted to their keeping. The underlying idea of that legislation is, that the nation advanced those fifty-four millions of loans, and authorized those ten millions of Income Bonds, and ten millions of Land-grant Bonds, that the corporation might become a strong and powerful road, binding the East and West together, as the Mississippi binds the North and the South; strong enough always to transport the food of the nation in times of peace, and whole armies with their munitions in time of war. Instead of this, the stockholders have divided among themselves a large part of these many millions of dollars. The road, thus financially weakened, is so heavily burdened with debt, that it cannot meet its interest. Its stock is of so little value in the market that the whole corporation was captured, one year, by Col. Thomas A. Scott as a feeder to his Pennsylvania railroads; a year later, by Horace F. Clark, as an ally to the Harlem and the New York

Central. The road itself is not able to stand alone.

It is a well-settled principle of law that a railroad cannot divide its capital among its stockholders; it must apply its moneys to the purpose for which those moneys were subscribed. A court of equity can at any time follow that money into the pockets of the stockholders, order its return, and see that it is applied to the purpose for which it was intended. If the law has this power, when stockholders divide their own money among themselves, how much more can a Government that has loaned a very large amount for the construction of a public highway, see that its money be applied to this purpose. The *Crédit Mobilier* subscribed fifteen millions to the stock of the Pacific Railroad; Congress now proposes to make it pay its subscription.

At the Fall term of the District Court of Connecticut, the case came up for argument. The numerous defendants filed their demurrers that the act was unconstitutional in summoning them from all parts of the United States to attend at one Court. They were scattered from Texas to California, and were now summoned to appear

at one Court in Connecticut. They also contended that the suit was multifarious in grouping together in one action so many who had no common connection. If Government had a legal claim on any one of them, let him be sued in his own district; but let not other debtors in other districts be joined in the same suit. Nor had there been any breach of contract with Government. The Pacific Road had loaned certain large sums of money, payable thirty years hence; if that money, with all accrued interest, was not repaid at the end of thirty years, then would be the time to commence the suit.

The Court decided that Government had no interest in the case, and could not, therefore, bring any action. From this decision of a single judge, the Attorney-General has appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, sitting at Washington. This appeal will probably be reached by the winter of 1875-6; and if decided in favor of Government, will be sent back to Connecticut for a trial on the facts. It is somewhat to be feared that those who borrowed the money, may not live long enough to be sentenced to repay it.

TO CHRISTINE NILSSON.

WINTER has come, the birds have fled,
Their leaves the red-lipped roses shed;
But in thy liquid throat, Christine,
Perpetual Summer lurks unseen;
And sleeps therein, in shine or hail,
The perfect-throated nightingale;
While on thy lips the roses lie,
That live when all their sisters die.

FOLLOWING FOOTSTEPS.

Dewy droops the green sweet-brier,
 Dewy hangs the rose,
 As I follow where her footstep,
 Lightly printed, goes.

Sun, that cometh up to meet me,
 Was there ought to see
 Down beneath that gray horizon
 Half so fair as she?

Down this path she careless wandered
 Where the lilies drooped;
 Here her garment brushed the dew off
 As she, gathering, stooped.

Here she turned and paused, uncertain—
 Ah, I hear it now!—
 Over stones the full brook singing
 Faintly, far below!

Leading on to greet the roses
 Run the footsteps free;
 Red, and white, and pink she gathered,—
 Dropping one for me!

Then to where the honeysuckle
 Climbs to scent the air—
 No, she stopped and left it climbing,
 Turning otherwhere.

Where then? Oh, adown this pathway,
 Where her heliotrope
 Makes the air with perfume heavy,
 Purpling all the slope.

Sun, that maketh shadows shorter
 As I follow still,
 Where were you at early dawning
 When she climbed the hill?

Shall she climb to wait your coming,
 She, my own, my sweet,
 When her gracious presence only
 Makes your day complete?

Here she left her blossoms lying
 In a hawthorn's care,
 And the dewy steps go springing
 Up the rocks so bare.

Higher, higher ever leading,
 Follow I and Hope—
 Sunny hair lit up with sunshine—
 Ah! my heliotrope!

"AJELLAK ALLAH;" OR, THE WOMEN OF THE ARABS.

THERE is an Arabic proverb which says : "A man can bear anything but the mention of his women." Perhaps in no language on the face of the earth has hard public opinion been more densely crystallized, or more sparklingly expressed, than in this single utterance. If any true Moslem is obliged to allude to a female, he invariably prefaces her name with the deprecation, which is chosen as the title of this article.

"*Ajellak Allah*" means—May God elevate you! That is, in this connection—May divine grace or power put you out of reach of being contaminated by what I am now going to say! Hence it resembles that quaint Celticism, employed when one has a disagreeable subject to mention : "Saving your presence, sir!"

It is related that there once came to the study of Dr. Van Dyck in Beyroot, a Mohammedan Mufti. One of his wives was ill, and he wished for medical advice. But all the conventional good-breeding he possessed was at risk, if he should insult the good physician by alluding to a female. So he commenced with the usual innumerable salutations, multiplying them all the more copiously by reason of the peril : "Good morning—may your day be happy—may God grant you help"—until he thought he had by compliment sufficiently paved the way to business. Then he proceeded : "Your Excellency must be aware I have a sick *man* in my house. May God give you blessing! Indeed, peace to your head! *Inshallah*, it is only a slight attack!" The amused missionary inquired what was the matter. "*He* has headache, pain in *his* back, and *he* will not eat." Of course immediate attendance was engaged : "I will come and see *her* this afternoon ; who may it be?" The man fumbled, and out with it : "*Ajellak Allah*, it is my *wife*! May God increase your good! Good morning, sir!"

The concentration of fastidious contempt could seemingly go no farther than this. I am informed that it would not be genteel Arabic for one to begin, without using the same apologetic formula, if he intended to speak of a shoe, a dog, a hog, a donkey, or a woman. The whole notion of the female sex in Egypt and Palestine is degrading and ignoble. Fathers rejoice if a son is given them to keep up the family name; but one of their poets has

sung, what the people contentedly repeat : "The threshold weeps forty days whenever a girl is born."

A RECOGNITION AT LAST.

Just now there has been issued from the press a most admirable volume, written by Rev. Henry Harris Jessup, D. D., for nineteen years an honored and useful American Missionary in Syria. It is entitled *The Women of the Arabs*, and is published by Dodd & Mead of New York. It contains, within the compass of a duodecimo of nearly four hundred pages, a singularly interesting and valuable account of the actual condition of females among the Arabic-speaking races of the East, as well as of the worthy and efficient efforts, which from time to time have been made to relieve it.

It is hard to say which makes most impression in this book, its information or its pathos. So long have these poor, down-trodden women been without a defender or a friend, that now when one appears, the sensibilities are touched with the sincerity of championship. Day by day, in those desolate lands, the maiden bears her pitcher, and the matron turns the heavy stone of the mill. Nobody knows them; nobody cares for them. Uneducated, and without a chance, an opening, or a hope, they cannot get in an appeal. It makes one think of the amended verse about the stars : "No speech, no language—their voice is not heard." All that toil can attain, all that thrift can save, goes to the inevitable taskmaster to pay taxes, or is iniquitously seized by the Bedouins. Beaten, impoverished, worn and weary, this part of the Sultan's empire is the basest of kingdoms, and there the women are slaves.

It is interesting to know, as one of the most significant of all illustrations, that some years ago the attempt was made, by a famous musician in Europe, to represent in an orchestral composition what he intended to call "*Souvenirs of the East*." He introduced the many sounds which he heard in those countries. But so unutterably sad and wild were the strains, that the piece was rejected. One lonely and unchanging creak was evermore present in the windings of the harmony, the sound of the terrible instrument in Egypt for the

lifting of water, as the rude wheel turned upon its unloiled axle; and with it another, low and murmuring, from Palestine, as the mill bruised the corn for the thin loaf.

If one listens as he journeys, out in the fields where the men would be likely to be most jocund, and the women feel freest, he might at times hear the fellahin singing. The best tune they have is one called "The Song of the Harvest." But even this is a mere plaintive melody, the intervals of which are all minor. It is impossible for our voices, trained to the musical scale, to catch the strains so as to reproduce it. Digging, planting, rowing, the laborers will chant roughly; but the sound is like that of grown people crying. The land seems to weep and wail, as if under a divine visitation.

THE COMMON HUMANITY.

I once spent some curious and industrious days in Beyroot. I met the multitudes of common people face to face, at the exact point where they came most closely in contact with our forms of Christian civilization. We heard the daughters of heathen parents sing our American Sunday-school songs in their own language, to our tunes, and repeat the same prayers we had taught our little ones on the other side of the world. Of course, we had to rely on others much for interpretation, but we certainly saw with our own unbiased eyes.

I instituted somewhat diligent and extensive inquiries, seeking explanations of what I could not myself understand. I made frequent visits to the Christian schools there. And I feel quite ready to pronounce that men, women, and children are there, precisely as here, singing all the music of ordinary life with eight notes to the octave. They are debased, as all bad people are debased; they can be uplifted, as all enlightened good people are uplifted.

The countenances of the children are at times full of sprightliness and intelligence. Many of the girls in the schools had learned to speak English fluently, and so were accessible to conversation. I say soberly, there appeared no reason why these creatures in human form should not be considered human, precisely like the rest of our race. Degraded they are, but degraded they need not remain. A wealthy native merchant in that city once remarked: "The Europeans have a thing in

their country which we have not; they call it *ed-oo-ca-shion*, and I am anxious to have it introduced into Syria."

Some few little touches of nature interested me very much in the children. They have some of the same games we have in our own land. The girls play "puss, puss in the corner," and "pebble, pebble, (button) who's got the pebble?" and the boys play leap-frog, and the ordinary rings of marbles, as well as "tag" and base-ball.

But they seem deplorably poor, and it is a fact that they defy all description as to filthiness. It is a sage comfort sometimes to hear a missionary make a facetious remark. Good Mr. Williams, of Mardin, is recorded as having said that some of the children who came to him were so ragged and tattered that there was hardly cloth enough to their garments to make borders for the holes! And my own eyes can bear witness that the type of utter dilapidation in garments certainly resides somewhere in Egypt or Northern Palestine.

The very first effect of this wild, half-vagrant life is to destroy self-respect. We do not need to cross the ocean to find that out; for do we not know what "street Arabs" are? Add to this the notion of abandoned hopelessness which the women have, and one can see where it leads the girls. One of the most pathetic instances of pure Orientalism that ever came to my knowledge is related as a positive fact. While the children of the Abeih school were playing together one day at recess, two small girls fell into pleasant dispute as to the size of a certain object—plaything, perhaps. One said, "Oh, it was so *very* little!" and the other asked, "How little?" Then the missionary looked out of the window, and heard her answer, "Why, a little wee thing." Then the other pressed her still further, "Well, *how* little?" to which the girl replied, unconscious of the poetry or the pathos of her comparison, "As little as was the joy of my father on the day I was born!"

THE VICIES OF THE PEOPLE.

The general thriftlessness of all the aborigines in Oriental countries is noticeable to everybody who passes through. On our first visit to Jerusalem we were most surprisingly benefited by an instance of this sort. The entrances of the city are closed at sunset; we had been around on the Mount of Olives, and were belated. But we remembered that the Jaffa gate had



BLIND MEN BEGGING BY THE WAYSIDE.

experienced some affliction or other, so that it would not shut. Four years later, while we stood waiting in the rain, disconsolate and damp, for a most provoking season of delay, trying to get passage out to our tents, we recalled the preparations for repairs we had noticed so long ago. Now the trouble was that the old portal would not open on the new hinges only on one side. We drew the innocent conclusion that it might be possible this triumph of eastern enterprise would be witnessed at its full completion by some one even of this generation of old beggars sitting there to watch for alms in their pails.

For that is exactly the way in which they do sit—by generations. We know, for instance, that Bartimeus means "Son of Timeus," and some people say Timeus means *blind*; and it is very easy to make out three degrees of the Timeus descent, with the one Jesus healed for a start; he was "Son of Timeus, son of Timeus;" and so it would seem that they had the family stand a good while there at the gate of Jericho.

There is a laziness indescribable which controls everybody. The white foot-paths through Syria are hedged in often with a dense growth of cactus and young pomegranate trees, beneath the scanty shade of which the inhabitants sit, squat like the letter N inverted, their knees drawn up till they fairly touch their chins, precisely as if their lean bodies were roughly hinged at only two points, and would fold up in the shape of what printers call "condensed type."

Of course the filthiness of some of these creatures matches their indolence. Men, not rarely, wear a single garment for six months without so much as removing it for even a night. And by that time one can conjecture its population is beyond census.

We saw more than once a line of human beings in single file along the narrow way, headed by three or four stalwart men, carrying

only their long pipes, while behind them came as many women, young and old, having on their heads such loads of brush-wood, which they had somewhere gathered for fuel, that they actually staggered under the weight; and not one of these lords of creation even so much as cast a glance behind him. We frequently passed the ploughmen in the furrow, scratching the surface with the point of their mere stick for a share. And once we saw a camel and a cow yoked together; and once a *woman and a donkey*, while a man drove them with a sharpened goad.

How these wives can abide such cruelty, or ever stick to such brutes for husbands, passes ordinary comprehension. Yet there is at times some sort of real affection among them. They take a curious way of showing it also. A suddenly bereaved widow, in a village near Lebanon, refused to allow her house or her clothes to be washed for more than a whole year afterward. It was her own peculiar method of mourning. But one is ready to believe that it proved effective, and

الصلوة الربانية

ابانا الذي في السموات. ليتقدس اسمك. ليأت ملكوتك.
 لتكن مشيئتك كما في السماء كذلك دلى الارض. خبزنا كفافنا
 أعطنا اليوم. واغفر لنا ذنوبنا كما تغفر نحن ايضا
 لاهل الذنوب البنا. ولا تدخلنا في تجربة. لكن
 نجنا من الشرير. لان لك الملك
 والقوة والمجد الى الابد.
 آمين

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ARABIC.

drew around her a line of reserve which few would invade.

A kind of hand-to-mouth life it is that they all appear to lead. They do not cultivate the want of very many things, and a forward look is something they cannot comprehend. One generation succeeds another with no advance. Dr. De Forest once asked some men in B'hamdun, where they all suffered almost unendurably from the sun-glare, "Why do you never plant a tree?" And one extraordinarily illumined individual answered, as he solemnly removed his yard-long pipe, "We should not live till it was grown." "No," replied the doctor, "but your children would." "Let them plant it, then!" was the complacent answer; and the heated crowd of dozing by-sitters grunted a profound acquiescence in such wisdom.

LYING AND PROFANITY.

An old man in Beyroot once warned the missionaries against trusting anybody in Palestine; for, said he, "if there are twenty-four inches of hypocrisy in this world, twenty-three of them are in Syria!" One of the nursery tales for children relates how, in the beginning of the world, Satan came down with seven bags of lies, which he intended to distribute in the seven kingdoms of the earth. The first night after he arrived on the planet, he slept in Syria, and opened one of the bags, letting the falsehoods loose. But when he fell fast asleep, some one came and opened all the rest of the bags; so that Syria really got more than her share!

But the most universal, and one would

fain believe, the most unconscious, vice among the Orientals is profanity. The use of God's name in common conversation is almost incredible. Its repetition is introduced, when not even a morbid taste for forcible expletives demands it. The ordinary salutations are only meaningless jumbles of prayer formulas. A more devout people would not seem easy to be found in this terrestrial ball, if one could only have a little confidence in their piety.

There is always something of veneration in the habits of these Mohammedans. We watched them more closely at the

Mosque of Omar, in Jerusalem, than anywhere else. Their great deliberation in putting their shoes from off their feet, and their repeated bowings and prostrations, inspired reverence. But there is no use in trying to trust it.

"A man may cry church, church at every word,
 With no more piety than other people;
 A daw's not reckoned a religious bird,
 Because he keeps a-cawing from a steeple."

We took one of the missionaries into our confidence, and had a decided *séance* with our dragoman, Mohammed Achmed. He used to pause to pray, with a dreadfully irritating hindrance to our progress, all the way up through Galilee. But in the two midnights, wild with storm, when our tents blew down over our heads so, beside the Sea of Tiberias, oh, how we did hear him pertinaciously swearing at the men outside! We put him to task when we found somebody whom we could trust among the vocables of Arabic. Then, too, we found out some things.

Allah means God, and *Yullah* means O God; *Inshullah* means, If God will; *Wullah* and *Bismillah* mean, In the name of God; *Hamdillah*, Praise to God. The rapidity and volubility with which men and women interject these oaths are simply inconceivable; equaled only, however, by the inveteracy with which they cling to them.

Dr. Post once rebuked an old sheikh for swearing so constantly; argued with him closely until the man engaged never to do it again. His choice oath was *Wullah*. But, in an instant more, out it came as usual. "There now," said the shocked Christian, "did you not promise? What is

your word worth? Will you pledge me never to say *Wullah* again?" And the penitent fellow, thoroughly abashed, replied most conscientiously, "*Wullah*, I will!"

Perhaps it is only the part of candor for me to state why I have so much feeling in this connection. I was betrayed on one occasion into a most shameful indiscretion. We started for the usual tourist-trip through the Holy Land, four Christian women, three ministers of the Gospel, one Sunday-school teacher, and a theological student;—all of us, of course, perfect patterns of propriety in our poor way. We were hardly out of the beautiful orchards of Jaffa, on our way to Upper Bethoron, the first day of tent-life, before Mohammed shouted *Yullah* to the beasts that bore us, the cry strained at the very top of his voice, to urge them forward.

Now we had been trying, modestly and by sundry little ingenuities of our own, to exhilarate the horses' spirits, having a vague notion that they might be Arab-ian—it seems they were. But we had long since become convinced that they did not understand the English language at all. The "chirrup," the "click," even the "get-up" of ordinary courtesy to the high-bred animals of our own land, made no more impression than boarding-school French makes in Paris. But the moment Achmed shouted *Yullah*,

and black Abdullah, the cook, repeated it, and our brilliant servant-boy, Hassan, repeated it, (and at the same moment deftly shied a persuasive stone at the leader,) all the cavalcade pricked up their ears, and started into a profound enthusiasm for as much as two minutes; then, of course, it all had to be done over again. But there was present gain and hopeful comfort in understanding we had discovered what was the thing to do in depressing exigencies.

So for thirty days we all rode on, and vociferated *Yullah* whenever things got dull. As we neared Beyroot—oh, how wearied, man and beast, and Mohammed's steed lying dead down just beyond Sidon!—we caught a far glimpse of the author of this new volume, Dr. Jessup himself, coming forth on horseback to meet us. If ever mortals were glad to see a dear friend, we were glad to see him then. We could not consent to be tame under such a welcome. Two or three of us knew him at a distance. Up went hat, and hand, and handkerchief to greet him as he cantered on. Then we put forth every effort to come in in style. Oh, if these jaded beasts would only comprehend the position! We whipped them and spurred—one happy man had a spur—alas! we shouted *Yullah*, like so many agitated Indians. We all shouted *Yullah*,

all the horse-arabic we knew, till the Syrian air quivered. Then we swung our green sun-umbrellas like faded banners, and screamed louder and louder. All this in honor of the missionary!

But it became evident he was not pleased. For he stopped short; he put up both his hands; he waved them deprecatingly; something was wrong. Yet all which that excellent man said *then* was, "O friends, please stop saying *Yullah*!" And we did.

But we never recall our masterly approach to Beyroot that hot noon without an ignominious sense of profane failure. Dr. Jessup has told us since, with a hushed voice, that he never, before or since, saw such a platoon of whooping, swearing troopers entering the town, as we were. And so



A MARRIAGEABLE MAIDEN.

it may be understood we made that dragoon learn a lesson, when he had taught us to go blaspheming unconsciously, men and women, all the way through Palestine!

There seems little need to go over the rehearsals of particular vices among these Syrian people any further. The ordinary moralities have all given out. The Arabs themselves have a fable, which is just in point. They say a man once asked a camel what made his neck so crooked; and the beast answered—"My neck? Why do you ask me about my neck? Is there anything else straight about me, that led you to notice my neck?"

When the entire people lie debased beneath such degradation, unrelieved and disastrous, what can be hoped for the female sex, that lies lowest of them all! It seems inconceivable to our enlightened minds. One can imagine the shock which that excellent American lady received when the official report was sent her concerning the growth and behavior of a girl she was religiously supporting in one of the schools of the mission. Thus it ran: "She still *lies* and *swears* awfully; but she has greatly improved during the past two years, and we are much encouraged!"

EFFORTS FOR AMELIORATION.

It is the object of the volume to which I seek to call attention, to show what has already been attempted,—already been done,—to uplift the female sex, especially in Syria. The influence of the work done in northern Palestine has been felt in Egypt, and in all parts of the Turkish empire.

There is something inexplicable in the interest one immediately feels for this class of persons in the East. Their mysterious costume, covering them all up like a sheet; their ways of shrinking out of sight, like hunted animals;—everything one sees in them appeals to his sympathy. They do not avoid the men from delicacy, but from fear. It was at Bethany we first saw them at the grave, mourning. They turned their faces straight towards the stone, then flung their garments close over their persons, as if hurrying into a safe concealment. Type action is that of all their lives. They have come to recognize that they have no rights which men are bound to respect.

It seems a pity that sometimes even the endeavors to lift and benefit this depressed and ignorant class of fellow-beings result

at first in their greater suffering. Greediness of gain is the earliest passion invoked. When the Christian teachers, having received the girls into school, begin to become attached to them, the parents are quick to perceive a basis for beggary. They will keep their children away, and maltreat them, so as to force the benefactors to intercede for them with gifts, or be tortured by their pain.

Just so with older females. These avaricious men think they see *back-sheesh* in everything. They fawn upon foreigners for hope of it. Once a missionary noticed that no women were in his congregation upon the Lord's Day. He expostulated with his male hearers, and told them to bring their wives along. The next Sunday there they all were,



AN ARAB FLOWING.



THE WATER-CARRIER. SEE ISA. 55: 1.

If they are restrained from open violence by personal fear, they will seek sneaking opportunity of inflicting injury, when no defender is by. Until a very recent period, woman-killing in Syria was not considered murder. The females could be poisoned, beaten to death, cast into the sea, thrown down wells,—and if no one of their relatives interfered, or commenced suit, the government made no inquiry in the matter. Even when, for the sake of gain, or possible feeling, a prosecution resulted in a verdict, all the murderer had to do was to pay the price of blood, which was fixed by law at thirteen thousand piastres, or about five hundred dollars. When, therefore, by the interposition of foreigners, the authorities are forced to take cognizance of these abuses as crimes to be punished, the old lords of soil feel as if their prerogatives were denied them, and hate women the more.

NEED OF CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

hosts of women, as meek and quiet as could be wished. The preacher was delighted; but knowing the perversity of the sex, he inquired how their husbands persuaded them so easily to come. And one of the doughty heroes replied,—“We had to *beat* them soundly all of us; then they consented!”

And far beyond this; the very protection extended to these abused creatures exasperates the wretches who have been accustomed to trample upon them with impunity. In this all sects of the male inhabitants unite. Few persons have any real notion of ill-temper, unreasoning injustice, obstinate passion, and cold-blooded cruelty, unless they have studied the character of ordinary Eastern men. Every one of them is naturally a despot. The hardest faces I have ever seen have been those of an oriental Pharisee, with his phylactery on his forehead, and a Mohammedan teacher, his whole figure inflated with pride and bigotry.

Such people instinctively beat women.

No one can make himself intelligent in the history of Syria during the last forty years, and then cherish confidence or keep up hopefulness in relation to the people there, with any other end in view than the civilization of the entire countries according to our Christian forms of life. No pressure on the governments will help them; no visit of the Sultan to Paris will raise them. The gospel sun must begin a new day, and rise in the East once more. It is notable how little the customs have changed since Bible times. Seven hundred and twelve years before the new song was heard, ushering in our era, from the Bethlehem hills, Isaiah wrote this verse, repeating the cry of the water-carrier: “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!”

And there you will hear the same call to-day, as the man, with his skin-bag, claps the metal saucers together like a chime. And that is the call we must

echo there, until man is regenerated, and woman is free.

Meantime these social customs are actually changing. The living presence of families, constructed and maintained on Christian principles of equality between the sexes, becomes an invincible argument at once, and an illustration of a better method of life.

The most lamentable thing of all, in the domestic arrangements of these unhappy people, is the early age at which the girls are married. The Arabic journal, the "*Jenneh*," made a boast one day of having seen a grandmother of *twenty* years, herself having been married before she was *ten*! Dr. Meshakah, of Damascus, that venerable, white-bearded patriarch, with his little wife whom he married at *eleven* years of age, remarked that in his day young girls received no training at home; young men who wanted wives to please them, had to marry them early, so as to educate them to suit themselves. One of the scholars in the Beyroot Seminary came in at eight years of age, and remained for two years. At ten her parents sent for her, and took her away to be married. And one of the teachers records in a very artless way what carefulness they had getting her off, and sending her dolls with her!

Into all these customs a better notion is beginning to steadily press its way. The Europeans resident there are forcing a healthy public sentiment through all those lands, which must before long do some good to this despised and down-trodden sex. A most interesting incident occurred some time since in the old city of Hums, the influence of which is felt even to the present day.

In 1863 Dr. Jessup was invited up to perform the marriage ceremony of two Protestant young men, the first of the kind in that region. The grooms, Ibrahim and Yunis, came in to make arrangements. When they heard the form, as



WOMEN WEeping AT A TOMB.

read over to them, they expressed much surprise that the brides were going to be asked to say No and Yes in the course of it; indeed, they would need to be very careful, lest they should get the syllables in the wrong places. The minister proposed to go over to the residences of the girls, and give instructions to all at the same time. Against this they violently protested, saying they had never visited either bride's house when she was present, and it would be a grievous breach of decorum, if they were to do so. So Dr. Jessup alone went, with some of the girls' relatives to point out the place. But only the utmost diplomacy prevailed upon the girls to even see him; even then they were partly veiled.

But once in his presence, the women, and with them some married relatives likewise, were voluble enough, "Do you have the Communion before the ceremony?" "No." "Do you use the Ikkeel, or crown, in the service?" He told them he sometimes used a ring, no crown. One of the

girls, unable to restrain her curiosity, burst out, "I hear that you ask the woman if she is willing to take this man to be her husband!" He answered, "Certainly." "Well, well," interrupted one of the old wives present, "if that rule had been followed in my day, I know of one woman who would have said *No*; but they never give us Greek women any such chance!"

At last each of the young people was made to understand that when, standing beside her groom, she should be asked if she knew any reason why she should not lawfully be united to him in marriage, she was to answer *No*; and then, when she should be asked if she took him for her wedded husband, she was to answer *Yes*. These replies they repeated over and over again, to guard against mistake. And the matrimonial rehearsal concluded with the remark of the before-mentioned irrepressible matron: "I should have put my *No* in the right place," said she, with a suggestive shrug of the shoulders.

All this gave any amount of gossip in the neighborhood. What caused deepest surprise was the announcement that the girl should have a right to say *Yes* or *No*. This was new doctrine for the ancient city of Heliogabalus. As was to be expected, the news soon spread through the town that on the next evening a marriage ceremony was to be performed by a Protestant minister, in which the bride was to have the privilege of refusing the man, if she wished. And what was a still greater affront to ideas of propriety in Hums, it was rumored that the wives were to walk home from the church, *in company with their husbands*! This was too much; and certain of the young men threatened a mob, in case of so flagrant an assertion of woman's rights.

The day arrived, and with it such a crowd as never before filled that dwelling. With the brides came a great train of women, sheeted and veiled, carrying candles, and singing. At last the company got into place, and in a measure into silence. Here occurred a difficulty. The

two brides were all covered up with veils indistinguishably. Ibrahim was slender and tall, at least six feet three; but Yunis was short and thick-set; and one of the young women was tall; and the other even shorter than Yunis. There was no relief from the embarrassment, and Dr. Jessup arranged them symmetrically, tall and tall, short and short, and went ahead.

He says he delivered a practical address, and "improved" on the occasion. No Methodist exhorter ever got more extraordinary responses than he from his Hums audience. "That is so." "That is news in *this* city." "Praise to God," exclaimed a hopeful old crone, "women are something after all, Mashullah!"

After he had concluded his harangue, he turned and began impressively, "Ibrahim, do you take—" when suddenly one of the old women cried out, "Stop, stop, Khowadji, you have got the wrong bride by that man; he is to marry the short girl!" They made a genial interchange, though it destroyed the look of the thing, and went through successfully with the mighty monosyllables without mistake. Then all waited for the crowd to disperse. But the curiosity was too great, and at last the two brother missionaries rigged up



JEW WITH PHYLACTERY.

their lanterns, seized their heavy canes, and walked home, first with Ibrahim and wife, then with Yunis and wife, one on each side. And the crowd were a little afraid of the two Khowadjis with their sticks, and had to be contented with mere jokes and laughter.

Nine years after this, when on a visit to Hums, this same missionary records that these happy Christian families, with their children, met him at the door of the church.

Many are the weddings that now take place in that dull old town. Maidens wear their dowry in rows of silver coins on their foreheads as they used to. But the men that seek them know full well by this time that the lips can say No and Yes, in such ways as that they must abide by the decision, and all Hums keep silence when they speak.

GENERAL RESULTS THUS FAR.

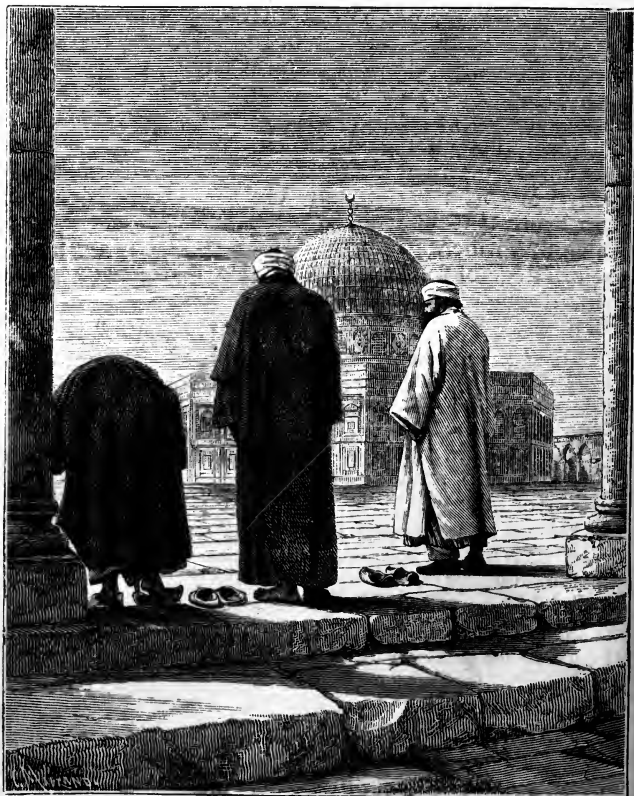
It hardly seems consistent with the limits, perhaps not with the character, of this paper, to attempt to rehearse what has really been accomplished among the women of the Arabs. No one of us, even in politest circles, would be harmed, if he left off now the apologetic, *Ajellak Allah*.

I have been interested beyond the power of expression in the histories of Rufka Gregory, Luciya Shekur, Raheel, and Miriam the Aleppine. It seems a miracle performed when one sees this low, desolate life coming up through the night to the light. On the whole, those photographed groups of Christian families are the most affecting pictures the sun ever traced. The sweet, new life of parents and children; the unmistakable honor and reverence for the mother which the father cherishes; the uncringing, frank face of the small child, nowise humiliated because she must grow up a woman,—these tell their own tale.

My office is performed, if I have succeeded in turning attention to the volume, and awakening a wish to possess it.

Only one more living evidence may be of interest. Raheel Bistany's little daughter died; Werdeh, one of the educated pupils of the Beyroot Seminary, wrote a poem, lamenting the loss. The Arabic version, that is, her own actual composition, is in my hands, electrotyped by the American press in Beyroot. I annex it here, to show at once:—how finely science has driven itself in here with the high appliances of civilized life in a heathen city, where such exquisite work of typography can be produced—and how well an Arab girl (*Ajellak Allah!*) can show her training, give her but a fair chance.

A musical translation (printed below the poem) is given by Dr. Jessup, which he vouches for as literal. The sweet Christian spirit, as well as the literary merit is to be noted.



MOSLEMS AT PRAYER.

قالت ترثي سارة بنت المعلم بطرس البستاني

يا بين ويحك هل بقيت في البشر
وهل تركت بذى الدنيا لنا كبدًا
عينا بلا دمة حرّى ولا كدر
سليمة وفوادًا غير منطر
روى الجنان نظير الانجم الزهر
واي قلب عليه غير منكسر
وشخصها لم يفت سمي ولا بصري
اغنت ثراك به عن مدبر المطر
عظيمة الشأن تررب انضل الدرر
لم يترك البين من عين ولا اثر
حزينة تستعيض النوم بالسهر
فان شخصك في الاكباد لم يسر
البت ثوب يياض في النعيم كما
ياقبر اكرم فتاة فيك قد نزلت
سارت بغير وداع سارة عجلًا
يا زيمة ما لها من يقظة ابرًا
ان لم نعد نحونا يومًا فحن غدا
تبكي على فقدك الاتراب دمع دم
قد كنت بين بنات العصر جوهرة
اين اللغات واين العلم واسفا
يا ويح قلب اب ييكي ووالدة
ان كنت سرت عن الابصار نازحة
لبست ثوب يياض في النعيم كما
ياقبر اكرم فتاة فيك قد نزلت
سارت بغير وداع سارة عجلًا
يا زيمة ما لها من يقظة ابرًا
ان لم نعد نحونا يومًا فحن غدا

WERDEH'S ARABIC FORM, LAMENTING THE DEATH OF SARAH BISTANY.

THE TRANSLATION.

Oh sad separation! Have you left among mortals,
An eye without tears, hot and burning with sorrow?
Have you left on this earth a heart without anguish,
Or a soul unharmed with grief and emotion?
Thou hast plucked off a flower from our beautiful garden,
Which shall shine like the stars in the gardens celestial.
Who is me! I have lost a fair branch of the willow
Broken ruthlessly off. And what heart is *not* broken?
Thou hast gone, but from me thou wilt never be absent.
Thy person will live in my sight and my hearing.
Tears of blood will be shed by fair maids thy companions.
Thy grave will be watered by tears thickly falling.
Thou wert the fair jewel of Syrian maidens,
Far purer and fairer than pearls of the ocean.

Where now is thy knowledge of language and science?
This sad separation has left to us nothing.
Ah, woe to the heart of fond father and mother,
No sleep, naught but anguish and watching in sorrow
Thou art clad in white robes in the gardens of glory,
We are clad in the black robe of sorrow and mourning
Oh, grave, yield thy honors to our pure lovely maiden,
Who now to thy gloomy abode is descending!
Our Sarah departed, with no word of farewell,
Will she ever return with a fond word of greeting?
Oh, deep sleep of death, that knows no awaking!
Oh, absence that knows no thought of returning!
If she never comes back to us here in our sorrow,
We shall go to her soon. 'Twill be but to-morrow!

AGASSIZ.

ONCE in the leafy prime of Spring,
When blossoms whitened every thorn,
I wandered through the Vale of Orbe
Where Agassiz was born.

The birds in boyhood he had known
Went flitting through the air of May,
And happy songs he loved to hear
Made all the landscape gay.

I saw the streamlet from the hills
Run laughing through the valleys green,
And as I watched it run, I said
"This *his* dear eyes have seen!"

Far cliffs of ice his feet had climbed
That day outspoke of him to me;—
The avalanches seemed to sound
The name of *Agassiz*!

And, standing on the mountain crag
Where loosened waters rush and foam,
I felt, that though on Cambridge side,
He made that spot my home.

And looking round me as I mused,
I knew no pang of fear, or care,
Or homesick weariness, because
Once Agassiz stood there!


I walked beneath no alien skies,
No foreign heights I came to tread,
For everywhere I looked, I saw
His grand, beloved head.

His smile was stamped on every tree,
The glacier shone to gild his name,
And every image in the lake
Reflected back his fame.

Great keeper of the magic keys
That could unlock the guarded gates,
Where Science like a Monarch stands,
And sacred Knowledge waits—

Thine ashes rest on Charles's banks,
Thy memory all the world contains,
For thou could'st bind in human love
All hearts in golden chains!

Thine was the heaven-born spell that sets
Our warm and deep affections free,—
Who knew thee best must love thee best,
And longest mourn for thee!



THE HEIRESS OF WASHINGTON.

WHEN Congress, at its second session, held at New York in the mid-summer of 1790, voted to give to George Washington the selection of a site on the Potomac for the national capital, that selection was not only left to the successful General, who had just brought the nation safely through the fires of Revolution, but to the Surveyor, who, as a young man, had spent his early life mapping out the plantations on its banks. Nearly forty years before, young Washington, accompanying Braddock to his sad defeat, had encamped on the very spot where the Washington Observatory now stands. As the young aide-camp looked out from the door of his tent at even-tide, he remarked on the favorable character of such a location for the site of a great city. Since that day,

Arlington, so beautiful for situation that de Tocqueville has said that no place in Europe possessed a lovelier prospect, had come into his possession by marriage. No day passed that he did not look across the stately Potomac upon those forest-bearing hills, now crowned by the public buildings of the Capitol, and crowded with the homes of more than a hundred thousand people. Those hills rose just across the river against the lower edge of his own plantation, and the two families that lived opposite each other, often exchanged visits; and on Sundays they always met in the Episcopal church of Alexandria. His daily contemplation of this place made him fully aware of its natural advantages as the site of the future metropolis. The two branches of the Potomac, between which the city is situated, promised ample room for that commerce which the first President always expected to centralize in his favorite city. Alexandria and Georgetown, places of large size for that day of small things, were to constitute its suburbs, and were expected to be, as they have been, swallowed up in the superior greatness of their common center. Nor is it unlikely that that observant mind was at all unconscious of the influence of the proximity of a large city on the



DAVID BURNS'S COTTAGE.

value of the plantation belonging to his wife, on which he then lived, and which was afterwards to descend to his foster-children, the Custises.

During the winters of 1790-91 Washington was busily engaged with the four planters who lived on the left bank of the Potomac, settling the terms on which they would consent that their plantations should become the site of the future capital. It would seem as if no great exertion would be required to induce these gentlemen to agree to exchange their boundless acres of forest and half-tilled plantation for the crowded and valuable squares of what was expected to be the largest city on the continent. But David Burns,—"that obstinate Mr. Burns," as Washington called him,—who owned the whole of the west end of Washington, was for some time opposed to the arrangement. For three generations, he and his ancestry had lived on that spot and had acquired a wealth that old Scotland had denied them. The place was originally laid out as a plantation of six hundred acres; and so small did that amount of land then seem that it bore the name of the Widow's Mite. But by degrees the place grew and enlarged till it stretched from Georgetown to where the Capitol now stands. In 1790, its owner

was the justice of the peace for the whole neighborhood and somewhat choleric withal. And tradition relates that when the President was one day telling him of the great advantages of the proposed plan, old Burns gruffly burst out—"I suppose, Mr. Washington, you think people here are going to take every grist from you as pure grain; but what would you have been, if you hadn't married the widow Custis?"

The southern border of the Burns plantation was a little stream, still flowing below the Capitol, well-known to every Washington boy as the Tiber, and to every classical scholar there as the Yellow Tiber. During the past winter, that stream has been walled and covered in, so that its waves no longer greet the light till they reach those Botanical gardens where Congressional horticulture flourishes at national expense. On the very spot where the Capitol now towers by the side of that little stream, lived, generations ago, an old gentleman, who was extremely fond of a practical joke. His own name was Pope; his plantation he therefore christened by the name of Rome, and the stream at the foot of the hill where he dwelt he called the Tiber. Very frequently did he bore his guests with the oft-told tale that America, as well as Europe, had its Pope, dwelling at Rome, on the banks of the Tiber! How it would have delighted his honest old heart, could he have foreseen that the ground where he then dwelt would



MARIA VAN NESS. (FROM AN OLD PORTRAIT.)

in other days be known as the Capitoline Hill.

It required some time and much talking to reconcile all the diverse elements; but at last David Burns and his plantation-neighbors consented that their homesteads should be converted into the capital of the nation. One half of the land was to be given up to the public, the old proprietors to retain the other half. For all lands

taken for public uses, they were to be allowed one hundred dollars for every acre and a half. Major L'Enfant, a French engineer of note, was selected to lay out the new city. He made his streets run due North and South and named them after the numerals; or else due East and West, designated alphabetically. The French minister of that day remarked to Gen. Washington that his engineer must be an infant in mind as well as name to



THE VAN NESS MANSION.

call his streets A, B, C, and 1, 2 and 3.

David Burns, planter, Justice of the Peace, owner of the many broad acres that lay between Georgetown and the present site of the Capitol, lived in a small cottage, a little back from the river, on the square now lying between 17th and 18th streets. That planter's mansion of the last century still stands, as represented on our page, under the shadow of its overhanging trees, and is still kept in good repair by its present owner. Here Mr. Burns, who had but lately lost his wife, was bringing up his two children, just passing out of their teens, when President Washington insisted on thrusting a great fortune upon them. The old gentleman had dedicated his son to the law, but the young gentleman's health had failed, and he passed away to a better world just as population was beginning to pour itself over the parental plantation. His death left the young lady sole heiress to all that part of Washington, now occupied by the White House, the Treasury, the Observatory, the Patent Office, the Post Office, the Smithsonian, the Agricultural buildings, and the aristocratic mansions of H, I, and M streets. The conversion of this large plantation into the squares of a city that was to be the metropolis of the nation, made Miss Burns the wealthiest *partie* then living in this country. The presence of Congress close by her doors, held in a small place, where there was almost no society, brought to her feet scores of Congressional bachelors. They had not the slightest objection to taking charge of the fair form and large fortune of the rich heiress. Politics was discussed in the Capitol; love, in the cottage of David Burns. For the young lady was just nineteen and very beautiful. Her complexion was one of dazzling fairness, her eyes full of playful fire; but her most attractive feature was the air of goodness that continually dwelt upon her face. Always at ease and always trying to put others at ease, lovely, quick-witted and cultured, Miss Maria Burns would have been the belle of society in any city on the continent; at Washington she was its queen.

It would hardly be fair to the memory of the gay young gentlemen of the Congress of 1802 to state how many of them failed in their attempts to secure the great prize.

It is more to our purpose to relate that among the gallant members of the first Congress that ever assembled at Washington was the Hon. John P. Van Ness, of New York. He belonged to that patrician and aristocratic family that then occupied the magnificent country-seat of Lindenwald, subsequently owned by Mr. Van Buren. Mr. Van Ness had been educated at Columbia College, and had studied for the law, but had been forced by ill-health to give up its practice. He was now a representative in Congress, thirty years of age, of fair talents, and, what is of no less importance in the eyes of young ladies, of handsome



THE MAUSOLEUM.

and commanding appearance. His family and Congressional standing gave him prestige in society: his abilities confirmed the favorable impressions his manly looks created: and he was much aided by the influence of his political friends. The disposition of the greatest fortune then in the matrimonial market was the object of much speculation among those whose thoughts were supposed to be given to legislation. Mr. Vice-President Aaron Burr, then of unspotted reputation, was one of his staunchest supporters. While General Van Ness was closely pressing

the besieged fortress, with some hopes of success, David Burns died, leaving his daughter the sole owner of a goodly number of slaves, and the most valuable piece of rising real estate in the United States. The poor girl was now solitary enough. Father, mother, and brother had all passed away, and she dwelt alone in the little cottage by the river-side. Circumstances forced her to a decision, and on the 9th of May, 1802, the day she attained her twentieth year, she surrendered her name and fortune to her handsome suitor. Mr. Van Ness ceased to represent New York, and became the owner of more than half of Washington.

One of the earliest acts of the new proprietor of the plantation was the erection of a large and costly house, built out of the sales of land that passed to the nation and to individuals. In its day it was the most expensive private mansion in the United States; it was the first in which hot and cold water was carried to all the chambers. Latrobe, the architect of the White House, drew the plans, and superintended the erection. It is said that even Mr. Van Ness, extravagant as he naturally was, was horrified by the continual calls for money for the new building, and at last remonstrated strongly with the architect. Mr. Latrobe coolly replied, "That's your business, to find the money. I have nothing to do but draw the plans, and build the house." Beneath its capacious basements are the largest and coolest wine-vaults in the country; and it was in these dark recesses that it was the original intention of the conspirators who afterwards assassinated Mr. Lincoln, to conceal their captive, had they succeeded in their original plan of capturing him alive.

The house, when built, was consecrated by its owner to hospitality. No other mansion in this country has opened its doors to so many and such illustrious guests. Monroe and Madison, Clay and Calhoun, Webster and Hayne were the friends of her husband, and her frequent visitors. From Washington to Jackson there was not a President of the United States who was not her friend and guest. General Van Ness was fond of display; the sale of the plantation had given him ample means; and nothing pleased him more than to see the political aristocracy of all parties crowded round his ample board. But his wife, while meeting all the claims that fashion and wealth could present, led an inner life

of much religious beauty. The loveliness and simplicity of her original nature remained unchanged until death. Wealth never corrupted her; prosperity never withheld her hand from the wants of the deserving poor. For thirty years her house was the center of Washington's best social life. Her husband's position, as Mayor of the capital, constrained him to a continued hospitality in which he took great delight. But her real happiness was found in other things. Religion, and charity, and the care of the orphan were never forgotten by her; her life was a train of unostentatious charities. In riper years her heart was fixed on the training of her daughter, and she made it her own work to educate that daughter for all the realities of life. It was part of the daily duty of both to read together the Word of God, and together to meditate on its solemn truths. They were congenial minds; and neither the difference of age nor the overflowing happiness of youth ever led the fair daughter away from her mother, or her religious duties. And when marriage came, and Miss Van Ness became Mrs. Middleton, the lonely mother could cheerfully see her daughter depart, for she well knew how fitted was that daughter for all that life or death could bring. Death soon came in the train of childbirth; and when the daughter and her little infant descended into the grave, the mother's heart descended with them. For the family was built one of the most beautiful mausoleums ever constructed in this country;—perhaps, at the time of its erection, the most beautiful. It was the exact pattern of the pillared temple of Tivoli. All that part of H Street, then on the outskirts of the city, now its very center, the mother dedicated to religious uses. At the right of the grave rose the Church of the Ascension, for which she gave the land; on its left the Washington Orphan Asylum, to which she gave not only the land, but four thousand dollars. Between these two buildings, the one consecrated to religion, the other to charity, was erected the mausoleum that was to await her decease.

Death came to her at last, as it comes to all; but not until she had enjoyed all the pleasure that wealth, or society, or fashion can give, and found how frail and worthless they are when compared with religion or affection. She died in September, 1832, when she was just fifty years of age; and she received, what no other woman in the United States has ever received, the honors

of a public burial. Just as the funeral train was about to move, a delegation of the citizens of Washington entered the room, where her remains were lying in state, bearing with them a silver plate, with the following inscription: "The citizens of Washington, in testimony of their veneration for departed worth, dedicate this plate to the memory of Maria Van Ness, the excellent consort of J. P. Van Ness. If piety, high principle, and exalted worth could have arrested the shafts of fate, she would still have remained among us, a bright example of every virtue. The hand of death has removed her to a purer and happier state of existence, and while we lament her loss, let us endeavor to emulate her virtues." The long procession then passed away from her former home to her grave between the church and the asylum. At the gate of the asylum stood its little inmates in line, while the procession passed through the midst of them. After the body had been placed in what should have been its last abode, the orphans came to strew the grave with branches of weeping willow.

"What should have been its last abode?" The place she herself chose between the church and the orphanage. Here were gathered the last remains of her husband, her child, grandchild, and herself. Of all her large estate in Washington she asked only a grave; and her request has been denied. For forty years her body lay in the place of her own selection, but without a friend or relative to guard that sacred dust. In these forty years Washington had grown from a city of eighteen thousand inhabitants to one of one hundred and ten thousand. Land had greatly increased in value, and could not be spared for purposes of sepulture. The tomb was, therefore, left in such neglect that its removal was demanded as a sanitary measure. The bodies were exhumed by strangers, and carried to Georgetown, and the mausoleum removed with them. The pecuniary value of that last resting-place has now returned to stranger heirs, who loved the place of her grave better than her memory or her wishes.

GABRIELLE.

Now hovering near, now sought afar,
Beauty is still my guiding star;
Stirred by a strange, sweet discontent,
I greet its fair embodiment.

As sparkling-faced Callirhoë,
Born of the splendor of the sea,
Uprose to meet the golden morn,
So was her untold beauty born.

She wins by soft, bewitching smiles,
Shy glances, sweet, provoking wiles;
For by some subtle sense the maid
Knows how, and when, your heart's waylaid.

Foregoing wealth, forgetting fame,
We bow to one celestial flame,
Wherewith,—through Love's anointed eyes,—
On earth we enter Paradise.

Beware, and make no sudden sign;
When to be bold who shall divine
Where Nature, storing all her grace,
Here pours it in one matchless face?

KATHERINE EARLE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.



"I—I AM SURE I WISH YOU WELL," SHE SAID, HESITATINGLY.

CHAPTER X.

WHERE MORE IS MEANT THAN MEETS THE EAR.

BUT Dacre did not go. The days passed on, heavy yet sweet, like the scent of tropical flowers,—idle summer days beside a summer sea,—and Katey met him continually—sometimes as they rolled along the wide, smooth avenue, themselves no insignificant part of the brilliant pageant spread out here upon a bright afternoon; sometimes as they came like mermaids out of the sea; or more often in the twilight, when they sat in unpremeditated state to receive their visitors, enthroned in the bright red chairs upon the veranda. He was always alone. Where are the friends for whom he has staid? Katey thought, wondering not a little over his forlorn appearance. But at sight of them his dark face would brighten for the moment, the cloud of discontent or ill-humor being dispelled by Delphine's cheerful greeting. Katey was still chary of her smiles. He seemed to her like a dark spot upon the beautiful landscape. "I think he is unhappy," Delphine said. But Katey believed that he moped: and to mope when one is young and strong seemed to her the

height of folly, if not of sin. Often he lingered for a moment beside them; then she would try to be gracious, remembering her promise to Delphine, but utterly failing in the attempt. Her manners had not yet hardened into the crust which we all wear later in life. So far, every emotion, every prejudice would show through.

"You do not like me," he said boldly, one night, finding her upon the veranda alone.

"Why should I?" she replied; then, frightened at herself, she added, quickly, "Why should I not?"

"I commend your wisdom," and he threw himself down upon the steps at her feet, "but I wish you would."

He quite forgot the connection between his sentences, as he raised to her the face which appeared almost boyish in the softening light. There was a laugh upon his lips; but the depth and pleading of his eyes gave it the lie.

Katey stared, the warm color flying into her face. This was not at all as the young men she had met were accustomed to address her. "I—I am sure I wish you well," she said, hesitatingly, and with a quaver of embarrassment in her voice. It

was a stiff, old-fashioned sentence, and sounded prim and strange in her own ears; but the words were the first which came to her.

"So you do your bitterest enemy, I suppose," he replied. "Only you can have no enemy, I know," he added gently.

Then Delphine appeared, with a flutter and sweep of soft muslin and lace, and Katey breathed again. But he bent over her hand when he rose to say good-night. "We are to be friends; you are not angry?" he asked in a low voice.

"O no, no;" Katey replied, hurriedly, drawing her hand away. What if Delphine should see? Which question had she answered? She hardly knew.

They sat here until the darkness enveloped them and the stars twinkled down; but Katey did not tell Delphine what had passed between Dacre and herself. And, indeed, was there anything to tell? But the ice in her heart had begun to melt. What were his boyish pride and superciliousness that she should have remembered them, all these years? she thought, reproaching herself that night, when she was taking off her ornaments and letting down her hair. Once during the evening Dobry had passed the open door with a lamp in her hand; the flaring rays of light had fallen upon his face. How sad it was! Katey forgot that she had said he moped, as she gave him a sigh from the depths of her gentle heart. Yes, the ice was beginning to melt.

This marked the commencement of a new order of events. He began now to appear at the cottage at all hours of the day, and some which verged upon the night. He leaned over the sill of the low bay-window, and drank coffee with them in the morning. He ferreted out an old guitar from some dingy shop in the town, and sang quaint, weird songs in the twilight to a low accompaniment, which set strange chords to vibrating in Katey's heart; he walked, and rode, and bathed in their company; he became, in more senses than one, Katey's shadow. But she made use of every innocent artifice to avoid meeting him alone. What might he not say? After that first evening all dreadful possibilities seemed open to him. She had had no experience with lovers. She did not even question in her own mind if it were love he meant, though she was so shy of meeting him; and yet, after a time, she was conscious of a bond between them.

"You will do this, I know," he said, one day, asking some slight favor, worthless in itself.

"Why will I?" and Katey opened her great eyes upon him.

He bent over the fastening of her glove, "Because—O, I don't know; I wish you would." And she did it.

She was a foolish Katey. So she confessed to herself a little later, when the bond had strengthened more and more, and held her like a chain. Delphine, seeing the play go on after her own heart, rejoiced inwardly, looking farther into the future than Katey, who hardly realized that her feet were snared, so pleasant was the land about her.

"You do not wish him to go away now, —to do well a long way off?" she said archly, one day. The temptation to triumph over the success of her little scheme was too great, for the moment, to be resisted.

Katey's brown cheek flamed crimson. "I wish—I don't know what I wish." She rose hurriedly, and went out of the room. What did Delphine mean? What was it all—the summer, the strange charm, and yet pain, which had stolen into her life? How would it end? For the summer was almost over. Only a few days more, and they would go their several ways—Delphine back to her city home, she to try her own strength, which seemed feeble enough as the time drew near. Reluctantly Delphine had given her consent, and Katey had sought and found a position in a school—three hundred miles, at least, from Delphine's home. Even Jack's unwilling sanction had at last been gained. She was to leave before the others. And Dacre? How little she knew of his life! Why did she doubt him so at times? Where would he go? Should she ever see him again? As the time drew near when they were to separate, his manner became more and more strange and variable, his moods beyond all comprehension. "I am a wretch, Katey," he said one day, in so humble and hopeless a tone that Katey's tender heart was touched with pity for the warm-hearted, wayward boy, whom nobody welcomed, as Delphine had said, and whom nobody tried to save. What was the cloud that hung over him? If she only dared ask! Could it be that there was something in his past life which he shrank from telling, — something which haunted him, and yet of which he could

not speak? To Katey, whose innocent history was like a chained book in an old chapel, the leaves of which any one might turn at will, the thought was too dreadful to be entertained. Who were his friends and associates? Even Delphine confessed that she had failed to learn. Certainly he had none here save themselves. "But he will go home now," Mrs. Estemere said, to ease her mind of a sharp doubt as to the wisdom of the intimacy she had fostered and encouraged; "he will go home to his father's house." It was only a few days before that he had spoken of it.

Dacre and Katey strolled on up the narrow streets of the old town. "Yes, I am a wretch," he repeated. It seemed as though he would say more; but he checked himself.

"One would think you had broken all of the commandments." Katey spoke lightly, but there was an anxious tone in her voice.

"I believe I have forgotten what they are," he replied, with a little bitter laugh.

"Don't," said Katey, "it hurts me to hear you speak so."

Some one turned the corner in their faces at that moment—a gentleman, not young, as girls of twenty reckon youth, of medium height, squarely built, with a strong, frank face, shaded on either side by a heavy, red-brown beard. A pair of keen, gray eyes, under a heavy forehead, were fastened for an instant upon Katey's pained, anxious face, with its frame of pretty, dark hair and soft violet ribbons. Ah! he thought, is it so? reading a story in the sweet, girlish countenance, which wore no mask. As his glance passed quickly to Dacre, his forehead gathered into a frown; he almost checked his steps, then he half bowed, and passed on.

Katey, too, had made, involuntarily, a movement to stop. "Who was it?" she asked, startled into forgetfulness of what had gone before. "He recognized you; I thought he was going to speak."

But Dacre had been too much absorbed to notice. "I don't know;" and he looked back carelessly. "More likely it was you who caught his eye. I only wonder that he passed on."

Katey did not smile over the flattery implied in his words. She was lost in thought. She was haunted by the expression of the man's face. Why had he scowled upon Dacre? Delphine said the world had judged him harshly. How

or why, Katey had never asked. So the world looked coldly upon him! She had never realized what that could mean until now, when she felt her face grow hot. She laid her hand timidly in his arm. "I believe I am tired," she said, by way of excuse.

His face brightened at once. The unhappy mood vanished like the sudden disappearance of a morning fog. They went on up the the tortuous streets and broad, shaded avenues, and he at least, was gay as though no care or regret had ever rested on him.

He left her at Josie Durant's door. But Josie had gone over to Mrs. Estemere's cottage; so Katey walked slowly home across the lawn, saddened in spite of herself, and full of vague fears. Perhaps it was old, childish habit revived, perhaps it was one of those strange premonitions which no one can explain, but foremost in her mind at this moment pressed the question, What will Jack say?

As if to answer for himself he met her face to face as she stepped upon the veranda. He had arrived while she was out. Dear old Jack! The freckles were gone now, the forehead was broad, and whiter than Katey's where the short, dark curls shaded it. The eyes still glinted like sparks of fire. Katey's heart warmed with pride and pleasure at sight of him. He seized and kissed her with affectionate roughness, and drew her through the long, open window into the pretty little drawing-room where Delphine sat alone.

"What is this about your going away so soon?" he asked.

"I don't know, only I am going to-morrow," Katey replied.

"Nonsense!" Jack was still chary of words; but there is force as well as wit in brevity.

"So I tell her," Delphine hastened to add. Though in truth, Delphine had never uttered so brief a sentence. "It is a foolish whim; I supposed, of course, she would stay with us until she married."

"But if I shouldn't marry?"

"Everybody marries," Delphine replied, "except women with spheres, and those who are born to be old maids."

"I wonder if Elsie Bird was born to be an old maid?" said Katey thoughtfully. "Delphine, how lovely she was in spirit and in all her ways!"

"Her lover died, I believe," Delphine answered.

Jack had thrown himself into an easy

chair and lit a cigar, for the cozy little drawing-room was smoking-room as well, unbounded liberty being the rule in Delphine's home. "For Heaven's sake, Katey," he broke in now, "don't be a woman with a sphere, or I'll disown you."

"I have no desire to be a woman with a sphere," returned Katey, "and I have been very happy with Robert and Delphine, and I should like to come and stay with you and Josie by and by, I am sure, only I should like to do something for myself first. Do let me try it for a little while. Delphine has been too kind. I do nothing but dress and fold my hands, and try to look pretty, and I believe I am tired of it. I want to do a bit of real hard work, as—as I used to," she added, with a little quaver in her voice, thinking of the old home and the cares which had rested upon the girlish shoulders.

"Well, but why can't you work here?" persisted Jack. "Where are all the folderols women busy themselves about? Where's your sewing?"

"Delphine puts out our dresses, and the seamstress in the house does the rest. I do sew, just to make myself busy sometimes; and sometimes I dust the drawing-room, though she says one of the servants could do it as well. Jack!" Katey turned upon him suddenly, "How should you like to saw wood, for instance, simply for the sake of doing something, when no one wanted the wood?"

"Wouldn't do it," returned Jack. Then removing his cigar, "but some one always does want the wood. You can give it away, you know."

"Yes," assented Katey, slowly. "And I could work for charity, I suppose. But,—I can't. I don't feel called. I don't know any poor people, and I don't enjoy societies; I cannot attend meetings—women's meetings, I mean. Perhaps I am wicked, but I want to laugh always. And as for holding an office—"

"But some one is obliged to," interrupted Delphine, who was herself vice-president of a benevolent society.

"Yes, I know," replied Katey, "but they enjoy it. They feel it a duty as well, but they like it. Indeed, that is one sign of a true call to any work, I think. And I haven't it, Jack,—I haven't it at all." And Katey, upon the hassock at his feet, clasped her hands around her knees in childish fashion, and turned so sorry a face to him with this confession that Jack laughed

aloud. The idea of Katey sitting gravely in committee or presiding over a meeting of any kind was too absurd to be considered.

Delphine, however, viewed the matter more seriously. "But you need not attend societies in order to exercise charity," she said. "There is Janie Home who visits regularly the families in the lower part of the village where she has gone to live; sees that their houses and their families are neat, and—"

"What impertinence!" exclaimed Katey. "Think of walking into people's houses without right or invitation, and advising in family affairs, simply because their doors are narrower and dirtier than ours!"

Jack laughed again.

"It is so; is it not?" Katey went on, appealing to him. "I took Delphine's place one week last winter and went with one of her friends down through the back streets of the town as a visiting committee. We were to ring each bell and call upon every family if possible, find out if they attended church, and if their children were in Sunday-school. I don't know how the others proceeded, but I apologized at every door for the intrusion, and felt that it was only natural and just when a tall, raw-boned woman barred our entrance to one house, and said, with a kind of enraged self-respect, 'An' what if I don't, Miss?' in answer to our question."

"But you should not have done so," said Mrs. Estemere. "I always make some excuse, or ask permission to go in. Then I speak to the children, give them candy, and if there is a pot of flowers or a print to ornament the room, notice that, and so gradually approach the object of my visit."

"But Delphine, dear, what if a stranger should walk into your drawing-room, admire Launce, feed him with chocolate-creams, which you know always make him ill, criticise your *Gérôme*, comment upon the weather, and crown all with a modest hope that you were using these blessings without abusing them, and were fitting yourself for another and better world, saying that it was to express this hope she had called! I am sure you would ask the servant to show her the door."

"But that is different," laughed Delphine. "They do not often resent our visits."

"Then they can have no self-respect," persisted Katey

Delphine shook her head. "It may be so sometimes," she said, "but we often find poor, forlorn, broken-spirited creatures, who are only too glad to hear a kind word from any one."

"Yes, perhaps so," assented Katey slowly, remembering at least one such experience of her own.

"I shall yet boast of my sister, who is laboring among the heathen," laughed Jack, pinching Katey's ear.

"O, never," she replied, gravely. "I am not good enough, and I am ashamed to say I do not feel drawn towards the heathen—that is, foreign heathen," she added, remembering Dacre. "I am only a little restless and proud," she went on, with a laugh. "I want to do something for myself. So Robert and Delphine say I may try. I wrote you about the advertisement, and Robert went to La Fayette to see the school, and use his influence to gain the position for me. I am engaged to teach the younger children, and I go tomorrow," she concluded, with a quick gasp, which might have been due to breathlessness after her hurried speech, or fright at the prospect so near.

"You are not fit to take care of yourself," was Jack's final comment. "You'll do something foolish or unheard of away off there."

"O, no," said Katey, quickly. She was much more likely to do so if she remained here, she thought. What would he say if he knew about Dacre Home? If she only dared tell him! And yet, what was there to tell?

Delphine mentioned Dacre's name casually as they were going out to tea. "What is he doing here?" said Jack, sharply, making Katey's heart cease to beat for the moment. O, how thankful she was that he had not come before! Or did she wish that Delphine and she had never been left to themselves?

Josie Durant, who had staid to tea, gave her a sharp little glance as Jack uttered the question, to which no one replied. Launce, hanging upon his mother's chair, would have spoken, but Delphine checked him. This was not the time to open the subject, she saw, and she let it pass.

Katey felt Josie's glance as she bent over her plate. Josie's clear little head had taken in everything,—Delphine's scheme, Katey's doubt and hesitation, and surrender at last,—though there had been no confidence between Katey and herself.

How could there be when there was no sympathy? Josie had disapproved of it all from the first. She would have interfered if she had dared. But she was not yet one of the family, and how could she set herself in opposition to Delphine, or act the part of a tale-bearer and write to Jack?

There was to be a gathering of their summer friends at the Durants that evening, too informal to be called a party, though there would be music and dancing, and Josie had offered to return and spend the night with Katey, who chafed against it all—this last evening! And Dacre would not be at the party. All through the summer Miss Durant had quietly ignored him. He had received no invitation, Katey knew, and she had said nothing to him of the engagement for the evening. Should she see him again? The train she was to take left at an early hour in the morning,—almost at day-break. Even if he came to the cottage to-night, it might be only to find her gone, or, more dreadful still, to meet Jack face to face. It was a relief to see Jack cross the lawn with Josie while she still lingered over her toilet. Delphine followed them presently. "You will come over soon, I suppose," she called to Katey, "I have promised Josie to help her arrange some flowers." She had marked Katey's nervous manner, and divined something of the truth. She quaked inwardly, remembering the tone of Jack's voice when she had mentioned Dacre's name; but it was too late to go back now. She would give them one more chance to meet, and she hastened over to the Durant's cottage strong in the determination to keep Jack well employed for the next hour, so that he should have no opportunity to return for Katey.

CHAPTER XI.

'PITY'S AKIN TO LOVE

THE pale violet ribbons had been laid aside; but the scarlet geraniums in her hair were not more vivid than the red on Katey's cheek as she stood fluttering and faint-hearted just within the open window when they had all gone, listening to every step upon the gravel before the door. Perhaps he would not come. It would be better for her, she knew, if he never came again. A spasm of sense and reason had seized her in the midst of the excitement of the moment. And yet she waited.

He came at last. She ran down the stairs to meet him. He must not stay. It would not do for Jack to return and find him here—Jack who was hot-headed and rash, and would say—she knew not what. Dacre had heard nothing of his arrival. She told him now as they stood in the doorway, showing all her apprehension in her face as she made the announcement, with a fearful glance over the way, where a soft light shone from the open windows through the closed shutters. The high, wide veranda was peopled with moving shadows already. The first strains of the music rose upon the still air, mingling with the gentle sweep and fall of the surf over the deserted sands. "I must go," Katey said at last. "There is company at the other house; they will miss me." She offered no excuse for his having been left out. They had reached a point beyond conventionalities.

He walked beside her, across to the other cottage. They passed the broad flight of steps leading up to the veranda, and reached the side door in silence. Katey held out her hand. It was to be like the parting of ordinary acquaintances then? What had she expected? What had she hoped for? It was better so, yet something in her throat choked the words she tried to say. All the past summer, bewildering and sweet, rose before her at that moment. Where would he go, from her, and to whom? She felt as they stood that one instant with clasped hands in the soft darkness, the laughing voices coming out to them through the closed shutters, they two alone—that beyond the shadows enveloping them an awful gulf yawned and waited for him. O, if she could but hold him back!

He bent his head as she stood above him, and laid his cheek upon her hand. So like a boy he was! Would nobody try to save him?

"It is only 'good-bye,' Katey," and there was a strange, hoarse tone in his voice. "I like you too well to say anything else. I ought to have gone before; I knew it all the time."

His lips touched her hand. Then she was alone. "*Dacre!*" Her voice, shrill and sharp, rang out into the night. In a moment he was beside her. "O, where are you going? What will become of you?" She had forgotten the open windows. Some one pulled up a blind. "I thought I heard a cry," said a voice. He

drew her into the shadow of the doorway as Josie Durant leaned out to listen. "It is nothing," Josie said calmly, addressing some one behind her, and dropping the blind noisily. But Katey knew that she had seen them.

There was a general movement within. It was only the cessation of the momentary stillness, but to Katey the voices drew near. "They are coming; I must go;" she exclaimed in a frightened whisper. He caught her in his arms. "Katey! Katey! I shall come to you—I shall see you!" Then he was gone.

The music had begun again when she entered the drawing-room. They were forming a set upon the veranda. "Where did you hide yourself?" asked Jack, leading her out, "or have you but just come? I was going over to look you up, but Delphine thought you must be here somewhere."

Fortunately there was a flourish of trumpets at this moment, the dance had begun, and in following its mazes, with a lugubrious air, droll to see, Jack,—who still hated parties and everything pertaining to them,—forgot his question. It was a long tiresome evening to Katey, in spite of the music, the pleasant, softly-lighted rooms, and cheerful company. She stole away at last to the shelter of a deep window. Here, with her elbow upon the sill, her cheek in her hand, her face turned towards the sea, across which streamed a faint line of light from the white moon overhead, she dreamed her dream undisturbed. "Katey! Katey!" she heard again, above the gay voices floating in upon her, above the hushed roar of the surf which filled in every pause. O, she would trust him; forgetting that the truest trust is involuntary.

Josie sought her out. "What are you doing here?" she said. "Do try and rouse yourself, Katey. What will people think? That strange gentleman has been staring at you for the last ten minutes."

"Who is he?" and Katey forgot her momentary resentment at Josie's tone, to stare in turn after the broad, square figure vanishing through the doorway. She had caught a glimpse of a red-brown beard, and a pair of deep-set gray eyes. Where had she seen them before? Then she remembered. It was the gentleman who had recognized Dacre Home upon the street that afternoon.

"I don't know," Josie answered carelessly. "Some friend of the Fosters, I

believe. I have forgotten his name. But I must go; I have to sing."

The Fosters were already making their adieux when they returned to the drawing-room. Once more Katey felt the searching eyes fixed upon her as their owner behind Mrs. Foster's broad shoulders awaited his turn. It almost seemed as though he would speak to her. A shadow of irresolution crossed his face, he turned to Miss Durant, but Katey had moved away, something very hot and fierce rising within her at the recollection of the scowl he had bestowed upon Dacre. When she looked again the whole party had left the room.

Jack took her home before the company finally broke up, and Delphine soon followed. Josie came later, mounting the stairs with a slow step which set Katey's heart to beating with apprehension. She had watched the lights go out over the way after the last guest had departed. She had seen the musicians with their queer distorted burdens steal out like robbers and vanish among the trees. Even Jack had crossed the lawn, and the odor of his cigar came up to her now from below. She had watched them all through the parted curtains, hoping, yet hardly daring to hope, that Josie would not come after all. But Josie, it seemed, had only lingered to make some change in her dress. She came in now as Katey stood before the glass brushing out her hair; a little white sacque tied by the sleeves loosely about her neck, her arms with their pretty cream tint, bare and raised above her head, as she went on without turning from the glass, shaking out the heavy braids into shining waves, which fell over her shoulders and about her face.

"Well, Katey?" and Josie threw back the little shawl wrapped around her, and settled herself in an arm chair with a judicial air. She did not intend to appear severe, she even tried to make her tone gentle and conciliatory, but she had failed, she knew as soon as the words passed her lips.

"Is it about Dacre?" Katey's eyes were very bright and full as she faced her friend.

"Or say for thee I'd die—or say for thee I'd die?" sang some half-drunken reveler, strolling up from the cliff. "I can't tell you," she went on; "don't ask me, please." She had made up her mind while Josie was slowly mounting the stairs. She could not deny what her friend had seen with her own eyes, and yet what was there to acknowledge?

"O, very well," Josie replied coldly. "Of course I do not wish to force your confidence."

"But don't look at me so," cried poor Katey, who desired, like the most of us, to be trusted, even though blindly. She stooped suddenly, and kissed her friend. But Miss Durant had little appreciation of enigmas, and none whatever of impulsive ways. Her gentle emotions were all reducible, and could be explained upon fixed principles. "I don't understand you;" and she moved away from Katey's caress; speaking as though it were a matter of surprise that she did not,—the surprise always awakened in people by new developments in the friends they have weighed and passed judgment upon,—a surprise not unmingled with displeasure, as though an unfair advantage had been taken of them by these untimely revelations. But Katey did not think it strange. She by no means understood herself. Her mind so far seemed made up of questions which later years would perhaps answer. "I think you might trust me," she said slowly.

"Why how can I when you tell me nothing?" exclaimed Miss Durant.

"That wouldn't be trusting; that would be knowing," Katey replied. Then she went on brushing out her hair, and preparing for the night, and nothing more was said. She wondered if Josie would tell Jack; but she would not ask. That would look as though she were afraid or ashamed.

The next morning, when she leaned out from the window of the railway car to exchange last words with her friends, her eyes were searching the dusky length of the great, dark station, imagining every dimly-defined form to be that of Dacre. He might be very near, if she did but know it. He might even be in the seat before her. For in the darkness no one could recognize his neighbor, and the shooting out of the train presently into the light of day would be like unmasking at a ball. It was a dull, wet day. The rain dripped outside and overhead upon the dingy panes of glass far up in the mammoth roof. She could not hear it for the shrieking of the trains and the hurried tread of passing feet; but the figures huddled together in the dim light, half hidden by the cloud of smoke and vapor, which, settling down, added to the gloom of the place, were wrapped against the chill and wet out of all individuality.

Katey watched them with something

more than idle curiosity as they darted hither and thither, pressing in turn close to the windows of the car, discerning friends by some subtle intuition, rather than by the exercise of the outward senses; then falling back, to stand motionless, a solid phalanx, as the train moved slowly out and away. There were a few dim lights burning through the cars, some had flickered and gone out; but one still shone brightly over Katey's head, bringing out, like a picture in strong colors, the slight figure bent towards the window, wrapped in a little bright shawl, the mass of dark hair pushed back, the absorbed, questioning eyes; and it threw a line of light across the faces being left slowly behind, making strange, unexpected revelations in the countenances whose owners believed them hidden still by the darkness—the inner thought creeping out. And there were people who had bade their friends adieu in mock sorrow, being really glad for them to go, and the gladness showed now. And there was a lover, who had not dared say all he wished to his mistress at parting, but she might read it in his face now if she would only look. And there was sorrow, and disappointment, and even anger, if Katey could have read them all. But she searched for Dacre alone. He was not there, nor in the train when they had moved out into the dull daylight, and were speeding on their way. She was doubly sure when an hour had passed, and still he did not appear; and with a sense, if not of relief, at least of cessation of the strain of eager, painful expectation, she curled herself into the corner of the seat she shared with no one, and prepared to take the rest she needed so greatly. She might doze through all the long day, if she chose; it would be late in the afternoon before they reached the junction where she was to change cars for La Fayette. So with every tense nerve relaxed, and her cheek pillowed upon the little red shawl, she sank into a profound sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

SHE awoke after an hour or two, rested and refreshed; and still lying back in her corner, began to scan the passengers within the range of her vision, with the curious eyes of one who has seen little of the world. They were all uninteresting, even to her active fancy, with the exception of a party just before her, and a jimber-jawed

woman in a black bonnet, over the way, who had come from New Hampshire alone, and was pouring the story of her troubles in regard to some error in her ticket, as well as various side issues, into the sympathizing ear of a questionable-looking young man, who occupied the seat before her. Various bits of this confidence floated into Katey's ears, as well as the amused "just so, just so, ma'am," of the young man. The woman had a flurried, nervous manner, and grasped with both hands a very large paper parcel lying in her lap; but though her story went on in a shrill, penetrating voice without cessation, she had eyes yet and ears for every thing about her, and was constantly being overcome with gratitude for what she considered personal favors. "No, I thank you, my dear;" to the itinerant ice-water boy. "But how very kind it was of him to think of it!" she soliloquized. She apologized to the vender of books for not buying his wares, assuring him that they looked "very pretty, but you see, I don't find much time to read, any way, and I expect to be tolerably busy where I am going." She exhausted the patience of the meek-faced conductor by her repeated questions, assuring him at the end of each colloquy, that she had traveled all the way from New Hampshire alone. There came a change however; the meek-faced conductor disappeared at some cross-road, and an official of enormous proportions and a decidedly military air took his place. He slammed the door after him as he entered the car with the mildness of a clap of thunder. He ejaculated "tickets!" like a startling sneeze. Every sleepy eye opened wide. Every hand involuntarily grasped its bit of pasteboard, offering it abjectly at his approach. Not so the jimber-jawed woman. She raised her voice above the noise of the train as he drew near, and began her story:

"I've come all the way from—"

He seized her ticket, gave it a violent and vicious punch, thrust it into her hand again, and was half way down the aisle before she had succeeded in uttering "New Hampshire."

"Well!" She stared after him in a bewildered way, straightening the black bonnet, which had become displaced as though it had shrunk back of its own accord at the approach of this awful personage. But she was neither discouraged nor dismayed. She bided her time. He came

again. There was a perceptible hush through the car, a spasmodic clutching of tickets at that resounding slam of the door. Then the jimber-jawed woman rose and leaned forward, a feeble simper called up by some instinct of feminine consciousness spreading over her countenance. "Snap, snap," the great mogul drew near. She opened her mouth as he turned towards her with an outstretched, impatient hand. "I've come all the way—" Suddenly he seemed to swell and fill the place. His face was awful to contemplate. He raised one finger, "Sit down!" he ejaculated in a voice of thunder; and a confused heap of black bonnet and brown paper parcel dropped speechless upon the seat. The jimber-jawed woman was conscious of the real presence at last.

There was a hastily suppressed laugh just before her, and Katey, turning her face quickly, was struck by a pair of bright eyes, as well as by the odd appearance of the whole party, who had from the first attracted her attention and aroused her curiosity.

They were four in all; a father, son, and two daughters, she judged, from a certain resemblance among them. There was a similarity as well in their rather fantastic attire; in which short braided jackets and knee-breeches upon the men, with deep pointed collars and a profusion of flowing hair, were most conspicuous. The costume of the two girls,—one of whom was extremely delicate in appearance,—was not less singular. Their bright blue jackets were more elaborately braided than were those of their father and brother, which were of a coarser fabric. Their short black petticoats just revealed the neat little boots, oddly laced over bright red stockings, and their long, abundant hair was braided, and hung down in the simple fashion obsolete enough to have been remarked a dozen years ago.

The whole party wore queer, high-pointed hats, from each of which hung a variegated cord and tassel, and attracted naturally not a little attention. The dreadful conductor alone gave them no second glance.

There was something singularly open and winning in their faces, especially in that of the sick girl, who had removed her hat, and lay back upon a pillow improvised from cloaks and wraps, tenderly, almost anxiously, watched over by the others.

Katey wondered at their strange appearance; who and what were they? Actors,

perhaps; but certainly no actors ever traveled about in so strange a garb. Her curiosity increased as the day wore away and they neared the junction where she was to change cars and leave her odd companions. But no; they, too, were gathering up wraps and parcels as the last station before the junction was passed. There was a movement through the car,—the rising and stretching of benumbed forms, the hasty gathering of detached belongings, the bustle of near departure or change; even the jimber-jawed woman had recovered speech again, and Katey had folded the little red shawl over her arm and replaced the book in her satchel which she had been too idle to read, when all at once there came a strange, jarring shock, throwing those already upon their feet to their seats again, followed by what would have been utter suspension of sound or motion but for the exclamations and confusion suddenly awakened. Katey, recovering herself as the crowd pressed by, spoke aloud involuntarily, "O, what is it? what has happened?"

"There is no occasion for alarm."

It was the little old gentleman in the high-pointed hat who answered her. He was raising the sick girl in his arms. He bore her out, followed by the others of the family, with whom Katey found herself.

"She has fainted," he said, laying his charge down tenderly in the shadow of the high bank beside the road. But even as he spoke the sick girl opened her eyes and smiled upon Katey who was bending over her. "It is nothing; do not be alarmed;" she said in a gentle voice which quite won Katey's heart.

The young man of the odd party had followed the crowd up the road. He came back now to say that there had been a slight accident which would probably detain them for an hour or two, or until assistance should arrive from the junction.

"We are to stop there," volunteered the bright-eyed girl who was holding her sister's hands in her own.

"Yes; we sing there to-night;" the little old gentleman added.

"Oh!" Katey said, wondering more and more, especially as a dim recollection or some fancied resemblance flitted through her mind, making all at once the strange company strangely familiar. She sat down beside the two girls, to await the tardy progress of events and the slow process of deliverance. This moment of fright

and mutual helpfulness had drawn them together as such times will the most incongruous elements, until when the train, having arrived at last from the junction, moved off, she still formed one of the odd group who would, at another time, have attracted no little attention, but were now scarcely noticed in the general excitement.

"You will pardon me, young lady," said the little old gentleman, with quaint formality, "for not having properly introduced myself and my family, but the occasion is unusual, to say the least,"—to which Katey assented.

"These are my children," he went on with the air of presenting them to an audience; indeed there was something histrionic in all the little old gentleman's speech and manner, as though he had been accustomed to bestow much care upon both.

Katey murmured something of having imagined as much, as an affectionate smile was exchanged between the father and his family.

"You recognize us, perhaps?"

She was obliged to own that she did not.

"Ah!" said the little old man, with an air of astonishment. Then opening his arms as though by this gesture he were revealing himself to the world, "We are the Hauser family!"

If the little old man had announced his party as the lost Ten Tribes or the last of the Huggermuggers, he could not have displayed a prouder or more self-satisfied countenance.

A light burst upon Katey's mind. She had seen the name in staring letters, and even the oddly-costumed figures pictured upon posters in the town where Delphine resided, though their simple programme had tempted neither Delphine nor herself to hear them.

"O, yes; I remember now," she said, really interested, "but I have never heard you sing." "No!" The surprise in the little old man's face made his eyes for the moment quite round. He hastily searched in his pockets, and brought out at last a package of tickets, soiled and broken; choosing the most presentable he gave it into Katey's hand. "That will admit you and a friend. Yes," examining it carefully to see that there was no mistake, "you and a friend to any concert we may chance to give at any time in your life in any city in the world."

Katey hesitated about placing herself under so tremendous an obligation. But the little old man insisted. "Perhaps you will favor our poor performance with your presence this evening, if you remain at the junction."

"O, thank you," she replied, "I should be happy to do so; but I shall not stay there—that is, I don't know what I am to do. My name is Earle,—Katherine Earle," she added, remembering that she had failed to accomplish her part of the introduction, "and I was to have gone on to La Fayette to-night. Do you think I have missed the train?"

"I should say so, certainly;" and at that moment the train rushed into the station. Immediately all was confusion about them. "I am sure I don't know what I can do," began Katey, bewildered.

There was a whispered consultation among her new friends. "At least I must leave the cars," she thought, gathering up her belongings. Some one touched her arm. It was the little old man. "If you would come with us, if you would not mind the—the publicity which naturally attends our movements, we could show you an inn close by; not the finest one in the village, but perfectly respectable and neat. We have been there often before. The host and hostess are old friends. You hesitate? That is quite right; it is not safe to trust a stranger, as I tell my daughters."

"But she may trust *you*," said the bright-eyed girl warmly, while Katey tried to protest that it was not from distrust she had hesitated.

"How does she know it?" laughed the little old man. "And, first, you wish to find out about your train. Suppose you go into the station and inquire for yourself. That will be most satisfactory. The ticket-master will tell you; and you can ask about the Lion Inn at the same time. We will wait for you; or, since Christine is so weak and tired, I will go on with her, and Minna and Wulf will stay here until you return;" and the kind little old gentleman moved off slowly with the sick girl.

Katey acted upon his suggestion, and found that the train for La Fayette had indeed gone. There would be no other until midnight, and when the ticket-agent had also corroborated the statement in regard to the Lion Inn, which was kept, he said, by a German family, but was neat and well spoken of, she decided to remain in the village until morning. It would

certainly be preferable to reaching La Fayette at daybreak, with the chance of not being expected at that hour.

So she crossed the open "green," or grassy square of the village, with her odd companions, to the low inn, with its encircling piazza, and a flaming sign of a ferocious lion swinging before the door. The piazza, and even the hall, with its combined odors of smoke and beer and departed diners, seemed quite deserted, but bright-eyed Minna pushed on to a door at the end of the hall opening into what seemed to be the family room, where a very old lady sat knitting in one corner, while a couple of little girls, with their thick, dark locks braided tightly, and bound around their little heads, played upon the floor at her feet. They sprang up with an exclamation at sight of Minna, and raised their rosy faces to kiss her warmly. Even the old lady rose smiling to greet her. "And how do you do, Wulf?" to the flaxen-haired young man, who seemed stiff and constrained in Katey's presence. Then she looked inquiringly at Katey. "It is a young lady who was going on to La Fayette; the accident detained her. But where is Mrs. Sheppart, and what has become of Christine?"

"You will find them in the great front room," the old lady replied. "Poor Christine seems quite feeble."

"She is not well," and Minna's face was clouded for a moment. "And the fright to-day has made her more ill than usual. I think we will go and find her," she added to Katey.

Christine was lying upon the great high-posted bed in the long, low and rather barely furnished chamber to which they had been directed, while the hostess, a smiling, black-eyed woman, with her shining hair braided and tightly wound around her head like that of her little daughters, moved about the room, closing the shutters, re-arranging and dusting the furniture with a bustling, cheerful air. "O Minna!" she exclaimed as the door opened, coming forward and holding out her round, smooth cheeks for Minna's hearty kisses. "And this is the young lady Christine has been telling me about;" her manner changing at sight of Katey's tall and rather stately figure. "We will try to make you comfortable, miss, but the house is likely to be full——" She hesitated. Katey was evidently out of the line of her patrons.

"I am sure I shall be comfortable," Katey hastened to say.

"I may have to put up a cot for you here." Minna looked at Katey, who glanced towards Christine.

"O, it will not annoy Christine, will it, dear?" Minna said quickly.

Christine smiled and shook her head.

"Then I should much prefer it," said Katey.

"It would be so much nicer to be together," added Minna, removing her hat, shaking the dust from her skirts and performing a pirouette.

"Come, come," interrupted Mrs. Sheppart, putting an end to this performance by catching Minna in her arms as she came near her. "Christine must go to sleep, or she will be good for nothing this evening. Perhaps you and the young lady would come down to the parlor. I will open it for you," and with one last motherly arranging of the sick girl's pillows she left the room.

Minna and Katey followed her to the stiff little parlor at the foot of the stairs, with its staring ingrain carpet and line of stiff, black chairs ranged against the wall. Katey consigned herself to the cold charities of the hair-cloth sofa, while Minna pushed open the shutters and let the light strike upon the great portraits covering the walls. There was the innkeeper, his brother, his two sons, his wife, his wife's mother, and the two little girls, all staring down from very dark, wide wooden frames, and very dark, gloomy back-grounds, out of exceedingly surprised eyes. The women, portrayed in very tight black silk dresses, had a nipped, shrunken appearance, which was quite made up, however, by that of the men, who seemed, in their fullness, liable, at any moment, to burst from the canvas and step down in their own proper persons. The effect, when the light was let into the room, was as though the place had been suddenly peopled.

"Yes," said Minna, watching Katey's startled face; "it is as if they had all rushed to a funeral; is it not? But I never tell Mrs. Sheppart so: She likes them. They were painted by an artist who staid here one summer—to pay his bill, I think. But this is best of all." She opened a door at the farther end of the room, put her head out cautiously, and then beckoned to Katey. "The men have not come back," she said, leading the way into the bar-

room. A kitchen-maid had been left in temporary charge of the place. She was leaning across the bar so as to bring her eyes within range of the open door. At their appearance she began vigorously to polish a glass with her apron. Over her head hung the picture. The face was that of the host, round, rubicund, overflowing with good nature, his head surmounted by a gilded crown, a crimson robe, edged with ermine, covering his shoulders, and in his hand, not a scepter, but a brimming, foaming glass of ale.

"Old King Cole!" exclaimed Katey.

"But it is much more like Mr. Sheppard than the one in the parlor," said Minna.

There was the grinding of heavy feet upon the piazza outside, and the girls retreated hastily. The hostess was just entering the little parlor from the other door. "I thought, perhaps, you would prefer to take your tea by yourselves," she said. "You will have more time to dress," she

added to Minna. "So you may come out now."

"That will be nice; thank you," said Minna. "I don't mind, of course; I have been here so many times," she went on as Mrs. Sheppard hastened away, leaving them to follow more leisurely. "And then I know the family. But you are not accustomed to be stared at."

"And are you?" Katey was amused at the girl's frank manner of speech.

Minna laughed. "O, yes; I have sung and traveled about from one place to another ever since I can remember. You don't mind if the sticks and stones in the street stare at you?"

"No; but one does not credit them with eyes."

"Nor do people seem to have eyes after a time. You don't think anything about it. You don't care for them at all;" and then Minna led the way to the dining-room.

(To be continued.)

THE TACHYPOMP.

A MATHEMATICAL DEMONSTRATION.

THERE was nothing mysterious about Professor Surd's dislike for me. I was the only poor mathematician in an exceptionally mathematical class. The old gentleman sought the lecture-room every morning with eagerness, and left reluctantly. For was it not a thing of joy to find seventy young men who, individually and collectively, preferred x to XX ; who had rather differentiate than dissipate; and for whom the limbs of the heavenly bodies had more attractions than those of earthly stars upon the spectacular stage?

So affairs went on swimmingly between the Professor of Mathematics and the Junior Class at Polyp University. In every man of the seventy the sage saw the logarithm of a possible La Place, of a Sturm, or of a Newton. It was a delightful task for him to lead them through the pleasant valleys of conic sections, and beside the still waters of the integral calculus. Figuratively speaking, his problem was not a hard one. He had only to manipulate, and eliminate, and to raise to a higher power, and the triumphant result of examination day was assured.

But I was a disturbing element, a perplexing unknown quantity, which had somehow crept into the work, and which seriously threatened to impair the accuracy of his calculations. It was a touching sight to behold the venerable mathematician as he pleaded with me not so utterly to disregard precedent in the use of cotangents; or as he urged, with eyes almost tearful, that ordinates were dangerous things to trifle with. All in vain. More theorems went on to my cuff than into my head. Never did chalk do so much work to so little purpose. And, therefore, it came that Furnace Second was reduced to zero in Professor Surd's estimation. He looked upon me with all the horror which an unalgebraic nature could inspire. I have seen the Professor walk around an entire square rather than meet the man who had no mathematics in his soul.

For Furnace Second were no invitations to Professor Surd's house. Seventy of the class supped in delegations around the periphery of the Professor's tea-table. The seventy-first knew nothing of the charms of that perfect ellipse, with its twin bunches

of fuchsias and geraniums in gorgeous precision at the two foci.

This, unfortunately enough, was no trifling deprivation. Not that I longed especially for segments of Mrs. Surd's justly celebrated lemon pies; not that the spheroidal damsons of her excellent preserving had any marked allurements; not even that I yearned to hear the Professor's jocose table-talk about binomials, and chatty illustrations of abstruse paradoxes. The explanation is far different. Professor Surd had a daughter. Twenty years before, he made a proposition of marriage to the present Mrs. S. He added a little Corollary to his proposition not long after. The Corollary was a girl.

Abscissa Surd was as perfectly symmetrical as Giotto's circle, and as pure, withal, as the mathematics her father taught. It was just when spring was coming to extract the roots of frozen-up vegetation that I fell in love with the Corollary. That she herself was not indifferent I soon had reason to regard as a self-evident truth.

The sagacious reader will already recognize nearly all the elements necessary to a well-ordered plot. We have introduced a heroine, inferred a hero, and constructed a hostile parent after the most approved model. A movement for the story, a *Deus ex machina*, is alone lacking. With considerable satisfaction I can promise a perfect novelty in this line, a *Deus ex machina* never before offered to the public.

It would be discounting ordinary intelligence to say that I sought with unwearying assiduity to figure my way into the stern father's good-will; that never did duldard apply himself to mathematics more patiently than I; that never did faithfulness achieve such meager reward. Then I engaged a private tutor. His instructions met with no better success.

My tutor's name was Jean Marie Rivarol. He was a unique Alsatian—though Gallic in name, thoroughly Teuton in nature; by birth, a Frenchman, by education, a German. His age was thirty; his profession, omniscience; the wolf at his door, poverty; the skeleton in his closet, a consuming, but unrequited passion. The most recondite principles of practical science were his toys; the deepest intricacies of abstract science, his diversions. Problems which were fore-ordained mysteries to me were to him as clear as Tahoe water. Perhaps this very fact will explain our lack of success in the relation of tutor and pupil; perhaps the

failure is alone due to my own unmitigated stupidity. Rivarol had hung about the skirts of the University for several years; supplying his few wants by writing for scientific journals, or by giving assistance to students who, like myself, were characterized by a plethora of purse and a paucity of ideas; cooking, studying and sleeping in his attic lodgings; and prosecuting queer experiments all by himself.

We were not long discovering that even this eccentric genius could not transplant brains into my deficient skull. I gave over the struggle in despair. An unhappy year dragged its slow length around. A gloomy year it was, brightened only by occasional interviews with Abscissa, the Abbie of my thoughts and dreams.

Commencement day was coming on apace. I was soon to go forth, with the rest of my class, to astonish and delight a waiting world. The Professor seemed to avoid me more than ever. Nothing but the conventionalities, I think, kept him from shaping his treatment of me on the basis of unconcealed disgust.

At last, in the very recklessness of despair, I resolved to see him, plead with him, threaten him if need be, and risk all my fortunes on one desperate chance. I wrote him a somewhat defiant letter, stating my aspirations, and, as I flattered myself, shrewdly giving him a week to get over the first shock of horrified surprise. Then I was to call and learn my fate.

During the week of suspense I nearly worried myself into a fever. It was first crazy hope, and then saner despair. On Friday evening, when I presented myself at the Professor's door, I was such a haggard, sleepy, dragged-out specter, that even Miss Jocasta, the harsh-favored maiden sister of the Surd's, admitted me with commiserate regard, and suggested penny-royal tea.

Professor Surd was at a faculty meeting. Would I wait?

Yes, till all was blue, if need be. Miss Abbie?

Abscissa had gone to Wheelborough to visit a school-friend. The aged maiden hoped I would make myself comfortable, and departed to the unknown haunts which knew Jocasta's daily walk.

Comfortable! But I settled myself in a great uneasy chair and waited, with the contradictory spirit common to such junctures, dreading every step lest it should herald the man whom, of all men, I wished to see.

I had been there at least an hour, and was growing right drowsy.

At length Professor Surd came in. He sat down in the dusk opposite me, and I thought his eyes glinted with malignant pleasure as he said, abruptly:—

"So, young man, you think you are a fit husband for my girl?"

I stammered some inanity about making up in affection what I lacked in merit; about my expectations, family and the like. He quickly interrupted me.

"You misapprehend me, sir. Your nature is destitute of those mathematical perceptions and acquirements which are the only sure foundations of character. You have no mathematics in you. You are fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils.—Shakespeare. Your narrow intellect cannot understand and appreciate a generous mind. There is all the difference between you and a Surd, if I may say it, which intervenes between an infinitesimal and an infinite. Why, I will even venture to say that you do not comprehend the Problem of the Couriers!"

I admitted that the Problem of the Couriers should be classed rather without my list of accomplishments than within it. I regretted this fault very deeply, and suggested amendment. I faintly hoped that my fortune would be such—

"Money!" he impatiently exclaimed. "Do you seek to bribe a Roman Senator with a penny whistle? Why, boy, do you parade your paltry wealth, which, expressed in mills, will not cover ten decimal places, before the eyes of a man who measures the planets in their orbits, and close crowds infinity itself?"

I hastily disclaimed any intention of obtruding my foolish dollars, and he went on:

"Your letter surprised me not a little. I thought *you* would be the last person in the world to presume to an alliance here. But having a regard for you personally,"—and again I saw malice twinkle in his small eyes,—"*and* still more regard for Abcissa's happiness, I have decided that you shall have her—upon conditions. Upon conditions," he repeated, with a half smothered sneer.

"What are they?" cried I, eagerly enough. "Only name them."

"Well, sir," he continued, and the deliberation of his speech seemed the very refinement of cruelty, "you have only to prove yourself worthy an alliance with a mathematical family. You have only to

accomplish a task which I shall presently give you. Your eyes ask me what it is. I will tell you. Distinguish yourself in that noble branch of abstract science in which, you cannot but acknowledge, you are at present sadly deficient. I will place Abcissa's hand in yours whenever you shall come before me and square the circle to my satisfaction. No! That is too easy a condition. I should cheat myself. Say perpetual motion. How do you like that? Do you think it lies within the range of your mental capabilities? You don't smile. Perhaps your talents don't run in the way of perpetual motion. Several people have found that theirs didn't. I'll give you another chance. We were speaking of the Problem of the Couriers, and I think you expressed a desire to know more of that ingenious question. You shall have the opportunity. Sit down some day, when you have nothing else to do, and discover the principle of infinite speed. I mean the law of motion which shall accomplish an infinitely great distance in an infinitely short time. You may mix in a little practical mechanics, if you choose. Invent some method of taking the tardy Courier over his road at the rate of sixty miles a minute. Demonstrate me this discovery (when you have made it!) mathematically, and approximate it practically, and Abcissa is yours. Until you can, I will thank you to trouble neither myself nor her."

I could stand his mocking no longer. I stumbled mechanically out of the room, and out of the house. I even forgot my hat and gloves. For an hour I walked in the moonlight. Gradually I succeeded to a more hopeful frame of mind. This was due to my ignorance of mathematics. Had I understood the real meaning of what he asked, I should have been utterly despondent.

Perhaps this problem of sixty miles a minute was not so impossible after all. At any rate I could attempt, though I might not succeed. And Rivarol came to my mind. I would ask him. I would enlist his knowledge to accompany my own devoted perseverance. I sought his lodgings at once.

The man of science lived in the fourth story, back. I had never been in his room before. When I entered, he was in the act of filling a beer mug from a carboy labeled *Aqua fortis*.

"Seat you," he said. "No, not in that chair. That is my Petty Cash Adjuster."

But he was a second too late. I had carelessly thrown myself into a chair of seductive appearance. To my utter amazement it reached out two skeleton arms and clutched me with a grasp against which I struggled in vain. Then a skull stretched itself over my shoulder and grinned with ghostly familiarity close to my face.

Rivarol came to my aid with many apologies. He touched a spring somewhere and the Petty Cash Adjuster relaxed its horrid hold. I placed myself gingerly in a plain cane-bottomed rocking-chair, which Rivarol assured me was a safe location.

"That seat," he said, "is an arrangement upon which I much felicitate myself. I made it at Heidelberg. It has saved me a vast deal of small annoyance. I consign to its embraces the friends who bore, and the visitors who exasperate, me. But it is never so useful as when terrifying some tradesman with an insignificant account. Hence the pet name which I have facetiously given it. They are invariably too glad to purchase release at the price of a bill receipted. Do you well apprehend the idea?"

While the Alsatian diluted his glass of *Aqua fortis*, shook into it an infusion of bitters, and tossed off the bumper with apparent relish, I had time to look around the strange apartment.

The four corners of the room were occupied respectively by a turning-lathe, a Rhumkorff Coil, a small steam-engine and an orrery in stately motion. Tables, shelves, chairs and floor supported an odd aggregation of tools, retorts, chemicals, gas-receivers, philosophical instruments, boots, flasks, paper-collar boxes, books diminutive and books of preposterous size. There were plaster busts of Aristotle, Archimedes and Compté, while a great drowsy owl was blinking away, perched on the benign brow of Martin Farquhar Tupper. "He always roosts there when he proposes to slumber," explained my tutor. "You are a bird of no ordinary mind. *Schlafen Sie wohl.*"

Through a closet door, half open, I could see a human-like form covered with a sheet. Rivarol caught my glance.

"That," said he, "will be my masterpiece. It is a Microcosm, an Android, as yet only partially complete. And why not? Albertus Magnus constructed an image perfect to talk metaphysics and confute the schools. So did Sylvester II; so did Robertus Greathead. Roger Bacon

made a brazen head that held discourses. But the first named of these came to destruction. Thomas Aquinas got wrathful at some of its syllogisms and smashed its head. The idea is reasonable enough. Mental action will yet be reduced to laws as definite as those which govern the physical. Why should not I accomplish a mannikin which shall preach as original discourses as the Rev. Dr. Allchin, or talk poetry as mechanically as Paul Anapest? My Android can already work problems in vulgar fractions and compose sonnets. I hope to teach it the Positive Philosophy."

Out of the bewildering confusion of his effects Rivarol produced two pipes and filled them. He handed one to me.

"And here," he said, "I live and am tolerably comfortable. When my coat wears out at the elbows I seek the tailor and am measured for another. When I am hungry I promenade myself to the butcher's and bring home a pound or so of steak, which I cook very nicely in three seconds by this oxy-hydrogen flame. Thirsty, perhaps, I send for a carboy of *Aqua fortis*. But I have it charged, all charged. My spirit is above any small pecuniary transaction. I loathe your dirty greenbacks and never handle what they call scrip."

"But are you never pestered with bills?" I asked. "Don't the creditors worry your life out?"

"Creditors!" gasped Rivarol. "I have learned no such word in your very admirable language. He who will allow his soul to be vexed by creditors is a relic of an imperfect civilization. Of what use is science if it cannot avail a man who has accounts current? Listen. The moment you or any one else enters the outside door this little electric bell sounds me warning. Every successive step on Mrs. Grimler's staircase is a spy and informer vigilant for my benefit. The first step is trod upon. That trusty first step immediately telegraphs your weight. Nothing could be simpler. It is exactly like any platform scale. The weight is registered up here upon this dial. The second step records the size of my visitor's feet. The third, his height, the fourth his complexion, and so on. By the time he reaches the top of the first flight I have a pretty accurate description of him right here at my elbow, and quite a margin of time for deliberation and action. Do you follow me? It is plain enough. Only the A B C of my science."

"I see all that," I said, "but I don't see how it helps you any. The knowledge that a creditor is coming won't pay his bill. You can't escape unless you jump out of the window."

Rivarol laughed softly. "I will tell you. You shall see what becomes of any poor devil who goes to demand money of me—of a man of science. Ha! ha! It pleases me. I was seven weeks perfecting my Dun Suppressor. Did you know,"—he whispered exultingly,—“did you know that there is a hole through the earth's center? Physicists have long suspected it; I was the first to find it. You have read how Rhuighens, the Dutch navigator, discovered in Kerguelen's Land an abysmal pit which fourteen hundred fathoms of plumb-line failed to sound. Herr Tom, that hole has no bottom! It runs from one surface of the earth to the antipodal surface. It is diametric. But where is the antipodal spot? You stand upon it. I learned this by the merest chance. I was deep-digging in Mrs. Grimler's cellar, to bury a poor cat I had sacrificed in a galvanic experiment, when the earth under my spade crumbled, caved in, and wonder-stricken I stood upon the brink of a yawning shaft. I dropped a coal-hod in. It went down, down, down, bounding and rebounding. In two hours and a quarter that coal-hod came up again. I caught it and restored it to the angry Grimler. Just think a minute. The coal-hod went down, faster and faster, till it reached the center of the earth. There it would stop, were it not for acquired momentum. Beyond the center its journey was relatively upward, toward the opposite surface of the globe. So, losing velocity, it went slower and slower till it reached that surface. Here it came to rest for a second and then fell back again, eight thousand odd miles, into my hands. Had I not interfered with it, it would have repeated its journey, time after time, each trip of shorter extent, like the diminishing oscillations of a pendulum, till it finally came to eternal rest at the center of the sphere. I am not slow to give a practical application to any such grand discovery. My Dun Suppressor was born of it. A trap, just outside my chamber door: a spring in here: a creditor on the trap:—need I say more?"

"But isn't it a trifle inhuman?" I mildly suggested. "Plunging an unhappy being into a perpetual journey to and from Kerguelen's Land, without a moment's warning."

"I give them a chance. When they come up the first time I wait at the mouth of the shaft with a rope in hand. If they are reasonable and will come to terms, I fling them the line. If they perish, 'tis their own fault. Only," he added, with a melancholy smile, "the center is getting so plugged up with creditors that I am afraid there soon will be no choice whatever for 'em."

By this time I had conceived a high opinion of my tutor's ability. If anybody could send me waltzing through space at an infinite speed, Rivarol could do it. I filled my pipe and told him the story. He heard with grave and patient attention. Then, for full half an hour, he whiffed away in silence. Finally he spoke.

"The ancient cipher has over-reached himself. He has given you a choice of two problems, both of which he deems insoluble. Neither of them is insoluble. The only gleam of intelligence Old Cotangent showed was when he said that squaring the circle was too easy. He was right. It would have given you your *Liebchen* in five minutes. I squared the circle before I discarded pantalets. I will show you the work,—but it would be a digression, and you are in no mood for digressions. Our first chance, therefore, lies in perpetual motion. Now, my good friend, I will frankly tell you that, although I have compassed this interesting problem, I do not choose to use it in your behalf. I too, Herr Tom, have a heart. The loveliest of her sex frowns upon me. Her somewhat mature charms are not for Jean Marie Rivarol. She has cruelly said that her years demand of me filial rather than connubial regard. Is love a matter of years or of eternity? This question did I put to the cold, yet lovely, Jocasta."

"Jocasta Surd!" I remarked in surprise, "Abscissa's aunt!"

"The same," he said, sadly. "I will not attempt to conceal that upon the maiden Jocasta my maiden heart has been bestowed. Give me your hand, my nephew in affliction as in affection!"

Rivarol dashed away a not discreditable tear, and resumed:—

"My only hope lies in this discovery of perpetual motion. It will give me the fame, the wealth. Can Jocasta refuse these? If she can, there is only the trap-door and—Kerguelen's Land!"

I bashfully asked to see the perpetual—

motion machine. My uncle in affliction shook his head.

"At another time," he said. "Suffice it at present to say, that it is something upon the principle of a woman's tongue. But you see now why we must turn in your case to the alternative condition,—infinite speed. There are several ways in which this may be accomplished, theoretically. By the lever, for instance. Imagine a lever with a very long and a very short arm. Apply power to the shorter arm which will move it with great velocity. The end of the long arm will move much faster. Now keep shortening the short arm and lengthening the long one, and as you approach infinity in their difference of length, you approach infinity in the speed of the long arm. It would be difficult to demonstrate this practically to the Professor. We must seek another solution. Jean Marie will meditate. Come to me in a fortnight. Good night. But stop! Have you the money,—*das Geld?*"

"Much more than I need."

"Good! Let us strike hands. Gold and Knowledge; Science and Love. What may not such a partnership achieve? We go to conquer thee, Abcissa. *Vorwärts!*"

When, at the end of a fortnight, I sought Rivarol's chamber, I passed with some little trepidation over the terminus of the Air Line to Kerguellen's Land, and evaded the extended arms of the Petty Cash Adjuster. Rivarol drew a mug of ale for me, and filled himself ere tort of his own peculiar beverage.

"Come," he said at length. "Let us drink success to the TACHYPOMP."

"The TACHYPOMP?"

"Yes. Why not?" *Tachu*, quickly, and *pempo, pepompa*, to send. May it send you quickly to your wedding-day. Abcissa is yours. It is done. When shall we start for the prairies?"

"Where is it?" I asked, looking in vain around the room for any contrivance which might seem calculated to advance matrimonial prospects.

"It is here," and he gave his forehead a significant tap. Then he held forth didactically.

"There is force enough in existence to yield us a speed of sixty miles a minute, or even more. All we need is the knowledge how to combine and apply it. The wise man will not attempt to make some great force yield some great speed. He will keep adding the little force to the little

force, making each little force yield its little speed, until an aggregate of little forces shall be a great force, yielding an aggregate of little speeds, a great speed. The difficulty is not in aggregating the forces; it lies in the corresponding aggregation of the speeds. One musket-ball will go, say a mile. It is not hard to increase the force of muskets to a thousand, yet the thousand musket balls will go no farther, and no faster, than the one. You see, then, where our trouble lies. We cannot readily add speed to speed, as we add force to force. My discovery is simply the utilization of a principle which extorts an increment of speed from each increment of power. But this is the metaphysics of physics. Let us be practical or nothing.

"When you have walked forward, on a moving train, from the rear car, toward the engine, did you ever think what you were really doing?"

"Why, yes, I have generally been going to the smoking-car to have a cigar."

"Tut, tut,—not that! I mean did it ever occur to you on such an occasion, that absolutely you were moving faster than the train? The train passes the telegraph poles at the rate of thirty miles an hour, say. You walk towards the smoking-car at the rate of four miles an hour. Then you pass the telegraph poles at the rate of thirty-four miles. Your absolute speed is the speed of the engine, plus the speed of your own locomotion. Do you follow me?"

I began to get an inkling of his meaning, and told him so.

"Very well. Let us advance a step. Your addition to the speed of the engine is trivial, and the space in which you can exercise it, limited. Now suppose two stations, A and B, two miles distant by the track. Imagine a train of platform cars, the last car resting at station A. The train is a mile long, say. The engine is therefore within a mile of station B. Say the train can move a mile in ten minutes. The last car, having two miles to go, would reach B in twenty minutes, but the engine, a mile ahead, would get there in ten. You jump on the last car, at A, in a prodigious hurry to reach Abcissa, who is at B. If you stay on the last car it will be twenty long minutes before you see her. But the engine reaches B and the fair lady in ten. You will be a stupid reasoner, and an indifferent lover, if you don't put for the engine over those platform cars, as fast as your legs will carry you. You can run a mile,

the length of the train, in ten minutes. Therefore, you reach Abscissa when the engine does, or in ten minutes,—ten minutes sooner than if you had lazily sat down upon the rear car, and talked politics with the brakeman. You have diminished the time by one-half. You have added your speed to that of the locomotive to some purpose. *Nicht wahr?* ”

I saw it perfectly; much plainer, perhaps, for his putting in the clause about Abscissa.

He continued :—

“This illustration, though a slow one, leads up to a principle which may be carried to any extent. Our first anxiety will be to spare your legs and wind. Let us suppose that the two miles of track are perfectly straight, and make our train one platform car, a mile long, with parallel rails laid upon its top. Put a little dummy engine on these rails, and let it run to and fro along the platform car, while the platform car is pulled along the ground track. Catch the idea? The dummy takes your place. But it can run its mile much faster. Fancy that our locomotive is strong enough to pull the platform car over the two miles in two minutes. The dummy can attain the same speed. When the engine reaches B in one minute, the dummy, having gone a mile a-top the platform car, reaches B also. We have so combined the speeds of those two engines as to accomplish two miles in one minute. Is this all we can do? Prepare to exercise your imagination.”

I lit my pipe.

“Still two miles of straight track, between A and B. On the track a long platform car, reaching from A to within a quarter of a mile of B. We will now discard ordinary locomotives and adopt as our motive power a series of compact magnetic engines, distributed underneath the platform car, all along its length.”

“I don’t understand those magnetic engines.”

“Well, each of them consists of a great iron horseshoe, rendered alternately a magnet and not a magnet by an intermittent current of electricity from a battery, this current in its turn regulated by clock-work. When the horseshoe is in the circuit, it is a magnet, and it pulls its clapper toward it with enormous power. When it is out of the circuit, the next second, it is not a magnet and it lets the clapper go. The clapper, oscillating to and fro, imparts a

rotatory motion to a fly-wheel, which transmits it to the drivers on the rails. Such are our motors. They are no novelty, for trial has proved them practicable.

“With a magnetic engine for every truck of wheels, we can reasonably expect to move our immense car, and to drive it along at a speed, say, of a mile a minute.

“The forward end, having but a quarter of a mile to go, will reach B in fifteen seconds. We will call this platform car number 1. On top of number 1 are laid rails on which another platform car, number 2, a quarter of a mile shorter than number 1, is moved in precisely the same way. Number 2, in its turn, is surmounted by number 3, moving independently of the tiers beneath, and a quarter of a mile shorter than number 2. Number 2 is a mile and a half long; number 3 a mile and a quarter. Above, on successive levels, are number 4, a mile long; number 5 three-quarters of mile; number 6, half a mile; number 7, a quarter of a mile, and number 8, a short passenger car, on top of all.

“Each car moves upon the car beneath it, independently of all the others, at the rate of a mile a minute. Each car has its own magnetic engines. Well, the train being drawn up with the latter end of each car resting against a lofty bumping-post at A, Tom Furnace, the gentlemanly conductor, and Jean Marie Rivarol, engineer, mount by a long ladder to the exalted number 8. The complicated mechanism is set in motion. What happens?

“Number 8 runs a quarter of a mile in fifteen seconds and reaches the end of number 7. Meanwhile number 7 has run a quarter of a mile in the same time and reached the end of number 6; number 6, a quarter of a mile in fifteen seconds, and reached the end of number 5; number 5, the end of number 4; number 4, of number 3; number 3, of number 2; number 2, of number 1. And number 1, in fifteen seconds, has gone its quarter of a mile along the ground track, and has reached station B. All this has been done in fifteen seconds. Wherefore, numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 come to rest against the bumping-post at B, at precisely the same second. We, in number 8, reach B just when number 1 reaches it. In other words, we accomplish two miles in fifteen seconds. Each of the eight cars, moving at the rate of a mile a minute, has contributed a quarter of a mile to our journey, and has done its work in fifteen seconds. All the eight did their

work at once, during the same fifteen seconds. Consequently we have been whizzed through the air at the somewhat startling speed of seven and a half seconds to the mile. This is the Tachypomp. Does it justify the name?"

Although a little bewildered by the complexity of cars, I apprehended the general principle of the machine. I made a diagram and understood it much better. "You have merely improved on the idea of my moving faster than the train when I was going to the smoking car?"

"Precisely. So far we have kept within the bounds of the practicable. To satisfy the professor you can theorize in something after this fashion: If we double the number of cars, thus decreasing by one-half the distance which each has to go, we shall attain twice the speed. Each of the sixteen cars will have but one-eighth of a mile to go. At the uniform rate we have adopted, the two miles can be done in seven and a half instead of fifteen seconds. With thirty-two cars, and a sixteenth of a mile, or twenty rods difference in their length, we arrive at the speed of a mile in less than two seconds; with sixty-four cars, each traveling but ten rods, a mile under the second. More than sixty miles a minute! If this isn't rapid enough for the professor, tell him to go on, increasing the number of his cars and diminishing the distance each one has to run. If sixty-four cars yield a speed of a mile inside the second, let him fancy a Tachypomp of six hundred and forty cars, and amuse himself calculating the rate of car number 640. Just whisper to him that when he has an infinite number of cars with an infinitesimal difference in their lengths, he will have obtained that infinite speed for which he seems to yearn. Then demand Abcissa."

I wrung my friend's hand in silent and grateful admiration. I could say nothing.

"You have listened to the man of theory," he said proudly. "You shall now behold the practical engineer. We will go to the west of the Mississippi and find some suitably level locality. We will erect thereon a model Tachypomp. We will

summon thereunto the professor, his daughter, and why not his fair sister Jocasta, as well? We will take them a journey which shall much astonish the venerable Surd. He shall place Abcissa's digits in yours and bless you both with an algebraic formula. Jocasta shall contemplate with wonder the genius of Rivarol. But we have much to do. We must ship to St. Joseph the vast amount of material to be employed in the construction of the Tachypomp. We must engage a small army of workmen to effect that construction, for we are to annihilate time and space. Perhaps you had better see your bankers."

I rushed impetuously to the door. There should be no delay.

"Stop! stop! *Um Gottes Willen*, stop!" shrieked Rivarol. "I launched my butcher this morning and I haven't bolted the—"

But it was too late. I was upon the trap. It swung open with a crash, and I was plunged down, down, down! I felt as if I were falling through illimitable space. I remember wondering, as I rushed through the darkness, whether I should reach Kerguellen's Land, or stop at the center. It seemed an eternity. Then my course was suddenly and painfully arrested.

I opened my eyes. Around me were the walls of Professor Surd's study. Under me was a hard, unyielding plane which I knew too well was Professor Surd's study floor. Behind me was the black, slippery hair-cloth chair which had belched me forth, much as the whale served Jonah. In front of me stood Professor Surd himself, looking down with a not unpleasant smile.

"Good evening, Mr. Furnace. Let me help you up. You look tired, sir. No wonder you fell asleep when I kept you so long waiting. Shall I get you a glass of wine? No? By the way, since receiving your letter I find that you are a son of my old friend, Judge Furnace. I have made inquiries, and see no reason why you should not make Abcissa a good husband."

Still I can see no reason why the Tachypomp should not have succeeded. Can you?

EARTHEN PITCHERS.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. GODDARD was awake with the dawn that day. He usually hit upon all his plans for life before breakfast; it was the enervating, deliberative evening that shook his faith in them and had postponed them all, an unlaidd meddlesome mob of ghosts, to the present time. This nipping east wind and bright sunshine strengthened his resolution. He would marry Miss Swenson. He lay in his feather-bed at the hotel, looking at the smouldering wood-fire in the stove, and out of the window at the glittering bay and the silent ships, with their bare masts behind the dark bar of the breakwater. He wished that lazy negro would come and kindle the fire; he was glad that he had not been born into one of the indolent, tropical races; the Anglo-Saxon—what if he should go and get a boat and take Audrey out into some of those hushed, dusky coves and there ask her to marry him? Whereupon he sprang out of bed. Before his boots were on he was in a fever of love, and zeal, and energy from head to foot; he could have died, or even worked for her just then, provided fate had been there to hit the nail on its momentary head. But would there be any necessity for working? The farm was good for an easy income, rented on shares. Jenny could tell him how much, no doubt; and the farm was his absolutely, unless some heir of that mythical Elizabeth Cortrell turned up. He was shaving as these meditations passed through his mind, and stopped, razor in hand. No danger of such an infernal chance as that, surely? The fine poetic eyes stared thoughtfully at themselves and the lathered chin in the glass awhile; then he finished shaving gravely. "I'll go and talk to Jane about it first," he said, nodding to himself.

"Bail out that boat," he called, as he went out of the tavern door, to a bare-legged youth who sat on one of the cannon, meditatively throwing pebbles into a skiff on the shore. "I want it in five minutes." He hurried off, leaving the boy to look after him, stunned for a moment by such fiery heat, and then to resume his pebble-throwing with increased thoughtfulness.

Miss Derby was up and dressed; none

of Mrs. Graff's household tarried in bed, well or ill.

Goddard took both her hands in his, and looked fondly into her eyes. He was an affectionate fellow, as everybody knew; his aged mother declared he was the tenderest son ever mother had; and his brother, who supported them both, fancied he found Niel more sympathetic than even a wife would have been. His sympathies were alive to-day as the flock of migrating birds outside, fluttering here and there through the world to find a nest and home.

"You are quite well, Jane?" he said. "You look remarkably well after your terrible night, except for the hollows under your eyes. It was a terrible night to me, I assure you. Looking on and comprehending your danger, I suffered, of course, as you could not do. I feel every nerve frightfully shaken. But I have a plan. I wish to consult you. We'll go and take a row along the beach. You'll go, Jane?"

"Oh, yes; I'll go, Niel." There was an odd submission and humility in her sharp tones which startled him, but he said nothing. He could attend to poor Jane and her case after a while, when his own affairs were settled.

"You shall not go out of the house without a cup of hot coffee and a roll," said Mrs. Graff, coming in as Jane was buttoning her sacque. "Sea, indeed. The sea is there year in and year out, and did any body ever see me bathing or punting about in it, or making a magazine article out of it? Drink the coffee, and be back in half an hour at the farthest, mind."

Jane made no reply, but followed Goddard. She would have followed him as a servant to the ends of the earth, and asked no wages of love, or even notice. She had gone down into the grave last night and shaken hands with death, and it had taught her the actual truth of things—what this man, this red-headed god was to her, must always be to her, and that she was nothing to him. She knew he was going to tell her that he meant to marry Audrey Swenson, and that by a word she could prevent it. She went up to her chamber for a few minutes; and when she came back she carried a little Japanned

case in her hand, inside of which was her own title to the Stone-post farm.

"Going to dredge for specimens?" glancing at the case. "I did not know any of your tastes ran into weeds or fishes, Jane; but I shall require all your attention to-day. I will carry the case, though."

"No!" hiding it jealously under her arm.

Mr. Goddard was unusually silent as they walked down the drowsy village street. His boots were unblackened, the clay of the night before yet stained his fanciful sailor clothes, and he had forgotten to trim his curling, red beard. Such signs were open letters to Jane. In his ordinary friendships and loves he was finical and dainty. "This is a reality to him," thought Jane.

Down the long board-path; past the quaint old houses with their double doors and windows to fend off the fierce wind; their walls green with ivy, and roofs gray with lichen, while the gardens, filled with old-fashioned prince's-feathers and asters, crimsoned and purpled in patches, in the sun; Jane with a dreary sense of humor, thought of herself as of some criminal going to his death, with no chance of reprieve. For so many years the world had meant for her only this little man, walking beside her in his baggy, blue flannel shirt and trousers, and in five minutes more they would be done with each other for ever. Yet it was Jane who, with that reticence with which an ordinary woman is born, armored as an armadillo with his scales, kept up the flow of small talk. She pointed out the beds of oyster-shells on the sands, accumulated by the Indians centuries ago. "They seem of more interest to me than the sand or the sea, because human beings touched them," she said. "Here is a broken stone-hammer which, I suppose, some young chief wore in his belt, and the bone needle with which his squaw mended his moccasin!"

Goddard looked at them and stopped. "Yes, the hammer and needle are here, while they are but lime and clay, and their loves and hates are remembered no more. Yet, no doubt, Jane, their love was deep and real as ours now-a-days."

Jane dropped the needle. "Very likely," she said dryly, and walked on.

She showed him presently a ship's cabin perched close to the sidewalk, with half a dozen children swarming in and out.

"There is Peggotty's house, Niel." But Goddard was one of the school of later critics who smile patronizingly on Dickens. "Burlesque sailors and old mawthers are neither Nature nor Art," he said loftily, "Wait until I have settled down in my new life here and I will write you a story, which will stir the blood of the nation, I fancy. Lewes shall suffice for scenery."

She hurried on. This new life? She had not been mistaken, then? She walked more slowly past an old, weather-beaten house, looking curiously over the garden-fence; Goddard could see nothing worth notice except an enormous turtle's shell, which was turned over and filled with verbenas. But Jane, beyond the gaudy blooms, saw a baby who had crawled out and fallen asleep on the lower door-step, one fat, muddy leg sunken in the soft grass.

"What the deuce is in that to bring the water to her eyes?" Goddard asked himself impatiently as they walked on. "Jane has the most disagreeable habit of unearthing a misery at shorter notice than any woman I ever saw."

Past the high grave-yard, looking down upon the quiet street out of the height of its eternal silence; past the bald, bare hotel with its many windows staring down at the bay, waiting hopelessly for the quiet to be broken; past the solemn group of pilots with their skins and breeches alike of leather color, seated on the old cannon, waiting for the bombardment of their grandfathers to be renewed, down to the edge of the rippling water. Jane wondered vaguely to herself how these things would look when she came back; if, after she had heard those few words of his, anything in the world would seem as it had done before.

Goddard found the boy preparing to go down and bail out the boat; he swore with impatience, snatched the sponge and tin dipper from him, and in a few moments called to Jane to come on, while the pilots and fishermen smiled at each other at his energy, and nodded significantly over their pipes.

"Now, thank God, we are rid of them!" he exclaimed, drawing a long breath, as the boat floated out into the bright ripples of the bay. "Do you, know, Jane, human beings oppress me lately? They rob me of myself,—each a little. I begin to feel like a mirror which has reflected a crowd of people, and is nothing in itself. That is one reason I feel that a strong personality

close to mine would serve to nourish and shield me from these outside influences."

"You know best what you need, Niel."

They drifted down the shore until they were opposite to the Swenson house. Its open windows could be seen behind the cedars. Through one of them they could see a little man in his shirt-sleeves, with a high beaver hat, playing on the violin as anxiously as though he played to save a life. It was Dr. Swenson, who had stopped digging his potatoes to give Audrey an idea from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, which he thought she had never observed. She stood beside him, attentive, her eyes apparently fixed on the far sea-line, as she did not notice the boat.

Jane was glad at that moment; glad of the simplicity and power of this figure in the window, draped in black; of the delicate, proud head, the royal yet confiding eyes. Were not all these goods for Niel? Ought he not to have the best the world could offer? But—

"She is there, Jane," whispered Niel, with a sort of gasp, and did not speak again for a long time.

"I wonder," said Jane, "if her poor uncle was digging potatoes for his breakfast. Mrs. Graff tells me that Audrey is no better manager than the dog or cat. They fare miserably." She could not resist this thrust of a needle, though she had spent half of the night praying God to bless them both in their marriage.

"I should fancy Audrey would be a poor caterer," said Niel, with a happy indulgent laugh. His face glowed as he stood in the prow, sheltering his eyes to catch a last glimpse of her; his eyes were radiant; the sun brought out the fine red lights in his heavy hair. To Jane he had the strength of a man, and the tenderness and pure fire of a young girl. When she thought of his marriage with Audrey it was like a poem,—a saga of the loves of the Norse youths and maidens in old times, when drops of the blood of the gods ran in their veins. What she said was:—

"Kit's mother tells me that she had but little education and knows nothing of home duties; she can actually neither sew a seam nor cook a beefsteak. You see yourself how she flings money about."

"You must teach her, then, Jane. You will always be a welcome visitor at the Stone-post Farm,—be sure of that. I shall not give up my friends for my wife. Audrey will have no little jealousies

either; her mind is too largely built for that."

"You wish me to come as a guest to that farm?" said Jane slowly. She was stooping over the side, and letting the water pass through her fingers. "Your guest and Audrey Swenson's?"

"Yes, Jane; certainly. It will be pleasant for you in peach-season, when you are off the paper. And I really would take more holidays, Jenny," tenderly. "I cannot bear to think of you moiling over proofs and cooking those hashes of letters, when I shall be one of the 'Lords High Proprietors' of the soil, as the old Delaware records would have had it."

That word or two of kindness saved him. Jane's brain had been gathering up a bitter store against him. Why should she spare him? He cast her away as indifferently as he would a half-burned cigar. He was going to take this woman to his breast in order that they might take their ease for the rest of their lives on her money—her farm. But, at this first careless, affectionate touch of interest in her, her face relaxed. She said quietly, "Newspaper work is tiresome in summer, that is true; but it is my work, Niel, after all. I suppose I'll die in the harness."

They drifted on and on. Goddard, all fire and zeal about his love, appeared quite content to spend the morning in dreaming about it, and to leave its realization until afternoon. Jane, stiff little martinet always over herself, tried to turn away from the sea and from him, and to go back to the old newspaper work, the office, to her receptions, and Parr Chalkley and Sturm and Shively. How wretched a sham it all was! The tasteless tea and the chaffy toast; the huckster notions of art and authorship! The morning was sunny, the sea air full of vitality; but Jane, in that half-hour, felt that she was no longer a young woman. Nothing was left to her in life but the newspaper jobbery, and to fight off neuralgia from back and head. She went wearily back to think of the Indian woman, who, hundreds of years ago, sat in the sand yonder by the heap of shells. She wondered if her one chance of love was lost to her—and was that bone needle as wearying to take up again as the pen in her inkstand at home would be to-morrow?

"You can command a view of the sea from the porch at the Farm,—did I tell you, Jane? I was just thinking that may save Audrey an attack of calenture."

She did not speak for a moment. "You have quite determined on this marriage, Niel?"

"Why, no. Certainly not until I have your advice. Why, that is what I brought you here for. But I have regarded this step seriously. It is no sudden whim with me. Audrey is necessary to me. I feel as though Providence had designedly planned her for my support and comfort. There is a fund of original power about her which—other women exhaust, drain me; but she would be as a fountain of life ready to my hand." He waited a moment for a reply, but Jane was looking down through the pale, brown water at the shadows of the ripples on the sand below. "Well," with an embarrassed laugh, "you know I told you she had largesse for mankind, so you cannot blame me if I try to claim it all for myself."

"No. Push out into deeper water, Niel. These shimmering shadows blind me."

"I feel,"—after a few vigorous strokes which shot the boat out beyond the breakers,—*"I feel, Jenny, at times an intolerable solitude about me, a lack, a want of something which I have never had in life. Do you understand what I mean?"*

"Yes, I understand."

"God knows whether love will satisfy this longing, but I hope it will."

Jane spoke at last, after her silence had made him look curiously at her.

"If you had not the Farm—"

His face sank into blank disappointment, but he answered firmly, "I could not marry without the Farm. I am no more fit to earn beefsteaks than Audrey to cook them."

On and on over the rolling water, each time coming nearer to shore. Oh, to stay out for ever! To leave farm, Audrey, newspapers, all questions of genius or of money behind, and to drift on with that one face before her. But after that flash of blinding passion, thought, cool, keen, comprehensive, came to Jane's shrewd brain. She held in her hand the proof which made her owner of the farm; if she showed it Goddard would never marry Audrey; it was possible, even probable, that he might marry her. It was no slight thing, too, for her to throw from her the ownership of the farm even if she never married. It was the only chance of comfort for age; happiness she had done with to-day, but there would be a certain pleasure in managing crops, in rearing cattle, in saving pennies from the sale of

milk and butter. Even in this hour of her great pain and loss, the idea of these occupations came to Jane with a sense of compensation as strong as literature was hateful to her. If she made the sacrifice, she at least knew its worth. Her black, penetrating eyes were fixed on his.

"Niel, if you had not this farm,—if you could not marry her—?" But she did not need to wait for an answer. The color left his face, intolerable pain showed itself through his eyes, his contracted features, his quivering chin. "God knows best. I would bear it as best I could."

She stood up, unconscious, so strongly was she moved, that the boat rocked to and fro with her.

"You do love her then?"

"I never loved woman before, Jane."

She made no answer except a commonplace, "Very well," and sat down again.

"What *are* you thinking of?" he asked irritably, after a while. "You do not take much interest in my affairs it seems to me, Jane."

"Yes," she said slowly. "I was thinking, Niel, that nothing ought to stand in the way of your happiness."

"Nothing is going to stand in its way that I know of."

"Is this the deep sea-water here? How many fathoms deep?"

"How should I know? I am not nautical beyond my clothes. Deep enough if you fall overboard to hold you where you will never touch shore again."

"I think you are mistaken, we are not off the bar. The swell would soon carry anything in from here. Push out further."

"As you please, moodily. It was selfish in Jane to chatter about trifles when his whole future was at stake."

"If I should throw anything in here," she said when they had reached the darker green beyond, "it would never come back?"

"Not till the sea gives up its dead. What is that you are going to sacrifice?" trying civilly to be interested. "Your specimens? That's a pity."

"There is nothing in the box of any value except to me," holding it uncertainly in her hand, and looking down into the water.

"If you were a mother burying your child, you could not look more wretched, Jane," laughing.

She turned and looked at him quickly. "My child?" she said.

She let the case fall into the water, which closed over it with a dull gurgle. "It is not such women as I who have children to bury. Let us go back now, Niel. It is time you were with Audrey."

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Goddard had reached Miss Swenson's house, and found her alone, he was not long in unfolding his errand. An hour or two of dreaming of the future as her husband, made him feel secure as an already married man, and it seemed to him there was little more to do than to mention the matter to her, that she might immediately begin to dream with him of the joy and development in store for both. The manner of mentioning it had not, it is true, been without its force. There was always a certain strength and exaltation in Goddard's statement of his plans, which affected his hearers, and usually carried them with him. When he began to make a balloon at school, which was to convey him both to New York and to glory, most of the other boys were ready to go up with him; and though they were men now, and knew it was never finished, but rotted in an outhouse, they remembered him still as a fellow of fine invention, and likely even now to do something in the balloon way. No man could write a more slashing leading article. Year before last he carried half Philadelphia with him in his radical notions of municipal election reform; last year he became conservative, and then so persuasive was his eloquence, that all his followers sank back again contented into the embrace of stock-jobbers, repeaters and ward politicians. It was no wonder that Audrey Swenson was startled and moved by his fiery love-making. But he began to think presently that her answer lingered a long time on the way. She had walked from him to the open window. He had leisure to contemplate the free, light figure in relief against the lowering afternoon light. If he ever chose to be a sculptor, (and he had begun two or three very remarkable things in that way,) here was a model ready to his hand. As she stood poised on the beach yesterday, for instance, the mackerel line just flung! By George, the very thing! What would your impossible young Mohawks or imaginary Cleopatras be to that as a bit of American

art; or, if he finished the novel he had planned, she should be the principal figure; or, if he wrote poems, she could set them to music—free, simple, outspoken music like herself. But he must draw consent now from the sweet, shy creature. He was about to rise when she turned toward him. Sweet and shy enough, probably, but had the Swensons been Swedish kings instead of Swedish sailors she could not have held her suitor from her with more grave stateliness.

"I never have had lovers, Mr. Goddard; I have to consider before I give you an answer as to how I ought to give it."

"There is no need to speak any words at all. I need you, Audrey; come to me!" He held out both hands passionately.

Audrey surveyed them tranquilly. There was a gleam of fun in her steady, soft eyes. "Yes, you told me that you needed me for many purposes. I do not at all understand how that can be. But," with sudden gravity, "supposing it were true, if I loved you, if your need of me was as great as that of the dead for life, I could not go to you. I say this to you so strongly," after a momentary pause, "because I want you not to hurt yourself by thinking that I should have decided differently with a different man. I can never marry."

With an ordinary woman all this would have been the prelude to a coy acceptance; but Goddard knew this was no ordinary woman. The man at bottom was genuine. His manner changed on the instant. He was frank, outspoken, straight-forward as she.

"You propose to give your life to your art?"

"Yes; my art," hurriedly, "is all there is of me."

"The best of you, I grant," eagerly. "But not all." They had suddenly shifted from the question of love to the freemasonry of those who stand on the ground of a common idea. "Half of your nature will lie fallow. Besides, what do you know to teach by your art? What experience have you of life? Why none at all, Audrey; you have not even loved."

"No;" yet, as she stopped, the sudden warm blood rushed to her face and throat and bosom. Like a spark on tinder, the blush set Goddard on fire.

"Let me be your teacher then," in his low, passionate tones. "I will make you know what love is, and you shall utter it again to charm the world if you will." Unfortunately for his cause, he laid his hand

upon her arm. Audrey drew hastily back, straightening the black sleeve. Goddard, who was wont to sit like Apollo, crowned by the Muses, among the literary women of New York and Philadelphia, was to her at that moment simply a presuming, disagreeable, little man, whose breath was rank with tobacco.

"I shall never marry," quietly. "Nothing can make that possible."

Goddard started and turned away from her. He showed signs of pain by shivers and uncertain motions as a hurt animal would do. He stood looking down on the sea a long time before he said, "I am sorry to have annoyed you. But I loved you; I have never loved a woman before, and I never shall again."

Audrey's innocent blue eyes filled, as she watched him go out for his hat and gloves. She had never seen such hopeless woe as his sensitive face bore.

"Will you bid me a farewell in your own way?" coming back, and pausing by her chair.

She got up eagerly, and went to the piano, struck the keys once again, and then stopped. "There is nothing for me to say to you. How can I play?"

To her amazement, his countenance was at once irradiated. "But this is the feeling of a true artist! On such an idea Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn built their divine work—the necessity of utterance. They wrote no score for a royalty of filthy dollars. You did right to reject me. Let me be sacrificed to art. Better so! better so!"

He paced up and down, rubbing his

wrists like a nervous woman, while Audrey eyed him with a cold surprise.

He stopped before her at last, his thin face red with enthusiasm. "Ah, God! that I had your devotion, your integrity to your work! I shall think of you and your beauty and power as set apart hereafter from human touch. My love was a mistake, but I shall take with me this great thought to refresh me. Thank God there are sometimes such thoughts to refresh me!" He looked at her from head to foot in a hazy, rapt way. "Nature," he said earnestly, "could have created no more perfect type of the vestal virgin to dedicate to Art, and I will help to dedicate it."

"Eh? What's that? What's the matter, Mr. Goddard?" cried the Doctor bustling in, half awake from his afternoon nap.

"Nothing, sir, nothing," abstractedly. "But I have this moment thought of a plan which concerns Miss Swenson's future life. I must go and elaborate it. Good-bye," holding out his hand to her. "I shall take the next train. Trust all to me. Don't make a step without my advice in this matter. As soon as my arrangements are perfected you shall hear from me."

"What ails that young man, Audrey?"

"How can I tell?" dryly, closing the piano.

"What the deuce has he to do with your future life? Vestal virgin, eh? His talk has had no Catholic tendency? No mention of nunneries, eh?"

"No, sir. He was in great trouble a few minutes ago. But it certainly seems to have quite evaporated," as she rose and went out.

(To be continued.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ATHEIST.

THE reasons are manifold why the life of John Stuart Mill should be interesting. His personality was unique—we will not say at present whether for weakness or strength. His education was something marvelous in its way; perhaps more marvelous than that of any English speaking youth of the century. His career was almost a romance, if it be not quixotic to apply the epithet romantic to a man, who was little more than a metaphysician, and a radical.

But if we reflect on the contempt and ostracism which were accorded in London

and the Universities to the little knot of speculative Radicals with whom Mill identified his youthful fortunes, and watch the influence which they gained in each successive decade till, at the death of their acknowledged leader, all England noticed the event as the going out of one of its greatest lights, and also reflect on the place which Mill made for himself towards the end of his life in the Common rooms of the great Universities, where thirty years ago his name was mentioned only with contemptuous sneers, it is impossible not to won-

der with amazement at his success, even if we fail to accord to it our sympathy.

As a laborious and indefatigable toiler in the abstract sciences, Mill has certainly made his mark, more emphatically than any man of his generation, unless we except the great Scotchman with whose opinions he so boldly grappled, or the more adventurous speculatist who walks with confident footsteps over the path which Mill opened with a cautious and stealthy pace. As a devotee of political economy, and a sturdy champion for legal, social and political reforms, he was always conspicuous and never would acknowledge defeat. In all these particulars Mill's life was remarkable, and the story of it must be worthy of attention. But most of all is it remarkable for another reason. His ethical and religious faith was essentially, if not avowedly, atheistic, and being such may be taken as a representative of that of many speculative and cultured men of the present generation. Of the man who held this faith we have not the life only, but the life as narrated by himself, and narrated with a freedom and minuteness which are as uncommon as they are instructive.

It is with this aspect of his life that we propose to concern ourselves, and with this only. Mr. Mill has chosen to write the history of his own religious and ethical opinions and of the character which was molded by them. He has done this with singular frankness, and with a marvelous indifference to the favorable or unfavorable judgments of his fellow-men. We propose to follow him in a spirit as dispassionate as his own; to inquire into the causes which produced this somewhat extraordinary phenomenon, and to estimate the worth of the product itself, not by the ordinarily received standards of natural or Christian Theism, but by those which we may assume to be accepted by cultivated men irrespective of any theological prepossessions.

We deem it necessary to premise that we accept Mr. Mill's account of himself as unprejudiced and true. We do not care to go beyond his own narration for our data, or to judge of his culture, his aims, or his conduct by any other testimony than his own. Not a little has been said by his critics in the way of detraction from the correctness of some of his statements, and of addition of facts omitted by him, particularly in respect to his relations to Mrs. Taylor. We prefer to disregard all this

supplementary matter and to accept without question the statements concerning his conduct and motives which are given by himself.

Mr. Mill introduces very early into the autobiography a sketch of his father. He does this very naturally, for his father's personality and principles exerted a controlling influence over his own from his birth to his death, and not only over himself but equally over all the leading men of his school. The filial deference with which the son uniformly speaks of his father is discernible in all his writings, and is very conspicuous in this autobiography. It is with painful delicacy that he alludes to his growing want of sympathy with his father as his life went on, and with tender satisfaction that he notices how, towards the end of that life, he interested himself in re-editing his father's principal work on philosophy. Mr. George Grote shared in these feelings, and expressed the warmest satisfaction in furnishing matter for the same publication that he might testify his gratitude to the man who had done so much for his own education and his practical principles. The man who impressed himself so powerfully upon such men as John Stuart Mill and George Grote, long after his own death, must have been an extraordinary man.

He was a Scotchman; with a self-reliance and a capacity for self-assertion which surpassed that of any other Scotchman of whom we are informed, marvelous as are the possibilities and achievements of Scotchmen in these regards. He was trained originally as a beneficiary student for the ministry in the Scottish Presbyterian Church. But he "had by his own studies and reflections been early led to reject not only the belief in Revelation, but the foundations of what is commonly called Natural Religion." Finding no halting place in Deism, "he yielded to the conviction that concerning the origin of things nothing whatever can be known." And yet, the son insists that he was not a dogmatic Atheist, and that he even held that such Atheism was absurd. He says, moreover, that his father was led to abandon Theism on *moral* rather than on intellectual grounds. "He found it impossible to believe that a world so full of evil was the work of an author combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness. Indeed he rather preferred the Manichean theory of two separate originators or principles of good and evil." If

he was not a dogmatic Atheist, he was disposed to be a dogmatic Manichean. If not a dogmatic Atheist he was sufficiently dogmatic as an Anti-theist and Anti-Christian, holding with Lucretius, that all religion, whether natural or supernatural, is essentially demoralizing; indeed, "as the greatest enemy of morality, first by setting up fictitious excellences—belief in creeds, etc.,—* * but above all by radically vitiating the standard of morals, making it consist in doing the will of a being, on whom it lavishes, indeed, all the phrases of adulation, but whom in sober truth it depicts as eminently hateful. * * This *ne plus ultra* of wickedness, he considered to be embodied in what is commonly presented to mankind as the creed of Christianity." Mr. Mill warms as he proceeds in expounding this "dogmatism" of his father, and insists, for his own part, that although the demoralizing conceptions of the object of the Christian's love and worship are largely mingled with and modified by the ideal excellence which he derives from other sources, yet they cannot but exert a very pernicious influence in disturbing and clouding this ideal.

At the risk of dwelling upon a point which ought to be self-evident, we observe that Mill, the father, as described by the son, does not appear to refer to any of the hard sayings in the Scottish Calvinistic creeds, as the grounds of these wholesale attacks on every form of religion, but to certain *hard facts* in the economy of the universe, which must, in his view, compel a man who believes in an intelligent creator, to accept such views of his character as must be demoralizing. He, therefore, preferred not to believe in God at all, and in order to save his morality he accepts the Manichean theory as nearest to his approximation to a religious creed. That this creed has been eminently moral in its influence he does not affirm, and it would be hard for him to prove.

It is important also to notice that the phenomena of the universe as seen by our brace of philosophers, with one God, or no God, or two Gods behind them, were observed through the spectacles of a private philosophic theory of their own, which might possibly have had something to do with the conclusions which they formed in respect to the demoralizing influences of all religion. This theory embraced two cardinal principles, the doctrine that man is the creature of circumstances, and that

his circumstances determine his character through the predominance of his subjective associations. Mill, the father, adopted very early the fatalism of Hartley's *Observations on Man*, and Mill, the son, and all his school have made it the business of their lives to establish this as the only rational and tenable theory of man, and of human progress and perfectibility. It is very easy to see how on the principles of this philosophy, which both the Mills accepted as indisputable, they should arrive at very peculiar conclusions in respect to the rationality of Theism and Christianity, and the possibility of holding any creed concerning God which should not be demoralizing. This Hartleian fatalism itself, in the view of many who reject it, is a theory which seems to be utterly inconsistent with the possibility of morality of any kind. It occurs to us that a witty American writer who is never weary of attacking what he calls Calvinism as fearfully demoralizing, seems almost equally zealous in propagating a theory of necessitarian mechanism in "thought and morals" which is inconsistent with responsibility or self-respect. It is not surprising that those who hold such a doctrine should find in religion as interpreted by their principles an instrument of demoralization, or that they should be unable to furnish a satisfactory theory of the goodness of God in his dealings with men. We cannot but contrast the summary method with which the great problems of thought concerning these questions are disposed of by this Scottish schoolmaster, with the earnest struggles, the patient inquiries, and the triumphant faith of multitudes who have faced the facts as boldly, and put their questions as clearly, and acknowledged the difficulties as frankly as he, but with whom faith in the Living God as good was triumphant, and the power of Christian theism to inspire and sustain an elevated moral life was verified by the most decisive evidence.

But our *doctrinaire* was not to be put down though all the world should be against him. With a self-confidence that is almost sublime, and a power of self-assertion that would seem to be indomitable, he attached himself to Jeremy Bentham, and became a devotee to his projects for social and juridical reform. With a strong interest in political economy, and an ardent faith in spite of his Manicheanism in the perfectibility of man by means of democratic government and representative institutions; with

a keen sense of those social inequalities and traditional abuses which were so fearfully rank in England for the first two decades of the present century; with a strong interest in history, and a comprehensive capacity to discern the workings of institutions, he adopted most of the theories of Jeremy Bentham, and gave all his energies to his proposed reforms, many of which at that time seemed quixotic. His *History of British India* brought him into public notice, and secured him in 1818 a place of influence and pecuniary support in the East India House. Being capable of immense intellectual labor, and of untiring energy, he became the inspiring genius of the few rising young men whom he could gather about himself, as well as an indomitable worker in the cause of Radical Reform. His most important services to his generation, however, were rendered by the education of George Grote and John Stuart Mill. Over the latter he had complete control, and he began with him at the earliest possible period.

The son was born in 1806, twelve years and more before his father was installed in the India House. During these years the father was dependent on literary labor for his subsistence, and yet contrived to do the reading and writing which were necessary for the composition of his great history. With these burdens upon him he began to teach the boy Greek when three years old, and taught him so well that he had read some of the easiest and one of the most abstruse of Plato's dialogues, with Herodotus, parts of Xenophon, etc., by the time he was seven or eight. To Greek, arithmetic was added. At eight he began Latin. After he was five or six he began to read History, and recited to his father on his walks from a large number of standard ancient and modern historians, reading copiously also of voyages and travels. Of children's books he owned *Robinson Crusoe*, and borrowed the *Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote*, Miss Edgeworth's *Popular Tales*, etc. When he began to learn Latin he assisted in teaching his brothers and sisters, and began to read the Greek poets. From eight to twelve he read an appalling amount of Latin and Greek, finishing with Aristotle's Rhetoric, and throwing in a second large installment of ancient and modern history. Of poetry he read somewhat, and wrote English verses. From twelve to fourteen he read considerable portions of

Aristotle's Organon for Logic, and did not a little logical analysis, read Demosthenes for pleasure, and some of the most important dialogues of Plato, also Tacitus, Juvenal, and Quintilian, and assisted his father to read the MSS. and proofs of his history as it went through the press. When he was thirteen and more he was put to the study of Political Economy, and at fourteen his regular education was finished. During all this period his father was severe, and often presumed on greater maturity of intelligence than he found. He was an exacting though a stimulating teacher. He was careful to guard his pupil against self-conceit, inculcating the lesson upon him that if he should find, on comparing himself with other persons of his age, that he knew more than they, he must remember that it was because he had enjoyed special advantages. The son thinks that he had no arrogance, and knows that he had no special humility. He owns that various persons, who saw him in his childhood thought him "greatly and disagreeably self-conceited, probably because he was disputatious, and did not scruple to give direct contradiction to things which he heard said."

We ought not to omit noticing that he traveled not infrequently in England with his father, and his father's friends. It is characteristic of the author to say of a sojourn at Ford Abbey, "This sojourn was, I think, an important circumstance in my education. Nothing contributes more to nourish elevation of sentiments in a people than the large and free character of their habitations. The middle-age architecture, the baronial hall, and the spacious and lofty rooms of this fine old place, so unlike the mean and cramped externals of English middle-class life, gave the sentiment of a larger and freer exertion, and are to one a sort of poetic cultivation," etc.

After the age of fourteen he resided in France for a year, becoming familiar with the language, and had a slight introduction to French domestic and social life, studying somewhat under French professors. On his return he resumed his ordinary studies, prosecuting the branches (in the main self-directed) which he had begun, and giving himself especially to the study of Jurisprudence, Political Economy, and Psychology. He attaches special importance to his reading of a book published under the pseudonym of "Philip Beauchamp," entitled, *Analysis of the Influence of Natural Religion on the Temporal Happiness*

of Mankind. This work was founded on the teachings of Bentham, and was prepared by George Grote, and sets forth very emphatically the doctrines of which we have already spoken—that natural as well as revealed religion is hostile to human happiness and welfare.

Of this method of education and its results we have only a word to say. That it could only have been achieved and sustained with a strong nature to enforce, and a pliant nature to accept it, is sufficiently obvious to any man who knows even very little of boys. That the pupil read and studied as he describes we have no reason to doubt. We cannot suspect Mr. Mill of exaggeration as to the principal facts of detail, although we might suppose him to deceive himself as to the amount of intelligence which he lent to these studies. That his judgments concerning himself are inclined to be suave and sanguine is evident from many pages of his writings. But we can easily believe that a boy of so gentle a temper and so passive a nature as his, with great capacity to acquire, and no little acuteness of judgment, should have been stimulated by a powerful and energetic nature like his father's to the achievements which he describes. One thing he well says of himself, which seems to be highly probable, viz., that he learned how to *know* better than how to *do*; that he was singularly helpless in managing and providing for himself, whereas his father was singularly handy and self-reliant. So far as we can judge from his writings, it was one of the great defects of his nature that, while he was apt at books, he never learned to know not only how to do things himself, but how they were done by other men. In other words, he was singularly deficient in common sense in respect to doing of all sorts, whether the doing concerned the management of a household, the conduct of a commonwealth, the relations of the sexes, or the government of the universe. The disabilities which he incurred from this forced and secluded training were aggravated by the circumstance that but few persons visited his father's house, and he was conversant with a very limited society, and rarely had intercourse with boys of his own age. His childhood, he thinks, was happy, though his father failed in tenderness, and was averse to any manifestations of affection.

In respect to religious belief, he says—

he never had any. "I am one of the very few examples in this country of one who has not thrown off religious belief, but never had it: I grew up in a negative state with regard to it. I looked upon the modern exactly as I did upon the ancient religion, as something which in no way concerned me. It did not seem to me more strange that English people should believe what I did not, than that the men I read of in Herodotus should have done so. History had made the variety of opinions among mankind a fact familiar to me, and this was but a prolongation of that fact." This is sufficiently naïve, at the first aspect: at the second it may raise a question whether this record was a simple remembrance from childhood, or an interpolated argument from the unconsciously sly old man. If it were the one, its validity as an argument should have been transparent to the veteran practitioner of logic. If it were the other, it can be excused by the abundant evidence which is furnished in his writings, that he had acquired so firm a faith in himself as to be unable to suspect himself of being either disingenuous or simple, although his readers might be certain that he must be one or the other.

If Mr. Mill is to be judged as a boy by the ordinary examples of boyhood, we should say that had he been trained to say his prayers, and to go to church, had he learned hymns and the catechism, in addition to Greek, Latin and Logic, before he was twelve years old, and had he been as docile in religion as he was in his other studies, he could not easily have failed, under his secluded training, to be a conceited prig, in spite of the sweetness of his temper and even the ardor of his piety. Conceding that he had achieved the serene indifference to the Christian beliefs of his countrymen which he describes, and had accepted with confiding assurance the conclusion, that all religions are alike demoralizing nuisances, he must have been very unlike the rest of other boys not to have had some rather decided temptations to what "the Methodists" call spiritual pride. When, for example, as he walked on Sundays by an open church, and looked in upon its demoralizing worship with somewhat of the shudder with which the Christian boy of twelve regards the rites of heathen service, it would have been difficult for him to withhold the thought, which in a Theist would be a prayer—Oh Lord, I thank

thee that I am not as other men are; that I never fast and never pray, and firmly believe that it is the height of demoralizing superstition to conceive that the universe is ordered by infinite goodness. As at present advised we must say that as between the two sorts of prigs we much prefer a Christian to the Atheistic prig. As for the average of boys we would rather take the chance of the *demoralizing* influences of Christianity than of the demoralizing influences of Atheism or Manicheism, even when attended by the purest ethical examples and the sternest and loftiest precepts. As to the matter of ethics, those of the father were formed by the best models of the Greek philosophy, at least so the son thinks. He was self-confident, self-governed, delighting in labor and rejoicing in self-control. He found his chief happiness in intellectual activity and achievement, and enforced the same rule upon all over whom he had influence. One thing strikes us unpleasantly in the father and the son. The father taught the son to keep his opinions in respect to religion to himself, because at that time they could not prudently be avowed. This advice indicates that the Greek ethics had not altogether transformed the canny Scotchman. This practical lesson the son acknowledges was attended with some moral disadvantages. What these were he leaves his readers to conjecture—assuring them that he never shrank from avowing his religious views to his companions when there was occasion. One boy was shocked, as well he might be; another tried to convince him of his error, but without success. He proceeds to remark that at present there is less occasion for Atheists to hesitate from motives of prudence to avow their opinions, and adds with the greatest positiveness that there is a much larger number than is supposed of the most enlightened and virtuous of cultivated men who hold such opinions, and that these are uniformly more truly religious than any other class. It has now come to be acknowledged, he says, that a Deist may be truly and eminently religious. But he assures his readers that this is emphatically possible and true of many whose belief falls short of Deism, "because they have an ideal conception of a Perfect Being to which they habitually refer as the guide of their conscience." All this we do not care to discuss nor to dispute. We only say that it strikes us oddly, if this

class of eminently pure and lofty souls is so large, that Mr. Mill should need to assure them that the time has come in which they may prudently avow the atheism which they have so long partially or wholly concealed.

One point in the father's moral code is of special significance. "Feelings, as such, he considered to be no proper subjects of praise or blame. Right and wrong, good and bad, he regarded as qualities solely of conduct—of acts and omissions; there being no feeling which may not lead, and does not frequently lead, either to good or bad actions; conscience itself, the very desire to act right, often leading people to act wrong. * * He blamed as severely what he thought a bad action, when the motive was a feeling of duty, as if the agents had been consciously evil doers." This was a necessary inference from the Fatalistic Associationalism which he accepted. That this opinion was erroneous was subsequently discovered by the son, when he learned that morality pertained to the feelings and intentions.

In 1823, Mr. Mill, the son, obtained a subordinate place in the India House, and here he remained for thirty-five years, till the East India Company was set aside,—in due time succeeding his father. He was eighteen years old. He does not give over his habits of study, but prosecutes his plans for self-improvement, and enters upon the field of public activity as a writer for the press. The *Westminster Review* was established somewhat later. The tide of Liberalism was rising rapidly, and with such accessions of strength and prestige as it had never received before. Not the least of these came from the associates of Mr. Bentham and Mr. Mill, the elder. But among them all the elder Mill was the master spirit. "He was sought for the vigor and instructiveness of his conversation, and did use it largely as an instrument for the diffusion of his opinions. I have never known a man who could do such ample justice to his best thoughts in colloquial discussion." But it was not in intellectual power alone that he excelled, but "in that exalted public spirit, and regard above all things for the good of the whole, which warmed into life and activity every germ of similar nature that existed in the minds he came in contact with, * * * and the encouragement he afforded to the faint-hearted or desponding among them by the firm confidence," (strange faith for a Manichean, and

approximating to superstition!) "he always felt in the power of reason, the general progress of improvement, and the good which individuals could do by judicious effort." The points of opinion to which the school attached the greatest importance were the doctrines of Bentham in morals and jurisprudence, the modern political economy, the Hartleian metaphysics, and Malthus's views of population. In politics James Mill insisted on the efficacy of two things, representative government and freedom of discussion. The greatest foes to human progress in his view were class interests in the two forms of an aristocracy and an established priesthood. He was a democrat from policy only, because a free government furnishes the best securities for human welfare, not from any theory of the rights of man. He insisted on moral obligations for similar reasons, but refused to derive any sanctions of duty from anything that savored of asceticism and priest-craft. "In psychology his fundamental doctrine was the formation of all human character by circumstances, through the universal principle of association, and the consequent unlimited possibility of improving the moral and intellectual condition of mankind by education. Of all his doctrines none was more important than this." "These various opinions were seized on with youthful fanaticism." "We put into them a sectarian spirit, from which, in intention at least, my father was wholly free." "The French *philosophes* of the Eighteenth Century were the examples we sought to imitate, and we hoped to accomplish no less results." "My zeal was as yet little else at that period of my life than zeal for speculative opinions. It had not its root in genuine benevolence, or sympathy with mankind. * * Nor was it connected with any high enthusiasm for ideal nobleness. Yet of this feeling I was imaginatively very susceptible, but there was at that time an intermission of its natural aliment, poetical culture, while there was a superabundance of the discipline antagonistic to it, that of mere logical analysis." "The cultivation of feeling was not in much esteem among us." "While fully recognizing the superior excellence of unselfish benevolence and love of justice, we did not expect the regeneration of mankind from any direct action on those sentiments, but from the effect of educated intellect, enlightening the selfish feelings." And, yet, at this period Mill notices that he would now and then be powerfully moved

by some elevated sentiments in poetry or biography, and that he had one or two distinct impressions that there was something nobler than being a sectarian and a partizan even for objects so high as those of social and political reform. His "inauguration as an original and independent thinker" he dates at certain joint studies with a few others in logic and "analytic psychology," the basis of which was Hartley on Man, to which his father's *Analysis of the Human Mind* was added. We notice that about this time he was brought into familiar and frequent contact with men of somewhat different training, and associations, and of opposite ways of thinking; with University men and men of avowed Christian principles; like Macaulay, Thirlwall, the late Bishop of Oxford, Edward and Henry Lytton Bulwer.

About this time he underwent what he calls "a crisis in his mental history," and advanced "one stage onward." From 1821, at the age of 17-18 and onward, he had a definite "object in life, to be a reformer of the world." "My conception of my own happiness was entirely identified with this object." This theory of life animated and contented him for a few years. "But the time came when he was awakened from this as from a dream." It was in the autumn of 1826. He was in a dull state of nerves, in a generally depressed state, "the state, I should think, in which converts to Methodism usually are, when smitten by their first 'conviction of sin.'" We hardly know what induced Mr. Mill to add this, whether by way of condescension to his less illuminated Methodist brethren, or whether he deemed it an extraordinary stroke of philosophical sagacity, or whether he enjoyed what occurred to him as the humor of the conceit. Possibly his Methodist brethren might refer the suggestion to the devil, but if so, he must have assumed the guise of a mildly flavored Mephistopheles. None other could have had access to Mill, or enjoyed the lambent smile that was all that could lighten the face of the sedate philosopher. The experience was no joke, however humorous it might seem in the retrospect. Mill was led to ask himself, Suppose that all your aims in life should be realized, and all human institutions and opinions should be perfected, would this make you happy? An irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answered, "No." "At this my heart sank within me; the whole foundation on which my life was constructed fell down." The cloud hung over him

for months. Books and studies could not dissipate it. The old ideals no longer satisfied or stimulated him. He felt that his love for mankind had worn itself out. He had no friend to whom he dared or cared to unbosom himself. Least of all could he go to his father, to whom the revelation would have been a disappointment and a reproach, as it would have demonstrated that his theory of education had proved a failure. In accounting for the defects of his culture, as thus demonstrated, the son employs the technical phraseology of the associational psychology. 'His associations had not been trained rightly. They should have been conformed to the laws of nature and the reality of things, and thus have been placed beyond the reach of possible dislocation. Moreover, the habit of analysis to which he had been subjected was itself unfavorable to the formation of the strongest and most satisfying associations.' But the most skillful diagnosis of a disease, even though it is expressed in the most philosophical terminology, is not a cure. So it proved with Mr. Mill. The disease to him was sharp and threatening. However fantastic it might have appeared to his unsentimental associates, it was a fearful reality to himself, so serious as to make existence a burden almost insupportable. No language, he thought, was better adapted to express it than the language which he quotes from Coleridge: "Hope without an object cannot live." No words were oftener in his mind than those words of Macbeth to his physician: "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased; pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?" A good Methodist would have suggested that the words which would have phrased his feelings most perfectly, were: "I thirst for God, for the living God." At last the remedy came, and as suddenly as a Methodist "conversion." But it came by no diagnosis of the causes of the disease, or analysis of the associations, but by the development of what the men of his school would call "sentimentalism." This personified metaphysician was reading Marmontel's memoirs, and lighted on a story in which, at his father's death, this boy heroically takes up the burden of the family's sorrows and needs. "A vivid conception of the scene and its feelings came on me and I was moved to tears. From this moment my burden grew lighter." There is nothing strange in such an experience. Coleridge makes the ancient mariner relate, how as he gazed upon the forms

of life about him, he broke out with the words:

Oh, happy living things! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare,
 A spring of love gushed from my heart
 And I blessed them unaware;
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me
 And I blessed them unaware.
The self-same moment I could pray.

Mr. Mill did not proceed quite so far as this. The more is the pity. But he did make one step forward. He adopted a new theory of life, and sought to turn it into practice. First, he learned to forget himself, which he had never done before, *i.e.*, he endeavored to lay aside the self-consciousness, which had sprung from his analytic habits. He schooled himself to think little of his own happiness as an object of desire, but to fix his thoughts and care upon the objects of desire and action, and to lose himself in these. He did not abandon what, in a certain sense, may be called the Utilitarian theory of the New Testament, but he attained some rude notion of the New Testament theory of self-sacrifice. We would not intimate that he ever condescended to acknowledge any obligation to such a book, or to the Master of its wisdom! Second,—which at first thought seems inconsistent with his new aims,—he began to cultivate directly what he calls "the passive susceptibilities." "The cultivation of the feelings became one of the cardinal points of my ethical and philosophical creed." The instruments of this new branch of self-culture were not Truth, but Poetry and Art. He began to find a meaning in what he had heard of the importance of both. Music first moved him. It is characteristic of this calculating logician that at first he was seriously disturbed by the possible prospect that all the possible combinations of tones in melody and harmony should be exhausted. Then music would have exhausted its resources as an instrument of culture and enjoyment; and what should he do then? Akin to this was the thought, that when all human institutions should be perfected, and every human being should be perfectly trained by the proper adjustment of circumstances, there would be nothing for a professed reformer to live for? To this suggestion poetry brought relief, and singularly enough the poetry of Wordsworth. This opened to him the culture of his feelings as an object worthy to be pursued, and the possibility of constant occupation

and development, and of exhaustless delight in the enjoyment of nature by a sensibility increasingly refined.

In other words, this man who had been so carefully trained to believe only in the intellect and in the omnipotent force of right opinions and reformed institutions, was now converted to the doctrine that the feelings are the springs of action and the sources of happiness. He became a Sentimentalist. It is not wonderful that he did not like to tell his father and his fellow-reformers, and that all his life after he sought to make trimming compromises between his old and new extremes of doctrine. Nature had her revenge upon him. At first he had relied on intellectual achievement as an end, dignified, indeed, by a certain dim recognition of human perfectibility, vaguely conceived and scarcely half understood. But this perfection was confined to the actions, instead of having its root in the character, as controlled by unselfish love. He now had conceived of this perfection as consisting in the prevalence of the higher sentiments,—the product of culture, the result of better associations. His second position was defective, because under the fatalistic theory, to which he still adhered, there is no possible provision for either individuality of character, or virtue. For the culture of those higher sentiments he rested in poetry and art, when he should have proceeded to religion. In other words, he began and ended with the imagination, and overlooked the truth that unless the imagination in poetry and art suggest something which is or may be true, and is diviner than man, it cannot permanently control and cultivate the better sentiments. He failed to see, that if the imagination is made a substitute for faith, it ceases effectually to purify and ennoble the feelings; and that the reason why poetry and art do so much for man is, that they prepare him for *the faith* in that something higher and better, which is another name for the living God, and all that the existence of the living God involves. They that destroy God destroy man's nobility, says an English authority, as trustworthy as either Mill the father, with his dry and hard intellectualism, or Mill the son, newly converted to an inconsistent and compromising sentimentalism.

The new and, in many respects, the better light which Mr. Mill had received led him to cultivate the society, and to read the

writings, of new associates. He became somewhat intimate with Frederick Maurice and John Sterling, and others of the Cole-ridgian school. He read Coleridge, and Goethe, and Carlyle. "The influences of European,—that is to say, Continental—thought, and especially those of the reaction of the nineteenth century against the eighteenth, were now streaming in upon me." His new light also modified his political philosophy. Instead of believing, as he had done, that institutions could perfect men, and that all men were capable of receiving the same institutions, he now held, "that any general theory of politics supposes a previous theory of human progress. That is the same thing with a philosophy of history." But unfortunately his philosophy of history was to a large extent of the same type with that of Saint-Simon and Auguste Comte. His new views were still alloyed and rendered abortive by the Associational Psychology, which he never abandoned, and the Atheism which he never outgrew, and the entire absence of any just conception of human freedom as the ground of human responsibility. His new discoveries did not lead him, he insists, to abandon any of his' original principles, but to see them in fresh lights, and with an enlarged significance. "For example, during the later returns of my dejection, the doctrines of what is called Philosophical Necessity weighed on my existence like an incubus." Why it should do so he more than once intimates. The doctrines of Free-will he saw to be inspiring and ennobling; the doctrines of Fatalism to be depressing and enslaving. He contrived to relieve himself, by what he thought a dexterous compromise, which he parades in his *Logic* as though it were an original discovery of the difference between Fatalism and Necessity, but which seems to us to be evasive and unsatisfactory. This discovery is certainly not a novelty, having been received in certain of the Calvinistic schools for more than a century and a half. The reader of Mill's miscellaneous writings will, by the light furnished in this account of the change in his opinions, easily explain his changing attitudes of thought in these papers, and his attempts to adjust and compromise his own views with those of men of opposite tendencies and principles. They will find an explanation of his timid and uncertain shuffling, which was in part or wholly concealed from himself by his singular and his, perhaps, unconscious

dexterity in shifting alternately from the sharp and rigid nomenclature of the schools to the indefinite and pliant language of common life. It is interesting, though a little saddening, to hear him acknowledge that his new position, in a certain sense, estranged him from his father's sympathies. The compromising son must inevitably have been unintelligible to the uncompromising father, even if their want of sympathy had concerned less fundamental matters.

At the age of twenty-five he made the last and most important experience of his life. He became acquainted with Mrs. Taylor, with whom he maintained an intimate friendship for twenty years till after the death of her husband, when they were married. For this lady his adoration and love were unbounded. He insists that she lifted him up into higher experiences than he had previously known, that he received more from her intellect than he gave, and that her character was to him a constant inspiration. He avers that the most important of the treatises written after their acquaintance was perfected, were in reality more the products of her mind than of his own, and when she died the overflowing spring of new thoughts and new emotions was for ever dried up. We cannot find space for the glowing description which he gives of her mind and character; nor can we make clear to ourselves at all times exactly what his words import. He definitely states, that while her aims and expectations concerning the perfectibility of man and society surpassed his own, her judgments concerning the means of realizing these aims, were more sagacious and cautious. In other words, she had a rare combination of womanly enthusiasm for the noblest and the largest objects, with womanly wit in her judgment of the means essential to attain them. It is unnecessary to trace in detail the changes which she effected in his opinions. Most of these changes were in the direction which they had already begun to assume. In some respects she was less disposed to accommodate herself to the wisdom of past experience and the prejudices of unreasonable conventionalism, than he, even in his most radical dreamings. He notes among her excellencies, "a complete emancipation from every kind of superstition (including that which attributes a pretended perfection to the order of nature and the universe)." Alas, that the Numa of our

times did not find in his Egeria as believing and devout a spirit towards God as she was noble and loving towards man! In 1851 they were married; after seven years and a half she died, and his account of his life after this "most unexpected and bitter calamity," is as follows: "Since then I have sought for such alleviation as my state admitted of, by the mode of life which most enabled me to feel her still near me. I bought a cottage as close as possible to the place where she was buried, and there her daughter (my fellow-sufferer, and now my chief comfort) and I, live constantly during a great portion of the year. My objects in life are solely those which were hers; my pursuits and occupations those in which she shared, or sympathized, and which are indissolubly associated with her. Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it does all worthiness, I endeavor to regulate my life."

Words like these must have been sincere. No reader can doubt that they came from the heart. Whatever we may think of the reasonableness of Mr. Mill's impassioned affection for his wife, we cannot doubt that he felt all that he expresses of what she had been to him while she lived, and what she became to him after she had died.

His acquaintance with this lady gives character to the third stage of his mental and moral history. In the first stage, he was engrossed with intellectual activities. In the second, he was awakened to the world of imaginative sentiment. In the third he was controlled by affection for a person. Had a fourth supervened, it should have supplemented and rounded out what was wanting in each and all the others; it should have given him a religion. That idealizing sentiment which properly leads to and belongs to the uncreated and self-existent, he had already accepted. Love for a person whom he esteemed immeasurably his superior, especially in spiritual excellence, he had joyfully acknowledged to be a necessity of his being, and a regeneration of his life. Of the object of this love, he used unwittingly the language of devotees and saints:—"What I owe, even intellectually, to her, is in its detail almost *infinite*." It remained for him to complete the three experiences of his practical life by the fourth to which the three appropriately conduct, viz., the intellect which discerns, the imagination which

aspires and the heart which loves. His early superficial and vulgar associations with religion as sentimental, idealistic, and affectional had been already surrendered. There remained nothing to be overcome except the hard and narrow prejudices of a life long sectarianism, and the supposed requirements of his Manichean philosophy. But this Manichean philosophy is as truly incompatible with the existence of man's personal individuality and his social responsibility as with a faith in a personal God.

There are two or three phrases in the passage already cited, which are touchingly suggestive. "Since then I have sought for such alleviation as my state of life admitted, by the mode of life most enabling me to *feel her still near me*." "Her *memory* is to me *a religion*, and her *approbation* the standard by which I endeavor to regulate my life." These words express no belief even in the possible immortality of the departed whom he loved. This being held to be absurd, our philosopher of hard facts as attested by the actual experiences of sense, becomes the slave and sport of the make-beliefs of tenacious associations, as they play fast and loose with inevitable realities. He takes refuge in the most unsubstantial idealism. He essays to *feel* that he is near her, and he wakes to the solid fact that he *believes* and *knows* that she is *nowhere*. Having no other religion,—because all religion is superstition,—"her memory is to him a religion." Had this philosopher in the extremity of his grief erected an altar near her tomb—had he decorated it with flowers, and recited before it her praises, and implored the guidance of her departed spirit to regulate his life, this superstition might be pardoned. Events more strange than these have happened, and events such as these would only be additional examples of how near akin Atheism is to superstition. Mr. Mill's friends ought to be thankful that he did not enact the sorry farce of Comte with his Clotilde.

It does not come within our plan to follow Mr. Mill through the history of his intellectual activities. We have to do chiefly with his personal and practical life. We shall not attempt even a general estimate of his intellectual power, or his intellectual achievements. To do this would require an elaborate criticism of his principal works, and of his philosophical system. But we may be allowed to say that the perusal

of his autobiography does not leave the impression that Mr. Mill was distinguished for sound judgment as a thinker, or enlightened common sense as a man. His estimates of principles and of men strike us as uniformly pedantic and bookish, rather than penetrating or liberal. Occasionally they seem to us weak and whimsical, as when he ranks Maurice higher than Coleridge in every particular except as a poet, thinks Carlyle's chief power is the poetic, and studiously depreciates Sir William Hamilton. We find evidence of a similar weakness of judgment in all his writings; but, we think, in none of them does he betray such marked and one-sided weakness as in this. The value of many of his treatises is unquestioned. Many readers who dissent from the characteristic principles of his philosophy are forward to acknowledge that his writings are almost as valuable to the world for their conspicuous failures as for their acknowledged excellencies. The transparent *naïveté* of a man who is so often blind to the obvious weaknesses of his inconsistencies and concessions sometimes moves the pity of his critics, and disarms the severity of the most determined antagonist.

No defects of this kind should lead any right-minded man to withhold from Mr. Mill the honor which he merits from all lovers of justice and freedom for the eminent services which he has rendered in the cause of judicial and legislative reform. It is humiliating to consider that the nation which boasts itself so proudly of being by eminence a Christian Kingdom, should have not only tolerated but defended such fearful abuses in its law courts and its parliaments, and for so long; and at last have imposed the hard and ungrateful work of effectually moving for their reform upon a small company of speculative Atheists. It is shocking to be obliged to concede that the Church itself should have tolerated within its precincts and sheltered beneath its altars such noisome masses of evil as to give so fair a pretext for the charges of these assailants, that its faith and worship were hollow and demoralizing shams. We may not forget the services to public and institutional morality which were rendered by these determined rejecters of the faith, on which all public morality must stand, and by which it must be enforced. We cannot forget that John Stuart Mill was the bold and fast friend of this country and its free spirit in its trying conflict with slavery. It was

inevitable that his services and sympathies for human freedom and human progress should dispose many lovers of freedom to regard his speculative and practical principles with a confidence which their independent merits would never have commanded.

We cannot regret that his autobiography should reveal the man in his weakness as well as in his strength. It cannot fail to move our sympathy for the tone of sadness which pervades its narrative from the beginning to the end. Why should this be so? Mr. Mill's life was in most respects eminently fortunate. The discipline of his childhood was severe and exacting, but he bore it with a cheerful spirit, for he was animated by the consciousness of growing intellectual power. Though his companions were few, yet their sympathy was complete, and they hailed his promise with inspiring delight. His public career was one of constant progress in the consciousness of increasing power and increasing reputation. The publicists of Great Britain who had treated him with contemptuous neglect, first honored him with criticism and then with deference, and finally with sympathy. The Universities, which in his youth had no words too biting for their jeers and their scorn, furnished many devoted adherents not merely to his measures of reform, but to his speculative principles, in spite of their alleged and real incompatibility with any form of Theism. His labors at the pen and in self-discipline were constant; yet he knew no pleasure so exhilarating as studies and labors like these. But he was not satisfied. Sentimental benevolence and imaginative self-culture widened his mind, and softened and elevated his sensibilities. Human affection then took him up. He loved a woman who more than satisfied his ideal in her intellect, her temper, and her enthusiastic sympathy with his aims, and labors, and studies. But he gives no evidence that either his mind or his head ever attained to peace. He was without God by his own ostentatious confession. That he was without hope in the eminent sense of the word is confessed in every line of this life. After the removal of her who impersonated the best, if not all, of love that he ever enjoyed, he dwelt as near to her tomb as he could, that he might *feel* that she was near

to him. Her memory was his religion, not the belief in her immortal existence. Her approbation was *the only standard* in the actual and ideal universe by which he sought to regulate his life, and yet her approbation was only a sentimental fiction.

We have already adverted to the saying of Mr. Mill that many Atheists of his acquaintance were the most religious of persons, having the advantage, as he contends, of forming for themselves a perfect ideal of goodness, to which they could accord the profoundest reverence and the most devout affection. We do not care to dispute this opinion. We might concede that what he says is possible in certain exceptional cases. But it should never be forgotten that these persons have been trained in a community that is full of Christian Theism, and have breathed from their infancy an atmosphere that is fragrant with the elements of Faith and Love for a personal and loving God. It may not be surprising that persons of brooding, speculative habits, or morbid sensitiveness to all dogmatic propositions or doubtful arguments concerning a personal God, and especially that persons who are oppressed with the awful weight of evil in the universe, should flee to the sanctuary of their own idealizations, instead of committing themselves to the acknowledgment of an Infinite Person, because they cannot grasp all the relations of existence by their limited powers, or explain everything that happens in consistency with his infinite love.

This may be so, but Mr. Mill's experience testifies in many ways that the universe is darker rather than brighter to any soul that does not attach his ideal of perfect purity to a living person. Mr. Mill, sitting by the grave of the wife who was his only animating ideal of perfection when she was alive, and now mourning that she is no longer a living presence, is a representative of all those religious idealists who think to content themselves with ideal objects of worship, to whom they strive "to feel that they are near." There are many such, as we believe, who mournfully, if unconsciously, cry out for the living God! in the aspiration if not in the words: "Oh! that I knew where I might find Him!"

A DREAM STORY.

I.

MONSIEUR FURET stands suddenly upright, and plants his spade firmly into the dry, brown mold.

The church clock has just struck twelve, and its quaint, picturesque spire so overlooks his garden that he has only to raise his eyes to see how time is going. For, though Monsieur Furet bears all the marks of a well-to-do man about him, he is his own gardener.

He has the look of a rich, matter-of-fact, common-sense citizen, but you need only glance at his garden to be sure that Monsieur Furet, *ex-avocat*, at present *propriétaire* of one of the most charming little estates in the neighborhood of Véron, is a man of taste.

The large center bed of his garden is planted with small pyramidal pear-trees, their graceful branches laden with young fruit, and round about these is a perfect dazzle of scarlet geraniums, and an edging of silvery leaves with white blossoms. The broad border which runs under the old gray wall, overlooked by the church spire, is gay with China roses, and bushes of rosy sweet peas, and blue cockspur, and orange coreopsis, and the wall itself is almost covered with the purple blossoms of the Virgin's bower, over which they gracefully hang as if they were trying to roll off the wall, and fall on the earth below.

Monsieur Furet has been loosening the earth round the roots of his roses, and he stands with his back to the center plot, and also to a border parallel to the one at which he works; but there are no flowers here except those on the althea bushes, which show out rosily here and there among a well grouped array of evergreens.

On his right is the pride of Monsieur Furet's heart, his *rocher*,—an English taste,—a cockneyfied heap of stones piled together as nature would hardly pile them, and surmounted by a growth of lady-fern, with smaller varieties, and some rock-plants nestling in the crevices; on his left is his house, a plain, dull, stone building, green with age and damp.

Monsieur Furet's house is pleasantly placed, but it is at the bottom of the steep hill, on which both the château and the hill stand; a green ditch runs behind the shrubberied wall, and in the field, behind

the tall sycamores which overshadow the rocky, is a deep, stagnant pool.

Looking at the dismal moss-grown house, and then going into the field, and seeing the pool half filled with branches fallen from the trees above, over which water-weeds are clinging in shroud-like fashion, you begin to dream of secret murder committed in the silent pool, and of pale ghosts who walk the lonely house; but your ghostly thoughts fly at the plump, round figure that has just advanced to the back door, and stands there filling up the entrance, with a broad, stumpy, brown hand planted on each hip. Only her red face, her hands, and her snowy cap, with its strings pinned across each other over her forehead, relieve her from the dark passage behind, for both gown and apron are black, or rather of that greenish hue which indicates thrift, and, also, cleanliness in the wearer. Yes, Marguerite's gown has been washed many a time, and looks none the better for it as to color.

Her fat, double chin waggles as she watches Monsieur Furet.

"But what then has he to leave off work half an hour too soon, *cher Maître* Joseph, —there is something thou art keeping from Margot."

Monsieur Furet turns and comes towards her. He is a tall, erect man, who would be good-looking, spite of his wrinkles, if his face were not so stern. It might be carved in wood or stone, it is so hard and expressionless, except for the wrinkles on his forehead, and round his mouth there is an absence of flesh; the smooth yellow skin seems strained over the skull bones. Also, you must be a very keen observer, indeed, if you can note any intelligible change in those dull, gray eyes which gaze at you so steadily. They are in color like steel over which one has breathed. Perhaps they were bright once when Monsieur Furet was young and poor.

Margot never questions her master, but to-day she feels inquisitive. There has been a restlessness about Monsieur Furet, and Margot wonders,—more with a half contempt at her own credulity than in combat with any real belief whether Jacques Monton was in earnest when he teased her on Sunday after vespers about the prospect of her master's marriage.

"But Jacques is an ill-natured old crip-

ple," she said, "folks who have lost something themselves are willing enough to put the fear of losing something into their neighbors' noddles. My master is the cleverest man for miles round—it is not likely he will turn fool at sixty, just for the blue eyes of a child like Eugénie Roussel. Bah! bah! bah! Jacques is one ape, and I am another to listen to his nonsense."

"Marguerite!" Monsieur Furet has that voice which seems peculiar to Frenchmen; a voice with a certain greasy readiness in it as if the speaker kept his words in his mouth, and tumbled them out one over another in such eagerness.

"Marguerite, I will have my bread and radishes at once. I have to make a visit of ceremony."

"*A la bonne heure.*" Her curiosity is at fever heat, but she keeps down any show of it. "Monsieur will then want his holiday suit, and his new boots."

Monsieur Furet's dull eyes close at each corner as if he is enjoying a joke, and means to keep it to himself.

"My friend," he says quietly, "I asked but for radishes and bread, and I want those at once."

He pushes by the *ménagère* into the long dark passage, and Marguerite can only vent her feelings by shrugging her shoulders, and by an expressive grimace lavished freely on the scarlet geranium bed.

II.

THE mill of Véron has a reputation. It is no mere ordinary windmill, with the sails signing the four winds with the cross, as they put its sails in motion; neither is it a water-mill with treacherous smooth green pool, and tiny cascades foaming off the grotesque old wheels.

The mill of Véron looks like a substantial brick house, standing in green orchards near the top of the lofty *côte*. There is nothing outside itself to give tokens of the occupation carried on within except a row of brown, bulging sacks near a low green door, and the huge pile of empty sacks under the open shed some little way down the slope. There is a cider-press in this shed, and a sunny-faced country lad in a blouse is sweeping the trough of this with a broom. There are brown and white cows grazing peacefully under the apple-trees, scenting the air with their fragrant breath, and on the narrow upward path to the mill cocks and hens strut as if they

were on parade, and wished to be looked at. The path itself is only marked out in the grass by cart ruts. The ascent is rather steep, and Monsieur Furet stops to breathe when he reaches the open shed, and looks about him with complacency.

"If Roussel does not fritter his money in machinery, Mademoiselle Eugénie will have a good portion besides her charming face and figure," and a smile wrinkles round his mouth—a smile that does not suit with so old a face, or rather a smile which is incongruous, because it has in it the mingling of youth and age.

"Is Madame at home?" he says to the boy with the sunny face.

"*Mais oui, Monsieur.*" The boy pulls off his black cap with much show of respect. To himself he says, as Monsieur Furet passes on, "as if every one does not know that the mistress is always at home. *Allez*, she could not be spared."

The cocks and hens are scared by Monsieur's stick, which he strikes against the ground at every step, and they set up a crowing and cackling duet. A huge dog, chained out of sight behind the fagot stack, barks furiously. At the noise the miller's wife comes out upon the top of the flight of stone steps that lead up to the house.

Madame Roussel was perhaps pretty, twenty years ago. Now her round, once peach-colored cheeks, show a brick-dust red through their floury coating. Her blue eyes are dimmed by the floury condition of her long, light eyelashes. She is a little soft bundle of a woman, with a mouth only made to say yes.

"*Mon Dieu!* it is then Monsieur Furet who does me the honor to climb the hill to pay me a visit." Then she calls shrilly, "Marie Eugénie." Madame Roussel has the customary briskness of a small woman, spite of her soft looks, and she turns round to see if her call is heard.

A freckled, sandy-haired girl with a wide, grinning mouth, and a close linen cap, comes out of a low green door on the right of the steps. "*Tenez, Madame,*" Marie is wiping her hands on her apron while she speaks. "Mamselle Eugénie has not yet come back from Bolbec," and then having dried her hands, she plants them on her hips and stands with arms akimbo gazing at her mistress as if this piece of forgetfulness were something unusual. Madame Roussel claps her fat, pink palm on her forehead "*Tiens, Jeanneton,*

but thou art foolish,—and when the dear child has even said she would not come back till three o'clock—my memory is like the flour—*Eh bien, Marie.*” She looks sharply at the gaping gawk, as much like a scarecrow as a girl. “Set two chairs out here and dust them,—dust them, dust them twice, hearest thou,—so that no flour may stick to the tails of Monsieur’s coat.”

By this time Monsieur is within hearing and it is inconceivable that Marie should set up that shout of laughter at her mistress’s words. Madame becomes as red as a cider apple by the time the *ex-avocat* has reached her.

“Be welcome, I beg of you,” she smiles with hearty courtesy, “but it is desolating that neither Monsieur Roussel nor my daughter should be at home.”

Monsieur Furet stands hat in hand waiting for his excitable hostess to seat herself, but she does not understand his hesitation; instead she spins round like a cockchafer.

“Ah, but then! is it possible, that Monsieur has made the ascent on purpose to see the *Mécanique*? but it is wonderful, the *Mécanique*.”

She darts up the stone steps again into the house.

Monsieur Furet is perplexed, but he is glad to be able to wipe his forehead with the huge yellow handkerchief he keeps in his hat. He has hardly finished when Madame comes back with a key; she speaks eagerly from the top of the steps.

“*Tenez, Monsieur.* I can now show you all,—from the *Mécanique*, which is subterranean, to the rooms above. Ah, but it is wonderful! Does Monsieur know why the flour of the mill of Véron has a so great reputation? It is because, Monsieur, it grinds seven times. I can show to Monsieur flour of seven different degrees. The first, well understood, is brown; and the last,—ah, *Mon Dieu!* it is only fit for the angels. *Tenez, Monsieur,* here is a sack ready to go up to the Château.”

She comes quickly down the steps, her well-floured face so far in advance of her body that it is wonderful she does not topple over, runs to the foremost of a row of sacks beyond the low green door, unties it, and comes back with a handful of exquisitely white flour.

She lifts her hand to the nose of Monsieur Furet before he sees her intention, and in an instant the subtle powder spreads, and his face is as white as Madame Rous-

sel’s! Hat, spotless coat and waistcoat receive more or less, and Monsieur Furet’s countenance is rueful to behold.

“Ah, *Mon Dieu!* how giddy I am. Ah, Monsieur, I am in despair; but wait, I know a method.”

She clasps both hands together, to free them of flour, thereby enveloping her visitor in a fresh white cloud, runs up the steps, and is again beside him with a huge brush, before he has time to get out a word.

“Ah, Madame, I thank you a thousand times; but it is enough,—I will not give you this trouble.”

“*C’est ça,—c’est ça,*”—this in accompaniment to the vigorous brushing under which Monsieur Furet’s shoulders shrink a little. “*Aha!* Monsieur is quite another thing now.” Monsieur bows, but she gives him no chance of getting a word in; “and now,”—she seats herself, brush in hand, with a long gasp of fatigue,—“it is quite possible that Monsieur will not care to mount all those stairs and see the *Mécanique* up above, as I have had the *maladresse* so to incommode him, and there is no denying that the stair ladder is floury; still, if Monsieur has the slightest desire to go up, the view from the top is wonderful, and—”

She makes a movement to rise from her chair, but at this, his first opportunity, Monsieur lays his hand on her arm, and clears his throat.

“Madame,” he bows profoundly, “do not disturb yourself, I beg; my business is with you absolutely, and not with the mill. I have no sister, Madame,—no female relatives, so it is necessary that I speak for myself. Madame, I ask your permission to pay my court to your daughter, Mademoiselle Eugénie Roussel.”

Madame Roussel’s eyelids have winked so rapidly during this precisely spoken speech that she has shaken some of the flour from her light eyelashes into her eyes; this sets them smarting, and she rubs them with her pink knuckles.

This demonstration puzzles the suitor. He has risen and removed his hat, and now he stands with it in his hand, half sheepish, half conquered.

Madame Roussel looks at him, and she smiles.

“*Hé!* But Monsieur must pardon the flour, for it is in my eyes at this moment. Monsieur must not, for all the world, think I am insensible to the great honor he wishes to confer on our daughter, only”—she puts her head on one side, and screws

up the suffering eyes,—“I ask myself if Monsieur knows how young is our Eugénie? She is but seventeen, Monsieur.”

“Madame,” Monsieur says coldly, “if you object, I withdraw my pretensions. I am willing to make your daughter the richest woman in Véron, and to join my interests with those of Monsieur Roussel in his building projects. I make no objection to your daughter’s youth, and your husband, who is a sensible man, will make none either. I am not young, but I am hale and hearty, and I have never had a day’s illness.”

Monsieur Furet puts on his hat and looks sternly at the little soft bundle of a woman. His profession has taught him how to deal with Madame Roussel.

“But, indeed, Monsieur,—a thousand pardons,—but Monsieur does not understand. I could not intend to make a reflection on the suitability of Monsieur as a husband for my little girl; it is only that Eugénie is so young, and so much of a child, that she is hardly suited to be a companion for Monsieur, and——”

Monsieur Furet seated himself, and waved his hand with dignity.

“I am the best judge on this point, Madame. Then I may suppose that you are willing for this alliance, and that I am at liberty to make the business arrangements with your respectable husband. I believe,” he smiles, “it is the mamma who really decides these questions.”

A look of doubt comes into Madame’s eyes, but they are still full of flour, so their expression is not noticeable as they blink at each instant, and, besides, are swimming with water, and Madame Roussel is desirous to maintain her prerogative in the eyes of her daughter’s suitor.

“Yes,—yes, Monsieur is right,” she says, quickly; “the mamma decides.”

Then Monsieur Furet offers his thanks, settles next day for a formal presentation to his future, takes his leave, and departs.

III.

Two hours pass by, and then comes the grate-grate of cart-wheels on the stony road.

“*Sainte Vierge!*”—the miller’s wife runs to an upper window which commands a view of the road,—“is this the father or Eugénie? And how am I to tell them what I have promised? It is possible they may not consent, and then what shall I do?”

She comes down to meet her husband with a very scared face.

The miller is a broad-cheeked, jolly Norman, with a half-shut corner to each of his blue eyes; he looks genial and good-tempered, but he also looks capable of making an excellent bargain. His face is more serious than usual, as he comes up the steps, and his wife sees this and feels yet more nervous.

He does not come into the house; he stands lounging against the door-post.

“What is it, then, Jacques?” She waits while he lights his pipe.

“Ah, what is it, Jeanneton? It is always the same want. I have seen to-day, at Bolbec, an improvement on our *Mécanique*. Monsieur le Baron de Derville has just procured it from England. Ah, but it is an improvement to be had at any price. In a year’s time I would count my sacks by sixties where now I count by tens, if I could find the money to obtain it for the mill.”

Madame Roussel could not have said why she felt anxious that Monsieur Furet’s suit should find favor with her husband. Certainly it would be pleasant to hear her daughter called “the richest woman in Véron;” but this is only a new and temporary idea, for she worships Eugénie, and shrinks from the thought of losing her. Why, then, does her weak nature leap up in joy at hearing her husband’s words?

“It could not have come at a better time,” she thinks, with prodigious relief. “Monsieur Furet will lend the money, no doubt, if Jacques consents to the marriage.”

“I have had a visitor,” she says shyly.

Jacques feels aggrieved; he is accustomed to sympathy from the foolish little woman. He turns away sulkily, and goes on smoking.

“Yes, indeed, a visitor, who wishes to see you on business, and to join his interests with yours. What do you think of Monsieur Furet?”

Jacques takes his pipe out of his mouth and looks at his wife, to see if her wits are straying.

“Yes,”—Madame Roussel bridles and smooths both hands down her apron, “Monsieur Furet; and he proposes to make our Eugénie the richest woman in Véron if she will be his wife.” She gives a quick glance at her husband’s face, and sees a shrinking there. “I said, Eugénie is too young; but Monsieur Furet bade me

ask you when he can talk to you about business."

"The agent who brought the machinery over, goes back to England next week," says Roussel to himself; the struggle that came at the idea of his lovely little daughter and Monsieur Furet, yields as he pictures to himself the results to his mill.

"Aha," he says, "the miller of Candebec will learn to laugh the other side of his mouth when he sees my sacks everywhere. Why, I shall be king of the country-side."

"*Eh bien, Jacques, mon homme—when?*"

Jacques turns and slaps her gaily on the shoulder.

"When, my girl?—Why, there's no time like the present—I'm going to him now."

He turns away to go down the steps and stops suddenly.

At the foot of the steps is a young girl, blue-eyed and fair-haired like her parents, but with the liquid softness in her eyes, and the exquisite bloom on her skin of sweet seventeen. Eugénie is much taller than her mother, and has a well-shaped, well-rounded figure. She wears a sprigged cambric gown, a black jacket, and a white muslin cap tied under her chin.

"Thou art home first, my father," she says merrily "Well, I was so tired of Madame Giraud's cart that I slipped out and came across the fields. Pierrot will bring my marketing,—such a candlestick as I have bought for thee. Why,—" she breaks into a ringing laugh, "Mother, what hast thou done to our father? He looks as if he saw a ghost."

Madame Roussel slips past her husband, comes down the steps and kisses Eugénie on both cheeks, and then on her forehead, to give Jacques time to recover himself.

He stands with his mouth still open, but by the time his wife has ended her kisses, he stuffs both hands, pipe and all, into the pockets of his trousers and clears his throat.

"*Allons, Jeanneton,*" he says, "I am going into the kitchen, and you can bring the child there; she must not be kept in the dark."

It is an effort to say this, for the new machinery draws him like a magnet, but spite of his love of money-making, Jacques Roussel loves his little girl better than any other part of his life.

He seats himself in a broad basket easy-chair and beckons to Eugénie as soon as she comes in.

"*Tiens, la petite,*" he winks at her pleas-

antly with his sly eyes—"What dost say to a husband, *tiens?*" and he goes off into a quiet laugh.

But Madame Roussel's sense of the fitness of things is outraged.

"*Tais toi donc, maladroit,*" she frowns her dusty eyebrows at the miller, and sidles up to Eugénie.

"Ah, but it is no wonder the dear child blushes and looks frightened,—just a husband, he might be any *vaurien*,—look up then, my lily, and listen; thy father should have said that a gentleman, a distinguished gentleman,"—here Eugénie raises her drooping head and looks interested,—"*the best parti in Véron*, so admires our Eugénie that he will not be happy till she consents to become the richest woman in the country."

Eugénie's face clouded.

"The richest, ah!" she thought, "it is only the old who are rich" Aloud she said saucily, "My mother is telling fairy tales,—who is this wonderful suitor?"

Jacques opened his mouth, but his wife clapped her hand over it.

"It is the owner of the beautiful garden, Monsieur Furet. *Aha!* my Eugénie, thou wilt always wear silk, and eat white bread, and drink wine instead of cider. *Dame*, what good fortune!"

She ran on as fast as she could, for her daughter's pale face frightened her.

Eugénie turned her back on her mother and put her hand on the miller's shoulder.

"My father," she said simply, "Monsieur Furet is an old man, and I do not want to marry."

"Go away, Jeanneton." The miller spoke angrily, and in his heart he muttered, "It is that chattering fool who has done the mischief."

Madame retreats in frightened silence, and then Jacques Roussel puts his arm round his daughter's waist.

"My little one,"—there is a wonderful tenderness in the rough man's voice, a tenderness which no one but Eugénie knows of,—"*Monsieur Furet* is a hale, strong man, and he is kind and good, also. See how near his house is to our mill; he can do more for thee, my beloved, than thy father can."

Eugénie has been looking earnestly at the miller, and she sees that he avoids her direct glance. She is simple and sweet, but she has inherited some of her father's shrewdness—besides she is Norman-born, and she recalls the scared look with which he greeted her.

"Father, is it only because thou wouldst see me well married? There is another reason—is it not so?"

Jaques Roussel is keen and skillful at a bargain, but he is very inferior to his wife in the art of equivocation; a flush mounts to his forehead, and he looks troubled.

"Tell me everything," Eugénie says coaxingly, and she kisses each of the broad cheeks.

"Well, my little one, I do not want to force thine inclination, but it seems to me that thou dost not care for any of our bachelors, even for Sylvestre or Victor;" Eugénie shakes her head, a little curve of disdain on her pretty lips:—"and Monsieur Furet is in every way excellent, and,—and,—well, my child, thou hast guessed it," for Eugénie is smiling slyly into his eyes, "some of Furet's spare cash would help me buy some new *Mécanique* I saw to-day, and that would make my fortune."

"Would it make you happier?" Eugénie laughs mischievously; she is too full of youth and brightness to realize that she is jesting about her life's destiny.

"But yes, Eugénie," Jacques stands erect, holding his head rather higher than usual, "the man at the bottom of the ladder, and the man at the top, are equally content; but the man who has got half-way looks down and sees what he has done, and looks up and sees what is yet to do. There is no happiness until he reaches the top, and I am half-way up my ladder, my little girl."

But still Jacques feels in a false position, and makes no attempt to caress his daughter.

Eugénie stands thinking.

"It is all new and sudden," she says. "My father, I cannot say at once that I will marry Monsieur Furet. I cannot even say," she goes on quickly, for an eager hope shoots into her father's eyes, "that I will ever marry him; but I will try and think of it, and thou knowest, my father, I would do much to please thee."

The sweet blue eyes are so tender as she speaks that Jacques turns away suddenly, and draws the sleeve of his blouse across his eyes.

IV.

It is Sunday. Madame Roussel and Eugénie have been already once down and up the steep, green hill when they went to Mass this morning, and now they are going to Vespers, and after that to pay a visit to Monsieur Furet's garden.

Eugénie has often looked with longing eyes over the low stone wall at the lovely flowers, and she consented readily to accept the invitation which her father brought back from Monsieur Furet.

Jacques Roussel stands and watches mother and daughter as they walk side by side down the slope.

"What a bundle the old woman grows! Will my trim, sprightly little girl ever grow to that? Well, the wheel goes round with us as with the machines. Ah, the machines! *Dame*, but I did not think old Furet would have been so wide awake. He is not so much in love as our Jeanneton thinks he is."

Jacques ends with a growl. Yesterday, when he saw Monsieur Furet, he suggested as delicately as possible that his daughter was not anxious to marry, but that he, Jacques Roussel, was exceedingly rejoiced at the prospect of such a son-in-law. Monsieur Furet bowed his thanks in reply, and then Jacques Roussel changed the subject of conversation, and ended by introducing, as he thought, in an altogether casual way, the new machinery he had seen at Bolbec, and the immense advantages that would accrue to him as a miller if he could afford to purchase the like.

"The old fox!" Jacques stuffed his hands in his pocket and stamped. It was too exasperating to see him rub his smooth old hands together, and say, "I wish you all success, Monsieur. Then I am to understand that, although you cannot promise me your daughter, you permit me to try to win her favor."

The miller shrugged his shoulders impatiently, and paced down the slope as far as the shed. It was deserted to-day, and he seated himself astride the rough wooden bench on which they chopped fagots.

"Bah! bah! bah! after all, the old fellow has tact and sense, and I can manage anything but a fool—no one can manage a fool. It shows he knows something about women that he should ask to introduce Eugénie to his house and garden when he introduced himself to her. Furet will make a doting, easy-going husband, no fear. The only thing I should like out of the arrangement is that square-faced, black-eyed *ménagère*. I believe she was listening at the door yesterday."

He came out of the shed, and looked down the hill. The women were already out of sight.

Jacques Roussel would have been still

more troubled if he had seen the *ménagère's* dark eyes peering out of a little slit of a window when the congregation straggled out of church.

Monsieur Furet had gone to Vespers, and he stood in the church porch waiting for his visitors. He only made Eugénie a profound bow, but he tucked Madame Roussel's hand under his arm, and led her in triumph to his house.

The entrance is plain and dull. A narrow path leads from the little gate between two closely-clipped hedges. As Marguerite does not appear, Monsieur takes a key out of his pocket, and opens the door.

The long, dark, flagged passage entrance looks cold and cheerless; as Eugénie steps down into it she shivers. It feels damp, and, as Monsieur Furet closes the door behind her, the house seems like a prison.

Monsieur is surprised at the absence of his housekeeper, but he keeps a smiling countenance, and throws open the door of his study. Eugénie has heard of the avocat's treasures, and she follows her mother into the quaint little room, with a pretty, flushed eagerness. It is quite a little museum. There is tapestry on the walls, and each of the chairs is an antique curiosity.

Monsieur Furet speaks for the first time to Eugénie.

"I have not the happiness of being acquainted with the tastes of Mademoiselle, so I hardly know what to show her. If Mademoiselle affects real antiquities, and these have for me, I confess, the greatest charms, I have there"—he points to a row of shelves opposite the fireplace—"Roman amphoræ and Phœnician tiles, discovered at Lillebonne; there are Celtic remains; and that," he points to a bit of stone, "was brought from Ireland. But," he gets so eager that his eyes brighten visibly, "it is possible that Mademoiselle prefers these."

Eugénie has looked with much disappointment at the rows of gray and red pots, and tiles, and broken bits he had indicated, only variegated here and there by a small dark porphyry figure, or one in *lapis lazuli*. She saw much more to admire on the table, covered with blue and white *fayence*, which Monsieur Furet now pointed out.

"But, Monsieur," she asked timidly, "why do you prize this more than the lovely porcelain in the shops at Rouen?"

"Mademoiselle, but that is of our day, it has no specialty; it is the age and the rarity which makes this valuable."

"I could never like old things so well as new ones," says Eugénie saucily, and she turns away, perfectly unconscious of Monsieur Furet's confusion.

"Do not mind her," whispered Madame Roussel, "she is young and giddy. Take us to your garden, my child has a passion for flowers."

Monsieur bows, and leads the way into the garden.

Here it is so bright and full of sunshine, and the flowers are so full of lovely life and color, that Eugénie feels at her ease again, and smiles and looks happy.

Monsieur Furet gathers a bunch of china roses and she thanks him gratefully; he feels younger already in the light of those soft, sweet glances, and his first embarrassment passes away. He talks to Eugénie about the flowers and banters her so playfully about her mistakes,—for she is very ignorant respecting them,—and the girl forgets the dismal tomb-like house and the musty study, and thinks how charming it would be to have this garden for her own.

Eugénie has a great reverence for learning,—her father's only fault in her eyes is that he never looks at a book or a newspaper,—and as she listens to Monsieur Furet's gentle talk: now the special properties of a plant; now the singular circumstances which led to its discovery; now some old Norman legend, time goes by and still Eugénie paces up and down the garden beside her host and listens with interest to his talk. She has not only to listen, he sets himself to draw her out and grows fascinated by her fresh simplicity; she has quite lost her shyness. Her mother got tired some time ago and sat down on a huge green Chinese pot, just outside the kitchen window. Monsieur has forgotten everything but Eugénie, or he would surely summon Margot to entertain Madame Roussel; he would wonder, too, what had become of the *ménagère*, generally all too forward in the presence of visitors; but he is in love with all the fond foolishness of love at fifty-five, he cannot lose a glance of those sweet blue eyes, a curve of those red smiling lips, and his homage is so earnest, yet so gentle and respectful, that it fascinates Eugénie. It is wonderful she thinks that a gentleman and a scholar like Monsieur Furet should take so much kind trouble to amuse her.

Monsieur Furet pauses in front of the '*rocher*' and the grove of sycamores.

"I have a *potager* behind," he says,

"and beyond that are two fields, so that I have room for a cow and a pony. Will you like to see my cow?"

"If you please, Monsieur,"—and then Eugénie feels a pang of conscience,—“my mother will be tired,” she says, “I have left her so long alone.”

Monsieur Furet is in fresh delight, here is a new proof of Eugénie’s goodness.

“Wait a moment,” he says, “I will, with Mademoiselle’s permission, call my housekeeper Margot, so that Madame Rousel may be no longer alone, and I will then return and conduct Mademoiselle to my cow.”

He bows and leaves her.

“I shall not wait, there is great fun in exploring a strange place all by one’s self.” Eugénie looks round with delighted eyes; “I am only afraid of a dog, and Monsieur would have told me if there had been a dog.”

She goes quickly through the trees,—they are planted so closely that the path is damp and moss-grown; the kitchen-garden is on the right, but this does not interest her; she passes on through a swing-gate, which ends the path, and finds herself suddenly in the field beside the stagnant pool. The forest trees throw long branches across the water, and choke it with a constant fall of decayed boughs and withered leaves; here and there a gnarled branch lies on the surface, its twisted, writhing limbs overmastering the scum atop; while the water-weeds strive and fold it in foul embrace.

Something in the dull, choked water in the weird, lone aspect of the place makes Eugénie pause; then she shudders and turns back to the swing-gate.

A woman is opening it, and, as she advances towards her, Eugénie recognizes Monsieur Furet’s housekeeper. She has never spoken to Marguerite, but she knows her by sight—she has often seen the broad, red face in the door-way of Monsieur Furet. The housekeeper is just now as pale as nature will permit her to be. She nods familiarly at Eugénie, and looks at her till the girl’s eyes droop beneath the fixed gaze.

“*Bon jour*, Mademoiselle.” Marguerite’s face relaxes into a sudden smile. She has changed her tactics; something in the girl’s face tells her that insolence is not a safe weapon.

“*Tiens*; but why, then, has Mademoiselle left the pretty flowers to look at this dark

pond?” Marguerite gives a little shiver of fear, and turns away.

Eugénie looks again at the water, and again the same weird horror chills her.

“Why, then,” she speaks aloud, but as much to herself as to the housekeeper, “Why does Monsieur Furet keep this black, unwholesome water so near his house? It should be filled up.”

For an instant Margot’s eyes are fiendish. “She is mistress already, is she?” she says to herself.

“Mademoiselle, the pond cannot be filled up; it has been attempted, but the water wells out again; it is like the stain of blood on a floor. Ah,” she crosses herself, “as I said to Mademoiselle but now, this is no place for a bright young lady.”

She keeps her eyes fixed on the girl’s scared face, and opens the gate that she may pass through, but the girl draws back.

“Do you mean that anything has really happened in that pool?” Then, as the awful look in Margot’s face confirms her own ghastly fear, she cries out in terror:

“Some one is drowned there, and you know it! Some one lies there still!”

Margot is beside her in an instant. She grasps her arm tightly, and lays her broad, brown palm on Eugénie’s quivering mouth.

“Silence! Mademoiselle, if you do not want to ruin me.” Then she takes her hand away and wrings it in the other.

“It is a secret, and Monsieur Furet will not have it known in Véron; but, then, it is not I who have told Mademoiselle—it is she herself who has guessed it.”

Eugénie hurries through the gate, and when Margot has followed her, she closes it and draws a deep breath, as if now she feels herself in safety.

She stands still under the sycamore trees.

“Tell me who it was,” she whispers.

“Ah! Mademoiselle, but it is sad to tell. It was the wife of the last proprietor! But if it were known in Véron, a curse would cling to the property. Mademoiselle must never tell. The proprietor was a cousin of my master, and his first wife died in her youth. Well, Mademoiselle, he was young, too; and in those days there were visitors coming and going. The house was not green and tomb-like, as it is now; but the death of his wife changed all. The young man shut himself up, and would see no one. For thirty years he lived alone, and then he goes away to the South—to his cousins there. Very soon, indeed, back he comes with a fine young wife. Well,

Mademoiselle, you see the master was young no longer, and he had got into fixed ways, and he wanted his wife for himself. He saw no use in having young ones for her to frolic with. Well, she tried coaxing, and then pouting, and then no one knows what had happened; but one morning, quite early, she came running through these trees in her white night-gown, all her long, black hair hanging over her shoulders, and she plunged into the pool! It is deep, Mademoiselle—how deep no one knows; and it is said there are large holes in it. Certainly, she was never seen again in life or in death, and since then the pool has been as you see it."

Eugénie's face has grown paler and paler, but as the housekeeper ends her wits come back.

"But if no one knows this, how can you be sure it happened?"

She looks incredulous.

Margot's black eyes are gleaming with excitement. "*Voilà*, that is the whole matter. It is my mother, Mademoiselle, who has been housekeeper to the relation of Monsieur Furet, and she kept the secret close. It has been, perhaps, for that reason among others that Monsieur has chosen me to be his housekeeper when he came to live here.

"I wonder you could stay," said Eugénie, dreamily.

"*Dame*, Mademoiselle, the pond is far enough, and the house is very pleasant. I have harmed no one, so why should I fear ghosts. If the poor young lady's conscience had been clear, she would not have drowned herself." She checked her words by a strong effort. She longed to say something on the sin of a young girl who married an old man for his money, but something in Eugénie imposed restraint, and the consciousness of this added to Margot's dislike.

She stood aside and let the young lady pass on to the *rocher*, and then she slipped into the kitchen-garden and began to gather herbs.

v.

Two hours have passed and Jacques Roussel grows impatient.

"*Dame*, what can they be doing all this time at Furet's?" He has smoked two pipes, and since then has taken a nap, and now stretches himself, yawns, and comes down the steps again to look for his wife and daughter.

In the distance, at the foot of the hill, the ground belonging to the mill is shut in by tall, black, wooden gates. One of these is opening now. Jacques looks eagerly; but it is only a man who passes through the gate and holds it open.

Jacques shades his eyes with his hand and tries to make out the intruder, and then he claps both hands to his sides with a chuckle of exultation.

"Well done, old Furet," he laughs, "how well the old fellow bows. Good, it must be a settled thing, or I don't think he would have given them his company home again." Jacques sighs in the midst of his content, "Somehow I had not thought my little Eugénie would have been won so soon."

But though the *ex-avocat* bows the ladies through the gate, he takes his leave of them there, and does not attempt to follow them as they slowly mount the hill.

"Ah! thou art in the wrong, friend Furet." Jacques looks disappointed as the gate closes on his daughter's suitor. "Faint heart never wins. However, if he has won," he said, reflectively, "*tant mieux*."

Madame Roussel quickens her pace as she comes nearer, till at last she runs into her husband's arms and kisses him on both cheeks. But this achievement having left her too breathless for words, she stands smiling and panting, while Jacques pushes by her and meets Eugénie.

At the sight of her face his hopes got a sudden chill. She looked so pale and her eyes had a strange, scared look in them.

"What, my bird," he said softly, "art thou faint, my Eugénie?"

"Faint!" Madame Roussel had recovered herself, "she is a little weary with amusement, that is all. I thought we should never get to the end of all the wonders we have seen. Think, then, Jacques, of a man who knows all about the Romans and who has a coin which came out of a pyramid. The *musée* at Rouen is nothing to him, he has treasures from every part of the world."

"*Tais toi, bavarde*." Jacques speaks good humoredly, but he is puzzled by the sadness in his daughter's face and puts her hand under his arm and helps her up the hill.

No one speaks again till they reach the foot of the steps; then Jacques says, "We had better go in-doors to talk, Marie's ears are of the longest."

As soon as they reached the kitchen, Madame Roussel untied her cap strings, wiped her face with her handkerchief and prepared to chatter her fill, but she was stopped at the outset.

"Pardon, my mother," Eugénie rises up and stands between her parents, looking first at one and then at the other with wistful eyes. "I want to speak first," she says simply, "because I want to spare my father disappointment."

"Disappointment! the girl is a fool." Madame Roussel speaks angrily, her pink face is aflame.

"*Veux tu te taire, Jeanneton.*" Jacques cannot be angry with his pet, so he vents all his wrath on his wife.

Eugénie presses her hands tightly together, and feels very shy, but she must follow the impulse which urges out her words.

"My father,"—instinctively she feels that her best chance of being understood lies with her father—"this morning it seemed to me possible to marry and live happily with any one, even with so old a husband as Monsieur Furet; and now a grave fear has come to me, that I might be unhappy, and then you and my mother, and Monsieur Furet would all suffer through my fault."

Madame got on her feet. She was intensely eager to put in a word, but Jacques pointed to the door, and then laid his finger on his lips, with so much sternness of expression, that she subsided quietly.

"Do you mean," the Miller spoke huskily, for the disappointment was heavier than Eugénie had guessed at, "that you will not marry our neighbor?"

Eugénie's head droops, and she goes back to the thoughts which have been pressing on her ever since she rejoined her mother in Monsieur Furet's garden.

She had remarked, as they left his house, Monsieur Furet's look of vexation at the non-appearance of Margot. He called for her loudly, but no answer came, and it flashed on Eugénie that the housekeeper's story might be merely a scarecrow, invented by the wily woman to shield herself from the intrusion of a mistress. But her own feeling of dread when she first entered the house, weighed heavily, and also the sudden light which Margot's story had thrown on such a marriage as hers would be with Monsieur Furet. Eugénie was hasty sometimes, but never weak. She raised her head and looked frankly into her father's vexed eyes.

"My father, I see now that if I say yes at once, I am only marrying Monsieur Furet for his money." Jacques winced and looked at his dusty shoes. "You have both always been kind;" she paused and looked round at her mother.

Madame Roussel sat swaying from side to side on her hard wooden chair, tapping her mouth impatiently with one stumpy finger.

"You have both been indulgent to me, and I believe you will not hurry me now. This evening I will go down to church for *Le Salut*, and after service I will ask our Blessed Lady to tell me what I am to do, and what answer you are to give to Monsieur Furet."

Madame Roussel's mouth and eyes opened widely, but she was too devout to protest.

Jacques smiled, but he looked appeased.

"How are you to know when you get your answer?" He looked skeptical. "We cannot expect Monsieur Furet to wait, hat in hand, for your decision."

Eugénie held down her forehead for him to kiss.

"I always ask for all I want at the altar," she said, "and I shall not be deceived now."

She went and kissed her mother, and then she left them together.

Eugénie wakes with a start, and looks round with frightened eyes.

Yes, there are the white-washed walls of her own bed-room, and there is the window just opposite her little bed, and through this the sun is shining, and the sky looks bright and blue.

"Has it been all a dream," says the girl, sleepily, and she rubs her eyes hard. "When I waked before it was night, and since then all this has happened, and they say a morning dream always happens truly."

She dresses herself, and then she looks out.

It must be very early, for not even Martin, the cowherd, is stirring, and Eugénie sits down on her bed and thinks over her dream.

Her cheeks are dyed with warm blushes. A new sensation, a new life, stirs in her heart. She loves,—yes, it must be love; she fears this ardent longing to see the stranger in reality, who has been speaking to her so sweetly as she slept. Ah! how plainly she sees his face now as she closes her eyes again and calls up the whole scene.

She is out of doors—where, she does not picture; for all her sight is concentrated on her companion. He is tall, and his face is dark, but the large hat he wears shadows it. He is quite unlike any one she has ever seen. He looks more like an inhabitant of a city than a countryman, and his speech is like music. There is no Norman harshness in it. Again she closes her eyes, and she feels the stranger's arm steal softly round her waist.

Eugénie could sit all day dreaming out her dreams. It frightens her, and yet there is a delight mingled with her fear; but a stir in the house below rouses her. She goes again to the window and looks out.

She sees the gray spire, and with this comes a sudden thought of the garden it overlooks, and of Monsieur Furet.

Eugénie turns away with sick loathing, and then she remembers her prayer last night at the altar.

"I prayed to be shown what was right to do, for it seemed like self-will to disobey; and now I know,—oh! I know what to do!"

For she felt in that glimpse of vision-love how impossible it would be to marry without it, and her repulsion for Monsieur Furet told her also it never could come for him. She went down stairs, and saw her father coming into breakfast.

"*Tiens*, thou art late, my little one. Why, thou art red as a rose, my Eugénie."

And, indeed, Eugénie had grown crimson. The dream which, in her own room, had been so real and vivid, seemed to dwindle into childishness at the sight of her father, but she resolved to speak.

"Father, do not be angry, but I cannot marry Monsieur Furet. I prayed last night to our Lady for help and guidance. I went on praying, father, till the sacristan came to lock the church, and this morning my answer has come. I cannot marry a man unless I love him, and I could never love Monsieur Furet."

The shrinking dislike in her face was more powerful than her words. Jacques sighed, remonstrated a little, and finally gave in; and when, an hour afterward, he found his wife in full tide of reproach, he imposed silence angrily, and told her that Eugénie was to be let alone, and that he should give Monsieur Furet his *congé*.

VI.

A YEAR has passed away, and has brought changes with it. Twice since his first re-

fusal by Eugénie, Monsieur Furet has proposed himself as her husband, and each time she has been conscious that the refusal she perseveres in giving irritates her mother and disappoints her father's hopes. Madame Roussel had a severe fall down the ladder staircase about six months ago, and since that time she has been a somewhat restless prisoner.

On this bright autumn afternoon Jacques is his daughter's companion to the fête at La Mailleraye. It is a gay scene. From Candebec itself, from Vatteville, Véron, and all the neighboring villages, the prettiest girls and the most likely-looking youths have assembled. The elders sit on long benches under the shade of the elm trees, but the young folks are waltzing away on the green hard by, to the music of a fiddle, two cornets, and a flute.

The couples seem all well matched, except Eugénie and her partner. She has fallen to the lot of Monsieur Alphonse Poiret, the rich jeweler of Candebec, and although he has a handsome Jewish face, and is gorgeous in a scarlet scarf, with a pin in which shines a real diamond, yet he cannot dance! He only flounders like a playful elephant, while Eugénie flits round him like a fairy. But she does not look quite happy. It is not pleasant, when she has the reputation of being the best dancer in Véron and Candebec, to see Rosine Leroux sniggering with Victor Delpierre everytime she whirls past, and now, as she stands panting for breath, and longing to be rid of her awkward partner, to hear Francine, the baker's daughter, say to Jules Barrière, "Do you see Beauty and the Beast? I would rather sit still all day long than make such an exhibition of myself!"

Francine smiles while she speaks, but the biting sarcasm in her tone brings tears into Eugénie's eyes.

"I am tired, Monsieur," she says, and courtesies to Alphonse Poiret. "If Monsieur will excuse me, I will sit down and rest."

"Pardon, Mademoiselle, there is a chair close by the bench under the trees."

Eugénie starts; she is looking vainly for a chair, and the voice seems to come from just behind her. Its tone thrills through her heart. Where has she heard that strange musical utterance? She looks round quickly, but she can only see the plump person of Madame Houlard, with her tall daughter on her arm.

"Leaving the dancing already, Eugénie Roussel!" Madame Houlard's voice has always a slight accent of reproof in it when she addresses young people. "I thought you never gave in!"

Eugénie is ready to cry. She draws a deep sigh of relief, when at last she reaches an empty chair near the bench, on which her father sits smoking.

"Mademoiselle sighs, and yet dancing makes the heart gay. Is it not so?"

This time Eugénie looks up quickly, and then her eyes fall again, and a deep blush spreads over her face. A tall man stands beside her; his face is dark and shadowed by a broad felt hat, but there can be no mistake in his likeness to the stranger of her dream. It is he himself—the idol she had secretly worshiped since the night of her vigil before the altar.

"I—I am a little out of breath," she stammers, and then she plays with her bonnet-strings. She is terribly agitated. She longs to look up again, but she has no courage. She feels that the stranger's dark eyes are fixed on her face.

"That is not to be wondered at," he says. How the sweet soft music of his voice steals into her very soul. "Mademoiselle has been sacrificed to an incapable partner."

After this there comes silence. Jacques Roussel rouses up after a bit, and looks round for Eugénie. Seeing her so near he goes and fetches her a glass of sirup, and then he scans her companions with his alert, half-closed eyes—Norman eyes.

"Monsieur is apparently a stranger," he says.

The stranger bows. "Yes, Monsieur, I am from Paris, and my name is Hippolyte Laborde; at your service," and then the two men take off their hats and bow, as only Frenchmen can bow in similar circumstances. "I am a writer, Monsieur, and have come into your charming country for fresh air and fresh ideas, and I shall be sorry to leave it. I have been wishing to dance," he looks as innocently as possible into the face of the Miller, divining that he is the father of Eugénie, "but there is no chance, all the young people seem old acquaintances, and a new-comer is left in the lurch."

The Miller laughs at the stranger's rueful expression.

"Come, cheer up, Monsieur; it is the first time I ever knew a Parisian modest. Why, friend, the gods help those who help

themselves. Here is my daughter. Eugénie will give you a chance, though how she comes to be sitting down I don't understand. Art thou tired, little one?"

Eugénie's heart throbbed with delight, but still she wishes the stranger to ask her for himself.

"I am afraid I must not dance," she said, calmly. "I told Monsieur Poirer I was tired, and it is the same waltz."

"But Monsieur is dancing again," the stranger speaks eagerly. "I was waiting till Mademoiselle had reposed herself to have the honor of claiming her hand."

Is she dreaming again, or is this reality, and has the life that she has passed through since that delicious vision been the dream? Eugénie only knows that she could waltz on for ever, and then, at each pause in the dance, as she stands with her partner a little apart from the rest, and listens to the words so like those she listened to in her dream,—words which gradually grow more and more full of fervent meaning,—it seems to her that till now life has been empty, and that the joy of this afternoon is too intense to last.

Presently they are standing still near her father again, and she hears him ask her partner if he is staying at La Mailleraye.

"I am not staying anywhere. I reached Candebec yesterday, heard of the fête here to-day, and came over in mere idleness."

"Then you must come and see my mill to-morrow," Jacques slaps him on the shoulder, "and our château, too;—we at Véron are visited by all travelers. There is no such mill as the mill of Véron," he says in a low voice, "in the North of France."

VII.

It is two months since the fête at La Mailleraye. The little village of Véron is all astir, and a crowd of idlers is waiting round the church porch.

Outside the crowd, just beyond Monsieur Furet's garden-gate, Margot stands, looking eager and restless. Her black eyes glitter with a fierce triumphant light. She is safe, for at this moment Eugénie is being wedded to Monsieur Hippolyte Laborde, and there is no fear that she will ever reign over the *ménage* of Monsieur Furet.

"Little credulous fool! She believed the tale I told, and so she gave up my poor besotted master. He'll hanker after her,

though, to the day of his death. See him now!"

She shrugs her shoulders in disdain, and shelters herself behind a huge countryman, who is hanging on the skirts of the crowd.

Monsieur Furet has just come out of church. He is the first of the bridal party who has appeared in the porch; most of the others are busy signing names in the vestry.

Monsieur Furet is smiling, and he holds a large bouquet in his hand.

There is a buzz of voices, and the children cry *la voilà*, and out comes Eugénie, veiled from head to foot, and leaning on her husband's arm.

He is looking so fondly at the blushing face under the veil that he does not see Monsieur Furet. But the *ex-avocat* places himself in Eugénie's path.

"Madame," he says, with much dignity, "I wish you all happiness. Monsieur," he looks at Hippolyte, "you have a wife who is wise, as well as lovely. Yes, wiser than heads much older than her own."

He bows and stands aside to let them pass, offering the bouquet gallantly to Eugénie.

"There is no fool like an old fool," said Margot. "I should not wonder if he leaves her his money, after all."

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Literary Hinderances.

THERE was something very impressive and suggestive in what Mr. Stedman recently printed in these pages on the embarrassments of Hood's literary life. The brave, cheerful, mirth-provoking man, spreading innocent pleasure all over a realm from his bed of pain, coining his wasting blood into pence with which to buy bread for himself and his family, presents to the imagination an object at once pitiful and inspiring. Yet the literary world is full of spectacles only less touching. Three-quarters of the literary men and women of the present time are loaded down with cares that seem to forbid the free development of their genius, and deny to them the power to do their best possible work. The painter, with the greatest ambition and the noblest genius, is obliged to come down to what he calls his "pot-boilers;" and most literary men and women do the same. They do work in which they take no pleasure, simply because it is necessary to win them bread and clothing. Even this work they do under a pressure that is sometimes degrading, and some of them are obliged to do so much of it that, after a time, the spontaneous, creative impulse dies out of them, and they become disheartened and demoralized literary hacks.

But suppose the case were as we would like to have it. Suppose that when genius should be discovered in any man, or woman, a competent pension were provided at once for his or her maintenance, so that all common cares could be forever set aside, and the song be sung, and the story be told in perfect freedom, and at perfect leisure. Suppose every writer could have Byron's wealth, or Tennyson's competence, or Dickens' literary income, would it be better for the world thus, or even better

for literature? It is an open question, which it would be well for all repiners to examine. Would Byron have been a better or a worse writer with poverty? Would not Tennyson have had more for the great world of struggling and sorrowing life with smaller possibilities of self-seclusion? Were not Dickens' wide-mouthed wants, natural and artificial, among the productive motives which have given to the world the most remarkable series of novels that the English language holds among its treasures?

If the truth must be confessed, the literary men and women of the world can hardly be trusted with wealth, when we remember that literature has no uses save as it ministers to the comfort, the pure pleasure, the strength, the elevation and the spiritual culture of the race. To be placed beyond the common needs and the common struggles of men, is to be placed beyond their sympathies,—is to be placed outside of a realm of knowledge which all must possess whose function is that of artistic ministry.

That the operation of this law brings individual hardship may not be questioned, but we cannot afford to lose it because of this. Tennyson could never have sung "The Song of the Shirt," or "The Bridge of Sighs." It took a man to do those things who had lived close to London life, and who, in his own person and fortunes, had shared in the trials and tragedies of its struggling multitudes. Cowper is dearest to those whose lives have been clouded, and sings to them by a divine commission. We should have lost our Burns if he had been born in a palace, and reared in luxury. Mrs. Browning, like the lark, would have sung all her songs in the sky, beyond the hearing of the common ear, if she had not been bound to the earth by the chain of pain. Even Shakespeare, in his most wonderful plays, "meant business." How true, and sweet, and pure remains

the spirit that still shines under the Quaker brown, and waits for translation within the consecrated cottage of Amesbury! God made Whittier poor, that every son of want, and every victim of wrong should have a sympathizing and ministering brother. Uncounted and inestimable literary successes have been founded upon a knowledge of, and sympathy with, the world, only won and only attainable by sharing that world's homely needs and homely work.

Sometimes, however, the conviction comes to the literary worker that he is having something too much of drudgery. There are undoubtedly cases of this kind, but, after all, we cannot afford to lose the test which work for bread furnishes in deciding upon the genuineness of a literary man's mission. He who becomes soured by toil shows that he is not fit for prosperity, and cannot be trusted with it. He who makes the best of his conditions, and bends them all to the service of his art; who keeps a good conscience in all his work, and makes men better and happier in winning the bread for himself and his dependents; who learns to love his kind while sharing their toils, and to serve his God in serving them, is the man whose name is safe in the keeping of his country. The man, on the contrary, who takes his lot with discontent; who ceases to do good work because he must work or starve, and becomes willing at last to do any work that offers, writing on any required side of any prescribed question, shows himself made of poor material—unworthy, under any circumstances, to hold a high place in the regard of his countrymen. If the ideal, literary life of freedom and leisure were best for the mass of literary workers, they would, doubtless, have it. If the pet notion of the modern *dilettanti*, that beauty is its own excuse for being, and that the artist has no mission which does not end in his art, were sound, we should find literary conditions adjusted to it. But the artist is a minister—a servant; and, that he may learn his duty to his race, he must mingle with it, work with it, weep with it. Only thus can he know how to charm it with story, and inspire it with song.

The Delusions of Drink.

KING Solomon has the credit of being the wisest man that ever lived; and he declared that he who is deceived by wine, the mocker, and strong drink, the raging, is *not* wise. The delusions of drink are as old as drink itself, and are as prevalent now as in Solomon's time. There are men who honestly believe that alcoholic drink is good for them; yet there is not one of them who would touch it except as a prescribed medicine if it were not for its pleasant taste. The delusion touching its healthfulness grows out of the desire to justify an appetite which may either be natural or acquired. If a man likes whisky or wine, he likes to think that it is good for him, and he will take some pains to prove that it is so, both to himself and others.

Now, alcohol is a pure stimulant. There is not so much nutriment in it as there is in a chip. It never added anything to the permanent forces of life, and never can add anything. Its momentary intensification of force is a permanent abstraction of force from the drinker's capital stock. All artificial excitants bring exhaustion. The physicians know this, and the simplest man's reason is quite capable of comprehending it. If any man supposes that daily drink, even in small quantities, is conducive to his health, he is deluded. If he possess a sluggish temperament, he may be able to carry his burden without much apparent harm, but burden it is, and burden it will always be.

After a man has continued moderate drinking long enough, then comes a change—a demand for more drink. The old quantity does not suffice. The powers which have been insensibly undermined, clamor, under the pressure of business, for increased stimulation. It is applied, and the machine starts off grandly; the man feels strong, his form grows portly, and he works under constant pressure. Now he is in a condition of great danger, but the delusion is upon him that he is in no danger at all. At last, however, drink begins to take the place of food. His appetite grows feeble and fitful. He lives on his drink, and, of course, there is but one end to this—viz.: death! It may come suddenly, through the collapse of all his powers, or through paralysis, or it may come slowly through atrophy and emaciation. His friends see that he is killing himself, but he cannot see it at all. He walks in a delusion from his early manhood to his death.

A few weeks ago one of our city physicians publicly read a paper on the drinking habits of women. It was a thoughtful paper, based on a competent knowledge of facts. It ought to have been of great use to those women of the city who are exposed to the dangers it portrayed, and especially to those who have acquired the habits it condemned. Soon afterward there appeared in the columns of a daily paper a protest from a writer who ought to be a good deal more intelligent than he is, against the doctor's conclusions. The health and physique of the beer-drinking Englishwoman were placed over against the health and physique of the water-drinking American women, to the disadvantage of the latter. The man is deluded. It is not a year since Sir Henry Thompson, one of the most eminent medical men in England,—a man notoriously beyond the reach of any purely Christian considerations,—declared against the beer-drinking of England on strictly sanitary grounds. Our litterateur declares that the Englishwoman can outwalk her American sister. That depends entirely upon the period of life when the task is undertaken. The typical Englishwoman who has stood by the beer diet until she is more than forty years old, is too fat to walk anywhere easily out of doors, or gracefully within.

During our late civil war this matter of drinking

for health's sake was thoroughly tried. A stock of experience and observation was acquired that ought to have lasted for a century. Again and again, thousands and thousands of times, was it proved that the man who drank nothing was the better man. He endured more, he fought better, he came out of the war healthier than the man who drank. Nothing is more easily demonstrable than that the liquor used by the two armies, among officers and men alike, was an unmitigated curse to them. It disturbed the brains and vitiated the councils of the officers, and debilitated and demoralized the men. Yet all the time the delusion among officers and men was, that there were both comfort and help in whisky.

The delusions of drink are numberless, but there is one of them which stands in the way of reform so decidedly that it calls for decided treatment. We allude to the notion that it is a nice thing to drink nice liquors or wines at one's home, to offer them to one's friends, and to make them minister to good fellowship at every social gathering, while it is a very different thing to drink bad liquor, in bad places, and in large quantities. A man full of good wine feels that he has a right to look with contempt upon the Irishman who is full of bad whisky. It is not a long time since the election of a professor in a British university was opposed solely on the ground that he neither drank wine nor offered it to his friends; and when, by a small majority, his election was effected, the other professors decided not to recognize him socially. There are thus two men whom these sticklers for wine despise—viz.: the man who gets drunk on bad liquor, and the man who drinks no liquor at all. Indeed, they regard the latter with a hatred or contempt which they do not feel for the poor drunkard. The absolute animosity with which many men in society regard one who is conscientiously opposed to wine-drinking, could only spring from a delusion in regard to the real nature of their own habits. The sensitiveness of these people on this subject, however, shows that they suspect the delusion of which they are the victims. They claim to be on the side of temperance. They deprecate drunkenness, and really don't see what is to be done about it. They wish that men would be more rational in their enjoyment of the good things of the world, etc., etc.; but their eyes seem blinded to the fact that they stand in the way of all reform. The horrible drunkenness of the larger cities of Great Britain, with which no hell that America holds can compare for a moment, can never be reformed until the drinking habits of the English clergy and the English gentry are reformed. With eleven-twelfths of the British clergy wine-drinkers, and water-drinkers tabooed in society, and social drinking the fashion in all the high life of the realm, the workman will stand by his gin, brutality will reign in its own chosen centers undisturbed, and those centers will increasingly become what, to a frightful extent, they already are—festering sores

upon the body social, and stench in the nostrils of the world.

The habits, neither of Great Britain nor America, will be improved until men of influence in every walk of life are willing to dispense with their drinking customs. Hundreds of thousands of English-speaking men go to a drunkard's grave every year. There is nothing in sanitary considerations as they relate to the moderate drinker, and surely nothing in the pleasures of the moderate drinker, to mitigate this curse. It is all a delusion. The water-drinker is the healthy man, and the happy man. Spirits, wine, beer, alcoholic beverages of all sorts are a burden and a bane, and there is no place where a good man can stand unshadowed by a fatal delusion, except upon the safe ground of total abstinence. Until that ground is taken, and held, by good men everywhere, there can be no temperance reform. The wine-drinkers of England and America have the whisky-drinkers in their keeping. What do they propose to do with them?

The Press and the Publishers.

THE power of the daily press to centralize trade, especially those branches of trade which are not dependent upon facilities, natural or artificial, for shipping and carriage, has hardly been appreciated by the public. The grain produced by the Western States will naturally seek the quickest and cheapest transport to the best shipping-point, irrespective of all other considerations. Great commercial centers are fixed by good harbors, easily accessible from land and sea. But there are multitudes of manufactures which may be, and are, carried on anywhere, without reference to the circumstances that fix the centers of commerce, and, other things being equal, they seek centers of influence and advertising facilities. A bright, enterprising, influential daily press, in any town, is a centralizing power for all these interests. The press advertises the locality,—is the exponent of its life and spirit,—is the center of its moral, political, and social influence, and does more, perhaps, than any other agency to attract the organized industry of its near and remote neighborhood.

The city of Springfield, in Massachusetts, is, perhaps, as good an illustration of the power of a daily press to centralize trade and manufactures as any that the country offers. We wonder whether the residents of that city know how much they owe to their daily press for their constantly increasing numbers and their constantly growing prosperity. For twenty-five years they have had a daily press whose enterprise, industry, intelligence and influence are believed to have been without precedent or parallel in the history of provincial newspapers throughout the world. We think, indeed, that this is but a just statement of the fact; and there is nothing in the location of the town and its relations to the country to justify the supposition

that it would have reached its present status through other causes. The town is known throughout the whole country by its press, and that press has magnified its importance and influence everywhere. It has been a center of intelligence and a center of attraction, and has done, in one sense, more than anything else to make the town what it is—one of the brightest and most enterprising towns in New England.

It is, however, with reference to the power of the daily press in fixing the centers of the publishing interest that we write this article. The issue of magazines and books is not fixed by the ordinary considerations of commerce. This interest is the greatest, perhaps, among those that are influenced or controlled by the daily press. The advertising centers and the centers of the greatest newspaper excellence and influence are the centers of the publishing interest. So long, for instance, as the representative New York press maintains its present pre-eminence, New York will remain the center of the great publishing interests of the country; and all other publishing centers will work at a disadvantage. We do not say this in disparagement of any other press or locality. We simply recognize existing facts,—facts which are becoming more and more apparent to every observer. There is to be a great publishing center in the West. The growth of that region is so gigantic, its interests are so thoroughly individualized, its wants are so identical, and its resources are so great, that it will have a literature. It will never cut entirely loose from the East in this matter; but the time will surely come when it will send us for exchange in kind the productions of its teeming press. The center of the publishing interest

in the West is being fixed to-day by its newspapers. That city of the West which has the best daily press,—the press that goes everywhere and is felt everywhere,—will publish the books and magazines for the West. The greatest daily press and the greatest publishing interest will go together. The same may be said of the new South, which the future is sure to bring us.

And here, on behalf of the whole book and magazine interest, it is proper to recognize the dependence of that interest on the newspaper press for its prosperity. The daily and weekly newspaper, in its periodical visit to every fireside, is the medium by which the great publishing interest of the country reaches the public. The advertisement, the notice, and the review which appear in the columns of the newspaper are the only means by which the book and magazine-buying public become acquainted with the new issues of the press. Neither author nor publisher can ever repay the debt owed to the newspaper for its service in this matter, except by making his productions so worthy of commendation that that commendation shall be service rendered to the public whose patronage he seeks. It is pleasant to notice that the interest of the public in literary matters makes all intelligence concerning them valuable, and that, so, the current issues of magazines and books become subjects of current news, eagerly demanded by those for whom newspapers are prepared. It is here that the publishers of newspapers find their interests identified with those of the writers and publishers of books and magazines, and here that they find the justification of the most friendly and reciprocal relations with them.

THE OLD CABINET.

We think we are very loyal to the true pathos of life when we cry out against the sentimental expression of it. The most withering thing that can be said about any work of art is that it is sentimental. We are glad to find that So-and-So is a sentimentalist, for then we are relieved of the necessity of sympathizing with him, at least. But, as we grow older, and begin to comprehend the volume of human misery,—all its strength, and stretch, and subtlety,—we come to know how shallow the vision that took no ken of the pathos underlying even the sentimental. It is a melancholy gift that many have, of at once being actors in, and witnesses of, the play of life. All who have that gift know well how to weep at the grand *dénouement* when the heroine falls moaning upon the breast of her dying lover; but God pity the lesser number who see the pathetic in all the situations, humorous and tragic alike.

There are two things that puzzle me. One is, the

amount of misplaced virtue in the world; that is to say, the immense quantity of downright goodness scattered around among the commonest sort of people; among people about whom there are no social safeguards whatever, and who would be quite up to the moral standard of their neighbors if they gave a loose rein to all manner of passion. I tell you, when a man who has been surrounded with pure influences,—I do not mean with austerity or fanaticism, from which he would be likely to suffer reaction,—when a man who has breathed no atmosphere but that of moderation and decorum looks back upon his own life, and trembles at his hundred hair-breadth 'scapes from utter ruin, of one kind or another, he cannot help wondering what keeps the unprotected classes from going altogether and utterly to the bad. It was one of the best saints out of the calendar who declared himself competent to commit any crime under the sun of which he had ever heard, and what it is that keeps the average

sinner from going straight through the criminal list, it is hard to tell.

The other puzzle is how the ordinary human is able to bear up against the enormous weight of suffering imposed upon him,—not simply the misery of which the papers tell under startling head-lines, or in little paragraphs that travel the rounds of the press, and startle you now and then with their grim and gruesome humor,—not simply the distress which is the subject of charity reports, and governmental statistics,—not simply the obvious examples of quiet endurance, the heroic men and women whose lives are one long self-sacrifice,—not simply these, but the absolute discomfort and pain, physical, moral, and æsthetic, that is borne by almost every human being in the world, with such nobility of endurance that the croaker and complainer is so much the exception that he is pointed at with scorn, and shunned by his fellows as an anomaly and a nuisance.

I think I never had a clearer idea of the general forlornness of mankind than in contemplating a cat at the ferry-house, the other morning. It was a nipping and an eager air. Wherever the salt spray had dashed, there had it stiffly frozen. There seemed to be no rest for the claws of her feet, except on the floorway, from which a thousand boots would have spurned her trembling form. So she had mounted a chilly, slippery beam, and crouched there in abject shame and panic. Why did she not go home, you ask? But even if she had a home, home was no home to her unless she was in it. She had no hand in the fate that compelled her to that shivering perch, subject to gibe of man, bark and snap of dog, and shy of stick. "Yonder," (I said,) "in that poor, perplexed, cold, hungry, homeless creature, is a type of mankind! Scat!"

And speaking of heroism, one is never so much surprised at the impulsive, grandiose sort, as at that which may almost be called the negative kind. I pity the man who does not consider himself capable

of rushing into a burning building, catching into his arms a beautiful maiden, and bravely bearing her away in safety through smoke and flame, tumbling rafters and bellowing trumpets. One has an actual appetite for such an adventure. But suppose the beautiful maiden no longer beautiful; or suppose the circumstances to be altogether different, and the question, not whether you shall rush in, but whether you shall rush out; whether, in fact, you shall run for your life, or, like that girl you have lately read of, stay by the side of one whom you fain would rescue, till the flames curl about your feet, and drag you into the jaws of death—perhaps, even without the reporters being informed of all the circumstances.

There are certain alleviations which we can readily appreciate. It is easy to see that some people gather fortitude from the fact that misery cannot be helped; that what can't be cured must be endured. When they see "the inevitable," they "straightway fall in love with it!"

I am sure, moreover, that the artistic sense is a genuine alleviation in many cases. Artistic natures may have what is called a great capacity for suffering; but the law of compensation is seen at work here also. You will know what I mean if you have ever caught yourself, in some strange mood, imagining the particulars of a bereavement, through whose scenes you have beheld yourself moving, not without a sense of æsthetic satisfaction, the slow-paced, melancholy hero.

But really the greatest relief is—not to care; that is to say, not to care for any great length of time. That is the thing that consoles me most, in the matter of other people's calamities: perhaps they will get over it. It isn't quite the poetic thing for them to do, of course; but they are off my mind at any rate, and I'm always grateful to the poor devil whose trouble, like the fellow's in "The Wicked World," in severe cases lasts all night.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Out-Doors.

As a people, we take just about a third as much open air exercise as we need. In the warm weather we get along tolerably well, because pure oxygen comes to us, whether we will or not; but with the least chill of autumn we incontinently bring out the double sashes, and hunt up the weather-strips. Not satisfied with this, we ride, if we can, when we are compelled to leave our stifling domiciles, and stay out just the briefest possible while that will serve our purpose. Not one person in twenty ever thinks of going out in winter for the mere sake of reaching the external air. It seems not to occur to persons

generally that they need any other atmosphere than that which constantly surrounds them. Much of that terrible disease, pulmonary consumption, arises from the fact that most people's lungs are not fairly expanded and filled with pure oxygen more than two or three times a year. Now that the ice can be counted upon, it would be well if young and old and middle-aged would buckle on runners, and have a grand skate together. It is capital exercise, and the out-door equivalent of dancing. Arms, legs, heads, hearts and lungs, all respond to its exhilarating influence. Moderately indulged in, it is healthful in the extreme. The only difficulty is, that it is likely to entice one too far. Skate if you can, but

if you can't, try coasting, if there be a convenient hill. And if that be not practicable, a good run will answer. It is not air alone, remember,—it is life.

Newspapers Domestically Considered.

Too low an estimate is apt to be set on the domestic value of newspapers. After reading them, and putting ourselves, through their agency, in mental correspondence with the world, they are thrown aside and forgotten. But to suppose their usefulness bounded by their news columns and the waste-bag is a thriftless mistake.

In the first place, there are the household recipes, to be found in stray corners, often excellent, and deserving a refuge on the fly-leaf of the family cook-book. Then come the pretty verses, the strange and droll stories, the brief biographies and reminiscences which, pasted in a scrap-book, are a source of never-ending pleasure, not only to those who do not care for richer intellectual food, but to those who have only odd minutes for reading.

Notwithstanding the squibs jocular journalists have penned on the use of newspapers for bed-clothing, we know from experience that these are not to be despised. They may not be as comfortable as your blankets, but certainly they keep out the cold. Two thicknesses of papers are better than a pair of blankets, and in the case of persons who dislike the weight of many bed-clothes, they are invaluable. A spread made of a double layer of papers between a covering of calico or chintz, is desirable in every household. The papers should be tacked together with thread, and also basted to the covering to keep them from slipping. An objection has been made on account of the rustling, but if soft papers be chosen the noise will not be annoying, especially should the spread be laid between a blanket and the counterpane.

As a protection to plants against cold, both in and out of doors, nothing is better. If newspapers are pinned up over night at a window between pots and glass, the flowers will not only not be frozen, but will not even get chilled, as they are so liable to be at this season. In the same way, if taken to cover garden-beds, on the frosty nights of early autumn, they will allow the plants to remain safely out-doors some time later than is common.

One of the oddest services to put our journals to is the keeping of ice in summer. An ingenious housekeeper recently discovered that her daily lump of ice would last nearly twice as long when wrapped in newspapers, and placed in any kind of covered box, as when trusted solely to a refrigerator. This is very convenient, since it is possible to have the best and cheapest refrigerator constantly at hand.

To polish all kinds of glass after washing, except table glass, no cloth or flannel is half so good as a newspaper; and for a baker's dozen of other uses, quite foreign to its primal purpose, it is without a rival.

The Penalty of Moving.

ADULTS are prone to think of this intolerable but often necessary annoyance only as it affects them. The influence of continuous change of abode is far more pernicious to children than is commonly imagined. At the time, they rather enjoy the topsyturvy condition of things, and their love of novelty is gratified by going somewhere else. But, as they grow up,—and more after they have grown up,—they look back upon their past life, which should be full of home associations, as a sort of domestic game of "pussy-wants-a-corner." They have no pleasant memory of household gods or household altars. The parental idea is marred by repeated shiftings from one roof to another before the filial feeling has had time to spread its tendrils, or even to take substantial root.

It is impossible to over-estimate the effect of a pleasant home-life upon the mind as well as the heart. Men and women who have had happy homes in their childhood and youth, will be anxious to re-create them by marriage and domesticity. Nothing of the sort can reasonably be expected where the home has been but a repetition of houses in which meals have been eaten and lodgings secured.

Hotels are notoriously bad for the rearing of children; and yet how much better is a dwelling occupied for one or two years, and then surrendered for another and another?

We Americans have not such an excess of domesticity as to be able to spare any of it. On the contrary, we need to cultivate all we have, instead of reducing the slender original stock by playing at hide-and-seek with our neighbors. Very often it is not possible for a family to stay in one place; but where it is possible, it should be made a domestic religion not to move.

Is it not probable that much of what is known as unhappy temperament,—the restlessness, irresolution and despondency of after-life,—may have no meaner or profounder origin than the May-day inconveniences which annually thrust farther out of reach the possibilities of a substantial home-feeling?

Fashion Note.

PARIS is friendly this season, and is willing to stand by us in our sudden and unwonted economy. It is, of course, impossible to speak with any assurance of the spring modes; but one thing is certain (or, at least, advices by our carrier-pigeon so assert) that plain long skirts, *sans* overdress and all trimmings, with short round waists, and bare of ornamentation, save the fraise in the neck, are the correct style for evening. Court dresses,—i. e., everything except walking-suits,—are all to be formed in this wise. Indeed, many have already appeared in the most elegant *salons* of France; and before summer is fairly here we may expect nothing else for gas-light toilette.

Economy and Elegance.

ECONOMY and elegance are so rarely coupled that they are naturally thought to be incongruous. They are not always so, however; for simplicity is an element of each. A number of women of fashion have learned this since the recent monetary disorder has rendered their usual lavish expenditure absolutely impossible. At the beginning of the season they were unable to see how they could attend certain parties and receptions without new gowns and novel adornments. Determined to go, however, they had recourse to their own ingenuity and invention, in place of drawing on the marital and paternal bank account. In other words, they devised new robes and garnitures from old ones. The result was remarkable, altogether beyond their fondest expectation. They appeared on the social occasions, which they so much coveted, to far more advantage, as respects dress, than they ever had before. Their costuming was generally admired, and particularly commended,—the majority of their acquaintances thinking that what they wore had been purchased regardless of price.

This effect had been produced by simple adaptation of means to end, by sober consultation between judgment and good taste. The feminine innovators had discovered, for the first time, what properly belonged to them,—what particular thing or things their complexion, stature, form and favor required. It was a triumph of individuality, fitness and delicate apprehension over general rules, fixed mode and adherence to antecedents. The experiment has proved so successful that those who were impelled to it from economy, will continue it from the conviction that it has served, and will still serve, the cause of elegance.

Children and Money.

MOST persons seem to believe that children, even after they have reached an age of intelligence and discrimination, should not be trusted with money; that those who are so trusted are almost invariably ruined. More harm is done, in our judgment, by an exactly contrary course. If children,—at least when they are fairly out of leading-strings,—are not

allowed to have small amounts of money, how can they possibly learn its proper use? Wise spending is the result of experience, instead of theory, even with grown persons. How then should the merest youngsters learn to use sixpences and shillings steadily withheld from them?

Human nature is always benefited by a sense of responsibility, and children are by no means an exception. So long as they are deprived of money, they can have no clear idea of its value, and, later in life, when they begin to get some, they very naturally waste it in order to make up for their early deprivation. A boy should be allowed to buy his own tops, marbles, and skates, instead of having them bought for him. In this way he will enjoy them more, and have a more thorough appreciation of them. If he makes a mistake, chooses a bad top, or imperfect marbles, or poor skates, do not replace them with such as he would like; but let him use those of his own selection till he has the money to buy others. Next time he will know what not to buy, will be more careful in deciding, and will have gained a desirable feeling of self-dependence. It is, perhaps, a little hard for tender parents to compel children to abide their own mistakes. The rule seems harsh; but the world is so infinitely harsher a school than any home can be, that, for ultimate good, present pain may be endured.

Children accustomed to money in moderation have little, if any temptation, to get it by improper or dishonest means. It then ceases to bear the attraction of forbidden fruit, or to appear to their ardent fancy as if all happiness were included in its power of purchase. Are not the boys who pilfer, or carry from the household anything they can turn into cash, frequently those who have been impelled to it by a scant allowance of pocket-money from parents to whom it would have been a trifle? With legitimate indulgence they very soon learn that a shilling is worth but a shilling, and that a dollar is only a dollar; that, badly used, one or the other will bring discomfort as well as pleasure; and this lesson cannot fail to be of permanent benefit to them. The boy who has learned to use sixpences judiciously while he is ten or twelve, will be pretty apt to understand the proper value of dollars before he is out of his teens.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Early Photography.

WE have received the following notes, which we publish as a matter of justice to all parties:

THE RIDGE, DOVER PLAINS, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1873.

To the Editor of *Scribner's Monthly* :—

SIR:—In the May issue of your Magazine, Professor John W. Draper commented upon my statement in a paper on Pro-

fessor Morse, which appeared in the March issue, that "the first photograph ever taken in America was that of the tower of the Church of the Messiah, on Broadway," by Professor Morse; also, that after he (Morse) had succeeded in taking likenesses of the human face with the eyes shut, "Professor Draper shortened the process, and was the first to take portraits with the eyes open." Professor Draper, in his comments, says that *he*, and not Professor Morse, took that photographic view of the Church of the Messiah. "As

to the photographic portrait from life," Professor Draper says, "It was I that took the first, and that not merely in America," for none had been taken in Europe. "Professor Morse," he continues, "never made a photograph until he had learned the art in my laboratory, in which, at that time, he spent every evening."

My statement was drawn from a printed letter written by Professor Morse for publication. When Dr. Draper's communication appeared, I could not find that letter among my papers. I have just found it. It was printed in *The Philadelphia Photographer*, a monthly magazine, for January, 1872. The letter bears the date of "New York, Nov. 18, 1871." After speaking of his personal interview with Mr. Daguerre, of receiving from that discoverer the first copy, "probably," of his pamphlet describing his invention, that came to America, and from the drawings in which he constructed "the first daguerreotype apparatus in the United States," Professor Morse says:

"My first effort with it was on a small plate of silvered copper, about the size of a playing card, procured from a hardware store; but defective as it was, I obtained a good representation of the Church of the Messiah, in Broadway, from a back window of the New York City University. That was, of course, before the construction of the New York Hotel. This I believe to have been the first photograph ever taken in America. Perceiving in its earlier stages that photography was an invaluable and incalculable aid to the arts of design, I practiced it for many months, taking pupils, many of whom, at this day, are among the most prosperous photographers. I early made arrangements to experiment with my eminent friend and colleague in the University, Professor John W. Draper, building for the purpose a photographic studio upon the top of the University. Here I believe were made the first successful attempts by Dr. Draper in taking photographic portraits *with the eyes open*, I having succeeded in taking portraits previously with the *eyes shut*, for it was considered at that date that the clear sunlight upon the face was necessary to a result."

If my statement of the claim of Professor Morse was erroneous, this letter of his, explicitly making the claim, is responsible for the error. I will only add that the "silvered copper" plate, having on it the picture of the Church of the Messiah, may be seen among a collection of his earlier daguerreotypes, now at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, which were presented to that institution by Professor Morse a year or two before his death.

Very truly yours,

BENSON J. LOSSING.

UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK. }
Oct. 20, 1873. }

To the Editor of *Scribner's Monthly*:

SIR:—Mr. Benson J. Lossing having kindly forwarded to me the substance of a note which he is about to have inserted in your journal, respecting the first daguerreotype portrait, I would ask the favor of this being published at the same time.

Mr. Lossing's object is to give his authority for imputing, in a former number of your journal, this invention to the late Professor Morse. It is found in a letter written by Professor Morse to Mr. Wilson, dated November 18, 1871, in which he says: "I early made arrangements to experiment with my eminent friend, Professor John W. Draper, building for the purpose a photographic studio on the top of the University. Here, I believe, were made the first successful attempts of Dr. Draper in taking photographic portraits with the eyes open, I having succeeded in taking portraits previously with the eyes shut; for it was considered at that date that the clear sunlight upon the face was necessary to the result."

Perhaps I cannot dispose of this letter, which I had not seen until now, better than by producing another letter of Professor Morse. When Mr. M. A. Root was engaged in writing his book, entitled "The Camera and the Pencil," published by Lippincott in Philadelphia, and Appleton in this city, he addressed a letter of inquiry to Professor Morse, whose reply is dated "Poughkeepsie, February 10, 1855." In this Professor Morse says: "About the same time Pro-

fessor Draper was successful in taking portraits; though whether he or myself took the first, I cannot say. Soon after we commenced together taking portraits, causing a glass building to be constructed for the purpose on the roof of the University." The entire letter may be found in the book above referred to, pages 344-348.

Thus it appears that in 1855 Professor Morse was unable to say whether he or I took the first portrait. His recollection was clearer at this date than it became in 1871, when he claimed the entire honor, but not so clear as it would have been in 1839. I regret to have to add that this letter caused an alienation between my old friend and myself. I was astonished that he had forgotten the numerous fine portraits I had made and shown him long before the glass studio was built, and long before he had done anything in the matter himself.

In the scientific world it is recognized that priority of publication shall be considered as establishing priority of discovery or invention. I published in the "London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine," in March, 1840, an announcement that I had succeeded in procuring portraits by the daguerreotype, and shortly afterwards, in the same journal, gave a detailed account of the whole operation. In these publications the invention, of course, was openly claimed by me, and Professor Morse's name was never mentioned. He saw them while they were in manuscript, and again after they were printed, and put forth no counter claim. Indeed, I believe he never published anything on daguerreotype portraiture.

As to experiments in the glass studio for the purpose of taking photographs with the eyes open, I can assure you that many very perfect portraits with the eyes open had been made by me long before that expense was encountered. Let me add that at this time Professor Morse was completely occupied with the invention of his telegraph; he had his apparatus in my laboratory; he was not familiar either with chemical or optical science, and took an interest in photographic portraiture only from an artistic point of view, his earlier life having been devoted, as is well known, to painting as a profession.

JOHN W. DRAPER.

A New Poet.*

"THE King of the Vasse," the opening poem in Mr. O'Reilly's volume, is a remarkable one, and if the legend be the creation of Mr. O'Reilly, it places him high among the few really imaginative poets. It is the story of a Swedish family that emigrated to New Holland long ago. The youngest member of it, a boy of six, dies just as they come in sight of land. They bear the body ashore, stricken with grief, and are met by the natives and their king, a weird old man of eighty. He is strangely moved by the sight of the dead child.

"Then to his folk

With upraised hands he spoke one guttural word,
And said it over thrice; and when they heard,
They, too, were stricken with strange fear and joy."

He draws near the child, and throwing back the skin of his furred robe, shows upon its belt a small red globe of carved wood.

"The King then raised his arms, as if he blest
The youth who lay there, seeming dead and cold;
Then took the globe and oped it, and behold!
Within it, bedded in the carven case,

* *Songs from the Southern Seas, and other Poems.* By James Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

There lay a precious thing for that rude race
To hold, though it as God they seemed to prize,
A Pearl of purest hue and wondrous size !"

The old man raises this pearl, as a priest elevates
the Host, and awe falls upon the family.

" Then to the mother turning slow, the King
Took out the Pearl, and laid the beauteous thing
Upon the dead boy's mouth and brow and breast,
And as it touched him, lo ! the awful rest
Of death was broken, and the youth uprose !"

Life was restored to him, but not the life that he
had lost.

" The soul brought back was not the soul that fled."

The touch of the Pearl has made him a savage.
The woods are now his home, and the tawny natives
his comrades and friends. He speaks not to his
parents ; he breaks no food that they eat. It were
better that he had died, his brothers think. Not so
his mother, though she wins no look of love from
him. When ten years of this savage life are passed,
the old, white-haired king dies, and his body is
laid upon a spear-wood litter, and placed in the
forest.

" Upon the breast was placed the carven case
That held the symbol of their ancient race,
And eyes awe-stricken saw the mystic Thing
That soon would clothe another as their King !"

Who shall it be ? Who but the white savage,
Jacob Eibsen ? He stalks up to the corpse, and
taking the case from its breast, holds it before his
people. Then he opens the case, and, taking out
the Pearl, lifts it aloft,

" As swearing fealty to God on high."

Before his oath can be uttered, his old mother rushes
upon him, and endeavors to take the idol from his
hand. He commands her to be removed, and a
thousand men spring forward to do his bidding. As
she is cast forth her heart-broken wail pierces the
midnight air, and cuts through him like a two-
edged sword.

" But all unheeding, he not marked her cry
By sign or look within the gloomy eye ;
But round his body bound the carven case,
And swore the fealty with marble face."

She is found dead in the morning by her husband
and children. They bury her,—her husband soon
follows her,—and it is not long before the children
abandon their homestead. The place is cursed.
Years pass, and other white men arrive, and won-
der who preceded them there. Who built those
crumbling cabins, in which is heard the rustle of
snakes, whose eyes gleam and burn in the ruined

walls ? They hear of a race of savages inland, who
are ruled by an old king,

" One whom Death
Had passed as though he saw not,"

and who commands all the tribes of Australia.

" A man unlike them and not of their race,
A man of flowing hair and pallid face."

He is so old that the oldest of his people know
his story from tradition alone. The young men
know him not. They will no longer be bound by
the antiquated usage of the tribe.

" The men who owned that right were too long dead ;
And they were young and strong, and held their spears
In idle resting through this white King's fears,
Who still would live to rule them till they changed
Their men to puling women, and estranged
To Austral hands the spear and coila grow."

They rebel against him, and slay the elders who
raise their hands in warning. They press around
him menacingly ; he opens the case, and takes out
the Pearl which he elevates as of old.

" Awe struck and dumb, once more they owned him King
And humbly crouched before him ; when a sound,
A whirling sound that thrilled them, passed o'er head,
And with a spring they rose ; a spear had sped
With aim unerring and with dreadful might,
And split the awful center of their sight,
The upraised Pearl ! A moment there it shone
Before the spear-point,—then forever gone !"

The spell which had bound Jacob Eibsen so
many years was broken. He bent his steps towards
the abandoned huts of his kindred, and, as in a dream,
the Past began to return to him. He recognized
familiar scenes, and recovered fragments of his
Swedish tongue. He crouched where his mother
died :

" With face laid earthward as her face was laid,
And prayed for her as she for him once prayed."

He reached the hut of his parents, and the graves
where they were sleeping, though he knew it not.
The children of the settlement found him there the
next day, and wondering who he could be, gathered
flowers for him, and asked his name :

" And laughed at his strange language ; and he smiled
To hear them laugh, as though himself a child."

The curse which had rested upon the place was
lifted ; the lizards and snakes fled, and found other
homes, and all because the poor, white-haired, old man
was a child again. And children from far and near
came to see him, and to play and work with him ;
and as he learned their simple words, he told them
of a white-sailed ship that sailed across a mighty sea,
and found a beauteous harbor encircled with flowers

and trees. When they questioned him further he could not answer them, for he had told all he knew. One morning he was missing. They searched within the huts, and called to him repeatedly.

"But all in vain their searching: twilight fell
And sent them home their sorrowing tale to tell.
That night their elders formed a torch-lit chain
To sweep the gloomy bush; and not in vain,—
For when the moon at midnight hung o'er head,
The weary searchers found poor Jacob—dead!"

This, in brief, is the outline of "The King of the Vasse." It is carelessly written: we could point out many faulty lines: William Morris could have spun off the verse more fluently, and Longfellow could have imparted to it his usual grace. Still, with all its faults, we are glad that it is not from them, but from Mr. O'Reilly, that we receive it. The story is simply and strongly told, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, is imaginative and pathetic. It is certainly the most poetic poem in the volume, though by no means the most striking one. "The Amber Whale," is more characteristic of Mr. O'Reilly's genius, as "The Dog Guard," and "The Dukite Snake," are more characteristic of the region in which it is most at home. The poems last named are powerful, but we have no desire to read them twice. We have the same recollection of "Haunted by Tigers." Mr. O'Reilly is a story-teller, but he is not always wise in his choice of subjects. He is as good a balladist as Walter Thornbury, who is the only other living poet that could have written his "Old Dragoon's Story." What he chiefly lacks is sentiment. He has no tenderness; grace and delicacy escape him. This is a grave defect, of course, but we might have had a worse one in its stead. We might have had the abundance of fine writing, which is now so popular. We might have had Pantheism, Atheism, and the rest of the poetic isms; we might have had Swinburne and Rossetti at second-hand. To have been spared these is something.

Saxe's Poetical Works.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, more or less, in the palmy days of the old *Knickerbocker*, there appeared in that precious old magazine, a poem entitled, "The Briefless Barrister." The editor introduced it, as we very well remember, with the heartiest words of commendation, and predicted for the writer a brilliant poetical career. The book before us may be regarded as the completed record of that career, for the author can hardly hope to write better than he has done; nor will he be disposed to add materially to his already large collection of verses. An easy-going poet may as well turn in the social cattle to graze his fields, still green, as to clip and house his "Aftermath."

During these twenty-five years, the poet has been treated shabbily, on the whole, by the critics, and with due appreciation by the people. Indeed, he

has been blamed so much for not being what he is not, that we fear he has become a little ashamed of being what he undoubtedly is,—one of the wittiest poets and cleverest verse-wrights that America has produced. During all these years the people have liked his productions. If he has not been Hood or Holmes, or Lowell, neither has any one of those poets been Saxe; a fact which, on the whole, ought to be gratifying to the latter, since he thus has the privilege of possessing the treasure of individuality. The fact that we do not need to quote a verse to illustrate his genius shows how familiar the public are with his characteristic work, and furnishes its own comment on his detractors. His poems are innocent, hearty, carefully written, crammed with verbal ingenuities and felicities, and some of them show genuine tenderness and power. The volume is a valuable contribution to American letters, and the publishers (J. R. Osgood & Co.) have made it typographically worthy of the treasure it bears.

"Cameos."*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR is one of the few poets who are great in everything. The smallest trifle that he ever wrote shows the brain and the hand of a master. Popular he never was, and never will be, but if anything can make him more widely known than he is now, it will be just such collections as the one before us. We say collections, because we think it will take more than one to do it, and because no one collection will do justice to his many-sided genius. We hardly have him at his best here, though we have a number of his most perfect poems. We can understand the difficulty under which the compilers labored with such an embarrassment of riches as his *Complete Works* to select from, but surely there need be no great difficulty in selecting the poems that best represent a certain class of subjects, and a certain method of treatment. We have the feeling that too much has been attempted here. If it was variety which was sought for, enough variety was not obtained. The unity which ought to characterize a little book of lyrics like this, is disturbed, we think, by the introduction of the blank verse poem addressed to Robert Browning, and by the "Fæsulán Idyl." They are charming, we admit, but they should have been placed in a different setting, say in a volume of selections from Landor's blank verse, of which there are fine examples. But find what fault we may—what a delightful little book it is! We linger over the pages, and say to ourselves, what a range of subjects this old man had, and what an artist he was! What sweetness of feeling and grace of expression, what gravity and what tenderness! He is better than everybody except Shakespeare, whose lyrics are the only ones in the language which he could not easily have excelled.

* *Cameos, selected from the works of Walter Savage Landor.* By E. C. Stedman and T. B. Aldrich, with an Introduction. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

The Introduction to this dainty casket of "Cameos" is an excellent piece of writing. It contains just such criticism as the average reader of poetry needs, and suggests enough to set the critical reader thinking for himself.

"Landscape-Architecture."*

THAT size is no criterion of value in a book, receives a new confirmation in Mr. Cleveland's pocket-essay on the subject of the laying out of land to the best advantage, not only for private owners but for towns and villages. There is also an additional essay on the need of forest-planting on the Great Plains, with a demonstration of its practicability. The subject of these unpretending pages is one of great importance to the health, comfort and general well-being of our country in the future. The reward of such labor as Mr. Cleveland has performed in trying to educate the general public up to the point where they can see the necessity for action, must, we fear, be found in his own consciousness of duty done, for there seems very little advance in our practice, whatever there may have been in our principles. It is just as common now as it was fifty years ago, to lay out country-places, from one acre to one hundred, without regard to the essential facts that make every situation a peculiar one, needing special consideration. Take any town, large or small, in the older parts of the country, and everybody knows that, as a rule, the people follow their leader like so many sheep. One year everybody plants sycamores; then the ailanthus comes in; now 'tis Japan lilies, and yesterday it was plants with colored leaves; to-day it is Mansard-roofs (alas, for poor Mr. Mansard, if he could only see some of the hideous night-caps that go by his name!) and, only yesterday, all our roofs were hipped.

All this want of logic and want of taste would not be of much public importance if it were confined to the suburban lots and "places" of individuals; but it becomes a serious matter when a village is to be laid out or improved, or when a new park is to be made. Then, all this violation of common-sense, this absence of forethought, and neglect of the prime conditions, involves labor, expense, and often ill-health, on generations to come. There never was such an opportunity in the world as there is now, to-day, in this country for laying out new towns and improving old ones, by the laws of good sense and beauty (which in all things are one and the same); but we do not know a single case where these laws are receiving the least attention; and no wonder, for the matter always gets into the hands of the ignorant "smart" man, who is just now the peculiar nuisance of our society everywhere.

Mr. Cleveland's earnest little book is written to set the people of the West, where there is most need

of thinking on the subject, to giving it some thought while there is yet time. It is easy to talk in a hopeful way about "The West," and to get into a glow over its possibilities, but taste and forethought can't be loaded into people like shot and powder into guns, and, for all we see, the West does as little as possible with its æsthetic possibilities. She must grow into taste, as other peoples have done, and the kingdom won't come by observation either, but will be built up by the teachings of a few in every generation, who, like the late Mr. Downing and Mr. Cleveland of to-day, are content to work, and teach, and write, without much substantial reward.

The essay on Forest-Planting on the Great Plains is a matter that touches people's pockets more than the other, or rather it can be more easily made evident that it touches them, and so will possibly get a hearing. It is, indeed, of vital importance in many ways, and Mr. Cleveland presents the case with great clearness, and enforces it with arguments easily understood. We have the cure of drought and of the drying-up of rivers mainly in our own hands, as has been abundantly shown. Mr. Cleveland cites good writers on the subject, but his extracts only skim the ground. Nor, while these are the great ends of forest-planting, are they by all means all that is to be gained. Mr. Cleveland flatters the railroad men with a prospect of cheap ties and plenty of them. But, we dare say, he will have a fellow-feeling for us in our whispered congratulation to the lovers of the woods, at all times, and of open wood-fires in the winter, that there may be a good time coming for them, too.

"Old Fort Duquesne."*

THIS story of Braddock's defeat reverses the usual plan of the historical novel. It seems to be written rather for the sake of bringing out the details of that disastrous campaign against the French, which it describes very well, than of creating a romantic interest in the fortunes of the persons, some real and some fictitious, who are introduced as taking part in it. The accounts of the blundering march, and the massacre called a battle, have an air of reality only to be gained from research among authentic records. The pictures of garrison life inside Fort Duquesne, and of the policy used by the French in managing their wayward and dangerous allies, are equally true to history. The author leaves no room for doubt as to his accuracy in these respects, by citing his sources of information in the copious notes, which contain, besides, some curious notices of Indian habits, and sketches of pioneer heroes.

Among these, Captain Jack, who gives his name to the story, was a real historic Indian-killer. If the three or four days during which he shoots and tomahawks in these pages are a sample of his life,

* *Landscape-Architecture*, as applied to the Wants of the West; with an Essay on Forest-Planting on the Great Plains. By H. W. S. Cleveland. *Landscape-Architect*. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1873.

* *Old Fort Duquesne, or Captain Jack the Scout, a Historical Novel*. Pittsburgh: People's Monthly Publishing Co., 1873.

he must have been indeed a terror to the red men. The most sanguinary appetite will be satiated with the variety afforded by the slaughter of nine distinct savages in the prowling watch kept up by the scouts as Braddock's army advanced and retired. To provide occasions for these feats, the plot of the novel involves the discovery and rescue of a Marie, loved in his youth and deserted in a fit of jealousy, and of his sister, Waukina, carried off by the Delawares when an infant, and recognized by the natural incident of her recalling and singing the last verses of a hymn she had learned sixteen years before. Lord Talbot, an English officer captured by the Shawnees, and taken to Fort Duquesne, afterwards adopted into the tribe, then escaping, and at last marrying Waukina after her civilization, is intended to relieve the horrors of the story with a humorous element. The opportunity for describing Indian customs and character is extremely well improved. The traits of these children of the wilderness,—their fidelity as friends, their treachery and ferocity in war, their courage and cunning,—are strongly portrayed, without any of the redskin cant that has become a commonplace in literature. But the merit of the romantic part of the book goes no further, except, perhaps, that the picture of the simple enthusiasm of the naturalist, De Bonneville, deserves praise. The scout and Marie and the Englishman talk the reporter's talk of to-day, and Waukina adopts it when she drops her Indian dress. Lord Talbot particularly is an extraordinary conception, anticipating by a century in his ideas and phrases the Bowery boy and the fast young West-American. The combination of their dialects, with allusions to his baronial father and his palatial manor, is indescribably grotesque. His attempts at French are still more unfortunate; and the book would have been much improved by the omission of his exploits in both languages, and of the illustrations, which are deplorable.

Theological and Religious.

Exodus; from the Speaker's Commentary on the Pentateuch. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—The peculiarity of the Speaker's Commentary is this: it gives the results of severe study and undoubted scholarship, without wearing out the patience of ordinary readers by voluminous details of the processes by which they have been reached. Hence it is a most valuable manual for immediate consultation. It does not concern itself with a rebuttal of other people's opinions, either cavils at the truth, or over-ingenious conjectures about it; but goes straight on to answer the questions honest inquirers would be most likely to ask. The publishers have done a most excellent service in issuing this part of the second volume, embracing all the Book of Exodus, by itself, so as to meet the want of Sunday schools in preparing the International Series of Lessons during the next six months.

Hints and Helps in Pastoral Theology. By Wil-

liam S. Plumer, D. D., L.L.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.—One is not surprised, in reading this excellent volume, to find that the venerable author commends the use of a common-place book. For the pages fairly grow heavy with quotations; some of them very brilliant, and some of them far inferior to what the transcriber adds of his own. Theological students and Sunday School teachers will welcome a book like this, and be profited by studying it.

The Silence and the Voices of God, with Other Sermons. By Frederic W. Farrar, D. D., Master of Marlborough College. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.—A series of eleven calm, thoughtful discourses for the pulpit, beautifully written, and singularly interesting to read.

The Argument of the Book of Job Unfolded. By William Henry Green, D. D., Professor in Princeton Theological Seminary. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.—The Book of Job seems like a libretto of an oratorio. It possesses all the wonderful perfection of poetry just ready for the music, and at the same time the stiff and stately movement which makes all such compositions unreal as presentations of actual life. Everybody gets puzzled to see Job and his friends, Satan and God, come in, taking turns in the dialogue, with such a determinate assertion of accompanying fact, and such necessary negation of all naturalness in showing it. What can be done in explanation of its difficulties seems to have been done, and well done, in this instructive volume.

Saints and Sinners of the Bible. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. Philadelphia: Ziegler & McCurdy.—The title of this book reminds any one of the famous three-fold division of humanity into "Saints, Sinners, and the — Family." We think we have seen the name of its authoress in connection with some sensational volumes about Convent life, and its get-up is in the green-and-gilty style, like that of subscription literature, which, doubtless, pleases some people and prejudices others. But, in truth, this work is not sensational. It is a series of quiet sketches of various Scripture characters, good and bad in turn. It is bright and interesting, often shrewd and sharp, and sometimes soberly witty. It is not original; but surely a new mind is going over the old ground. It is not learned, and yet it has in it a good measure of somebody's learning. It appears excellent in spirit, safe in statement, and thoroughly Christian in purpose and temper. It is very like what we should suppose a woman-preacher (if such there be in a settled pastorate) would produce, after the heavier sermon-work was done, for the Wednesday evening lecture.

"A Very Young Couple."*

OF course the young couple were young fools.

* *A Very Young Couple.* By the author of "Mrs. Jer-ningham's Journal," "The Runaway," etc., etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

You might call them that, and be done with it. But, then, you know, there is a sense in which all young couples are young fools; and to be a fool does not mean to be destitute of interest. We confess to having been much amused by the conversations and explanations of Mr. and Mrs. Clare appertaining to the early part of their career: the account of their meeting,—how she knew Fred better at the end of the first ball than she knew the Bishop of L——, with whom she had been acquainted all her life, and so they were engaged in a week; and how they agreed to wait years and years, and were married at the end of two months; and how they provided, and kept house, and accounts, and did and said all manner of ridiculous things. To be sure, when they become tragic, they lose some of their interest, but then we have always those first amusing pages to which we can turn back.

“My Kalulu.”*

THERE was so much of the romantic and of the marvelous in Mr. Stanley's account of his discovery of Livingstone, that an avowedly fictitious story from his pen is hardly likely to attract the attention which it deserves; yet the youths who might hesitate to

* *My Kalulu: Prince, King, and Slave. A Story of Central Africa.* By Henry M. Stanley, author of “How I Found Livingstone.” With Illustrations. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

attack the stout octavo, *How I Found Livingstone*, are sure to be captivated by the musical title and the thrilling pictures of this attractive volume. It is just of the size to make the boy who may become possessed of it, feel that the one who wrote it, and those who published it, had due regard for the dignity of those whom they expected to read it. The imaginary Kalulu,—for the story has nothing to do with the little black boy whom Mr. Stanley brought back with him,—is the son of an African prince. Selim, an Arab youth, occupies an equally prominent position in the narrative, which is based upon the friendship the two boys conceive for each other. The circumstances which led to this attachment, and the adventures through which the youths passed, make up an exceedingly interesting story, while the contrast between the character of the negro and of the Arab is well maintained, and the peculiarities of the interior of Africa, and of the different tribes living there, are graphically brought out. Incidentally, too, the horrors of the inland slave traffic are very strikingly described. Now and then Mr. Stanley's characters get possession of his pen, and treat the reader to prolix and high-wrought speeches; but this, after all, may be taken as only another proof of the fact that the story is accurate and life-like, and incidentally deepens the impression with which every reader will lay down the volume that all it relates might very easily have happened.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Causes of Increase of Insanity in England.

IN a very interesting paper on this subject T. Harrington Tuke, the President of the Psychological Association, makes the following statements: The recent report of the Commissioners of Lunacy, tending to show that a great wave of insanity is slowly advancing, various reasons have been suggested to explain this increase, among which the following are worthy of mention:

It has been assumed that the congregation of large bodies of workmen in towns and cities, the confinement arising from the nature of their toil, and the restriction of their space have given us a degenerate population, subject to mental disease. But this is not altogether so. Such causes would induce idiocy in children and diminish the average duration of human life, but would not necessarily induce insanity in men of mature years. Moreover, it is by no means certain that the inhabitants of the crowded city are more prone to mental disorders than the inhabitants of agricultural districts.

The emigration of the adult population, which has been steadily increasing during the last half century, may also have had some influence upon these returns, but it cannot be a great one. If emigration

takes to other and kindred shores some of the finest of our peasantry, the best of our workmen, it also fortunately tempts the unstable, the enthusiastic, the adventurous, the disappointed who, perhaps, remaining here, fretful and despairing, would have swollen the number of insane.

The hypothesis has been advanced that the progress of civilization and the spread of education among the masses have, with a greater activity of brain, produced a corresponding increase of nervous exhaustion and disease. This is a melancholy theory; it would unsettle our belief in the onward progress of mankind; it would shake the very foundation of our faith. Such a theory receives no support from statistics. If intellectual training and mental exertion were causes of insanity, then it should be more frequent in those ranks in which, during the last half century, the mental powers have been so much more cultivated and exercised. The statistics of lunacy show, on the contrary, that the increase of insanity has been amongst the poorer classes only. This increase has been notably great during the last two years. I fear the explanation is to be found in higher wages, and the consequent means of undue indulgence. But there is another aspect to this view. It may be that the

inexorable laws of supply and demand, while giving more than due wages to some of the working class, plunge others into dire distress, which in time saps their strength, both physically and mentally, and ultimately makes them denizens of the mad-house.

Movements in *Drosera*.

FOR the following account of these movements we are indebted to Alfred W. Bennett: It should be noted, in the first place, that the so-called hairs of the *Drosera* are true glands; they are an integral part of the leaf itself, and are penetrated by fibrous vessels. They terminate in a pellucid knob, within which their peculiar viscid secretion is found. This has probably an attraction for flies and other small insects, as, if the plant is examined in its native bogs, scarcely a leaf will be found in which an insect is not imprisoned. The experiment was made of placing a very small insect on a leaf beneath a low power of the microscope. The contact of the insect appeared to excite a stronger flow of the secretion, which soon enveloped the body of the animal in a dense, almost transparent, slime, firmly gluing down the wings, and rendering escape hopeless. It still, however, continued its struggles, a motion of the legs being still clearly perceptible after the lapse of three hours. During all this time the insect was sinking lower down towards the surface of the leaf, but only a slight change had taken place in the position of the glands themselves, which had slightly converged so as to imprison it more completely. But after the struggles of the prisoner had ceased, a remarkable change took place in the leaf. Almost the whole of the glands on its surface and its margin, even those removed from the body of the insect by a distance of at least double its own length, began to bend over, and point the knobs at their extremities towards it, though it was not observed that this was accompanied by any increased flow of the secretion from them. The experiment was made in the evening, and by the next morning almost every gland of the leaf was pointing towards the object in the center, forming a dense mass over it.

In a second experiment, a small piece of raw meat was placed on another leaf similar to the first. No immediate change was observable, and no increased flow of secretion; but after the lapse of a few hours a perceptible inclination of the more distant glands towards the object took place. The next morning the piece of meat was found like the fly, sunk down upon the surface of the leaf, with almost the whole of the glands converging towards it, and above it in just the same manner. The changes here were, therefore, perfectly of the same kind as in the case of the fly, though apparently somewhat slower. After the lapse of twenty-four hours the piece of meat appeared decidedly lighter in color; but an accident prevented the process of digestion being further traced. On other leaves pieces of wood and worsted were placed, but in neither of these in-

stances was there the least perceptible movement, even after the lapse of considerable periods of time. The organized structures of the fly and of the piece of raw meat, therefore, possessed the power of exciting these movements which the other substances could not provoke.

Consumption of Fuel in Engines.

At the annual meeting of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers in 1863, a careful inquiry was made into the consumption of fuel by the best engines in the Atlantic steam service. The result showed that in no case did it fall below four and a half pounds per horse-power, per hour. Last year they assembled again with the same object in view, and Mr. Bramwell produced a table showing that the average consumption by 17 good examples of compound expansive engines, did not exceed two and a quarter pounds per horse-power, per hour. Mr. E. A. Cowper has proved a consumption not exceeding one and a half pounds per horse-power, per hour, in a compound marine engine, constructed with an intermediate superheating vessel, in accordance with his plans; nor are we likely to stop long at this point of comparative excellence, for it has been shown that theoretical perfection is only to be reached by the combustion of one quarter of a pound of ordinary steam coal. (Dr. Siemens.)

Spectra of Compounds.

MR. J. N. LOCKREY arrives at the following conclusion regarding this subject: 1st. A compound body has as definite a spectrum as a simple one; but while the spectrum of the latter consists of lines, the number and thickness of some of which increase with molecular approach, the spectrum of a compound consists in the main of channeled spaces and bands, which increase in like manner. In short, the molecules of a simple body and of a compound one are affected in the same manner by their approach or recess, so far as their spectra are concerned; in other words, both spectra have their long and short lines or bands. In each case the greatest simplicity of the spectrum depends upon the greatest separation of molecules, and the greatest complexity (a continuous spectrum) upon their nearest approach.

2d. The heat required to act upon a compound, so as to render its spectrum visible, dissociates the compound according to its volatility; the number of true metallic lines which thus appear is a measure of the dissociation; and, doubtless, as the metal lines increase in number the compound bands shine out.

Liquefaction of Gases.

M. MELLENS states that absorption of chlorine by wood charcoal may go on until it represents a weight of chlorine equal to that of the charcoal. If charcoal thus saturated with chlorine is placed in

one limb of a V-shaped tube, and the extremities thereof sealed, the application of boiling water to the limb containing the charcoal, will cause the chlorine to be volatilized when, under the pressure produced, the gas may be forced to assume the liquid state in the other limb by dipping it in a freezing mixture. By this method chlorine, ammonia, sulphurous, hydro-sulphuric, and hydro-bromic acids, chloride of ethyle and cyanogen have been obtained in the liquid state.

Effects of Worry.

A WRITER in *Chambers' Journal* says: That the effects of worry are more to be dreaded than those of simple hard work, is evident from noting the class of persons who suffer most from the effects of mental overstrain. The case-book of the physician shows that it is the speculator, the betting man, the railway manager, the great merchant, the superintendent of large manufacturing or commercial works, who most frequently exhibit the symptoms of cerebral exhaustion. Mental cares accompanied by suppressed emotion, occupations liable to great vicissitudes of fortune, and those which involve the bearing on the mind of a multiplicity of intricate details, eventually break down the lives of the strongest. In estimating what may be called the staying powers of different minds under hard work, it is always necessary to take early training into account. A young man, cast suddenly into a position involving great care and responsibility, will break down; whereas, had he been gradually habituated to this position, he would have performed its duties without difficulty. It is probably for this reason that the professional classes generally suffer less from the effects of overstrain than others. They have had a long course of preliminary training, and their work comes on them by degrees; therefore, when it does come in excessive quantity it finds them prepared for it. Those, on the other hand, who suddenly vault into a position requiring severe mental toil generally die before their time.

Memoranda.

A SERIES of experiments made by Professor Ville, in France, show that the diseases that attack the potato are in part the result of a deficiency in the supply of potash in the soil. For five years in succession the Professor planted potatoes in the same soil without any fertilizer; to other plots of ground he added fertilizers that did not contain potash. In all these cases the fruit became diseased in the month of May, while on the other plots where potash was supplied in sufficient quantity, the plants were healthy and yielded an excellent product.

The absolute absence of any atmosphere on the moon has never yet been demonstrated, but only the fact that it does not exceed certain limits, generally

supposed to be much more restricted than is actually the case. (E. Neison.)

Regarding the use of electricity in the treatment of skin diseases, Beard and Rockwell say: "During the past two years we have treated a number of cases of eczema, acne and prurigo, by central galvanization alone, without making any application whatever to the diseased surface; and under this method of treatment the results have, in some instances, been more satisfactory than under any other method of using electricity in these affections." The negative pole was placed on the epigastrium and the positive on the back, moving it by turns along the whole length of the spine.

The sand blast is now used for cleaning the fronts of buildings. It is said to accomplish the removal of the dust and soot without injuring the ornamental carvings.

In a paper presented to the Academy of Medicine of Paris, M. Lecorché advances the opinion that diabetes is a secondary disease, attending upon imperfect assimilation of nitrogenized bodies. The large quantity of urea daily voided by the patient, consuming in its production the oxygen which should have been employed in the oxidation of sugar. The latter body consequently finds its way out of the system by the kidneys. The proper treatment, he thinks, is to endeavor to diminish the production of urea by the use of opium, arsenic, valerian, and in some cases bromide of potassium.

As the result of a series of experiments to determine the power of a sphere of iron to retain electricity of various temperatures, F. Guthrie finds that at 84° c. both kinds of electricity are retained; between this and 116° c. negative electricity is discharged and positive electricity retained, while at 140° c. both kinds are discharged equally.

The Italian section of the Vienna Exhibition contained a table-top composed of portions of human muscles, fat, sinews, and glands; and all petrified into a single block by Mazini's process, and polished until its surface resembled marble.

Since the English troops were sent to the Gold Coast, the suffering from fevers has been so severe that out of one hundred men only twenty are fit for duty. To avoid this fearful loss, it is proposed to construct at once a railway some thirty or forty miles in length, by which the men may be quickly transported across the pest-stricken margin of the coast.

The recent death of an English Government clerk, who, according to medical evidence, must have died from syncope, induced by excessive smoking, while the stomach was empty, causes the

Lancet to say: "We have never underrated the danger to which immoderate smokers are liable. Fortunately, the poisons contained in tobacco smoke find a ready exit from the system, but when inhaled during a period of fasting, their injurious effect on the heart is especially to be apprehended."

The *Lancet* relates the following strange story: "Before Eli H— was born his father made a vow that if his wife should bring him another girl,—she then having had three in succession,—*he would never speak to the child as long as he lived.* The child turned out to be a boy, and now, what is most strange and remarkable, occurred: *this boy would never speak to his father.* Moreover, during his father's lifetime he would never speak to any one but his mother and three sisters. As soon as his father died, he then being thirty-five years old, his tongue was unloosed to everyone, and he has remained an ordinarily loquacious individual ever since."

The events of the last year have strengthened the arguments in favor of an Arctic Expedition. Thus the fact that a ship can pass up Smith Sound to 82° 16' N., without check of any description, unknown before, is now established, as well as the constant movement and drift of the ice in the strait, leading to the unknown region. The revolution in ice navigation, caused by the use of powerful steamers, is also more fully understood and appreciated through the report of Captain Markham.—(*Nature.*)

Rubber may be fastened to metal by a solution of shellac in ammonia. One part of pulverized shellac is soaked in ten parts of ammonia; this, in three or four weeks, becomes liquid, and is then fit for application.

When alkaline solutions of copper, nickel, lead, silver, cadmium, tin, and zinc, are heated with a solution of phosphorus in benzene, the metal is precipitated. (*A. Oppenheim.*)

Wibel states that a species of pond-weed, *Potamogeton*, possesses the powers of precipitating carbonate of lime with which it becomes incrustated.

In a work on the phosphatic deposits of Russia, Alexis Yermoloff remarks: We do not think that we exaggerate when we say that Central Russia reposes on phosphate of lime, with which she is able to pave half of Europe. The area of this deposit, between the Dnieper and Volga rivers alone, is estimated at fifty millions of acres.

W. Müller states that, in a series of experiments recently made, frogs that were frozen in blocks of ice for eight hours were alive and breathed normally as soon as the ice was thawed. Of two of these creatures of equal weight, the most voracious consumed the most oxygen.

Rubber bands may be made from a solution of rubber in a mixture composed of benzene, five parts and fine turpentine, seven parts. The benzene and turpentine must be free from oil and fatty matters.

According to Pettenkofer, cholera patients may be attended with perfect impunity if proper attention is paid to cleanliness. In addition to the ordinary cleansing of rooms and utensils, he especially insists on the *immediate* subjection of all soiled linen or other clothing to the action of boiling soap-suds.

Metals may be made to adhere to glass by a cement composed of powdered litharge, two parts, dry white lead, one part, boiled linseed oil, three parts, mixed with one part of copal varnish to a thick paste. (*R. Franke.*)

Where drain pipes in fields have been coated with gas-tar, all difficulty about choking with roots is avoided; for the roots turn away from the tar as though they were sensible of their danger.

The *Engineer* states that the crude ammonia salts obtained in the manufacture of gas frequently contain sulphocyanides, which destroy the crops to which they are applied.

A coal field, with seams varying from five to thirty-five feet in thickness, and extending over a region of 250,000 miles, has been discovered in the new territories on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad. (*Iron.*)

The *Encalyptus globulus*, an Austrian tree, is said to absorb an enormous quantity of water from the soil. It also emits an antiseptic camphor-like odor. These properties have caused it to be employed with success in destroying the emanations in malarious districts.

The vitiated air that escapes from the diver's helmet has been applied by M. Pasteur to support the combustion of a petroleum lamp. This the diver carries in his hand, and so avoids the use of the expensive electric light.

Frankland and Lockyer have found that if we increase the pressure of hydrogen while an electric current is passing through it, the lines gradually expand until the spectrum becomes continuous, and finally the resistance becomes so great that the electric current ceases to pass.

The *Agriculturist* states that a very fine white vinegar may be made from the juice of the white part of watermelons. At a certain stage the fluid is bitter, but when perfected acquires a true vinegar flavor.

ETCHINGS.



SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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No. 6.

MARY BUTLER'S RIDE.



"SHE NEVER DREW THE BRIDLE-REIN TILL FORTY MILES WERE DONE."

I.

EBENEZER EASTMAN, of Gilmanton, is dead ;—

At least they had him buried full fifty years ago ;—

The gray White Mountain granite they set above his head,

With some graven words upon it, to let the neighbors know

Precisely what it was that made the grasses grow

So wondrous rank and strong. How they rippled in the wind,
As if nobody ever died, and nobody ever sinned !

To that old Bible name of his what eloquence was lent

When its owner marched to battle,—not a ration, not a tent,

Nor a promise nor a sign of a Continental cent !

Ho, Ebenezer Eastman ! We'll call the roll again,—

Ho, dead and gone Lieutenant of the old-time Minute Men !

II.

Plowing land for turnips, with awkward Buck and Bright,

Was stout Lieutenant Eastman, one lovely day in June ;

He "hawed" them to the left and he "geed" them to the right,

And they slowly came about in the lazy summer noon,

He humming to himself the fragment of a tune,

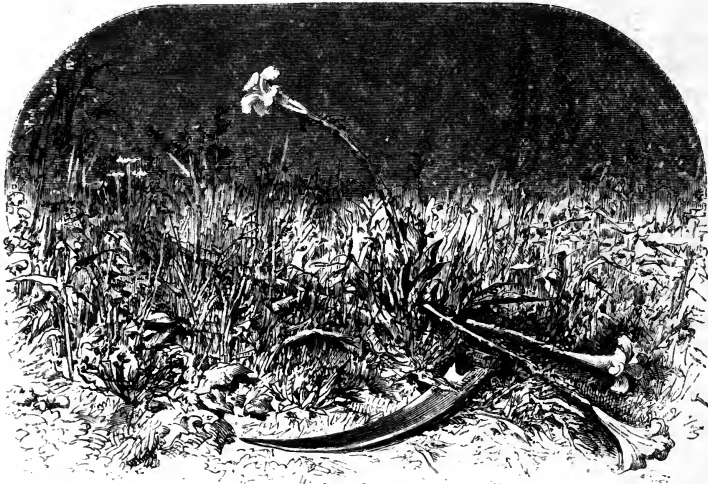
Which he would croon at night to the baby-boy who lay

In basswood trough be-cradled first, a week ago that day !

I count the times the Blush-rose bloomed. Exactly ninety-eight
 Since Eastman's fingers planted it beside the garden gate.
 Almost one hundred years ago! I know 'tis rather late
 To muster in the furloughed man and make him march again—
 But smell the old Blush-roses! They are just as sweet as then!

III.

All at a flying gallop a rider swings in sight,
 Pulls up beside the fallow and gives the view-halloo,—
 His horse's flanks are black, but his neck is foamy white:—
 "Turn out! Lieutenant Eastman! There's something else to do
 The red-coats are a-swarming! Your summer plowing's through!"
 No other word—away! And the rattling of the hoofs
 Was like the rain from trav'ling clouds along the cabin roofs.



"THE QUOITING GROUND WAS GRASSY"

The plowman turned his cattle out; he saddled up the bay,
 And he rallied out the wilderness upon that summer day,
 And the Minute Men of Gilmanton to Boston marched away.
 About the Mother? Well, she watched beside the cabin door,
 And rocked the baby's basswood boat upon the puncheon floor.

IV.

Days grew long in Gilmanton, and weeds among the corn;
 The quoiting-ground was grassy, and louder ran the rill;
 The wrestling-match was over,—the smithy was foflorn,—
 The spiders in the empty door had swung their webs at will,—
 The champions had gone to Bunker's smoky Hill,
 To try the quaint, old-fashioned "lock" they practiced on the Green;
 And such a game of tough "square hold" the world had seldom seen!
 About the Father? Only this: He fought in Stark's brigade,
 On Charleston Neck, that dusty day. A splendid mark he made;—
 He never flinched a single inch when British cannon played,
 But foddered up an old rail fence with Massachusetts hay,
 Stood out the battle at the rack, and stoutly blazed away!

V.

Through all the smoky glory, now let me introduce
 The gray-eyed Mary Butler, Lieutenant Eastman's wife ;
 Her pallid cheek and brow like a holy flag of truce,
 Her heart as sweet and red as a rose's inner life,
 No murmur on her lips, nor sign of any strife.
 Four days before the fight. Has the little woman heard
 From anybody Boston way. Nobody—not a word !
 The maple woods which round her stand so solemn in the calm,
 Up and down are swaying slowly, like a singing-master's palm,
 All together beating time,—not a soul to sing a psalm !
 "There's been a dreadful battle !"—That's what the neighbor said,—
 "But when or where I cannot tell, nor who is hurt or dead."

VI.

Then up rose Mary Butler, and set her wheel at rest ;
 She swept the punchon floor, she washed the cottage pride,—
 The cottage pride of three weeks old, and dressed him in his best,—
 She wound the clock that told the time her mother was a bride,
 And porringer and spoon she deftly laid aside ;
 She strung a clean white apron across the window panes,
 And swung the kettle from the crane, for fear of rusting rains ;
 Then tossed the saddle on the bay and donned her linen gown,
 And took the baby on before,—no looking round or down !
 Full seventy miles to Cambridge town ! Bring out your civic crown !
 I think 'twill fit that brow of hers who sadly smiled and said :
 "We'll *know* about your father, boy, and who is hurt or dead !"

VII.

Rugged maples broke their ranks to let the rider by,
 Fell in behind her noiseless as falls the stealthy dew ;
 Such heavy folds of starless dark in double shadow lie,
 The slender bridle-path she threads can only just show through,
 And buried in the leafy miles was all the world she knew.
 By muffled drum of partridge and jaunty jay-bird's fife
 That mother made her lonely march,—that Continental wife.
 She never drew the bridle-rein till forty miles were done,
 And on her ended journey shone the second setting sun,
 And round the Bay, like battle-clock, tolled out the evening gun.
 Talk not of pomps and tournaments ! If you had only seen
 The royal ride from Gilmanton, the halt at Cambridge Green !

VIII.

Dust-bedimmed and weary, with a look as if she smiled,
 She melted through the haze of the summer's smoky gold,
 Some Master's faded picture of Madonna and the Child,
 Born full a thousand years ago, and never growing old !
 She heard old Putnam's kennel growl, the bells of Charlestown tolled ;
 She saw the golden day turn gray within an ashen shroud,
 That showed the scarlet Regulars like lightning through a cloud.
 Forth from the furnace and the fire Lieutenant Eastman came,—
 The smell of powder in his clothes and fragrance in his fame,—
 And met her bravely waiting there, who bore his boy and name !—
 She from the howling wilderness—he from the hell of men.
 The little woman called the roll : he called it back again !

IX.

Then lightly to the pillion the gray-eyed wife he swung,
 A bundle on the saddle-bow all tenderly he placed,
 And, lost amid the leafy calms where cannon never rung,
 Away they rode to Gilmanton, her arm around his waist,
 No general's sash of crimson silk so rarely could have graced !
 Ah, Mary Butler cannot die, whatever sextons say,
 While yet her azure pulses keep their old heroic play.
 That splendid nerve of hers was strung like Morse's filmy bridge
 To hearts that beat at Gettysburg, Arkansas' dismal ridge.
 To Captain bold of cavalry, her grandchild's gallant son ;
 To Sergeant of the Boys in Blue who wears the scars he won,
 Her dauntless soul electric,—a spark of fire divine,—
 Was flashed like thought by telegraph, along the slender line !



"AWAY THEY RODE TO GILMANTON, HER ARM AROUND HIS WAIST."

Ah, never doubt that "blood will tell," in action free and fine,
 In panther stride, and calm surprise, and pink-lined nostril's flare,
 That trumpets out the charger's pride and clouds the morning air.
 The thing SHE was on Bunker's day an Angel might have been,
 The song-bird to the wounded troops, the Nightingale to men,
 And on that later Flodden field lived Clara once again.

A million men have lingered long, a million men have died,
 Who never saw a deed so grand as MARY BUTLER'S RIDE !

THE GREAT SOUTH.

A RAMBLE IN VIRGINIA: FROM BRISTOL TO THE SEA.

"TIME to git up, boss!"

I hastily adjusted my garments, and hurried from the sleeping-car of the Richmond train on to the Gordonsville platform, where I was speedily lost in a whirlpool of English and Scotch emigrants, surrounded by their numerous wives and children; of negro touters, shouting, "Dis way, boss,—don' ye trust dat ar nigger, he done tole ye wrong bout de hotel,—take yer bag, *sar!*"—of stout colored damsels, flitting to and fro with platters of cold and antiquated chickens, and blue-looking eggs—the lamps on their provision-trays appearing like monster fire-flies as they glanced hither and yon; of farmers coming from markets, and of through passengers shivering in the cool night air.

"Now, boss, dar's de Orange train!"

You must know that in the South the African is wont to designate strangers to whom he is indifferent by the euphonious title of "boss." It is, perhaps, a kind of compromise with his inclination to still cling to the old word "mas'r," and, at the same time, embodies as much respect as he cares to bestow on the "casual," whom he is called to serve. When he is familiar with your face, he will call you "captain," if you are young; "major," if you are middle-aged, and "general" or "judge," if you are advanced in years; and has even been known to heap these titles upon strangers under the genial influence of the respect-provoking twenty-five cents. But at one o'clock in the morning, in hurrying you from one sleeping-car to another, it would take the potent influence of a brand-new dollar bill to wring from him any salutation save the accustomed "boss."

The train from Washington came crawl-



SUMMIT OF THE PEAK OF OTTER.

ing along the Orange road, and received us, while the one we had just left rushed forward into the mountains, and by the side of the deep ravines of Western Virginia, toward the Ohio River. In the crowd of emigrants whose destination was Charlottesville,—the pleasant town near which Thomas Jefferson once lived and wrote his immortal words,—there were many Englishmen of education and refinement, country gentlemen's sons who had made up their minds to try farming in the new country, or to purchase coal or iron tracts for speculation. Even the least cultured and rudest of these emigrants bore evidences of health and prosperity. Their advent was an encouraging symptom.

But in the car where the colored people

were seated there were a good many discouraging signs. Was it possible to mold these slouching and ragged fellows, who talked so rudely, whose gestures were so uncouth, and on whose features had been stamped the seal of ignorance, into citizens of so useful and trustworthy as these newly-come Britons, with their hardy cleanliness and bluff ambition, were likely to become? And if not, what would be the future condition of the lately liberated slave? Was he prospering, and hastening forward to the consummation of the independent manhood promised him? These questions, idly drifting in my sleepy mind without expecting answers, served to amuse and keep awake a tired body until the train trembled to a stand-still at the foot of the steep hill, along whose sides Lynchburg lies.

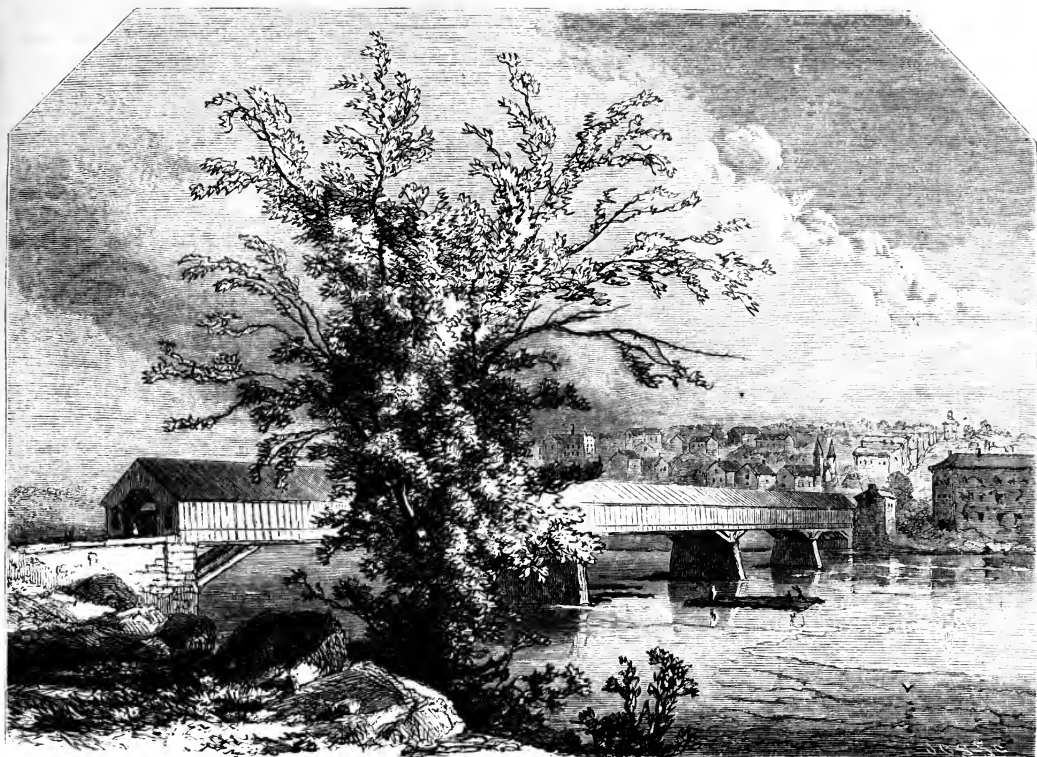
At midday I strolled out to survey the town. The September sun poured terrible heat upon the broad James River, which, opposite the network of tracks at the depot, flowed placidly at the base of an immense cliff, from whose stony sides quarrymen were blasting and chiseling blocks for building purposes. A few rafts and flat-boats, steered by bare-armed and bare-headed negroes, drifted lazily on the stream. A long covered bridge spanned the water, and a glance through its little windows showed quaint mills and houses upon the banks; high bluffs, crowned with humble cabins, were rendered accessible by precipitous paths and flights of stone steps; and, in the distance, were blue outlines of mountains, with tiny cloud-wreaths around them.

Returning from the bridge toward the town I came to a wide street, stretching straight up the hill. On either side were stone pavements, crowded with negroes; colored children gamboled on the flags; colored mammas smoked pipes in the doorways of shops, where colored fathers sold apples, beer and whisky; colored damsels, with baskets of clean linen in their stout arms, joked with colored boatmen from the canal; colored draymen cursed and pounded their mules as they hurried down the hills; and colored laborers on the streets enveloped one in a cloud of suffocating dust as he hastened by. Towards the water sloped other streets filled with roomy tobacco warehouses, and with rows of unpainted dwellings; half way up the hill a broad and well-built business avenue crossed at right angles, and there, at last, one

saw white people, and the ordinary sights of a city. The plaintive sound of a horn was heard above the bustle of traffic; it was in the hands of a negro, summoning tobacco buyers to an auction. Entering the warehouse, one saw hogsheds of the popular herb opened and inspected, and heard the familiar jargon of the auctioneer.

Turning once more towards the ascent of the hill, I came into an open-air market, which, for picturesqueness, vied with any in Italy or Spain. On the curbing of the sidewalk, and even on the stones in the middle of the square, dozens of negro women were seated before baskets containing vegetables, or various goods of trivial description. One venerable matron, weighing, perhaps, two hundred pounds, had her profuse chignon overtopped by a dilapidated beaver, and was smoking a clay pipe. Many young women were cleanly and nicely dressed, and had folded back the huge flaps of their starched sun-bonnets; so that they seemed to imitate the head-dresses of the Italian maidens at Sorrento; and hosts of colored buyers, market-baskets in hand, hovered from one seller to another, talking in high-pitched voices, and in a dialect which Northern ears found difficult to understand. Leaving the market, and yet ascending, I came to another broad street, lined with comfortable dwellings, and, looking up, saw, still far above me, the "court-house," perched on the topmost point.

Lynchburg lies "among the mountains," on the south bank of the James River, nearly in the center of the Piedmont district of Virginia, and not far from the base of the Blue Ridge. The Virginians of all sections speak affectionately of it as "Old Lynchburg," once the wealthiest city in the United States in proportion to its population, and one of the most remarkable tobacco marts in the world. Colossal fortunes were amassed and enjoyed there, in the days when internal revenue was not, and slave labor tilled the fields; when the products of the Virginian and North Carolinian plantations filled its warehouses and manufactories to bursting, and all Europe came to buy. An Irish emigrant gave his name, in 1786, to the town; and the famous term "Lynch law," now so universal, sprang from the summary manner in which this hot-headed Hibernian,—a colonel in the Revolutionary army,—treated such Tories as were caught by him. During the late war the town did not fall into Federal

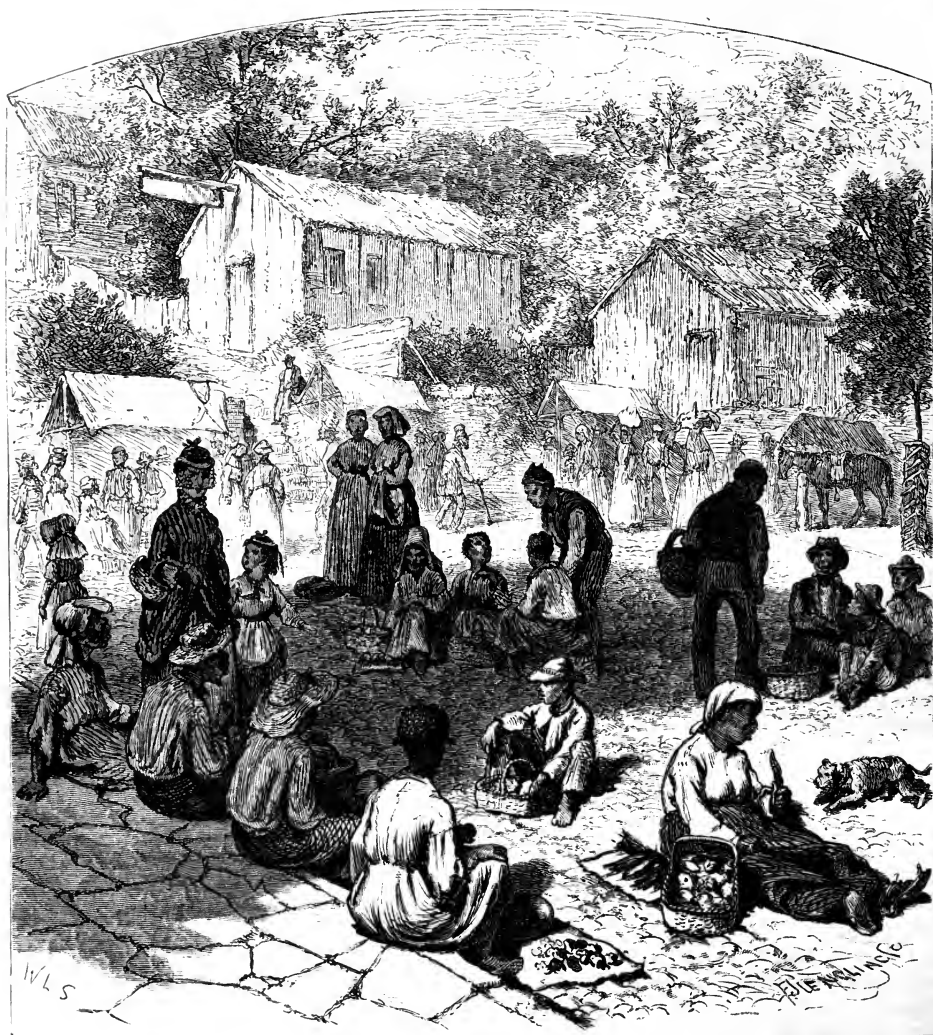


THE JAMES RIVER AT LYNCHBURG.

hands. The tide of war flowed all around it, but never mounted to the summit of the reddish hills on which it had safely perched. Its great natural advantages of situation will, in a few years, increase it from a city of twelve thousand population to a huge over-crowded railway center. It possesses superb and abundant water-power. Coal is to be had in the immediate neighborhood cheaper than in most of the other cities in the Atlantic States. Two important railway lines intersect at Lynchburg, the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio, now connecting Norfolk on the Atlantic with Memphis on the Mississippi, and destined also to connect Norfolk with Louisville on the Ohio; and the Washington City, Virginia Midland and Great Southern road which connects from Alexandria, in north-eastern Virginia, with Danville, in the southern part of the State, and forms a link in the Great Air Line between the cities on the Gulf and New York. The latter road opens to Lynchburg the whole Piedmont district, so rich in grains, grasses, fruits, tobacco, minerals and timber. The James River and Kanawha Canal now extends

from tide-water at Richmond, about two hundred miles through the center of the State, to a point near the base of the Alleghanies, but if carried to the Ohio, by means of liberal improvements in the Kanawha river, would revolutionize American internal commerce. This canal winds in pleasant curves between green banks through the mountains and at the bases of the Lynchburg hills; and the horn of the boatman is heard, making cheery melody at sunset. It was a grand mistake to locate the canal on the river level. People have grown somewhat wiser since 1841, when the route was opened to navigation, and now regret that they did not locate it high enough to secure the water-power. The Chesapeake and Ohio route runs a little to the north of Lynchburg.

Finding the old town standing so "amid the fertile lands," with such excellent chances for growth, the new-comer feels at first like reproaching its inhabitants, despite the shock which they received in the war, for not manifesting more zeal. But a careful examination shows that Lynchburg boasts a considerable activity. There are



THE OLD MARKET AT LYNCHBURG.

some thirty-five tobacco factories, employing great numbers of negroes, men, women and children. These negroes earn good wages, work faithfully, and turn out vast quantities of the black, ugly compound known as "plug," which has enslaved so many thousands, and promoted such a sublime disregard for the proprieties in the matter of expectoration. The appended note will give an idea of the trade of the tobacco district of which Lynchburg is the center.* In the manufactories the negro

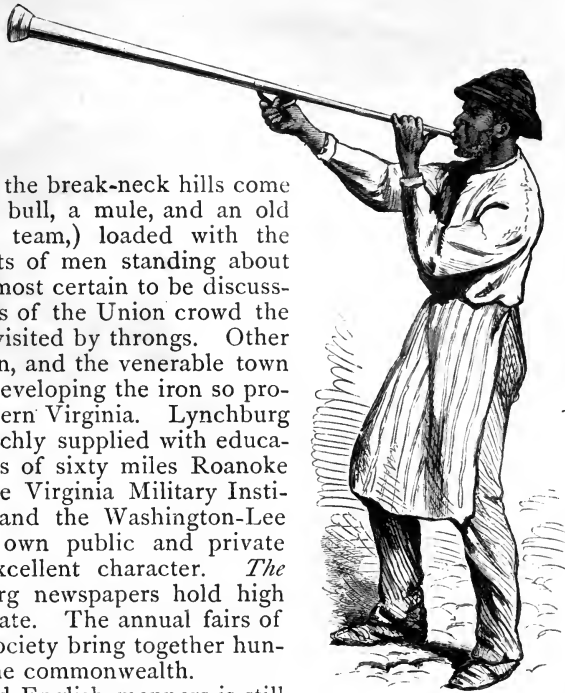
is the same cheery, capricious being that one finds him in the cotton or sugar-cane fields; he sings quaintly over his toil, and seems entirely devoid of the sullen ambition which our Northern factory laborers exhibit. The men and women, working together around the long tables in the base-

* A comparative statement of the tax paid on manufactured tobacco shipped from the Fifth District of Virginia, in the fiscal years of 1871-2 and 1872-3, shows that during the first period the amount manufactured was 5,351,894 pounds, on which was paid a tax of \$1,501,526; and for the latter

period 10,774,611 pounds, on which the taxation amounted to \$2,154,922.20. The total weight of tobacco, in hogsheads, in boxes, and "loose," inspected at Lynchburg from October 1, 1870, to October 1, 1871, was 17,425,439 pounds, of which 11,629,239 pounds were brought in loose or unpacked; and for the same period in 1871-2 the total weight was 14,323,708 pounds, more than ten million pounds of which quantity was brought in unpacked. Campbell, Bedford, Pittsylvania, Halifax, Charlotte, Appomattox, Amherst, Nelson, Rock-bridge, Botetourt, Roanoke, Franklin, Montgomery, Giles, Washington, Floyd, and Mercer counties furnish most of the tobacco received at Lynchburg.

ments of the Lynchburg tobacco establishments, croon eccentric hymns in concert all day long; and their little children, laboring before they are hardly large enough to go alone, join in the refrains. Tobacco is the main article of Lynchburg trade. Down the break-neck hills come the country wagons, (often with a bull, a mule, and an old mare harnessed together as the team,) loaded with the dark-yellow sheaves; and the knots of men standing about the parks and public places are almost certain to be discussing tobacco. Buyers from all parts of the Union crowd the streets; the warehouses are daily visited by throngs. Other manufactures are slowly creeping in, and the venerable town will probably yet do its share in developing the iron so profusely scattered through south-western Virginia. Lynchburg stands in the center of a region richly supplied with educational institutions. Within a radius of sixty miles Roanoke and Hampden Sidney Colleges, the Virginia Military Institute, the University of Virginia, and the Washington-Lee University, are all situated. Its own public and private schools are numerous and of excellent character. *The Virginian* and the other Lynchburg newspapers hold high rank among the journals of the State. The annual fairs of the Agricultural and Mechanical Society bring together hundreds of farmers from all parts of the commonwealth.

Something of the old Scotch and English manners is still perceptible among the people in this part of Virginia; and there are bits of dialect and phrase which show how little the communities have been affected during the last century by the influences



THE SUMMONS TO A TOBACCO SALE.



EVENING ON THE JAMES.

which have so transformed the populations of other sections of America. While England has gone on from change to change, and has even been capable of complete revolution in certain matters, Virginia has altered but little. Until now immigration has had no inducements to come and unlock the treasure-house of the grand mountains of the South-west, and so the people have lived under pretty much the same laws and customs that prevailed in England nearly two centuries ago. Yet the absence of the rushing, turbulent current of immigration has had its compensating advantages in allowing the growth of families in which hereditary love of culture and refinement, and the strictest attention to those graces and courtesies which always distinguish a pure and dignified society, are preëminently conspicuous.

South-western Virginia is a region which will in time be overrun by tourists and land speculators. The massive ramparts of the Alleghanies are pierced here and there by cuts through which crawls the line of the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad; and towns are springing up with almost Western rapidity. Stores of coal and iron are daily brought to light; and the farmer

of the old *régime* stares with wonder, not wholly unmixed with jealousy, at the smart new-comers who are agitating the subject of branch railroads and searching into the very entrails of the hills.

The sea-board link of the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio railroad was originally known as the Norfolk and Petersburg road, and was completed in 1858, under the direction of William Mahone, an engineer of decided talent. It was well and solidly built, and won for its constructors great praise. At the close of the war this line, the Southside, running from Petersburg to Lynchburg, and the Virginia and Tennessee road, extending from Lynchburg to Bristol, were in a lamentable condition, having been completely worn down by the heavy traffic and constant wear and tear during the great civil struggle. Owing to the superior manner of its construction it was capable of being placed in order easily, and at comparatively small cost. A measure for the consolidation of these roads, and their rebuilding and thorough equipment as a grand inter-State highway, was brought before the Virginia Legislature, and became the subject of much discussion. The engineer, Mahone, had been for many years prominent in the railway affairs of the commonwealth, and was now the foremost advocate of the unification measure. He had also been a brilliant fighter on the Confederate side, had gone through the struggle to the bitter end, and stood by Lee at Appomattox, and, as in the battle years he had been impetuous, persistent, and unsparing of self, so now, in the pursuit of this great scheme for a route from Norfolk to the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers, he was characterized by the same qualities. Ever since George Washington plainly pointed out the advantages of a route between the Atlantic coast and the Ohio river, the attention of Virginian statesmanship has been directed to the subject; but it remained for Gen. Mahone, with his clear logic and irresistible array of facts, to exercise the influence which finally brought about the needed legislation, and



COMING TO MARKET.

on the 12th of November, 1870, resulted in the organization of the present line, merging together the Norfolk and Petersburg, the "Southside," the Virginia and Tennessee, and the Virginia and Kentucky railroads. It is claimed that by the consolidation measure, there were placed under one management 500 miles of railroad lying upon the best and shortest location afforded by the continent between the centers of Western trade, and the finest harbors on the Atlantic sea-board, and that forming a continuous line, running east and west between the extreme western border of the State and the sea-board, it will bestow its trade within, and confer its benefits upon, towns and cities in the limits of Virginia; and, by building up large centers, will gradually reduce the rate of taxation levied upon the agricultural population. In its completed form, it will be, in the words of a distinguished Virginian, "a line which spans one-half the continent at its narrowest breadth, which begins at that point of the very sea-board nearest the western trade center, and reaches out, not only to the proper west in its middle, but also to the northwest and the south-west"—a line, in fact, which will make the Atlantic *via* Norfolk 351 miles nearer Louisville, 260 miles nearer Cincinnati, and 400 miles nearer Cairo, than *via* New York city. Traversing the most prosperous and fertile portion of Virginia, it diverges at Bristol, to penetrate, by means of its present and future connections, the entire south and south-west, and, *via* Cum-

berland Gap, the State of Kentucky and the huge north-west. The three railroads now composing this main line were placed under the management of Gen. Mahone, as early as 1869, (he having been successively chosen President of each one,) but they continued for some time afterwards to act under their separate charters.*

It was in the brilliant early autumn when I visited South-western Virginia. The foliage was at its completest still; the gay loungers at the pretty little fashion-resorts, scattered through the mountains, were giving their sprightliest balls before retiring to the solitude and routine of their plantations. The tobacco fields were yet resplendent with green. The farmers were fallowing the lands on the rich hill-sides for winter wheat. Every day the sun shone with inspiring splendor on the blue lines of monarch mountains, which, clothed in their beautiful forests, reared their high crests against the unclouded sky. I did



A SIDE STREET IN LYNCHBURG.

not wander along the winding canal in the recesses of the hills as far as the "Natural Bridge." It is a massive limestone arch covered with alluvial and clayey earth, that more than two hundred feet high sweeps across the ravine through which the beautiful Cedar Creek runs, forty miles from Lynchburg. But I promised myself a visit in the future, and made all speed for the other wonder of the surrounding country—the keen, sublime, and haughty "Peaks of Otter."

Talks with the farmers and business men along the road to "Liberty," whence one starts to visit the twin mountains, were full of information encouraging to would-be immigrants. Titles to land are usually good, because the estates rarely changed owners before the war, but descended from father to son, and one can more readily trace the title in Virginia on that account than in most of the other Southern States. The prices of land in the south-western section of the State, although somewhat influenced by local causes, and, therefore, a little perplexing to the stranger, are reasonably cheap. Land of the best quality can be had at from \$40 to \$80 per acre, and the ridges of the mountains for almost nothing. The present prices there are generally, on the whole, an advance on the old ones.

In Rockbridge, Botetourt, and Roanoke

* In 1866-7, before the three lines above-mentioned were placed under one general management, the number of tons transported upon them was 145,000. During the year ending September 30, 1872, the amount transported by the consolidated line was 305,000 tons. In 1866-7, the average charge per ton per mile, was five and a-quarter cents, in 1871-2 it was two and three-fourths cents. This great reduction of rate was followed by an increase of revenue from \$1,000,000 in 1866-7, to \$1,069,000 in 1871-2, and for 1872-3, to over two millions. The Norfolk and Petersburg road was in active operation as an independent road in 1860. Its entire revenue for that fiscal year was \$96,621.74. That same division of the consolidated road earned for the year ending September 30, 1872, \$376,531. The cotton transported over this route all goes to Norfolk, except that taken by the Petersburg and Richmond Mills, which is yearly increasing. The number of bales carried in 1871-2 was 130,000; in 1872-3, 177,000, coming mainly from Memphis, Selma, Nashville, Huntsville and Dalton. Some of the other, and no less important fruits of the consolidation measure, are seen in the following statistics: In 1866-7 the quantity of minerals transported was but 13,000 tons; in 1871-2 it was 31,000 tons. In 1866-7, the weight of live stock moved was three thousand tons; in 1871-2 it was fifteen thousand. The contrast in the amount of wheat is still more striking: it has increased from seventeen thousand bushels in 1866-7, to two hundred and sixty-three thousand bushels in 1871-2. In this same latter year there were delivered to Virginia cities, eighty-eight thousand tons of agricultural and mineral products, and forty-seven thousand tons were sent North.

counties, all surprisingly rich in resources, lands have declined in value so that they may be purchased at excellent bargains. In the Upper Piedmont counties prices are variable, but under the impetus given them by a steady English immigration show a tendency to rise. In Bedford, Amherst, Nelson, Campbell, and Appomattox counties, there are thousands of acres of good grazing and fruit lands to be bought for from \$2 to \$5 per acre; while farms of the best quality, easily accessible to market, are sold at from \$10 to \$30. In the James River Valley great numbers of slaves were held before the war. Emancipation ruined hundreds of planters and farmers, and caused a decline in the price of the lands. Many a fine old Colonial estate is in market at a small sum. The bottom lands in this attractive valley have been cultivated for two centuries, but are still fertile and unexhausted. The staples in the hill-country in the vicinity of Lynchburg are mainly wheat, Indian corn, oats, hay, and tobacco. The fruits are unrivaled, and along the eastern slopes of the Blue Ridge Mountains the grape flourishes luxuriantly, and needs no protection from the cold. The farmers in the James River Valley say that the bottom lands there will yield from sixty to one hundred bushels of corn to the acre.

The taxes are not heavy. On real estate in the counties they amount to one per cent, and the property is usually rated at only two-thirds of its cash value. Negro farm labor can be engaged for from \$8 to \$12 per month, with board; but "board" means only rations of bacon, molasses, and corn, which the negro is supposed to cook for himself. In the forests of the hill country black walnut, cherry, and maple abound, and the oak, locust, chestnut, hickory, and pine are spread over one-half of the surface of the counties of the Piedmont section. Here and there one notices rank growths of pines, poplars, and locusts, which have sprung up on the neglected land, whose owners no longer have any capital to employ in their cultivation. There is a constitutional provision, allowing each head of a family to hold, exempt from any process of execution or levy, real and personal property to the amount of \$2,000. One-fifth of the tax-money is devoted to the uses of free schools; but I am inclined to believe that in back sections of most of the counties these schools do not flourish to any extent—not so much because of any hostility towards them, as because of the general apathy of the native farming population on the subject of education.

Tenderly outlined against the exquisite pearl-gray of the morning sky was the



IN A TOBACCO FACTORY.

Blue Ridge, as I looked at it from the windows of the little inn of Liberty, the shire town of Bedford county, which is the point of departure for the Peaks of Otter. I noticed but little life or activity in the long street on Liberty hill; some negroes were at work in one or two tobacco warehouses; farmers were bustling in on the red country roads leading towards the purplish hill-background; and miles away two sharp, yet symmetrical peaks, connected by a gap, perched high up on the Blue Ridge chain, sprang into view. There were the mighty twins! Two splendid guardians of the sweet valley spread out at their bases, they rose in indescribable grandeur. Where they take root in the gradually ascending earth, a capricious creek, the Otter, from which they get their name, eddies and bubbles and ripples in poetic confusion through rich fields, and by humble farm-dwellings, and granaries fashioned from the mountain trees. The northern and highest peak is rarely visited; it rises to 5307 feet above the level of the sea. The other, more symmetrical in shape,—something like an enormous pyramid, and capped by a chaotic mass of rock reaching seemingly into the clouds,—we determined to scale.

The negro livery-man had promised us a "hack," and consequently arrived with a red spring wagon, perched high upon four clumsy wheels, and drawn by two unambitious horses. The road, for a mile or two after leaving Liberty, was good; then we fell upon the ordinary back country route in Virginia, which is simply abominable. Square brick mansions,—with an air of solid respectability,—standing in the middle of green and well-kept lawns, occupied the environs of the town; but we gradually left them, and passing through stretches of forest, along the beds of dis-solute creeks which seemed determined not to go in the narrow way accorded them by nature, and by fields rich in culture, and abounding in delicious foliage, we began to climb around the mountain base.

A vagrant road, skulking apparently away from the sun's all-scrutinizing eyes; now huddling under oaks, and now scurrying up a slope thinly wooded, as if anxious to get to cover once more; now toiling over masses of stones, lying loosely in the soil; now, with sudden boldness, majestically coursing along a plateau whence we could see the valley spread out like a map; now catching a glimpse of the overhanging peak toward which we toiled, and, as if

frightened at it, entering the wood forthwith. The cabins by the way were rude; rail-fences, chin high, ran by the front doors; the cow-yards were the most conspicuous objects near the houses; log barns were partially filled with hay, and tobacco hung from the rafters; white-headed children peered suspiciously through the fences. A hundred times, glancing upward, we could see the pinnacle apparently suspended in mid air. It seemed remote from, and disconnected with, the hill up which we toiled. It frowned upon us like a giant specter.

At last, reaching the gap, more than three thousand feet above sea-level, we saw a pyramid of rough soil thickly sown with trees, and dotted with cabins in a few clearings. On the right, the northern peak showed its wooded sides, where the bear still wanders undisturbed; and a little in front of us stood the primitive hotel, surrounded by flourishing orchards. The vine grows with surprising luxuriance along these mountains, the dry air and genial warmth giving every encouragement for the largest experimenting in vineyards.

We now began gradually to master the ascent, and after half an hour of painful climbing over rudest roads, and a long scramble up an almost perpendicular hill-side, we came to a nook in the forest, where a high rock seemed to offer an impassible barrier; but a path on a narrow ledge led around it. We stumbled forward, dizzy with the effort, and stood on the summit.

Jagged and irregular masses of rock projected over a tremendous abyss, into which we hardly dared to look. A strong wind blew steadily across the height. We could not help fancying that some of the masses of stone, apparently so tightly suspended, might fall and crush us. Under the great dome of the translucent sky we stood trembling, shut off from the lower world, and poised on a narrow pinnacle, from which we might at any moment, by an unwary step, be hurled down. An old stone cabin, which had once served as the lodging for such adventurous persons as desired to see sunrise from the peak, but which had been partially destroyed during the war, was perched on one of the corners of the mighty crag; from it a slender board was laid to a sharp corner in the uppermost cliff, and up that we scrambled. Then making our way on to the topmost stone, so delicately balanced that



IN THE GAP OF THE PEAKS OF OTTER.

it sometimes sways and trembles in the wind, we gazed down on the valley of Virginia. In front of us, looking over fertile Bedford County, it seemed a garden; from point to point gleamed the spires and roofs of villages; mountains of every imaginable shape rose on all sides; and the forests at the edges of the gaps in the Blue Ridge seemed delicate fringes of purple. We could trace the massive and curving ranges of the Alleghanies, and the rudely-gullied sides of the nearest peaks. Their reddish soil, showing up strongly under the bright sun, produced a magical effect. Nowhere were the adjacent peaks, however, so near as to lessen the sublime illusion of seeming suspension in mid-air, produced by our climb to the highest rock of the peak. The cabins along the roads below looked like black dots; the men at work in the fields like ants. From the rocky throne one seemed to have the whole map of Virginia spread out before him; and the backbone of the Alleghanies appeared but as a toy, which one might stride over, or displace at will.

At every turn throughout this region

there are loveliest mountain views. One has lost sight of the twin peaks of Otter ere he arrives at Blue Ridge Springs, a charming resort ensconced in a nook between two huge ridges, situated upon the railroad, and connected with the outer world by telegraph and numerous daily trains. The waters are noted for their efficacy in special cases. The route continues through a rich farming country, and passes hill-sides covered with flourishing vineyards. The farmers on the ridges are quiet and well-disposed folk. Corn fields grow up to the very doors of their humble houses. The negroes have little patches of land, here and there, and seem industrious in their cultivation. Chalybeate and sulphur springs are the attractions, around which revolves all summer long a pleasant *coterie* from the extreme South. The spring region of this section of Virginia is crowded from July until the last of October with

Southern visitors. The mountain-passes about Blue Ridge Springs, the delightful roads running out therefrom to Coyner's and Bonsack's, the lovely stretches of the Roanoke Valley, the mystic recesses of the hills about "Alleghany," the sweet tranquility of the Montgomery White Sulphur, and the half dozen other retreats in the vicinity, are all sought by the over-worked and climate-worn who have come thousands of miles for a sniff of fresh air. The railroad, seeking a way through the most practicable passes of the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge, has established stations convenient to all these springs. For fifty miles the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio route runs through a wild and romantic section, abounding in richest mineral springs, as well as in minerals of value. The most noticeable of the fashion-resorts are the "Alleghany" and the "Montgomery White." Both have long been famous among Southerners; and hundreds of Northern pleasure-seekers now find their way there yearly. Alleghany Springs, in Montgomery County, are near the Roanoke river, at the eastern foot of

the Alleghany Mountains. The hotel, surrounded by a chain of picturesque and comfortable cottages, is only three miles from the railroad, and in all directions there are ravines and recesses containing some of the great wonders which Nature has so lavishly scattered through the State. The saline waters which are abundant at Alleghany draw around them hosts of invalids, and the more robust visitors find health and pleasure in the exploration of such rocky cañons as Puncheon Run Falls, where, through the rent side of the hill a foamy series of cascades leap down two thousand feet into abysses, shrouded in leaves and vines, where the black mosses cling to the blacker rocks; where the laurel sways rhythmically to the music of the spray, and the somber refrain of the fall. He who would see billowy mountains, rolling miles and miles away, should climb to "Fisher's View," at a short distance from Alleghany. Along the by-ways of this region he will meet the rustic clad in homespun, with an ancient rifle slung at his shoulder, and will be surprised at his uncouth speech and quaint suspicions of the traveler. The mountaineer looks scornfully upon the crowds of city butterflies who flit back and forth through his country retreats in summer, and stands, dumb with amazement, before the doors of

the hotel ball-room, through which he sees the gleam of rich costumes and the sparkle of jewels.

The routine at all the springs is much the same. The hotel is usually a roomy building, surrounded by porches or verandas, and stands in the middle of a green lawn, dotted with the white oak or some other of the superb trees abounding in the Virginia mountains. In the hotel the ball and dining-rooms and the general reception parlor are grouped; while in the small, neatly-painted, one-story cottages, ranged in rows, equi-distant from the hotel, the visitors are lodged. There is a host of attentive and polite colored serving men and women, ex-valets and ex-nurses of the "before-the-war" epoch, and they will tell you, with pardonable pride, "I used to belong to ole Mars' —," mentioning some name famous in the annals of slave proprietorship. Here, one can thus establish the charm and seclusion of his own home, and combine with it the benefits accruing from a sojourn at a watering-place. Society, which is usually very good, crystallizes in the parlors of the hotels and in the ball-rooms, where bands of colored musicians discourse the latest themes of Strauss and Gungl. When one tires of dancing and of the promenades to the "springs," there are the mountains, and the strolls along

ridges thousands of feet above the level of the sea, where the air is always pure and inspiring. There is no gaming, save an innocent whist party by some sleepy old boys who lurk in the porches, keeping out of the strong morning sun; there is no Saratogian route of carriage and drag; no crowded street, with ultra style predominant in every costume; nothing but simplicity, sensible enjoyment, and excellent taste. In the sunny mornings the ladies and

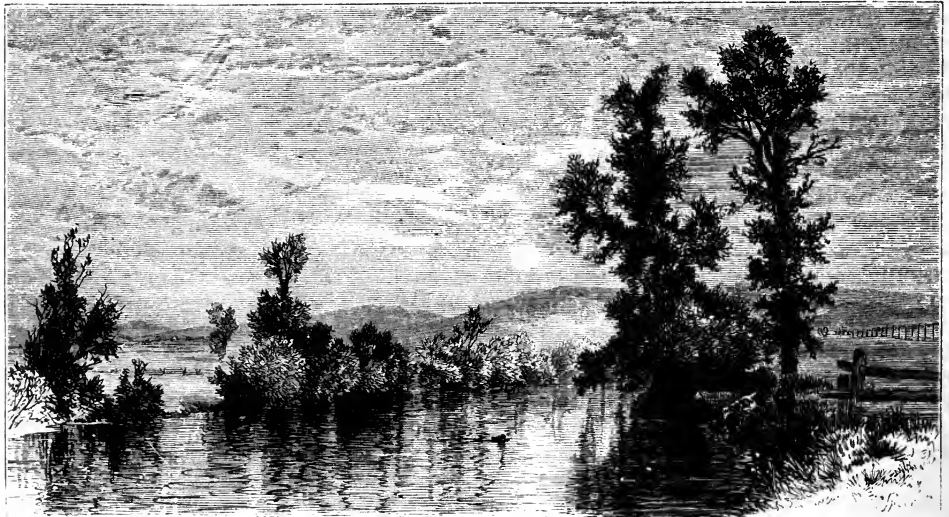


MAKING SALT AT SALTVILLE.

their cavaliers wander about the mountain pathways; dress does not exact homage until dinner-time, and the children join with their parents in the strolls and promenades, followed by the venerable "aunties," black and fat, who seem indispensable appendages to every Southern family having young children.

Montgomery White Sulphur Springs lie even nearer to the main route of travel than those of Alleghany. A pleasant ride of a mile and a half on a horse-railroad brings one to a lawn, planted round about with fine trees, and watered by a rippling brook. The hotel and cottage buildings are comfortable and elegant; the sulphur and chalybeate springs are daily visited by hundreds in the season; and the ragged

This spring region, abounding in all the resources for the restoration of health and energy, and so rich in natural beauty, is as yet comparatively unknown to the mass of Northern and Western people. For cheapness of price and for convenience of access it has in America hardly any equal; and in Europe but few watering-places can claim any superior advantages of that nature. When the great commonwealth is thoroughly developed, these beautiful summer resorts will gradually become large towns, and the charm of the restful stillness, the possibility of intimate communion with some of nature's grandest phases which they now afford, will be gone. The mob of the summer grand tour will rob the Virginia springs of their chief charm.

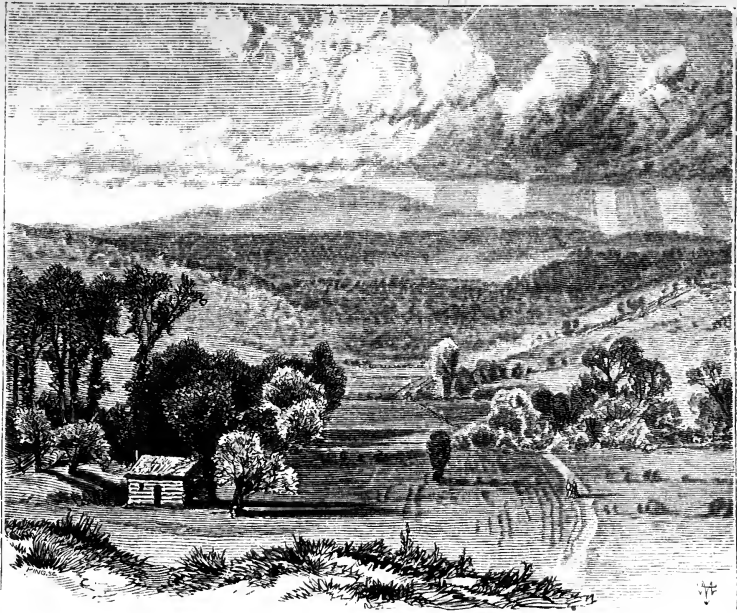


VIEW NEAR SALEM.

spur of the Alleghanies which backs the lawn is traversed by smooth, well-kept roads, over which visitors are daily caracoling on the brisk mountain horses. At the season's height Southern statesmen, lawyers, planters, journalists, ex-warriors, poets and speculators make the Montgomery White their rendezvous; and illuminations, balls, tournaments and meetings follow one upon the other. Four miles southwest are the "Yellow Sulphur Springs," loftily situated near the headwaters of the Roanoke, and reached from the railway via Christiansburg. These springs are noted as a quiet resort for families, and the waters are celebrated for the cure of children's diseases, and are said to impart a rare purity to the complexion of women.

A journey from the Tennessee line, northward toward Lynchburg, gave me enlarged ideas of the possibilities of South-western Virginia. The bustling town of Bristol is popularly supposed to bestride the line between Virginia and Tennessee, and consequently has a double municipal existence. Two mayors and two sets of minor municipal officers have jurisdiction within its limits. It is a pretty collection of neat houses and busy shops, ranged along lightly-sloping hills; and beyond the Tennessee boundary, the blue range of the Iron Mountains stands out sharply against the clear sky. The streets are usually crowded with wagon trains, immense canvas-covered vehicles, drawn by sober mules, and driven by brawny, long-

bearded back-woodsmen, or by tattered and slouching negroes. These trains ply back and forth, along the difficult routes not yet reached by any railways, and at night the men and mules camp together under the open sky. Stout farmers, splashed with the reddish mud of the roads, rattle up and down the main avenues on alert little horses. At evening the through train from New Orleans, bound for New York, shrieks the note of warning as it rolls into the

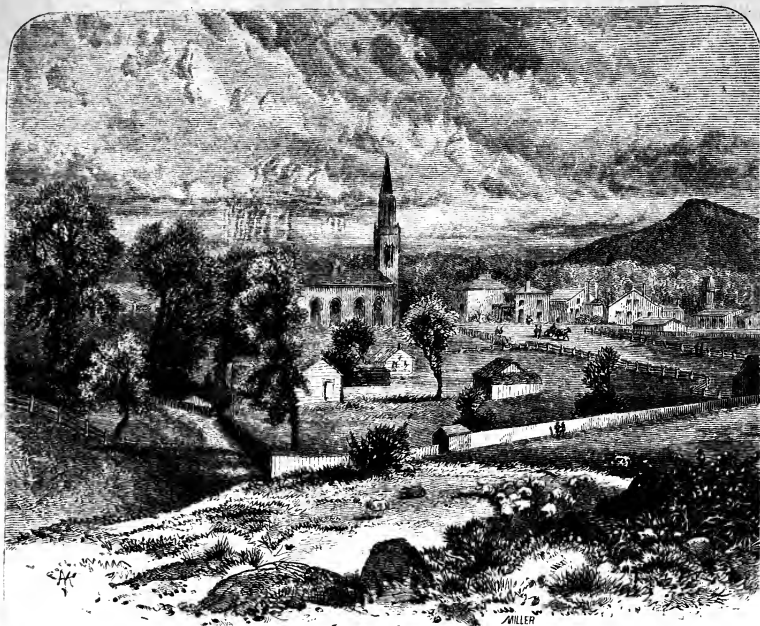


WHITE TOP MOUNTAIN—FROM GLADE SPRINGS.

overcrowded depot, and the passengers pour out to the roomy, old-fashioned brick hotel, and, seated on wooden stools around a long table, absorb the smoking fragments of hot chicken and corn-bread set before them. Here and there the noise of factory-wheels is heard, and the hills are crowned with neat edifices containing flourishing schools. On the Tennessee side stands King's College, supported by the Presbyterian Church South, and there are also one or two excellent seminaries for women. The eighteen hundred people settled at Bristol seem prosperous and contented, as they may well be, in view of the chances for future growth, which the rapid multiplication of railway lines with important connections is to give the town. The extension of the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad from Bristol to Cumberland Gap, will develop a rich country; and when Bristol is receiving the great currents of traffic directly from Memphis and Louisville, it will fully merit the title now and then given it, of "the most active town in Virginia." The "Natural Tunnel," forty-two miles from Bristol, near the ford of the Clinch River, is a passage, about eight hundred feet in length, through battlements of solid stone. The vaults of the tunnel here and there rise to the height of eighty feet; and where the arch finally terminates

in the mountain slope, there is a sheer precipice five hundred feet high. In a few years, it is confidently expected, a railroad will find its way through this wonderful tunnel, and the locomotive's scream will be heard on the path over which Daniel Boone painfully toiled, more than a century ago, on his pioneering pilgrimage to the Kentucky wilds. Straight across Powell's Mountain and Powell's Valley to the rock-ribbed Cumberland range runs the projected route of the railway which is to forge one more link in the great chain binding the West to the East. The whole region adjacent to the main road leading to Cumberland Gap is rich in tradition and natural wonders. Not far from the Natural Tunnel is a massive cave, in whose chambers hang thousands of stalactites; and near the little town of Estillville, in Scott county, are the "Holston Springs," where chalybeate, thermal and white sulphur waters rise out of springs within a few hand-breadths of each other. Around Estillville the lands are rich in minerals; iron and copper abound; and the lead deposits along the Clinch River have long been considered remarkable.

The journey backward towards Lynchburg took me through Abingdon, a flourishing trade center in Washington county, and to Glade Springs, whence I turned aside to Saltville, a busy town connected



WYTHEVILLE, VA.

with the outer world by a branch railroad running in among the queer hill-knoobs filled with plaster, and through the valleys where salt-wells are sunk. The country round about, until one reaches the Alleghany ridge, is not unlike that portion of England lying near Eastbourne, where the chalk hills, sparsely covered with grass, abound. Saltville is a neat manufacturing village, nestling in a valley near a defile in Walker's mountain. The basin of salt-water there yields nearly eighty per cent., and, ever since a Scotchman named King opened a well in 1780, the salines have been extensively worked. During the last war the Confederacy depended almost entirely upon these works for salt, and the tremendous draft of ten thousand bushels per day was promptly met by the wells. About two thousand men were constantly employed; the town was thoroughly fortified; each Southern State had its private establishment, and the various furnaces are to-day known by the names of the States which originally established them. There was some savage fighting along the mountain sides, and in the defiles when General Stoneman tried to force his way into Saltville, and destroy the precious stores; but, after a severe repulse, he succeeded in gaining possession and burning everything. The stock company, now owning and work-

ing the wells, manufacture but three thousand bushels of salt daily, sending it mainly to the Southern markets. Great stores of gypsum are annually mined and prepared for fertilizers in this valley, where, also, there are some superb model farms, wellstocked, and separated one from another by beautiful hedges. Not far from Saltville is Clinch Mountain, over which the traveler to Tazewell county, a wonderfully

beautiful mountain region, must climb. The fighting around Saltville was severest at the time that Burbridge came from Kentucky, intending to break up the Confederate works there. It was, it is said, the first fight in which colored troops entered as an important element, and the slaughter of them, as they came struggling up the difficult hill-sides, is said by eye-witnesses to have been dreadful. About six thousand troops were engaged on each side.

In Tazewell county, twenty-five miles from the line of the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio road, coal crops out literally everywhere. It furnishes a rich field for investment. The mountain population is rude, but, as a rule, law-abiding and sensible. Along the valley of the Clinch river, in this county, are many stretches of fertile fields, contrasting strangely with the rocky cliffs rising around them. "Wolf Creek Knob," clad in laurel and ivy, and "Dial Rock," near Jeffersonville, are worthy many visits. Railroads, schools and mines will give this county great riches, and a much needed increase of education in a few years. The dialect of the people is strange and hard; their hospitality is unbounded, and their love for the peaks, among which they raise their droves of cattle, horses, and hogs, amounts to devotion. Their homes are cleanly, although simple almost beyond

belief; their manners are frank, and their instincts usually noble.

At Marion Court-House—a pleasant village near the Brush Mountain—and a fair type of the average Virginian county seat, we arrived at a time when the Conservative candidate for Governor of the State, General Kemper, was addressing the citizens of the county. We had hastened from Glade Springs, foregoing the pleasure of a visit to the beautiful "Whitetop" Mountain, that we might hear the candidate, and see his constituents. Marion consists mainly of one long street, on one side of which is the court-house, with a lawn in front, and a stout jail in the rear. It was court-day as well as a political occasion; and the farmers had assembled from many miles around. The negroes are very numerous in the vicinage; but, constituting a party by themselves, did not flock about the court-house, although two of the better class of them lingered about, as if appointed as reporters. The court-room in which the political meeting was held, after the session of the court had been adjourned over for a day in deference to the discussion of pending issues, was small and destitute of seats. The farmers and town residents dropped in at intervals during the lucid and fluent speech made by General Kemper, and listened for some little time with respectful attention, although they did not seem to take that thrilling interest in the irrepressible conflict which I had been led to expect. The speeches of the candidate and his friends were somewhat condemnatory of the administration's course with regard to certain Southern States. It was evident

that the hearers present, with the exception of the negroes, were all of one mind, and would vote the Conservative ticket without fail. But as soon as the farmers had seen the candidate of their party for governor, and heard him make a few remarks, many of them strolled back upon the lawn, and began discussing crops, and comparing notes on horses. They regarded the election of the Conservative ticket in the State as a foregone conclusion, and were apparently tired of all political talk, preferring to attend to their home matters, and the bettering of their agricultural prospects, rather than to a revival of past memories. By noon many of them had completed their errands, and were riding out of town on their smart horses, as grimly and silently as they had entered.

The negroes seemed to consider the Conservative triumph as certain; and those who were intelligent were basing all hope of an improvement in their condition on the influences of time rather than on anything else. They hope to make education general among their race; and, during the four years that the Conservatives will remain in power, they think that a more intelligent groundwork of politics may be formed. In the back counties it is found difficult to establish the free common school on a good and reliable basis; but, certainly, both whites and blacks enjoy excellent school facilities in most of the larger towns. A careful canvass of the counties in southwestern Virginia, and the Piedmont district in 1872, shows that, while there was still some marked opposition to the free

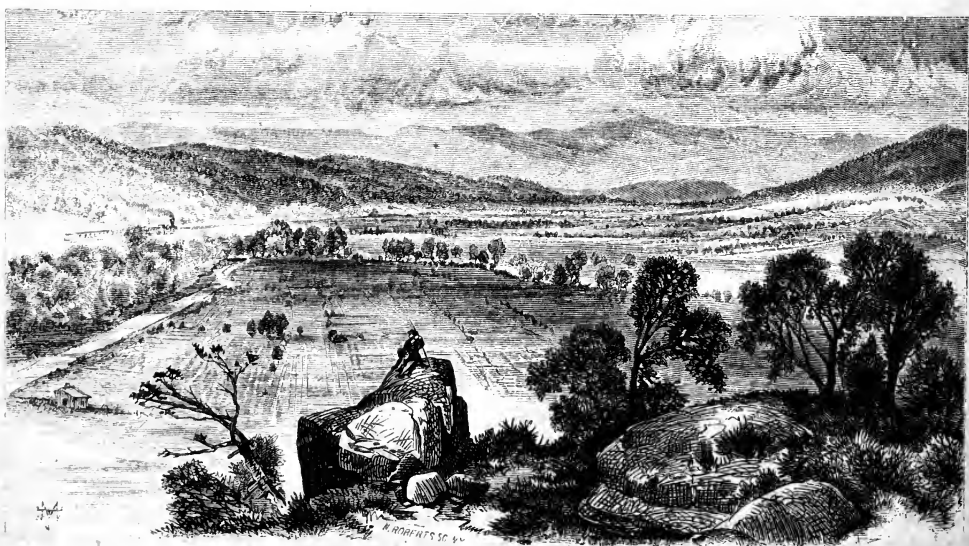


MAX MEADOWS.

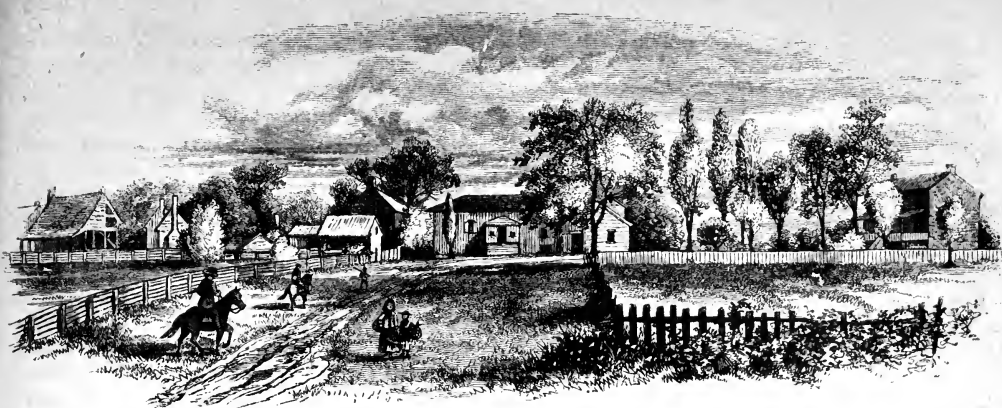
public school, the sentiment of the mass was gradually becoming favorable to it. There seems no inclination on the part of the majority of the whites to hinder the negro from educating himself as much as he wishes; and, although some resistance to the collection of taxes for school purposes was anticipated at the time the system went into operation, in 1870, there never has been any worthy of the name. The negroes in many of the counties manifest more eagerness to enter school than do the whites, but they are not always willing to pay something to support the school. On the whole, great progress has been made; the Peabody fund has done, and still does good work in Bristol, Abingdon, Marion, Salem, Wytheville and Lynchburg; the number of school edifices is increasing, and good teachers are more readily procured than at the outset. The mass of the people throughout that region, as in other parts of Virginia, would, I think, prefer that the Legislature should take the responsibility of raising funds to support the schools. At present the supervisors and judges in each county have the power to regulate the local school taxes, and the result of this is, that the school trustees, who are required by law to provide good school edifices for the pupils, have not the money with which to build them. But experience and improved sentiment are gradually regulating all these matters.

Near Marion, and in the mountains back

of the town, the deposits of iron ores promise to be very rich, and furnaces will soon be established there. Barytes has long been mined in the vicinity. In the adjoining county, at Wytheville, a pretty town lying on the western slope of a spur of the Alleghanies, two thousand feet above tide-water, we saw fine specimens of coal, iron, lead and zinc ore, mined in the vicinity. The Austinville lead mines, near by, have been worked for more than a century. All the zinc is at present transported to the Eastern States before being smelted. A little more than six miles from Wytheville several extensive coal veins have been opened, and ample stores of limestone are found near these veins, so that furnaces and rolling mills would get their material ready to hand, if erected at such an excellent point on the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio line as Wytheville. The water power in the vicinity is magnificent. A little beyond lie Kent's Mill and Max Meadows, the latter a lovely pastoral landscape dotted with fine stock. To Max Meadows zinc and pig-iron are brought in large quantities from the country between the station and the North Carolina mountain frontier. In that section there are also extensive lead and shot works, and silver enough is scattered in the zinc beds to pay the men mining the latter for their work. At Dublin, a little village in the midst of fertile fields, there are large iron interests. This is a depot



THE ROANOKE VALLEY.



APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE, VA.

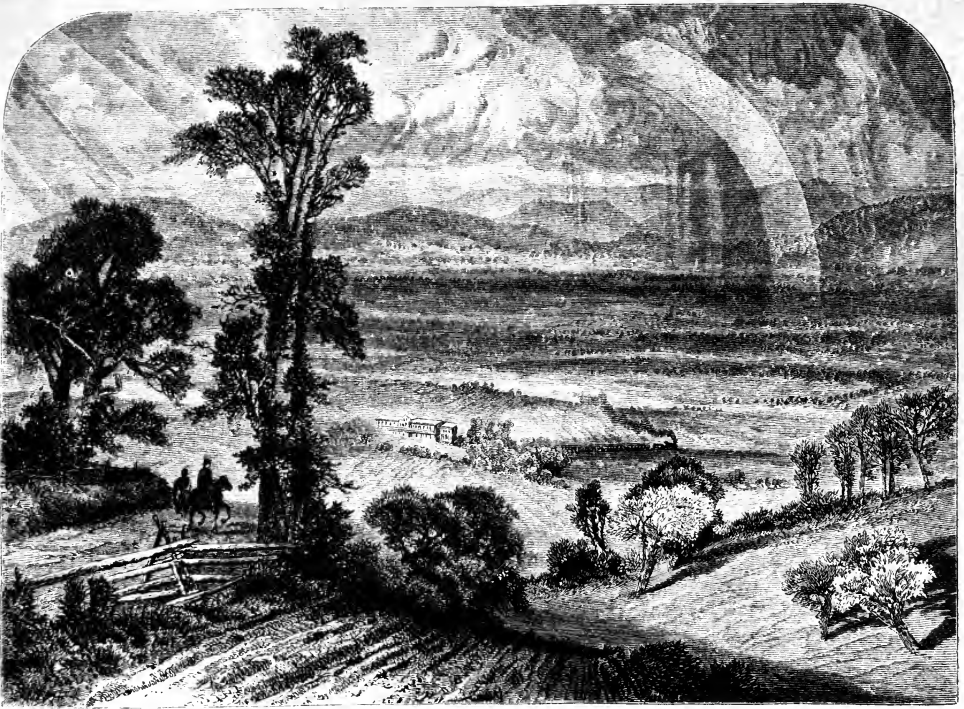
from whence large shipments of the celebrated short-horn beef cattle are made. As soon as the railway now prompting the growth of these interests can shoot out its feeders on either side, the number of tons of minerals annually exported from Virginia will be quadrupled. Not far from this point the Radford Iron Works of Philadelphia are shipping pig-iron from a newly erected furnace.

The banks of New River are so lovely in the autumn time, that we determined not to hasten by them in the express train, so we mounted upon a hand car, which the strong arms of two stout negroes sent down grades at thirty, and up the toilsome ascents at five miles an hour. The river, a few miles beyond Dublin, is broad and wonderfully clear, mirroring in its placid breast the verdure-bordered banks, and the rich foliage of the forests along the cliffs, to whose sides the railway confidently clings. Traversing the stream, and mounting a little hill, we caught a view of "Bald Knob." The bare poll of the venerable mountain was touched by the afternoon sunlight as we looked, and the great height formed an admirable background to the richly broken landscape along the river-side. One may make a pleasant voyage on the New River from this point to Eggleston's Springs, twenty-five miles further down the current, taking one of the many bateaux which ply constantly on the stream, and simply drifting on the lazy wave until the destination is reached. Within easy distance of these springs one comes upon the greatest natural wonder of the Virginian mountains,—a pond or lake, sunk in a kind of earth-cup, having no visible source, on a height four thousand

five hundred feet above the level of the sea. It has been forming and enlarging for more than sixty years, and is now about three-quarters of a mile long by a third of a mile wide. Hundreds of submerged trees can be seen beneath its pellucid surface; and a line hundreds of feet long, if let down into the waters, will not touch bottom. Higher up, in the same range, is the "Bald Knob," the view from whose summit is considered quite as grand as that from the Peak of Otter.

A little beyond New River we stopped at a primitive coal station, where great heaps of the black diamonds, newly brought from "Brush Mountain," were lying. Inquiring the name of the mine, a bystander answered, "The mountain is all coal, and every farmer is his own miner."

At Christiansburg, which is in the spring region, we were not far from the site of the new State Agricultural and Mechanical College at Blacksburg. The "farm" attached to the college comprises two hundred and fifty acres, lying in the fertile "Valley of Virginia," and with veins of coal of superior quality, and large bodies of timber within easy reach. Climbing over the huge grades which dominate the Alleghanies at this point, and passing through the deep cuts in the rock-ribbed hills near the stations giving access to Montgomery White Sulphur and Alleghany Springs, we came suddenly upon the delicious expanse of the Roanoke Valley, bathed in the splendid shimmer of an afternoon autumn sun, and fading into delicate colored shadows where the mountains rose gently, as if loth to leave the lovely and lowly retreat. The vale was filled with wheat and corn fields, and with perfect meadows, through which



BLUE RIDGE SPRINGS.

ran little brooks gleaming in the sun. After crossing the Roanoke River we came into a region covered with fine fields of tobacco, which extended far up the hillsides. Just below is the pleasant station of "Big Spring," to which we had been gradually descending for some time on the high cliffs along the side of the Roanoke Valley. At Big Spring a profusion of iron and copper ore has been found. Salem, the site of Roanoke College, is surrounded by charming hills, and stands in one of the richest agricultural regions in the United States. Throughout the adjacent sections the farmers are very well-to-do, many owning from twelve to thirteen hundred acres of land, worth \$80 to \$90 per acre. Tobacco and the cereals are grown there in large quantities. Salem and "Big Lick," just beyond, export immense quantities of cereals. Salem stands at the head of navigation on the Roanoke, and communicates with Weldon, in North Carolina. Here, too, it is hoped that a road, opening up the Shenandoah Valley, will connect with the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio line.

The wealth of this region is by no means developed yet. South-western Virginia

proper, which remained so long unexplored, after the Valley and the Potomac shores had been carefully studied, has a grand future. As a field for immigrants who have capital and intelligence, for the better class of large farmers, and for workers in metal, it cannot be surpassed. An empire in itself, with every resource conceivable, it is not wonderful that that rare warrior, General Lee, boasted that he "could carry on the war for twenty years from those western mountains."

The journey from Lynchburg to Petersburg calls up many memories. Eight years ago the mad rush of desperate and final battle swept across it. From the log and earth parapets of Five Forks, where Pickett's forces met their doom at the hands of Sheridan; from the Appomattox and from Hatcher's Run; from Fort Gregg, where the splendid Mississippians held on against hope and fate until nearly all of them had perished; from the entrenchments of deserted Petersburg; from Burkesville; from the road to Jetersville, over which Sheridan and the "Fifth" went clattering; from Amelia Court-house and from Sailor's Creek; from the High Bridge and from Cumberland Church

near Farmville, where Mahone made his heroic stand, and would not be driven; from all the bloody and memorable fields which stretch, sunlit and peaceful now, from the hills around Petersburg to the village of Appomattox Court-house, come echoes which recall to us some faint impressions of the splendor and the grandeur of that last resistance of the broken army of Northern Virginia. Along the line of rail where now currents of trade flow stronger and more steadily than in the most prosperous days of the old *régime*, raged a gigantic struggle, the very traces of which seem to have passed away. Now and then the eye catches the outline of a grass-grown entrenchment, in the midst of some well-cultivated field; but there are notably few marks of that wild series of battles by day and flights and pursuits by night, which ended when Gordon, with the advance guard of Lee's exhausted army, had charged successfully against the cavalry ranged in front of him, only to find that behind that cavalry were the blue infantry lines, which foretold the necessity of surrender.

There is nothing especially interesting in Appomattox Court-house. The little village lies at a short distance from the railway station, around which a host of idle negroes are always lounging, and is silent and destitute of picturesqueness. The house where Lee and Grant arranged the terms of surrender is pointed out to the Northern visitor; but aside from its associations, it has nothing to recommend it to attention. The surrounding country, however, is quite beautiful. Farmville, so memorable for the battles in its vicinity, seems alert and full of energy; it has the stamp of a New England town in the vivacity of its streets, as I saw them. It has long been an important tobacco market, and the people are prosperous and progressive. Hampden Sidney College is not many miles away; and a short distance below the town is the famous "High Bridge," simply a railway viaduct, where Gen-

eral Mahone had proposed, in those terrible days of April, 1865, to make one of his stubborn fights, but whence he was forced to fall back to his position at the church. The fields on which one looks down from this great bridge,—a triumph of engineering,—were beautifully cultivated in tobacco and corn. The valley was delicious in color, as I passed through it in an autumn sunlight. Below Burkesville the cotton fields were numerous; acres were white with the pretty shrub's blossoms, and the entrenchments of eight years ago were here and there covered with them. Entering Petersburg, one sees many signs of commercial prosperity; along the railroad line in the suburbs are large cotton mills, and the much beleaguered town now echoes to the whirr of spindles and the ring of hammers on tobacco-hogsheads.

The negroes were slightly in the majority in Petersburg at the time of my visit. As at Lynchburg, the Northerner is at first amazed by the mass of black and yellow faces. The hackman who shrieks in your ear, the brakeman on the train, the waiter in the hotel, all are African. In the tobacco factories hundreds of dusky forms are toiling, and an equal number are amusing themselves by slouching in the sunshine. On the day of my visit a colored mason-



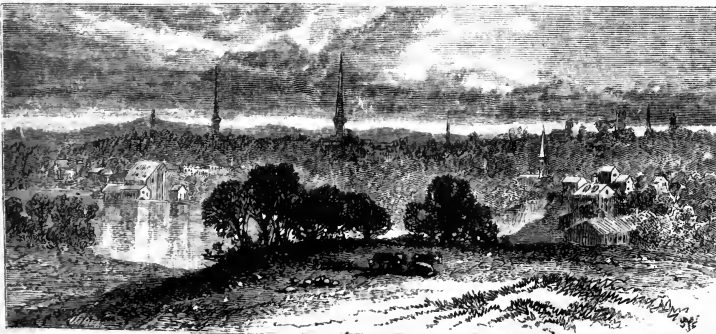
OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH—PETERSBURG VA.

ic excursion had arrived from Richmond, and the streets were filled with stout negro men, decently clothed, and their wives and sweethearts, attired in even louder colors than those known to the taste of Northern servant girls. Each was talking vociferously; officials, sweating at every pore, rushed to and fro, exhibiting flaunting regalia; bands thundered, and urchins screamed. The Virginian negro has almost the French passion for *fête*-days; he is continually planning some excursion or "reunion," and will readily consent to live in a cellar and submit to poor fare for the sake of saving money to expend in frolic. At Petersburg the negroes are from time to time largely represented in the Common Council, and sometimes have a controlling voice in municipal affairs. The white citizens have readily adapted themselves to circumstances, and the session of the council which I attended was as orderly and in the main as well conducted as that of any Eastern city. There was, it is true, an informality in the speech of some of the colored members which was ludicrous, but it was evident that all were acting intelligently, and had come to some appreciation of their responsibilities. Most of the colored members were full types of the African. In some matters they readily admit the superiority of the white man in legislation, and in Petersburg willingly gave



THE "CRATER" AT PETERSBURG.

the management of the city finances into the hands of the elder conservative members of the council. The Commissioner of Streets and the Engineer of the Board of Waterworks were both negroes. The mayoralty and the other city offices remained, at the epoch of my visit, in the hands of white radicals, and the negroes gave made no special struggle to secure them, although they are to the whites in the city as eleven to nine. The conservatives allege that they are unable to compete with the negroes in tricks at election time. They say, among other things, that they have never been able to secure burial records of the negro population, since it is their custom to make a dead voter renew his life in the person of one of his friends. The Petersburg schools are noteworthy examples of Virginian progress since the war, and merit the warmest encomiums. No attempt has been made by black or white to insist upon the education of the races together, it being tacitly allowed on both sides that it would not be wise. Petersburg's general free system of public schools



A GLIMPSE OF PETERSBURG.

was founded in 1868, when \$2,000 of the "Peabody Fund" was contributed, on condition that the city should raise \$20,000, and with it establish schools for all classes and colors. By the second year nearly three thousand pupils were enrolled, and both whites and blacks are now given all

facilities for a thorough education. The colored young men have not, as a mass, made any special demand for instruction in the higher branches; their main desire is for a knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, and such general study as will enable them to speak in public or to preach; but the girls in many of the negro schools are capable of mastering Cæsar, and can write correct French exercises. About five thousand negroes are at work in the tobacco warehouses; in the cotton mills white labor exclusively is employed. Eight of these mills are established in and near the city,—viz.: the Mattoaca, Ettricks, Battersea, Davis, Roper & Co.'s, Swift Creek, Kevan, and Lynch. Two thousand operatives are employed in manufacturing cotton. Numbers of Scotchmen have settled in the vicinity, and some of them are largely interested in the mills. Petersburg's annual receipts of cotton and tobacco are very large. During the last year 42,500 bales of cotton and 14,000 hogsheds of tobacco, were received. The flouring mills of the city have a capacity of one thousand barrels daily. This thriving community of eighteen thousand persons has shrewdly thrust itself between Richmond and the northern counties of North Carolina, and has thus secured a large portion of the trade which the capital considered its own. Petersburg supplies the planters and farmers of the adjacent State with bacon and corn, and in return takes tobacco and cotton. The Atlantic, Mississippi, and

Ohio Railroad opens up to it long stretches of fertile country, and gives an outlet at "City Point," the historic peninsula on the winding James.

The town contains many charming avenues, bordered with elegant mansions embowered in foliage; some of the business streets are quaint and almost foreign in aspect. The Appomattox makes here and there a picturesque waterfall; the hill on which the old cemetery and ruined, ivy-mantled Blandford Church stands, commands a lovely view of the city, around which, in every direction, miles on miles, stretch the decaying intrenchments, batteries and forts of the great siege. The lines along the eastern and southern suburbs are still pretty clearly defined; but the traces of the battles have nearly all vanished. The "Crater," the chasm created by the explosion of the mine which the Pennsylvanians sprung underneath Lee's fortifications, on that dread day of the unsuccessful assault in July, 1864, is overgrown with shrubbery,



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET AT PETERSBURG.

and the farmer who points out the old lines of the two armies, says he himself can hardly realize that his farm was once a mighty fortified camp. Along what was known as the "new entrenched line," constructed after the explosion and the consequent battle,—and around the worn earthworks of Forts "Hell" and "Damnation,"*—some marks of strife are yet noticeable. The National Cemetery, with its three thousand graves, near the "Poplar Spring Church," and the lot on Cemetery Hill, devoted to "Our Soldiers," where sleep the Confederate dead; the little church which a regiment of New York engineers erected during the weary months of the siege, and, (when they left for Five Forks,) presented to their enemies; the "Signal Tower," built by the same hands; and, scattered in the vales and along the slopes, some vaguely defined ruins of rifle-pit and subterranean passage, of bomb-proof and sharpshooter's lurking-hole, are all that remain as memorials of the fierce and deadly struggle which lasted ten months, and cost many thousands of lives.

During our stay in this section a "revival meeting" was announced by the colored brethren of the surrounding country, to be held at a little station half way between Richmond and Petersburg, and we determined to be present. On a beautiful Sunday morning we drove out through the fields, in which, the oak timber having been cut away, a rank growth of pine had sprung up; and stopping a massive coal-black man, dressed in white duck, with a flaming red necktie at his throat, we inquired "the way."

"Ef yo' want to go to Zion's hill, dat yer's de way; but ef yo' want to go whar de good preachin' is, dis yer road 'll take yo' to it."

Presently we arrived at a large frame building, much like a country school-house, save that it was neither ceiled nor plastered, and therein the revivalists were gathered. A powerful spiritual wave had swept over the colored population, and dozens of carts, loaded with dusky searchers for truth, came rolling along the rough



A PEEP INTO THE DISMAL SWAMP.

roads, and stopped before the primitive door. Entering, we found every shade of color, from the coal-black full-blood to the octoroon, elegantly dressed and gracious in manners. The congregation was not large. Owing to the excitement which had prevailed for several previous Sabbaths, many had retired, worn out, from the spiritual feast. The women sat on the left side, the men on the right of a broad aisle, running to a plain wooden pulpit, in which were three moon-faced negroes, two of them preachers, and the third a State Senator. In front of the pulpit, behind a little table, stood an olive-colored elderly man, neatly dressed, and with a wildness in his eyes, and an intensity written upon his lips which reminded me of what I had read of the "Convulsionists of St. Médard." The audience was breathless with attention as the preacher, a strolling missionary, supported by Quakers in Louisiana, took up the great Bible, and, poising it on his lean, nervous hand, poured forth such an impassioned appeal that I fairly trembled. I was not prepared for such vehemence. Never, in the history of New England re-

*Soubriquets given Forts Sedgwick and Mahone.

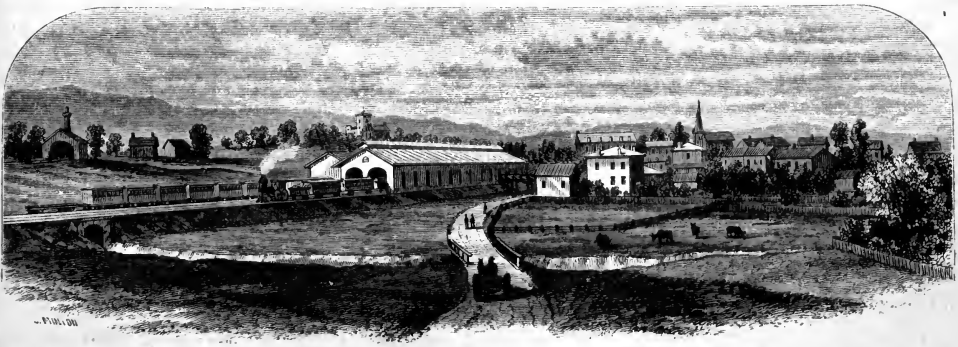
vivalism, was there such a scene. The preacher stood with many of his hearers well around him; one of the deacons and exhorters, a black giant in spectacles, was his *point d'appui*, and to him he appealed from time to time, shaking him roughly by the shoulder, and hissing his words in his ear with fiery vehemence. The proposition with which he started was somewhat incomprehensible to us, viz.: "Christ is the creating power of God;" but the proposition was of no consequence, because every few moments he would burst into paroxysms of exhortation, before which the emotional audience rocked and trembled like reeds in a wind. He had a peculiar way of addressing himself suddenly and in a startling manner to some individual in the congregation, and in the agony of his exhortation to that person, would pound the table furiously with both hands, and dance vigorously with his feet. From time to time he would draw in his breath with great force, as if repressing a sob, and, when speaking of love and salvation, he inevitably fell into a chant, or monotone, which was very effective. Under the hurricanes of his appeal, the fury of his shouting, the magnetic influence of his song, one of the old deacons went into an actual spasm of religious fervor, and now and then yelled vociferously. A milder brother ventured to remonstrate, whereupon the Quaker preacher turned upon him, saying loudly:

"Let dat brudder shout, an' 'tend to dine own business!"

Then he began preaching against hypocrisy. He seemed especially to chide the women for becoming converted with too great ease. "Woe!" he cried, "woe unto dat woman what goes down into de water befo' she ready; woe unto her!" with a

long, singing descent on the last words; and then he added, *sotto voce*, "Dat what make so many women come up stranglin' an' vomitin' an' pukin' outen de water; de debbil dat still in 'em git hole on 'em, an' shake 'em an' choke 'em under de water! Let no woman shout for Jesus what don't know 'bout Jesus! It's one thing to git to Heaven, but it's anudder to git in! Don' ye know what Heaven is? Heaven's God! We must know what we is preachin' about, an' ef we don't we ought to SET DOWN!" (This with terrific emphasis.)

In describing the creation, he said: "Breddren, it's now 12,877 years sence de good Lord made de world, an' de mornin' stars sung togedder. *Dat wa'n't yesterday!* Ha! read de Book o' Job, 'n see for yerself! *Dat wa'n't a month ago! I wasn't dar den!*" (thus illustrating with sublime scorn the littleness of man), "but by de grace of God, I'll git dar by-'n'-by!" (here his voice was faint and suggestive of tearful joy,) "to join de mornin' stars, an' we'll all sing togedder! Oh, yes! oh, yes! Heaven's God made de world an' de fullness dereof, an' hung it up on de high hooks of heaven. Dere wa'n't no nails dere; no hammer dere; no nothin' but de word of God." In hinting at the terrors of death to the unconverted, he sang wild word-pictures which had a certain rude force even for us, and then shrieked out these words: "Ef de brudders don't want to die in de dark, dey must git Christ to hole de candle. God's grace shall be de candle in de good brudder's heart. Devils may howl, lions may roar, but nothin' shall daunt dat brudder's heart. Angels shall come down with lighted candles in deir hands to congratulate de brudder." (Then, once more screaming and dancing



BRISTOL, VA.



and weeping, he uttered these words:) "Die right, brudder, 'n' yo' shall not die in de night; yo' shall die in eternal day. Ef Christ don't bring light enough, den God will come wid his candle; an' ef dat ain't enough, den de Holy Ghost 'll come wid his candle, too, an' dere can't be no more night wid dat brudder's soul."

At another period in the sermon, he said: "Ef we can't preach God, we can exhort Him; ef we can't exhort Him, we can live Him; an' ef we can't live Him, we can die Him. I've served under Him forty-two long year,—longer dan Moses led Israel in de wilderness; an' ef I don't know what God is, den I'd better *shut up* an' go home!!! Jesus snatched my soul from hell forty-two years ago in Fredericksburg, in old Vaginnny! Praise Him! O praise Him! Let no brudder shout for Jesus who don't know Jesus."

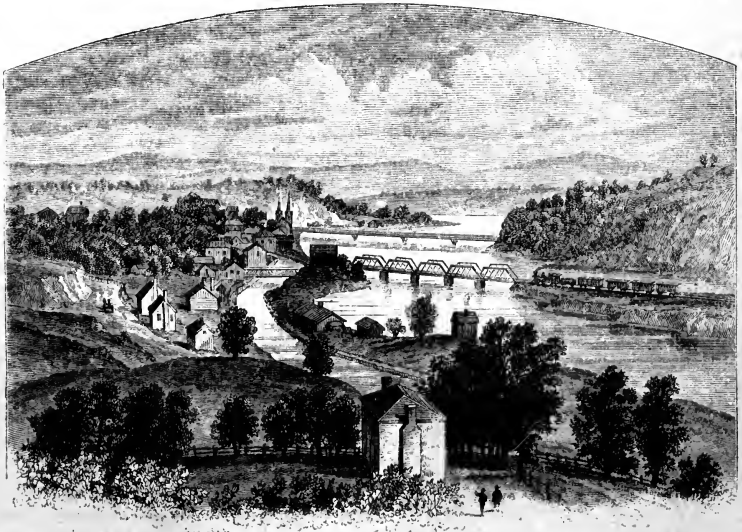
After the more furious passages of exhortation were over, he gave his ideas upon prayer, something in this wise: "Dar was ole Fadder Jupiter (a colored preacher.) Now Jupiter he used to git a Bible in one han' an' a pra'r-book in anudder, an' 'a hymn-book under his arm; an' den he'd start out to see de widders 'n' de fadderless; 'n' one day I met old Fadder Jupiter, 'n' I say to him: 'Fadder Jupiter, how many pounds of meat have ye prayed? How many pounds of sugar have ye exhorted? How many cups of coffee have ye sung to dem pore widders 'n' fadderless?' 'N' he says: 'Not one.' 'N' den

I say: 'Pears like, Fadder Jupiter, ye'll sing here, and pray dar, 'n' ye'll pray every widderto death, 'n' sing every fadderless child to de grave; 'n' call in help to bury 'em.' 'N' den I told him dat when he sung he must call a bar'l o' flour long meter, 'n' fur short meter he must take a keg of lard, 'n' dat's short enough, anyhow; and fur particler meter nice ham 'n' some coffee; 'n' den he mus' take de Quaker pra'r book, a two-wheel-

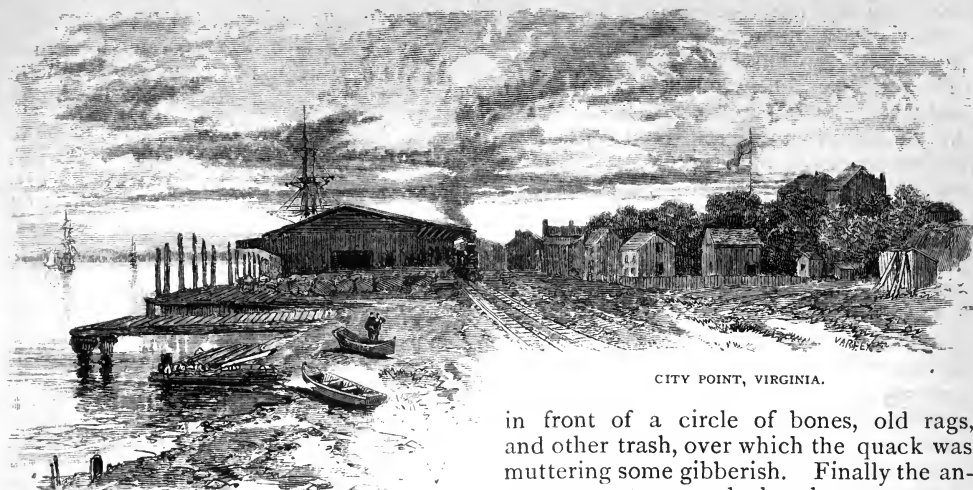
ed cart, 'n' fill up de ole pra'r-book with coal; 'n' when de col' wedder come he must drive de ole pra'r-book down to some widdier sister's, 'n' say: 'Sister, I've come to pray six bushels of coal with ye, 'n' den open de cellar-door, dump de ole pra'r-book, 'n' pray de cellar full o' coal.'

The sermon was interspersed with impassioned recitations from Watts and Wesley. There was no logic, and no clear idea of anything except the love of God and charity. Now and then, with pompous air, the speaker would say: "An' now, breddren, we will proceed to consider de third (or fourth or fifth) point," and after a moment of solemn cogitation, would plunge into exhorting appeal and sarcasm, and yell until the rafters rang. His face was convulsed, and sobs shook his whole frame when he sat down, and a strange, wild hymn was sung, the singers weaving their bodies to and fro to the measure of the music.

One of the moon-faced ministers then arose, and bade those who desired the prayers of the church to come forward and lay their sins upon the altar. An indescribable rush of some twenty persons ensued. Old men and young girls hastened together to the pulpit, and knelt with their faces bowed upon their hands, and a low tremulous prayer to "O my Heavenly Fadder," was heard, as one of the old deacons poured forth his soul in supplication. During the prayer an exhorter passed



THE JAMES BELOW LYNCHBURG.



CITY POINT, VIRGINIA.

around among the congregation, singling out the impenitent, and personally addressing them: "Ye better go now!" "How'll ye feel when it's too late, 'n' dar ain't no gettin' dar?" In a short time the church resounded to groans and prayers, high over all of which was heard the clear voice of the colored Quaker chanting:

"For everywhar I went to pray
I met all hell right on my way,"

"but Heaven's God, 'n' we'll get dar by 'n' by. O praise Him! O bless Him, 'n' sing 'wid de mornin' stars!"

Some of the colored preachers, although they make extravagant pretensions, are by no means so moral as our "Fadder Quaker," and, exercising absolute spiritual control over their ignorant flocks, prompt them to unworthy deeds, and fill their minds with wrong ideas. There is also a multitude of quacks and false prophets who seek to make money out of a revival of the barbaric superstitions still prevalent among certain classes of negroes. On one occasion a huge negro created quite a clamor among the blacks in Petersburg, by announcing that he could cure any one afflicted with disease. He practically revived many of the features of Voudounism, and was rapidly fleecing his victims when a pitying white man interposed and tried to expose the swindler. But it was of no avail. The quack boldly challenged the would-be exposers to witness a cure of a long standing case of dropsy. At the house of the sick man the incredulous Caucasian found a large crowd of faithful believers assembled,

in front of a circle of bones, old rags, and other trash, over which the quack was muttering some gibberish. Finally the announcement was made that there was something in the sick man's bed which had made him ill; and, after a little search, a mysterious packet was found beneath the mattress. While the horror-stricken crowd were bewailing this evidence of witchcraft, the white man insisted on opening the packet, found it filled with harmless herbs and minerals, and endeavored to convince the negroes that the doctor's confederate had undoubtedly concealed it there. But they would not believe him, and insisted on considering the doctor great at divination, although their confidence was a little shaken when the man, stricken with dropsy, died, despite the discovery and removal of the hurtful charm.

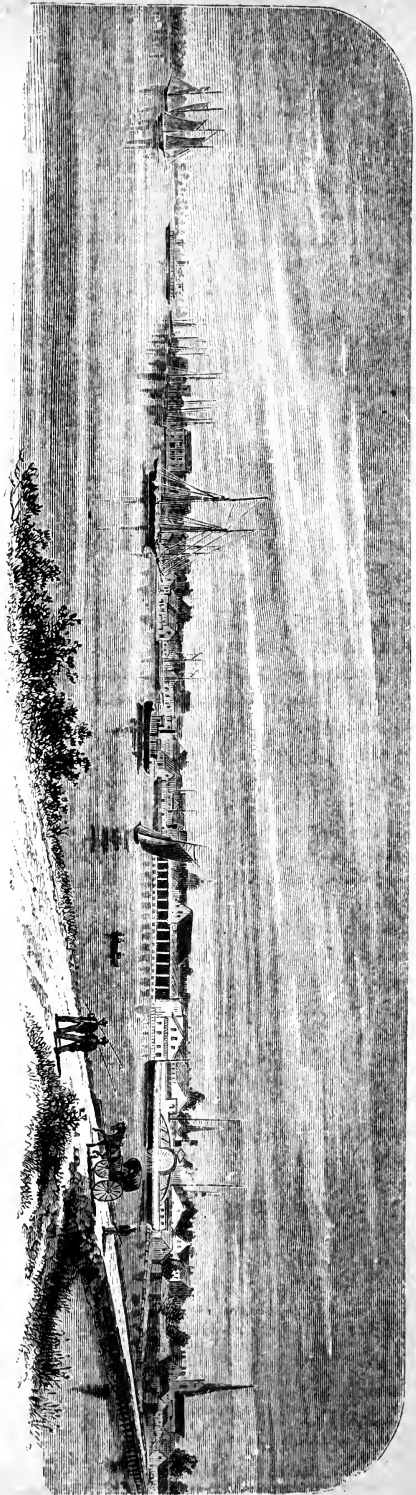
The journey from Petersburg to Norfolk, through Prince George, Sussex, Southampton, Isle of Wight, Nansemond and Norfolk counties, was varied and agreeable. Gen. Mahone's splendidly constructed railway runs in a perfect air-line for at least seventy-five of the eighty-one miles between the two cities, and is in all respects a model highway to so important a port as Norfolk. It takes the traveler through fine cotton fields, then along stretches of plain covered with thin swaying pines; now through clearings where rows of cabins are erected, and stalwart negroes are hewing wood, and digging drains; now into thickets through which were cut roads leading to some remote plantation; now through smart little villages, until at last we reached Suffolk, the pretty shire town of Nansemond County. Suffolk is energetic and well supplied with railway and river navigation; manufactures are springing up; the Sea-board and Roa-

noke railway touches there; the county has about eleven thousand inhabitants, most of whom are prosperous. The climate in that section is usually delightful; the thermometer ranges from 22° in winter to 94° in summer, with seasons long enough for the maturity of all crops; and, indeed, the same land often produces two crops in one season. Cotton and all the cereals yield immensely. Many Northern people and a large number of English families have settled in the vicinity.

On the edge of Norfolk county we entered the Great Dismal Swamp, which extends far downward over some of the northern portions of North Carolina, and is intersected by canals, on which there is quite an extensive transportation business. The "swamp" is a succession of wild and, apparently, irreclaimable marshes, through which run black currents of water, and in the midst of which spring up thousands of dead tree trunks. Many of these trunks are charred or blackened by the progress of some recent fire. Some are fantastically shaped, and have been imagined to bear resemblance to well-known statues, and the passer-by has his attention invited to the "Column Vendome." For miles the eye encounters nothing save the bewildering stretch of swamp and dead trees, or the dreary country covered with rank growth of pines and underbrush, gradually running into swamp lands. The only signs of life are occasional groups of negroes about some saw-mill, on a "hummock," or a glimpse of dusky forms on a barge floating along one of the Stygian canals, as the train glides smoothly and swiftly by. Drummond's Lake, penetrated by a feeder from the "Dismal Swamp Canal," is about thirty miles long.

Norfolk has a real English aspect. It is like some of the venerable towns along the southern coast of the British islands, and the illusion to which the traveler readily yields is heightened by the appearance of English names on the street corners and at almost every turn. The grand current of the Elizabeth (opposite Fort Norfolk) is so broad and deep that the largest ship that floats can swing around there. Midstream, there is much clatter and activity; ships and steamers arrive and depart, and the hoarse shout of the sailor is heard, vying in strength with the scream of the steamboat whistle, all day long. In the streets remote from the water-side, not so much activity is apparent, but there are

NORFOLK.



long rows of staid, comfortable-looking houses, embowered in trees, many fine churches, and an ambitious custom-house. The huge trains of the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad discharge their freights of cotton and grain directly upon wharves at the steamers' sides, and the unusual facilities are yearly increased and improved. The Norfolkians are beginning to understand the consolidation policy in railroad matters now-a-days. Time was when they could hardly perceive the advantages of a road laid through the treacherous "hummocks" of the Dismal Swamp, and they called the great iron bridge over the Elizabeth "Mahone's Folly" when it was first built, thinking that it would cripple the line. But now that they have grappled hold of the commerce of the West, and have begun to compare their advantages with those of New York, they cannot enough praise the sagacity of those minds that labored until the great through line was an accomplished fact.

The importance of Norfolk as a port of the future is certainly indisputable; and it is not at all improbable that within a few years it will have direct communication with European ports, by means of ocean steamers, owned and controlled in this country. The Norfolk people have made a considerable effort to turn the flood of European emigration bound to Texas through their town, forwarding it directly over the lines penetrating South-western Virginia and Tennessee. But, thus far, only a fortnightly steamer of the Allan Line has touched at Norfolk, bringing, usually, a large number of English families for the lands around Charlottesville and Gordonsville. The Elizabeth River is not as lively now as when, at the beginning of the present century, the river could not be seen, so thick was the shipping between the Norfolk and Portsmouth shores. In the huge financial crash which came at that time, sixty Norfolk firms interested in maritime commerce failed; the modern town does not boast as many.

Norfolk* lies within thirty-two miles

* The eastern and southern branches of the Elizabeth River are superior in depth to the Thames at London, or the Mersey at Liverpool. The depth of water in the harbor at Norfolk is twenty-eight feet, or nearly twice that regularly maintained at New Orleans; and the harbor is spacious enough to admit the commercial marine of the whole country. It has been estimated that thirty miles of excellent waterfront for wharfrage can readily be afforded.

Eastern North Carolina is the natural ally of Norfolk in commerce. Behind the barrier of sandhills, extending along the Carolina coast, lies one of the most fertile regions on the

of the Atlantic; northward stretches the Chesapeake and its tributaries, navigable nearly a thousand miles; westward is the James, giving communication with Richmond, and five hundred miles of waterway; southward run the canals to Currituck, Albemarle, and Pamlico, communicating with two thousand miles of river channel. She affords naturally the best sea-port for most of North Carolina and Tennessee, besides large sections of Northern Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and the south-west. A thorough system of internal improvements in Virginia, giving lines leading from tide-water in that State to the northwest, would enable Norfolk to usurp the commercial preëminence of New York, Pittsburg and Wheeling. Toledo and Columbia are geographically nearer the Capes of Virginia than to Sandy Hook; and it is almost certain that in the future the high ways to the sea from the west will run through Virginia, and the ports furnishing outlet to the western cities will be along the Chesapeake Bay. Ingenious minds have already mapped an ocean route from Norfolk to the Holland coast—one possessing great advantages, and it is to be hoped that a company may be formed to place steamers upon it. There are good steamship lines between Norfolk and New York, Boston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. The Boston steamers carry a great deal of cotton to the New England factories. Norfolk received last year *four hundred and six thousand* bales of cotton, an enormous increase over her receipts in 1872. The amount brought by the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio railroad alone in 1873 was 158,000 bales. The produce business of the port is enormous; during the active season a daily steamer is sent to New York, Boston, and Baltimore, and three weekly to Philadelphia. The "truck farms,"—

continent, which can find no more convenient outlet than Norfolk. The Sea-board and Roanoke Railroad penetrates North Carolina, a little above the point at which the trade becomes tributary to its canals, and connects with the Raleigh and Gaston, and Wilmington and Weldon Railroads at Weldon. The Norfolk and Great Western road is a projected route to run through the southern counties of Virginia, touching at Danville, and terminating at Bristol. The natural sea-port of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, which, coming from the Ohio river, penetrates the mountains of Western Virginia, is, of course, Norfolk. The Albemarle and Chesapeake canal, through which, during eleven years from the 30th of September, 1860, more than thirty-five thousand vessels of all classes passed, penetrates a country rich in cereals, woods, and naval stores, all of which it brings directly to Norfolk. The river lines of steamers, running to Yorktown, Hampton, and Old Point, Elizabeth City, and Washington, N.C., Roanoke Island, and other places, are rapidly re-establishing the local trade of the Chesapeake, and its tributaries, interrupted by the war. The receipts of cotton at Norfolk in 1858 were 6,174 bales; we have seen that in 1872 they were more than 400,000.

i.e., the market gardens in the vicinity,—give the shippers business at a time when “all cotton” towns are afflicted with dullness. The receipts of truck for 1872 amounted to three and a half millions of dollars; and the value of all the receipts was \$21,000,000.* The duties on imports into the district of Norfolk and Portsmouth, from 1866 to 1871 inclusive, amounted to more than \$800,000.

There is a large negro population in Norfolk, and the white citizens make great struggles at each election to keep the municipal power in their own hands. They have long had excellent free schools, on which they are now expending ten thousand dollars yearly; and their city affairs are in good condition. The estimated real value of assessable property in the city is seventeen millions, and the greater part of the tax thereon is readily collected; the citizens have built fine water-works at a large expense; the shops are excellent; society is exceedingly frank, cordial and refined.

This goodly ancient town, with its twenty thousand inhabitants, was laid out more than a century and a half ago, but the British burned it in the Revolution, and it had to grow again. It has seen troublous times since then. The yellow fever has made one or two ghastly visitations, and war has disturbed the even tenor of its way. There came a day, too, when Portsmouth, the pleasant town just across the Elizabeth from Norfolk, and where one of the principal naval depots of the United States is situated, seemed enveloped in flame, and when the new-made Confederate on one side of the stream watched with mingled regret and exultation the burning of the vast ship houses and the ships-of-war which the United States were unwilling to allow him to capture.

A promenade along the Elizabeth, in company with an ex-Confederate officer, was fruitful of souvenirs. It was towards sunset of a September day when we clam-

bered upon the parapet of old Fort Norfolk, and gazed out over the broad expanse of sparkling water towards the horizon, delicately bordered with foliage, which masked the embouchure of the James; and the black spots further down indicating Crany Island and the entrance to Hampton Roads, where those two sea-devils, the Merrimac and the Monitor, had their fierce and tremendous battle. Fort Norfolk is now, as it was when the Confederates took possession of it, a magazine. The powder captured there at the beginning of the war long defended many a Southern fort. From the quaint walls of the venerable fort* we saw pretty villages and villas; and the noble United States Marine Hospital, on the opposite shore; could watch the schooners coming in with the tide, as the sunset deepened from blood-red until it mingled its last gleam with the strange neutral twilight; the sudden advent of a Baltimore steamer looming up like a specter, with its dark sides and black wheels half shrouded in smoke; could see the rows of mansions sweeping out on to the very water's edge, and the piers jutting from their front doors, with rustic arbors and awnings, where one might sit and woo the fresh sea-breeze, see the gracefully tapering forests of masts, and the massive walls of the warehouses, and could hear the rattling of the chains, and singing of sailors. Strolling back, we noted the bare-legged negro boys sculling in their skiffs which they had half filled with oysters, and passed through streets entirely devoted to the establishments where the bivalve, cruelly torn from his shell, was packed in cans and stored to await his journey to the far West. Driving on the hard shell road, later in the evening, we passed long trains of fish carts, in each of which lay a sleepy negro, growling if we asked one half of the road saw the fields where the Confederates had prepared to defend Norfolk from approach of the blue-coated soldiery by land—fields occupied by carefully tilled farms, and hard by the cabin and garden patch of the freedman; saw evidences on every hand of growth and progress, and found it hard, indeed, to convince ourselves that half a century had not passed since the “war for the Union” closed.

Few sections of the South have so many genuine recommendations to the consid-

* Some idea of the produce business may be had from the following enumeration of the articles which passed through Norfolk, bound mainly to northern cities, in 1872, and the various articles received at the port. The receipts of corn were 1,628,940 bushels; of peanuts 544,025 bushels; of dried fruit, 346,542; oats, 329,110; peas, 152,420; wheat, 75,210; flour, 100,640 barrels; rosin, 129,586 barrels; turpentine, 14,940 barrels; pitch, 3,240 barrels; tobacco, 3,525 hogsheds, 2,520 tierces, 34,270 cases, and 38,920 boxes. In the same time, a million dozens of eggs; 14,280,170 pounds of rags; \$175,000 worth of shad; six millions of bushels of oysters, amounting to nearly four millions of dollars; 37,775 barrels of salt fish; 8,381,860 staves, 53,392,221 shingles, and 57,496,200 feet of lumber were also received. The Sea-board and Roanoke Railroad annually brings in more than one hundred and eighty thousand bales of cotton.

* It was built in 1812.

eration of the would-be immigrant as that extending along the splendid highway from the West to the Chesapeake Bay—from Bristol to the Sea. The railroad facilities now possessed by the mountain country of Virginia are superior to those of any region of similar character in either Europe or America, since they place all the most desirable lands within easy access, and bring extensive mineral fields into the market. It is possible that Northern farmers will, in large numbers, enter either the southwestern or the Piedmont district of the State. Capitalists can also

find a profitable employment there, and the incoming current of sturdy English laborers, and of thoughtful and accomplished Englishmen of higher rank, will rapidly develop the material resources, which are apparently so inexhaustible. That a very genuine interest in the future of Virginia has been excited in all parts of Great Britain, there can be no doubt; and so long as the political status of the commonwealth is as tranquil as at present, immigrants will flock in, mountain and valley will be occupied and cultivated, and social growth will be constant and encouraging.

A MAGDALEN OF THE DRESDEN GALLERY.

GERHARD DOW—LYS—CORREGGIO.

NOT she, whose fruitless tears avow a youth
Less yielded to warm love than basely sold:
Angry with shame, who clutches still her gold,
Drooped in satiety, not bowed with ruth,—
Nor she, who mars with penances uncouth
Her fatal beauty, that no eyes behold
Save a skull's hollow orbs, yet overbold
Deems heaven's grace a debt to grief, forsooth—
Nor that dust-kissing face, whence sorrow's tooth
Has gnawed all passion, leaving it as cold
As her own emptied vase; whose hands enfold
The Book from which remorse has taught her truth—
Though still so fair in ruin, she might win
The world to doubt if sentence waits on sin.

2.

ZURBARAN—GUIDO.

Alone, not lingering to adore or mourn,
First seen, first sent, from that transfigured grave,
With "go in peace"—to seek no desert-cave.
But loving, erring lives to lift and warn:
With prophet tears for sisters yet unborn,
She, first forgiven, only blessed, will crave
Their heritage in all her dear Lord gave;
Grace for crushed hearts, killed by the harsh world's scorn—
Or rapt in vision, lifting eyes above
Softened through sorrow to ecstatic love,
Will hail the promise of the golden years
When balm shall be distilled from bitterest tears,
God's law rule man's, and all who, following her,
Love, to be lost, not unredeemed shall err.

KATHERINE EARLE.

BY MISS ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAP AND BELLS.

THE sick girl did not come down to tea; and after a consultation by her bedside her father and brother decided that she was quite unfit to take a part in the evening's entertainment. "It is too bad," said Minna, when a little later she and Katey had returned to the chamber. Minna was sitting upon the floor before a small trunk, which had evidently seen good service, shaking out a little red skirt in which she was to appear at the concert. "I would sing all your songs if you would only go; but you cannot, I know," she added with a sigh, as she laid back in the trunk the duplicate of the red petticoat.

She was silent and thoughtful as she braided her smooth, dark hair anew, tying the thick plaits with scarlet ribbons; then suddenly she turned to Katey, "but *you* might go in Christine's place."

Katey shrank back from leaning upon Minna's dressing table and watching the deft fingers.

"Don't say that you won't," Minna went on, "you need not sing. You could wear Christine's dress, and we never take off our hats. You have no friends here to recognize you, and what if you had?" she added proudly. "You could stand back a little when we all rise together, and O, I should be so glad not to go alone with father and Wulf! I believe, after all, I should mind being stared at with Christine not beside me."

Katey was startled by the proposition, which at the first moment appeared too absurd to be entertained. But as Minna used every argument in her power, she began at last to waver, moved more by what had been left unsaid, perhaps, than by Minna's warm pleading. She was indebted to these strange friends of an hour without whom she hardly knew where she should have been now, so little confidence in herself and so little experience in traveling did she possess. She would gladly oblige bright-eyed Minna if she could, and it was true that no one who had ever known her could by any chance be found in the audience. Her friends

and acquaintances were not many, nor were they given to wandering; it would be an odd coincidence indeed that should bring them here this night. Dacre might follow her to La Fayette; but he was not upon the train which had brought her here, or he would have appeared to her, before now. The little red skirt, the laced black bodice, the dainty white chemisette which Christine was to have worn, would fit her form as well, and perhaps the spice of adventure in the plan when it was once entertained brought a certain charm and intoxication of its own. Such an innocent bit of masquerading as it would be! Only, how could she ever face the staring eyes? "I could not stand before the people," she said hesitatingly.

"You will not think of them at all," Minna answered in a gay tone, sure that her point was gained. "I will hide you; and, indeed, as I am to sing all the songs, you must not be surprised if I take all the attention and applause to myself," she added with a laugh.

"I hope so, indeed," Katey answered warmly. She unbound her hair at Minna's suggestion, and began to plait it into braids, while the latter ran down to find her father and Wulf, without whose approval, of course, the scheme was not to be thought of. They were only too glad of this unexpected addition to their small company, and the dressing for the parts went on in the long, low chamber, Christine an interested and delighted spectator. The black bodice was laced snugly to the round figure, the red petticoat allowed the shapely feet to be seen, and Minna crowned the whole with the high-pointed hat, around which she had knotted a gilt cord.

"Look, Christine!" cried Minna; and Christine laughed and praised the transformed figure, while Minna danced and clapped her hands, ending the performance with a hearty kiss upon each of Katey's dark, flushed cheeks. "You were a grand young lady before," she said, "but you are one of us now;" and with that change of individuality which seems often to accompany a change of costume, making it comparatively easy to act a part when one is dressed for it, Katey felt that she was indeed for the time a part of the odd

family. What would Jack say to it all? she thought, as she followed Minna at last to the little parlor. "You are not really Swiss?" she said when they had closed the door and sat down to wait for the little old man and his son, who were still at the supper-table. If she were one of the family it behooved her to know something of its antecedents.

"Father and mother were born in Switzerland," Minna replied, "in a village not far from Lake Constance. They came to this country soon after they were married. Father hurt his arm and could not work when Wulf was a baby; so he tried to sing for a living. It was all he could do, and mother had a wonderful voice, they say, but I never heard it, for she died when I was born. They sang in the street at first, but the people all seemed too hurried and busy to stop and listen; so, after a time, when they had earned a little money by different ways, they ventured to give a concert in the public hall of some country town. Father had learned about America by this time, and he had some posters struck off with a picture upon them of himself in the Tyrolese dress, with snow-covered mountains behind him, and holding a long Alpine horn in his hand. Not that he was from the Tyrol at all; but the costume is striking, and it certainly was effective, for the hall was full, and the concert a great success. Mother, too, wore the strange dress, and even Wulf, when he was old enough to appear, and then Christine and I."

"It is very striking, as you say," ventured Katey, "and for that reason I should think you would prefer to wear it only when you sing."

"So we should," Minna replied, "but don't you see, if we dressed like every one else, people would never come to hear us; we don't sing well enough,—no one of us at least, except Christine, sings well enough to attract them. It is because we look always and everywhere strange, and not like themselves at all, that the people in the round of places where we go have a kind of curiosity and interest in us which does much to draw them to our concerts, I am sure. And we don't feel that we are deceiving them, because deep down in our hearts we are Swiss,—even Wulf, and Christine and I, who were never in Switzerland. Do you know—" and the face of the girl kindled and glowed,—“when Christine and I stand up before the peo-

ple, and sing, as we do so many times, a little old song beginning—

'I've left the snow-clad hills,
Where my father's cot doth stand,
My own, my dear, my native home,
For a foreign land;'

when we look sadly into each other's eyes, as father taught us to do when we were little children, often and often the tears have come to mine. I see it all before me—the cottage where my mother was born, with the vines growing over it; the sloping green hills descending to the valley, where shone a little lake; the mountains beyond, with their white faces laid against Heaven. And I hear, O, above the song we are singing, the tinkle of the bells as the goats come slowly home in the twilight to the milking. I may never see it; but, if I could follow the path up the valley from the village, I should know the place, I am sure."

She was silent for a moment, and lost in her dream, then she came back to Katey's words. "We did try it once; when Christine grew to be a young lady, she was ashamed of the dress which strangers stared at; so, to please her, father allowed us to lay it aside. But our concerts were poorly attended; still, for Christine's sake, he persisted. He found a blind man who played the guitar, and hired him to join us, thinking he might attract the public."

"And did he?" asked Katey.

"No; for the guitar could never be heard beyond the fifth row of seats, unless it snapped a string; and he might as well not have been blind for all the benefit it was to us; nobody would believe it. He rolled his eyes and stared at the audience, and winked and turned his head in the most provoking way, considering the care and expense he was to us. Father tried to persuade him to shut his eyes, and offered to buy him a dog to lead him by a string, and convince people; but he wouldn't listen to it at all. He went on with his ridiculous antics, and all the time finding fault that we did not pay more him when we were earning hardly enough to put bread into our mouths, until we were glad to be rid of him. Then the proprietor of a monkey show wanted to hire us to go about with that; but father said monkeys were low creatures, and not fit company for human beings; and, though his offer was a very good one, he would not accept it. Some time before this, Wulf had an opportunity to take lessons upon the

bass-viol. It is wonderful to hear him," she added, with sisterly pride; "but, though he had learned to play well enough to perform in public, a bass-viol alone wouldn't attract an audience, would it?"

Katey felt hardly competent to judge; still she thought it would not.

"So he left us, to play in the orchestra of a theater that winter;" Minna went on, "and Christine had a very good offer to travel around with a Bible panorama. She had only to wear a plain white dress, comb her hair down smoothly, and sing solemn pieces while they were moving it along. I am sure that Bible panorama never had such a run before or since. Still, father was sorry afterwards that he consented to her going."

Minna's words had fairly overlapped each other in the eagerness of her recital; now she hesitated. "But I will tell you," she continued, "because it troubled us all, and because I like you. I never had a girl friend before; we stay so short a time in any place, and father is so careful about our making acquaintances. Perhaps you don't wish me to reckon you as a friend?" Minna blushed, and searched Katey's face with shy anxiety.

"O yes, I do. I do, indeed," Katey answered warmly. "And I am glad to know of your life, if you will tell me."

"Well, about Christine, then," Minna went on, "you see winter was coming and we had none of us any engagement except Wulf, and his earnings would not support us all, when Christine had, unexpectedly, this good offer. Father inquired, and found that the man who owned the Bible panorama was very respectable, and his wife was to travel with him; so, although we had never been separated before, and he could hardly make up his mind to it now, he consented at last to let her go. And she has never been like herself since." Minna paused to brush the tears out of her eyes before she went on. "She was always sweet-faced, was Christine."

"And so she is now," said Katey.

"Yes; but she was rosier, brighter, then; and yet, there was something in her eyes, not like a pain, but as though you could imagine just how they would look if ever the pain came. Do you understand?"

"I think I do."

"I saw her the first night she appeared with the panorama; and when she stood there with the walls and towers of Jerusalem rising behind her, with her long, fair

hair falling about her shoulders, her hands crossed upon the bosom of the white gown, and her eyes gazing away beyond us while she sang, I sobbed so that father had to take me out. It seemed as though it were the new Jerusalem, and she a saint in glory. She sang all that winter in one place and another. She had always a sweet voice, with a tone in it like the look in her eyes. We used to hear from her often, and see her occasionally, and she always seemed bright and happy. But when the spring came and she returned to us there was a change. For a long time we did not know what it was, only there was a change. After a time it all came out; for Christine could never hide anything in her soul from us. It seemed a young man had followed her about through the winter from place to place, until he stole her heart. Yes, stole it," Minna repeated excitedly, "for he never came boldly to our father as he ought to have done, he never came to him at all until long after her return, when he found he could see her in no other way. Where he ever saw her first I can't think, for he was not the kind of a young man one would expect to run after a Bible panorama. He would have married her then,—that was last spring,—but father would not consent to it. We knew nothing of him. He seemed to have money in abundance, and boasted of his family, but who could tell the truth of his stories? and yet he had such a way of winning your liking, that an angel in heaven could hardly have stood out against him long, and even father got to believe in him at last, and consented to their being married after a year, if he would go away and prove himself worthy of her in that time,—for he acknowledged, quite frankly, that he had led an idle life, not altogether blameless, until he knew Christine. So when he found father's resolution was not to be shaken he went away. At first he wrote often, but lately she has heard nothing at all from him, and is ill, as you see, from anxiety. She fears he may be sick, but we think it much more likely that he has ceased to care for her. Some other pretty face, perhaps, has caught his fancy."

Katey was silent. She was thinking of her own experience—of Dacre. What if he should never come again? But he would, she knew. "It is very sad," she said. "Poor Christine!" and then the little old man and his tall son appeared at the parlor door. Minna rose hastily.

"Is it time to go?"

"Not yet; but Hans is in the ball-room waiting to play if you will come up. Ah, my dear young lady!" catching a glimpse of Katey who had retreated behind Minna's chair, suddenly conscious of her unusual appearance. "Is she not the prettiest Swiss maiden in the world?" cried Minna, dragging her forward, until her dark flushed cheeks and downcast eyes were revealed by the light from the hanging lamp in the hall.

"The costume is certainly very becoming," said the little old man, "and we are extremely obliged for your kindness," he added with a droll little flourishing bow. "Now we had better go up to Hans; we have no time to lose."

"But who is Hans?" asked Katey as the two girls ascended the stairs?

"O, he is Mrs. Sheppart's oldest son," Minna replied, with affected carelessness, ill-suited to the blush which rose to her face with the words.

CHAPTER XIV.

"HOW LIKE YOU THIS PLAY?"

THE great ball-room was unlighted, save by a couple of flaring candles at the upper end, where there was a raised stand for the musicians who led the dance upon festive occasions. To-night it was occupied by a slender, fair-haired young man, whose mild countenance, illuminated by the rays from the candles, displayed a variety of changes in expression as the party, led by pretty Minna, entered the room. A stout man, with a florid face and a generally inflated appearance, whom Katey recognized as the original of the King Cole in the bar-room, now stepped forward to snuff the candles with a business air, while the young man descending awkwardly from his perch where he had been tuning a violin, greeted Minna shyly, and bowed to Katey, with a sudden drawing together of his feet, and a spring-like bend of the back,—a bow evidently learned for an occasion; but Katey by this time had become accustomed to being greeted as though she were an audience.

"Now, Hans," said the stout man briskly, when he too had spoken with Katey. The young man returned to his place, took up the violin he had laid down, and rested it upon his shoulder, caressing it with his cheek until it nestled into its place. Then bending his ear toward it

as if to catch its faintest tones, raised his bow.

A knot of shadowy forms gathered in the doorway of the dusky room. The feeble rays of light touched the two girls in their quaint costume and made a circle of brightness around the young musician. He was no longer awkward, self-conscious; the light within, which was a song as well, glorified his face for the moment and made it beautiful, while the tones of the instrument—so like a human voice speaking from the depths of a human soul—at the touch of his hand, plead and sobbed and died away upon the ear at last with a sigh.

There was a bustle of voices and gathering forms about the player as he ceased. "Yes," said Katey when she had descended again with Minna to the little parlor, "it is wonderful! What does it mean? Why is he here?"

"He is only home for a visit," Minna replied. "He is to be first violin in one of the best orchestras in the country this winter. O, you can't think how hard he has worked for years, going on from one place to a higher all the time." Her enthusiasm now was quite unlike her indifference of half an hour before. "And he would never have been a musician at all but for father. His father hoped he would stay at home and take the house after a time; but Hans could not endure the thought of it. He told us all his desire and hope to be a musician, one time when we came here a number of years ago,—for we are old friends, you see,—and father persuaded Mr. Sheppart to let him take a few lessons; then Wulf got him a chance to play in the orchestra of the theater that winter of which I told you—last winter, indeed—with him, and so it has gone on, father saying a word occasionally to Mr. Sheppart, until now there is no need for any one to say a word—his violin can speak for him. But when we come here he always plays, as he has to-night, that we may see how he has improved. He never forgets to be grateful, and that is the best of it all. So many do, you know. But it is time we went over to the hall, and here come father and Wulf now."

They were much finer in dress than they had been in the cars. The long boots had been discarded, and there were knots of gay ribbons at their knees. They had changed their cloth jackets, too, for others of velvet, gaily embroidered, and around their hats were tied gilt cords and tassels

like those upon Minna's and Katey's. It was a brilliant costume; but such as no Tyrolese peasant in his brightest dreams had ever imagined himself possessing. Katey was in a flutter of nervous alarm as they crossed the "green" before the little inn, fortunately hidden by the gathering darkness and the cloaks in which they were wrapped, from the prying eyes of the curious crowd gathered about the door of the hall where the concert was to be given. It was early, and the hall nearly empty, as they saw when passing through it to the curtained corner near the stage which was to serve as a dressing-room. Here the two girls were left alone, while the little old man and his son returned to the door to look after the sale of the tickets. Katey had been quickly and easily persuaded to take her part in the entertainment; knowing that it was to consist only in walking upon the stage and standing with the others. In the excitement of dressing for the new character, after her impulsive assent, there had been no time to dwell upon her probable sensations in finding herself before an audience; and later, Minna's story, and the incident in the ball-room had engrossed her mind. Now as she sat upon an old wooden chair in this curtained corner, waiting for the hall to fill and Wulf and his father to return, hearing the tramp and shuffle of feet, and the murmur of voices close beside her, she was overcome with terror. Her hands and feet became stiff and cold; her tongue seemed paralyzed, and she shivered involuntarily, though the place had seemed uncomfortably warm when they entered it. Minna, on the contrary, danced about, shaking out her skirts, re-tying the ribbons upon her hair, and settling her hat jauntily upon her little round head.

"I cannot do it," Katey said at last. "I can never go up there, it is useless to try," pointing to half a dozen steps leading upon the stage, the mounting of which would seem to be no very difficult feat.

"Why, I do believe you are frightened!" exclaimed Minna, half in surprise and half in unbelief, pausing before her. She took Katey's cold hands in her warm little palms and chafed them, talking all the time. "It will be nothing when you are once there," she said; "and you have not to sing, you know. We shall stand in a half circle, you and I between father and Wulf, and your hat will shade your face, so that

no one will notice that you do not sing. There! now you are better; are you not?" and Katey did, indeed, feel herself partially reassured by the touch of the warm hands and the sound of the cheerful, encouraging voice. A corner of the curtain was raised, and the little old man and Wulf appeared. "It is quite full, is it not?" said Minna, catching a glimpse of the hall as the curtain fell. "The accident has detained so many people," she added.

"Yes, my dear," returned her father in a lofty tone; "but the accident did not compel them to patronize our entertainment." An impatient stamping of feet began to sound outside now at intervals. Katey started nervously.

"Let them call," said the little old man, with a placid smile. "Nothing is valued, my dear young lady, which may be had for the asking. Delay stimulates curiosity and interest; only, however, to a certain point. A cultivated ear alone can determine when that point is reached," he added philosophically, bending his head upon one side to listen, as again the thunders of heavy feet echoed through the room. "There is danger of waiting a moment too long, until curiosity has become irritated into angry impatience. I have known a whole evening to be spoiled by this, the audience refusing to recover its good humor." Again the building seemed to shake to its foundations, and above the deafening noise sounded a shrill whistle. "There is not a moment to lose now," said the little old man, "I would not risk another round; that whistle struck the key note;" and he mounted the steps hastily.

"If you are frightened you can go off at any time," whispered Minna, giving Katey's hand a reassuring squeeze as she passed before her. But Katey thought that to go off would be much more dreadful even than to remain, when once upon the stage.

In the confusion of applause which greeted their appearance, it was not difficult to cross the platform and take one of the four chairs set out primly in a row.

"Move your chair back, as I do," whispered Minna; and Katey found herself somewhat screened by this arrangement. She remembered also Minna's advice to glance once all over and about the room. "You will never know until you try it, how that one glance will reassure you," she had said. And she did even this, beginning

with the farther end of the hall, where was only a confusion of heads moving apparently upon pivots and set in rows. To her delight they did not seem to represent individuals at all. Her courage rose, and when at last she had reached a cross-eyed woman down in front, who was staring fixedly at no one of them in particular, her fears had vanished. She began even to be amused by her odd position, and to wish when they stood up for the first song—in which she could take no part—that some chance would place Delphine and Jack before her, or that Josie Durant's high-bred face might start out from among the strange countenances at which she dared not look now, lest she should betray her silence. How aghast with surprise and horror would they be could they see her at this moment!

Of one custom Minna had forgotten to inform her. It was the habit of the family, at a certain point in the entertainment, to descend from the platform and walk slowly down and back through the audience, by which means a most natural curiosity was gratified. Minna explained this now in a hurried whisper when the first part of the concert was concluded, and the little old man having made known aloud their intention, proceeded to leave the stage, followed by the others—Katey with down-caste yes and crimson, tingling cheeks. She would have refused had she dared, or had there been a moment to explain. For might not some one recognize her after all? Might not some of her fellow-passengers upon the train remember her face? For the first time it flashed upon her mind that this innocent, good-natured part she had undertaken so thoughtlessly might be misinterpreted. She was following Minna, hearing Wulf's step behind her, conscious of the absurdity of her position, painfully conscious of the forms on either side leaning out from their places, rising from their seats and yet silent and respectful, when they reached the end of the hall. Here they were to pass along by the wall and return through the other aisle. Katey with her eyes upon the floor had followed the twinkle of the little heels before her. Now, suddenly they disappeared. It was nothing. Minna had only hastened her steps as she turned the corner; but Katey looking up in that moment of confusion and terror, met broad and full the searching astonished gaze of a pair of deep-set gray eyes belonging to a square figure,

leaning carelessly against the stair-railing, and holding a soft slouched hat in his hand. Good Heavens! Where had he come from, and why was he here? It was the gentleman who had watched her at Mrs. Durant's the night before. It was the man who had recognized Dacre upon the street. The glance of amused curiosity which he had bestowed upon the others changed to the blankest amazement at sight of her, settling at last into a cold, hard stare in which she read only suspicion and condemnation. She paused involuntarily. Already she was some distance behind the others. Wulf, seeing only this, and fearing that she was overcome by timidity, took her by the arm and hastened her on.

How the remainder of the evening was passed she hardly knew. She followed mechanically the movements of the others, but never once again raising her eyes to the audience, from whom she turned away at last with a sense of relief beyond the power of words to express. She was ashamed to care so little for the gratitude which her new friends poured out in their simplicity and delight over the success of her part in the entertainment. She thought only of getting away without again encountering the cold stare of those sharp gray eyes.

The audience dispersed at last, and they left the hall through the crowd which still lingered about the door eager for any crumbs which their curiosity might pick up. Hidden behind Wulf, and clinging to Minna, not daring to look up, she hastened out and across the green. O, the blessedness of the shelter, when the door of the ugly little inn had closed behind them!

CHAPTER XV.

A NEW LIFE.

KATEY awoke late the next morning. She was tired, and almost ill after the excitement of the previous day. The first train for La Fayette had already gone, which she hardly regretted, since it gave her time to rest and partially recover herself. It was afternoon before she bade adieu to her new friends, and started again upon her journey. King Cole volunteered to see her safely on the train; but this was an honor which the little old man felt should fall only upon himself, and which he bore by no means with meekness, making Katey painfully conspicuous at the

station by his fussy efforts to insure her comfort. "Good-bye, my dear young lady, good-bye," he said at last, still lingering, though the train was beginning to move. "Remember that you have always sincere and obliged friends in the Hauser family," with which little speech, not unlike the conclusion of a letter, he folded himself up quickly and hastened away.

It was night when she reached her destination. But while she is standing upon the platform of the station, not at all sure that some one in the crowd under the blinking lamps may not have come to meet her, let us say a word of the town in which she has found herself.

La Fayette is one of the few cities in the United States which have truly the appearance of long inhabitation; with narrow streets, dull brick houses, and a church visited by strangers, since it is one of the oldest in the country, as those undoubted historians, the stones in the church-yard, testify.

It is situated in one of the middle States, close upon the Southern, at the junction of two streams of revolutionary fame; and with its winding, narrow streets, its dingy old houses, its Saturday market held by old women in flapping caps upon the curb-stones, is not unlike a continental city in appearance.

Lying near the southern boundary of the State, its interests are so closely connected with that section of the Union that, although professedly neutral, in the feeling which ran so high even before the war, its sympathies really and fiercely followed its interests. There is nothing so bitter in its hatred, so strong in its partisanship as "neutrality." Even at this time—a year, more or less, before the hot, angry words led to blows—an avowed Northern man was rare here; an avowed Northern sentiment rarer still.

The school in which Katey had sought a position was an institution founded and partly supported by a religious sect. It was not, however, termed an academy, but a college; and had received a charter from the State Legislature. The only visible effect of this was that the principal was mentioned in the catalogue, and always addressed as President, while the male teachers bore the high-sounding title of Professor.

President Humphrey was a Northern man, a clergyman who had been for years a missionary in India—a mountain of a

man physically, about whose summit, where the snow was beginning to fall softly, the sun nevertheless always shone. Keen, watchful, sarcastic at times, he yet bore an air of genial ease approaching indolence—to one who could forget his peculiar, restless dark eyes. He held the school in his great hand, and molded it to his will, not by the display of authority, not by the pressure of a finger even, but through the belief unconsciously working in the minds of his subjects that within him was a power never exercised, because the present occasion was always too insignificant, but which was mighty and irresistible. A Northern man, he held his place as long as it served his purpose to do so, by holding his tongue. Before that would have become impossible, he had accepted a position elsewhere.

The senior among the Professors, by reason of years, long residence, and his position as instructor in the dead languages, was Professor Paine. He, too, was a retired clergyman, but of another mold and stamp. He was timid and precise in manner, thin and brown of appearance, dressed invariably with scrupulous neatness in ministerial black, and was remarkable mentally for his clear convictions of duty, and his knowledge of Latin and Greek, as well as for his quiet persistency in maintaining his position in regard to either. An unwavering Arminian, he would not have hesitated to dispute with Calvin himself had the opportunity been offered; a strong believer in States rights, only a hundred miles of territory saved him from persecution, and prevented his becoming a martyr to his political faith a little later. And, yet, he was a coward. He lived in mortal terror of—the school girls! Girl-nature was to him a language, the alphabet of which he had not been able to master. Upon the rare occasions when it became necessary for him, in the absence of the other teachers, to preside in the study-hall, he entered the room with a deprecatory air, at which the young amazons smiled cruelly and visibly. He mounted to the high desk with a stumbling step, seated himself with a care which implied a doubt as to final results, and surveyed the room with an attempted expression of ease which perished in the bud, his countenance saying in every line. "Now, young ladies, now—now—really! O, you dreadful creatures, what are you going to do?"

Then first one desk-lid would fall with a sound like an explosion; another, at the

farther end of the room would respond, a third would take it up; until every desk in the hall seemed in motion; while the poor Professor, turning his head spasmodically from side to side, his bewildered face a deep mahogany hue, tried in vain to fix upon the offenders. He was known to have even fled from the room. But did the President appear in the doorway, every sound ceased; every eye was fixed upon the page before it. These occurrences, however, were rare; perhaps because the occasions were rare indeed upon which he was called to preside. The first among the professors, in point of fact, was Professor Dyce,—he who strove to inculcate the natural sciences and higher mathematics in the unwilling minds of the girls, and to whom all authority was intrusted in the absence of the President. Like him, he was born and had been reared in the North; but had spent some years of his life abroad, in the comfortable belief that he was to fall heir to a wealth which made any exertion for his own support unnecessary. Circumstances, however,—including a law-suit,—rendering this belief problematical, and, at the same time, calling him to La Fayette, instead of indulging vain hopes or useless fears, he sought and obtained a position in this school while awaiting the result; and, to prepare himself for a possible future, was pursuing medical studies in his moments of leisure.

Besides these two, there were connected with the institution Mr. Milde, the teacher of drawing and painting; Prof. Grôte, the music-master; and still another of unnecessary and unpronounceable name, who came upon certain days to instruct the young ladies in the modern languages. Mr. Milde was a bashful young man, with large brown eyes and a smooth, boyish face, chiefly remarkable for the adamantine nature of his heart, since no amount of strength brought to bear upon his sensibilities,—in the shape of coquettish airs and manners, or even sighs and half-concealed tears,—were able to swerve him one hair's-breadth from the rigid performance of his duty, which was, as has been said, to teach the young ladies of the La Fayette Female College the principles of drawing and painting.

With Prof. Grôte, high-shouldered, square of face, auburn-haired, and with twinkling blue eyes behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, the young coquettes were more successful. At least numerous stories of

pretty compliments paid in the Professor's oddly-accented English, floated about the school; not well authenticated stories by any means, but sufficiently plausible to give a romantic interest to the great, bare music-room and dull little practicing-closets, and to flavor somewhat the rather tasteless school life. As to the female teachers, they shall be enumerated later,—when Katey has found a more comfortable resting-place, even for a summer night, than the crowded platform of a railway station.

Evidently no one had come to meet her. The carriages, drawn up in a dusky line, were beginning to drive rapidly away. She descended the steps, and entered the last and only remaining one, which had been disdained, perhaps, on account of its shabby appearance. In a moment it was climbing the narrow, steep street, rattling over the round paving stones of the town, turning corners and making abortive dives at houses dimly shadowed forth in the flickering gaslight, with a kind of jerk and shamble of motion, which brought her at last to her destination,—a brick house, tall and gloomy of appearance in the dim light, detached from the others upon the street, and with a double flight of high stone steps leading up to two doors placed side by side.

"Pull either bell," the cabman called, as she hesitated between the two, "it's all the same."

A servant opened the door. She stepped into a narrow hall, full of the sound of voices suddenly hushed, proceeding from an open doorway on the left, which was immediately filled by a giant form, while President Humphrey's dark face shone down upon her with a welcome in every line, when she had introduced herself. He was followed by his wife, a little woman of delicate appearance, who greeted Katey languidly, and drew her into the room from which the voices had come,—a pretty apartment with its bamboo furniture, and quaint foreign ornaments. It was brilliantly lighted now, and to Katey, dazzled after the dull glimmer of the street lamps, seemed to be filled with people. A little round man upon the sofa, whose cravat appeared to have inadvertently started his eyes from his head, rose with a kind of bounce at her entrance. This was one of the parents whom term-time had brought to Mrs. Humphrey's drawing-room—Mr. Solomon Luckiwinner, the owner of many shares in more than one Pennsylvania coal mine, and

the possessor also of a daughter, which accounted for his presence here. She was an exceedingly diminutive, prim young lady, of insignificant countenance, overloaded in dress and weighed down with jewelry, which seemed so out of place upon her as to give one the impression that she was only holding it a few moments for the accommodation of some one else. Just now her small features were swollen and disfigured by crying. The pangs of homesickness had seized upon her already. Katey, conscious of an unaccountable sinking of her own heart, felt an irresistible drawing towards the forlorn girl, who gave her a prim dutiful little bow, and then subsided, with a suppressed sob, into her corner again, as one or two of the lady teachers rose hastily and came forward to greet her: Miss Severance,—tall, fair, brown-eyed, and sweet to look at, dressed in deepest black; Miss Wormley,—of whom Katey marked only at the moment the blink of watery, red-rimmed eyes; and “Our Preceptress, Miss Hersey,”—a plump, high-shouldered, fair-haired woman, of anxious countenance and timid, hesitating manner, whom nature had intended for a happier sphere, but fate and circumstances had made preceptress of the La Fayette Female College. These all resided in the two houses which made up the school buildings; for, in addition to the one containing Mrs. Humphrey’s drawing-room, there was another at a short distance around the corner of the street, the two being connected in the rear by a wide veranda at the point where their angles met. In the corner itself was a smaller house, which Prof. Paine occupied with his family. The other gentlemen connected with the institution, with the exception of Prof. Dyce, came in at stated hours to their classes.

“You would be glad to go to your room, I am sure,” said Miss Hersey, upon whom devolved the duty of entertaining these school guests; “but, as it is in the other house, perhaps you had better take your tea first. We did not know when to expect you after the accident yesterday. Prof. Dyce and our new housekeeper were delayed by it; but they came on this morning. We judged from your letter that you would come by that train; but Prof. Dyce could not recall any one whom he judged to be you.”

Katey ran over in her mind the few faces among the passengers which she

could remember. “I was upon the train; but I think I did not see him,” she said.

“Very likely; you were not in the same car, I presume.”

“How did you pass the night? Of course, you were obliged to remain at the junction.”

It was Mrs. Humphrey who roused herself to speak from the arm-chair in which she was hidden. How timid and easily confused this rather stately young lady was after all, she thought, as Katey replied with evident embarrassment that she had found a very comfortable inn close by the station.

“Still, it must have been very awkward, to go to an inn alone,” suggested Miss Wormley, craning her long neck and patting her faded, sandy hair.

“But I was not alone,” Katey said quickly. Then she checked herself.

“O, you were with friends?” Miss Wormley saw no reason why this girl should not speak up promptly and relate the circumstances exactly as they occurred. Fortunately at this moment Miss Hersey, after a little flurried start and glance round the room, proposed that Katey should go down to tea, and rose to lead the way. It was long after the usual tea hour, and she was to be served alone. When they returned the President and Miss Severance had left the room. Mrs. Humphrey was dozing in her chair, while Miss Wormley had drawn near Mr. Luckiwinner, to whose remarks she was listening with a simper of pleased attention upon her countenance.

“I aint much of a scholar, myself,” he was saying, “but I reckon Clary, here, shall larn about all there is;” and he described a half circle with his hand upon which shone an enormous diamond ring, as though gathering within its limits all the wisdom of the earth which was to find a place in poor little Miss Luckiwinner’s head. “There’s money enough.” He winked and chuckled and gurgled in an alarming way. “Don’t leave nothing out. We’ll have all them high-sounding things. The Lord knows the name of ’em, I don’t. Won’t we, Clary?” appealing to the corner. But the only reply was a burst of sobs.

“There, there, don’t tee now,” he said soothingly, drawing the girl forward and seating her upon his knee. “You won’t mind if I take her in my lap, ma’am?” to Mrs. Humphrey, as the girl buried her face

upon her father's shoulder with a wail which could not be repressed. "You see she aint had no mother these good many years." Perhaps it was the tight neck-handkerchief which squeezed the tears at this moment into his own eyes. He brushed them away with the coarse hand upon which gleamed the showy ring. "I've had to be dad and marm, too. Aint I, Clary? There, there, it won't be no time at all before you'll be comin' home on your vacation, with so much larnin' in your head that you can't talk to your poor dad." This he said with a comprehensive wink around the room; but the only reply was a tighter clasp of the arms about his neck, and a new burst of sobs into his bosom. "And then, there's Rol coming to see you next week. That's her brother," he explained; "and may be I shall look in on you by the week after. Perhaps, I'll come to school myself!" he added as a triumph of wit. "You don't think your dad's too old to larn them high-soundin' things, do ye, little gal?"

There was a burst of laughter from the hidden head at this, and Mr. Luckiwinner choked, and gurgled, and reddened, and gasped as though he were in danger of going out like a sputtering candle. When he had so far recovered himself as to be able to blow his nose upon a handkerchief with a flaming border, he addressed himself to Katey.

"They tell me you're agoin' to be a teacher here; well if you would have an eye on my little gal—bein' young yourself," he went on without noticing the change in Miss Wormley's countenance—from the most tender pity and sympathy to astonishment and gathering indignation. "If you'd let her room with you, say, I'd fit up that room without sparin' no expense; velvet carpet, three-story black walnut bedstead, you know, with filigree work over the top, carved sideboard to put your clothes in, and all them little silver gim-cracks that women like to have round on the bureau, handsomer 'n any communion service you ever see." He spoke eagerly and hurriedly; but Miss Hersey ventured to interfere, and explain that it was against the rules of the school for the teachers to share their rooms with the pupils. But as each one had charge of a dormitory hall the young lady could room upon Miss Earle's hall if she chose; and so the matter was arranged.

Suddenly Mrs. Humphrey, who had been

fast asleep, wrapped in a soft white shawl, summer night though it was, roused herself with a little yawn, to ask, "Where is Professor Dyce? Has any one seen him since tea?" The question was answered unexpectedly. A quick, firm step sounded in the hall, followed by a deep voice in momentary colloquy with some one there, and the professor himself, entered the room.

"Here he is now," said Miss Hersey, before he appeared, hearing his step, which could never be mistaken for the President's heavy roll, or Professor Paine's timid creep. Katey turned with listless curiosity. She had half risen to ask to be shown to her room. She dropped upon her seat again, her heart for the moment ceasing to beat. It was the gentleman who had recognized Dacre Home upon the street, and who had confronted her so unexpectedly the night before. Why had she never imagined the possibility of this?

"Ah," said Mrs. Humphrey, "we were just speaking of you; Miss Hersey will you —" she sank back into her chair with a little wave of her hand towards Miss Earle, whom Miss Hersey hastened to present.

The professor had marked the shrinking figure as he entered—some frightened school-girl, he had said to himself; but at the sound of her name he came forward with outstretched hand, and a pleasant, reassuring word upon his lips, remembering the timid start of the slight figure whose face he was curious to see.

He recalled the image of an odd little girl, bearing this same name, whom he had befriended years before at a children's party in Boston. She had forgotten the occasion and time, of course, and he had no thought of making himself known to her, but still the recollection did quicken his curiosity, and warm his usual cool, grave manner into unwonted cordiality.

Katey rose, but she did not lift her eyes. Had she not felt before the sudden, freezing stare which she had not the courage to meet again? As for the professor his hand fell to his side, the half-uttered words of welcome came to an untimely end, he bowed low, and, turning away, abruptly seated himself by Mrs. Humphrey's chair.

Poor Katey, left standing in the middle of the floor, her bonnet pushed back from the face from which the color had fled, her slender fingers tightly clasping each other as she tried to repress the tears which sprang to her eyes, remembered Jack—re-

membered Delphine's pleasant home with a longing like a pain. Why had she come here? Did not Jack say that she would do something absurd and unheard of? And so she had already. She stooped and picked up her shawl which had fallen to the floor.

The buzz of conversation sounded again in her ears. Would he tell here and now where he had last seen her? The part she had played so thoughtlessly and as it seemed to her at the time so innocently, appeared now almost like a crime. Could she confess it if called upon? For a moment she almost thought she might. Then she remembered the skirts, of modest length to be sure, but much shorter than fashion or custom dictated. Strange that a few inches should condemn her; and yet she knew they would. She might tell the story; but she could never own to the little red petticoat!

"Have you come far to-day?" There was a sudden silence as Prof. Dyce's voice, with its slightly sarcastic tone, crossed the room. The question was for her, then, when he knew. Did he think to expose and confound her before them all? Pride and something almost like anger came to her rescue. She would tell the story if he forced her to it; but he should not triumph in her shame. She would feel none.

"I have come from the junction," she answered, with that forced, outward composure which answers so often and well for inward quiet. She did not shrink from meeting his eyes now. She had been foolish perhaps; but she had done no wrong.

"The accident detained you there, I presume; you must have found the time of waiting rather dull." She thought of the little company of which she had made one, and which he had seen trooping down through the hall in their fantastic garb. Dull! It was dreadful to remember; but it certainly was not dull. The flame in her face rose to her hair.

"Yes," ventured Miss Wormley, who had watched Miss Earle from the moment of the professor's entrance, and was confident not only that they had met before, but that there was some secret cause of embarrassment on Katey's side, "it must have been very tiresome; but she was with friends, I believe. Did you not say that you met friends upon the train?"

Katey had risen from her seat and crossed the room, trailing the little bright shawl after her. She did not appear to

have heard the question. "I am very tired," she said, addressing Miss Hersey; "could I be shown to my room?"

"O certainly," Miss Hersey responded quickly, rising and leading the way, when Katey had made a dignified adieu which included the whole room. "I beg your pardon; I forgot that you were still in your bonnet."

They crossed the great music-room and descended a few steps to the wide veranda, enclosed on three sides by the buildings and open to the garden upon the fourth, at the further end of which was a door which Miss Hersey unlocked; here they found themselves in a narrow entry, with the school-room upon the right, shrouded in darkness now, and a flight of stairs just before them. "We might have come through the school-room," said Miss Hersey; "but it is so much more direct that we usually cross the veranda, as you will find. This is my hall," she added, as they reached the top of the first flight of stairs. "Yours is above it: I will show you;" and she led the way. A long wide passage extended the length of the building; upon either side were ranged doors in a long line, broken upon one side by a descending stairway, which turned and was lost to sight in the darkness.

The last of this line of doors proved to give entrance to Katey's apartment—a cozy little corner room, lighted by windows upon either side, and neatly furnished. She had no regrets for the pretty, luxurious chamber which had been her own in Delphine's home. If her mind had been at ease she would have been quite content with her surroundings.

"There are no girls yet upon this hall, I think; but they will come to-morrow. My room, however, is directly under yours, and if you are timid—"

"O, I am not at all afraid," Katey said quickly, longing to be alone. "But Miss Luckiwinner?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes; I had forgotten. I will see that she has the next room; it is not engaged, and she will probably prefer to occupy it to-night rather than stay in the other house. I will attend to it." Then with a pleasant good night Miss Hersey left her.

She had lighted the gas and closed the shutters. Katey's trunk had been brought up and placed behind the door. She sat down beside it. It was familiar to her eyes, like the face of a friend, and she had not realized until this moment how heavy-

hearted she was. Could Prof. Dyce send her away in disgrace? No; he would hardly do that without giving her an opportunity to explain. But did she wish to explain? She was not at all sure that she did. Even now she resented the tone in which he had addressed her. She felt that he had mocked her. If he demanded an explanation she would give it to him, she could not do less; otherwise she would say nothing at all. He had looked at her with surprise and suspicion the first time they met; but he had no right to judge her. And that brought her mind again to Dacre—poor Dacre, of whom every one—unless it were Delphine—disapproved. The air of the room was close and stifling; she turned down the gas and threw open the shutters. There was something in the stillness of the hot, starless night which brought back almost painfully the last time she had seen him, when her cry had called him back to her. But for that, she knew, he would have gone away

forever. Was it regret that weighed her spirit down with the thought? Poor Dacre! his handsome, dissatisfied face rose before her, as though she had evoked it from the shadows. He loved her. He would come to her. But when and where? Everything in the future was dark and uncertain at this moment as she closed the shutters and turned away from the window.

She was falling into a troubled sleep when there came a feeble rap upon the door. "It is I," said a timid voice. "It is Miss Luckiwinner. O, please open the door." Katey unlocked it quickly, to be met by little Miss Luckiwinner's tear-stained face and slender white-robed figure. "Do let me come in," she said. "I can't sleep, I am so frightened to be alone." "Stay with me, then," said Katey, stricken with compunction at having quite forgotten her. So the trembling little figure crept into Katey's bed, where she soon forgot her fears, as did Katey her anxieties, in the blessed sleep of youth, which for the time at least wipes out all cares.

(To be continued.)

THE MAIDEN AND THE LILY.

A LILY in my garden grew,
Amid the thyme and clover,
No fairer lily ever blew,
Search all the wide world over.
Its beauty passed into my heart—
I know 'twas very silly—
But I was then a foolish maid,
And it—a perfect lily.

One day a learned man came by,
With years of knowledge laden,
And him I questioned, with a sigh,
Like any foolish maiden:
"Wise sir, please tell me wherein lies—
I know the question's silly—
The something that my art defies,
And makes a perfect lily."

He smiled, and, stooping, plucked the flower,
Then tore it, leaf and petal,
And talked to me for full an hour,
And thought the point to settle:
"Herein, it lies," at length he cries;
But I—I know 'twas silly—
Could only weep and say, "But where—
O, doctor, where's my lily?"

CHRIST'S RESURRECTION, SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED.

"If any one is able to make good the assertion that his theology rests upon valid evidence and sound reasoning, then it appears to me that such theology must take its place as a part of science."—*Huxley*.

I.

"HERE then we stand," says Strauss, in behalf of all the modern unbelievers, "on that decisive point, where, in the presence of the accounts of the miraculous resurrection of Jesus, we either acknowledge the inadmissibility of the natural . . . view of the life of Jesus, . . . and so give up our whole undertaking, or pledge ourselves to make out the possibility of the . . . origin of the belief in the resurrection of Jesus, without any corresponding miraculous fact."

And so to battle, without the slightest further parley, and let the sequel show whether the Christian or the anti-Christian here will find his Waterloo.

"The proposition that a dead man has returned to life," says Strauss again, "is composed of two such contradictory elements, that whenever it is attempted to maintain the one, the other threatens to disappear. . . . Hence the cultivated intellect of the present day has very decidedly stated the following dilemma: Either Jesus was not really dead, or he did not really rise again."

That Jesus was really crucified, and buried after being generally considered dead, no one questions. But, "a few hours' suspension upon the cross," says Renan, "seemed . . . altogether insufficient to produce such a result." "The best guarantee which the historian possesses upon a point of this nature, is the hatred of the enemies of Jesus, who must at all events have made certain that he was actually dead." Or, as Strauss prefers to say: "The proof of the reality of the death of Jesus, certainly cannot be given in a sufficient form on the side of the crucifixion, but is contained in the deficiency of all satisfactory proof of his resurrection."

And being thus obliged to leave the question whether Jesus was really dead or not, for the present undecided, let us next proceed to ask whether Jesus really rose again.

Whatever the fact may have been, all parties are agreed that the original friends of Jesus most resolutely believed that he *did* arise. This Renan rightly styles "the creative dogma of Christianity." "Without faith in it," says Strauss, "a Christian Church could scarcely have been formed;" and he elsewhere speaks of the disciples of Christ as

being "as convinced of his resurrection as they were of their own life."

Here, then, is one historical fact unquestioned and unquestionable.

Here also, however, according to Strauss, "is a hint to the apologists, who would like to persuade the world that if the reality of the Resurrection is not recognized, the origin and rise of the Christian Church cannot be explained. No, says the historian, and rightly, only thus much need be acknowledged, that the disciples firmly believed that Jesus had risen. This is perfectly sufficient to make their further progress and operations intelligible. What that belief rested upon . . . is an open question."

"The earliest writer," continues Strauss, who "gives us any accurate information as to how the belief in the resurrection of Jesus arose among his disciples, is the apostle Paul, who was not an eye-witness of the original phenomena which were the ground of this belief, but . . . relates what he heard from others. . . . He only says simply that the Jesus, who was alive again, had 'appeared' to them. If, however, we ask, . . . how these men convinced themselves that their supposed sight did not rest on a delusion, our voucher leaves us in the lurch." "If we would learn anything more accurate we must turn to the evangelists."

But, continues Strauss, "The evangelical evidence . . . is far from giving that certainty which it ought to give in order to make such a miracle credible. For, in the first place, it does not come from eye-witnesses."

And here Strauss quietly rubs his hands, expecting us to become hopelessly entangled in the interminable discussion of all the vexed and complicated questions now in dispute about the date and authorship of our respective gospels. To which we merely answer that at some time or another, and by some set of authors or another, our gospels were reduced to writing, and now offer to place before us documentary evidence of some kind or another about the Resurrection; and that is all we need to know or care about the matter in the present paper.

But Strauss again alleges that the different evangelical accounts of the Resurrection do not agree. As to the first tidings of the Resurrection, for example, says he: "In all

the more particular circumstances they diverge from each other in a way which has presented the richest materials for the polemic of the Wolfenbüttel Fragmentist ; and, on the other hand, has given abundant work to the harmonists and apologists."

But upon this specific question of the divergences and discrepancies and contradictions of our present gospels, Strauss has already quite exhausted himself in dealing with the subject of the miracles of Christ at large. Nor does he venture to set aside even a single miracle of Christ as unhistorical, either directly or indirectly, *merely* because of this aspect of the records. Conversely, all he claims in any given case to prove is this much, namely, not that such a conflicting account of the matter cannot be true, but only that it could not possibly have been recorded by an eye-witness of the miracle in question.

Or if Strauss, waxing foolhardy, should presume to say that the evangelical accounts of the special miracle of the Resurrection are too conflicting to be true, no, says the sufficiently hostile scholar, Greg: "The discrepancies which we notice in the various accounts are not greater than might have been expected in historians recording an event, or rather traditions of an event, which occurred from thirty to sixty years before they wrote."

But the pet point of Strauss is this, that our gospels give a description of the nature and movements of the risen Jesus, which contains in itself self-contradictory elements. Thus: "If the eating and the touching," says he, "were historically true, it could not be doubtful that what appeared to the disciples was a human body; if the showing and feeling of the marks of the wounds were so, there could be as little doubt that the human being was the Jesus who died upon the cross; finally, if the entrance with closed doors were true, there could be no question that the natural corporeality and life of this human being was of a very peculiar, perfectly supernatural order. But then we have two things coexisting in absolute contradiction with each other. A body, which can be touched . . . cannot penetrate through closed doors; as, conversely, a body which penetrates through boards without opposition, can have no bones, nor any organs by which to digest bread and fish. These are not conditions which can exist together in a real being, but only such as a fantastic imagination can combine together."

But first, from the Christian point of view, it would be perfectly competent to reply to Strauss upon this point as follows: The gos-

pels are here, as everywhere beside, speaking about what they pre-suppose to be, not a merely human, but a superhuman Christ. Nor do they here represent this superhuman Christ as being at one and the same time palpable and impalpable, which, of course, from any point of view, would be self-contradictory; but only as being successively palpable and impalpable, which, in a superhuman being, is not, of course, self-contradictory. In the same way, the gospels at one time represent this superhuman Jesus as going down beneath the waters of the Jordan, with a body subject to the same laws of gravity which govern all purely human bodies; and at another time as walking upon the waters of Genesareth, with a body superhumanly supported from sinking in the sea. Why did it not occur to Strauss to make the brilliant *coup de main* of bringing together, in a self-contradictory array, all such antipodal statements as these are, concerning the nature and movements of the still living Jesus, in order to throw doubt upon the historical validity of the gospel evidence that Jesus ever had appeared at all to his disciples, even before his crucifixion?

Secondly, from his own point of view, when dealing with the aspect of the gospel records of the Resurrection now in question, Strauss merely stands in point of fact confronted with one of those instances of climax, in discovering and depicting which he is confessedly the greatest modern master. For example: "The observation has already been made by others," says he, "that the fourth evangelist has fewer miracles than the synoptical writers, but that this deficiency in number is compensated by a superiority in magnitude."

But, according to Strauss, not only is the fourth gospel thus climactic in comparison with the synoptics, the synoptics are climactic with relation to themselves. Thus: "Here we have," says he, "a climax in relation to the conduct of the people; in Matthew the people seem to join them by accident; in Luke they come to meet him; and in Mark they run towards him to salute him."

But why has Strauss been at such infinite pains to discover and depict this climactic relation of the respective gospels? Because he would persuade us that there is an unhistorical gradation running up from Matthew to Mark, and from Mark to Luke, and from Luke to John,—Matthew being, comparatively speaking, the most, and John the least, original and trustworthy gospel of the four. And Strauss seeks to substantiate this climactic theory of our gospels for the very obvious reason that Mark is somewhat more

supernaturalistic than Matthew, and Luke than Mark, and John than Luke. Hence, by assuming the most supernaturalistic of the gospels to be the least historical, and the least supernaturalistic of the gospels to be the most historical, a wholesale disposal of the supernatural in the gospels of course at once results.

But suppose M. Strauss should now venture faithfully to apply this celebrated climacteric apparatus for evaporating the supernatural from the gospels to the special case in hand. Thus stands that case of climax. "The brief account in Matthew, it is true, implies," says he, "in the embracing of the feet of Jesus by the women, only the attribute of palpability; . . . with Mark the case is reversed, his statement that Jesus appeared in another form, implying something supernatural; . . . in Luke, on the other hand, the permission to touch his body, and the act of eating, speak as decidedly in favor of organic materiality, as the sudden appearance and disappearance speak against it; but the members of this contradiction come the most directly into collision in John, where Jesus, immediately after he has entered into the closed room, unimpeded by walls and doors, causes the doubting Thomas to touch him." And in view of this climax, Strauss, from his own point of view above detailed, is indeed entitled to say: first, that the risen Jesus never once "entered into a closed room, unimpeded by walls and doors," because that is only one of the vagaries of John; secondly, that the risen Jesus never appeared at all "in another form" to his disciples, because that is nothing but a "graphic stroke" of Mark; thirdly, that the risen Jesus never suddenly appeared to his disciples, and then vanished out of sight, because that is simply one of the characteristic attempts of Luke at "picturesqueness, exaggeration, and artistic beauty;" lastly, that if we trace this entire matter back to our original authority, namely, Matthew, we merely find that the risen Jesus appeared to his disciples in a perfectly palpable and strictly human way.

If, therefore, we are to "refuse to acknowledge in the resurrection of Jesus any miraculous occurrence," it must, even from his own point of view, be for some further and far better reason than that which Strauss above assigns, namely, that the evangelical accounts of the event, first, do not come from eye-witnesses, secondly, do not agree, and thirdly, give a description of the nature and movements of the risen Jesus, which contains in itself self-contradictory elements. In

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other words, after patiently going over all that ground with Strauss, we merely reach the real point and problem needing a solution, namely, how the original disciples ever came so firmly to believe that they really saw, conversed with, ate with, and even touched and handled, the really risen Jesus after his crucifixion.

The appearances of the risen Jesus which caused his disciples thus to believe, Strauss accordingly maintains were "solely internal states of mind, which might indeed present themselves to the subjects of them as external sensible perceptions, but are to be considered by us as results of mental excitement—as visions."

"The case, then," says Strauss, "immediately after the decease of Jesus, between the Jews of the ancient faith, and his adherents, stood as follows: The former said: 'Your Jesus cannot be the Messiah, because . . . your Jesus has died . . . by a disgraceful death without having done anything expected of the Messiah.' On the other hand, the latter said: 'As Jesus, our Messiah, died so early, the prophecies which promise to the Messiah that he shall endure forever, can only have meant that his death shall not be a continuance in hell, but a transmigration into a higher life with God, from whence he will return to earth at his own time, in order to bring to a conclusion his work that was interrupted through your guilt.'"

The idea that Jesus had ascended to his higher Messianic life with God, being thus originated, the further idea that he had ascended thither with his proper human body, Strauss conjectures, was suggested to his first disciples in connection with the Jewish legends imputing unto Enoch and Elijah, and, at a later date, even unto Moses, a bodily ascension into heaven.

After that, "the possibility was readily assumed," says Strauss, "that the ascended Messiah might show himself in his new glory to his followers." Then, "it was no great step from inward excitement to ocular vision." And now, "it only remains to realize the gradual growth of the myth, . . . *i.e.*, to show how the accounts of the appearance of the risen Jesus form a series, which is continually progressing from the visionary to the palpable, from the subjective to the objective."

Such in the outline, and in its underlying thought and principle, disentangled from the wearisome mass of obscuring controversy in which it lies imbedded, is the visionary version of the Resurrection offered us by

Strauss, in his *New Life of Jesus*, and as the final outcome of nearly thirty years' additional reflection on the question, after the publication of his original *Leben Jesu*.

No sooner, however, does Strauss begin to subject this visionary version of the Resurrection to the test of the gospel representations, than he forthwith finds himself at his very wits' end. Thus: "The statement of the locality of these appearances in the gospels seems to lead," says he, "to a result unfavorable to our point of view. . . . When in the very city before the gates of which the body of Jesus lay in a sepulchre well known and easy to be found, not forty-eight hours after it had been buried there, his disciples came forward, maintaining that he had risen, . . . how is it conceivable that the Jews should not have run straight to the sepulchre, fetched the corpse away, and, by the public exhibition of it, have convicted the audacious assertion of falsehood? Or rather how could the disciples make this assertion, when they could examine the neighboring cavern in order to convince themselves of its groundlessness?"

Nor is this the worst, for no sooner does Strauss manage, in a most shabby and unscholarly manner, fairly to wriggle his visionary hypothesis out of this dilemma, than he is forthwith obliged to say in its behalf again: "If we look upon the resurrection of Jesus as a miracle, it might take place as well at one time as another; . . . on the other hand, the psychological revolution from which *we* suppose the visions of the apostles to have proceeded, appear to require a longer interval for its development. More than one day, it would seem, should intervene before the disciples could recover from their terror at the unlooked-for result; before they could assemble together, after their first dispersion. Supposing, in particular, that it was from the renewed and profounder study of the . . . Old Testament that the certainty arose that their Jesus, in spite of suffering and death, had been the Messiah, that his suffering and death had been for him only the passage to the glory of the Messiah,—for this, also, a longer time was requisite. . . . And our view of the origin of the belief of the Resurrection of Jesus appears to fall to pieces upon the impossibility of making that origin conceivable on the third day."

And now what *will* Strauss do? Why, in the first place, he will of course cast a furtive glance towards the dreaded gospels. But no sooner does he do that, than he must at once confess that "the primeval,

definite account that Jesus rose the third day, and was seen after having so arisen, seems to have every claim to historical validity." And now what? Why, special-plead and wriggle thus again: "There are sundry points in the New Testament which throw a doubt upon this statement." Besides: "A purely logical method . . . was not yet possible; . . . the reaction was . . . a flash of lightning . . . Such a burst does not wait until all is first arranged in the course of thought; . . . it takes for granted at one stroke what the understanding afterwards works up. Thus our notion of the resurrection of Jesus would be far from being quashed, even if it were established that, so soon as the third day after his death, the conviction of it had arisen among his disciples."

In view of which, we merely wish to emphasize the fact that it was altogether a work of supererogation, on the part of Strauss, to tax his brains for little less than one ordinary life-time, in the perfectly futile effort to solve the problem how he could, from his mythical point of view, "make out the possibility of the origin of the belief in the resurrection of Jesus without any corresponding miraculous fact,"—paying, that is, at the same time even the remotest regard to those counter-conditions of time and place and circumstance presented in the gospels. Why did he not the rather, like another Feuerbach, bravely and utterly ignore the very existence of any counter-gospel statements during his entire discussion of the Resurrection? Thus: "Man, at least in a state of ordinary well being," says Feuerbach, "has the wish not to die. . . . But this wish involves the further wish for the certainty of its fulfillment. . . . Such a certainty requires . . . a practical demonstration. This can only be given to man by the fact of a dead person, whose death has been previously certified, rising again from the grave; and he must be no indifferent person, but, on the contrary, the type and representative of all others, so that his resurrection may be the type, the guarantee of theirs. The resurrection of Christ is, therefore, the satisfied desire of man for an immediate certainty of his personal existence after death."

Now this theory of Feuerbach, unlike that of Strauss, is not only brief and to the point, but it is perfectly intelligible—that is, considered as a pure conception; and it is all these things combined, simply because, unlike that of Strauss, it does not, as a theory,

permit itself to become at all either entangled or impeded, during the progress of its development, with any fatal gospel statements to the contrary. Had Strauss, in fine, as utterly ignored the gospels in both his *Lives of Jesus*, as Feuerbach has ignored them in his *Essence of Christianity*, then the theory of the Resurrection which Strauss advances would have still made about the same practical recognition of all the counter-gospel statements which it does make at present, while, at the same time, it could have been both succinctly and distinctly stated.

Besides, in speaking of the old rationalistic hypothesis of Paulus, namely, that the resurrection of Jesus was but "a natural revival," Strauss avers that "this view, apart from the difficulties in which it is involved [on the side of the gospel counter-evidences], does not even solve the problem which is here under consideration, the origin, that is, of the Christian Church, by faith in the miraculous resurrection of the Messiah." On the other hand, says he: "It is impossible that a being who had stolen half-dead out of the sepulchre, who crept about weak and ill, wanting medical treatment, who required bandaging, strengthening and indulgence, and who still at last yielded to his sufferings, could have given to the disciples the impression that he was a conqueror over death and the grave; . . . an impression which lay at the bottom of their future ministry."

And yet this self-same Strauss would have us deliberately to believe that the original disciples of Jesus,—to whose every Messianic hope connected with himself, his recent disgraceful death had confessedly been the cruel and completely crushing death-blow,—that these disciples could yet, "as solely internal states of mind, or visions," without a single external and palpable exciting cause, get to having apparently ocular visions of their risen Lord and Master!

Now even such a fearful flight of fancy as this is, never daunts indeed a genuine German metaphysician,—especially if he belongs, as Strauss does, to the Left school of Hegel. But the rest of mankind will require at least a trifling assistance from the outside world of exciting causes, in order merely to get the ocular and palpable appearances of the risen Jesus fairly started. Indeed, from this point of view, and in the absence of anything better, an ardent welcome would be accorded by most even to that pallid and half-dead risen Jesus allowed to us by the old rationalistic scheme of Paulus.

Fortunately, however, we do not need, as a matter of fact, to fall back, as a *dernier resort*, at this very trying juncture, upon the theory just referred to. On the contrary, Renan here most opportunely rises to rescue us at least from that intellectual degradation. "Enthusiasm and love," says he, "do not recognize situations unfruitful of results. . . . Rather than renounce all hope, they do violence to every reality. . . . For some years this adored Master had filled the little world by which he was surrounded with joy and hope; could they consent to allow him to the decay of the tomb? . . . They had no choice, then, between despair or heroic affirmation. A man of penetration might have announced during the Saturday that Jesus would arise. The little Christian society, on that day . . . resuscitated Jesus in their hearts. . . . Only let a material fact, insignificant of itself, allow the persuasion that his body is no longer here below, and the dogma of the resurrection will be established forever. This was exactly what happened. . . . When Mary . . . arrived on the Sunday morning, the stone was not in its place. The vault was open. The body was no longer there." "One sole thought preoccupied her mind: 'Where had they put his body?' Suddenly she hears a light rustling behind her. There is a man standing. At first she believes it to be the gardener. 'Oh!' says she, 'if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, that I may take him away.' For the only answer, she thinks that she hears herself called by name: 'Mary!' It was the voice that so often had thrilled her before. It was the accent of Jesus. 'Oh, Master!' she cries. She is about to touch him. A sort of instinctive movement throws her at his feet to kiss them. The light vision gives way, and says to her: 'Touch me not.' Little by little the shadow disappears. But the miracle of love is accomplished. . . . There is now no more talk of inferences . . . or conjectures. . . . Mary has seen and heard. The Resurrection has its first witness."

"In these kinds of marvelous crises," continues Renan, "to see after the others is nothing." Indeed: "These first days were like a period of intense fever, when the faithful, mutually inebriated, and imposing upon each other by their mutual conceits, . . . were lifted up with the most exalted notions." "In a few days a complete cycle of stories, widely differing in their details, but inspired by the same spirit of love and

absolute faith, were formed and disseminated." "It was all like a beautiful dream commenced anew. . . . They saw him in every place in which they had lived with him." "The most simple circumstances restored him to them." Thus: "On one occasion they had toiled all the night without having taken a single fish; all on a sudden the net was filled; this was a miracle. It seemed to them that some one had told them from the shore: 'Cast your nets to the right.' Peter and John looked at each other. 'It is the Lord,' said John." Or thus: "One day . . . the Galileans had climbed up one of the mountains to which Jesus had often led them. . . . The air on these mountains is full of strange mirages. . . . The whole assemblage [*i.e.*, the entire five hundred] imagined that they saw the divine specter displayed in the clouds. . . . They came down from the mountain persuaded that the Son of God had commanded them to convert the whole human race, and had promised to be with them, 'even to the end of the world.'"

Now, this anti-supernaturalistic theory which Renan advances of the Resurrection certainly possesses some marked advantages over all the rival theories; and first, in its relations to the simple letter of the gospels. For neither does this theory require us, like the theory of Feuerbach, utterly to ignore all the counter-gospel statements on the subject; nor, like the rationalistic hypothesis of Paulus, to keep, as Strauss substantially observes, exclusively to those features of the records which seem to point to a perfectly natural revival of Christ, while, on the other hand, we endeavor, by an evasive explanation, to set aside all those other features of the records which seem to point to something supernatural in the nature and the movements of the risen Jesus; nor yet does it require us, like the theory of Strauss, to squander all our lives away in the perfectly futile effort to make it appear to be a theory of the Resurrection having the slightest possible connection with those counter-conditions of time and circumstance and place presented in the gospels. Conversely, from the standpoint of his hypothesis, Renan, in the main, can accept the gospel statements exactly as they stand,—explaining them away, however, as he does, above, without admitting any actual appearances of the risen Jesus to his disciples.

While this is so, still Renan now and then must twist the gospels, just a trifle, in order to get them precisely in the shape to suit him.

Thus: "If it is difficult to call in question the tradition of the three synoptic gospels," says he, "according to which many women came to the tomb; it is certain, on the other hand, that, in the two most authentic accounts which we possess of the Resurrection, Mary of Magdala plays her part alone." And Renan here needs to give a trifling twisting to the gospels, for the very patent dogmatical reason that, according to his conception of the case, "only Mary loved enough to pass the bounds of nature, and revive the shade of the perfect Master;" or, as he elsewhere says: "Magdalene knew better than any one how to assert her dream, and impose on every one the vision of her passionate soul."

Still, Renan does not need to push the gospels completely to the wall upon this special point, in order originally to get Mary at the tomb entirely alone. On the other hand, it suffices, as a satisfactory starting-point for his hypothesis, that he can merely say: "In any case, Mary had at this solemn moment a part to play altogether out of the common order of events. It is her that we must follow, step by step, for she bore on that day, during one hour, all the burden of the Christian conscience; her witness decided the faith of the future."

It is only when he comes, from his own point of view, specifically to account for that "material fact, insignificant of itself," namely, the disappearance of the body of Jesus from the tomb,—which fact he considers to be the only valid basis for the dogma of the Resurrection,—that Renan finds himself compelled to grapple with the letter of the gospels in an open and utter conflict. Thus, says he: "Whilst Jesus rose again . . . in the hearts of those who loved him, . . . in what place did the worms consume the lifeless corpse which, on the Saturday evening, had been deposited in the sepulchre?" "It is possible that the body was taken away by some of the disciples, . . . [or by] the Jews; . . . [or] by the proprietor of the garden; or by the gardener." All of which is of course in flagrant contradiction to St. Matthew's statement that, expressly in order to guard against the possibility of any such tampering with the body of our Lord, the Jews, acting under the explicit instructions of Pilate, "made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch."

Still, from Renan's standpoint as to the very slight historical value of the gospels, it is perfectly legitimate for him to conjecture here, that "this circumstance, related only in the first gospel, . . . is in no respect admissi-

ble;" that it was indeed specifically "invented" by the early Christians, "in order to put an end" to the Jewish accusation, "that the disciples came by night and stole the body of Jesus." Besides: "We must also recollect," continues he, "that the mortuary vaults were low chambers, hewn in the side of a sloping rock. . . . Those chambers had no locks secured with keys; the weight of the stone was the sole safeguard they possessed against robbers and profaners of tombs."

And after all this, it is of course no very great scientific stretch of the imagination to suppose that the body of Jesus was actually spirited away by some one of the several possible parties Renan specifies; and that the "material fact" was thus afforded, in view of which the dogma of the Resurrection secured its first witness.

But, compared with all its rivals, not only has Renan's anti-supernaturalistic theory of the Resurrection this very decided recommendation of being in a general, though not in an absolute, harmony with the simple letter of the gospels. It would be by no means impossible to conceive that after the Resurrection had, in some such way as Renan fancies, secured its first witness, visions of the risen Jesus would then begin to multiply and spread abroad among his friends and followers almost like a wild contagion;—a point to which we will return a little further onward.

In view of the data now before us, let it, therefore, be inquired afresh, how and for what reasons the original disciples of Jesus came so firmly to believe that they really saw, conversed with, ate with, and even touched and handled their risen Master after he was crucified.

In the first place: "The origin of that faith in the disciples is fully accounted for," says Strauss, "if we look upon the resurrection of Jesus as the evangelists describe it, as an external miraculous occurrence." Nor have we been able to conclude, with Strauss, that the evangelical representation of this matter is to be rejected by us, either because the gospels do not come from eye-witnesses; or because they do not agree; or because they give a description of the nature and movements of the risen Jesus, which is in itself self-contradictory. So far otherwise, it was shown above that, *per se* considered, the evangelical records of the Resurrection are perfectly compatible with the supposition that they narrate a historical fact, when they represent the risen Jesus as actually appear-

ing in his proper person to his disciples after he was crucified.

But when the far different question now is raised, whether, while the gospel records are thus perfectly compatible with the supposition mentioned, they, of necessity, shut us up to its adoption, then doubtless not a few of the most candid and competent scholars living must answer in the negative. It is, indeed, true that, instead of supposing that the risen Christ in fact appeared to his disciples, almost no scholar can espouse such a supremely arbitrary conception as that of Feuerbach; for Feuerbach, in dealing with the Resurrection, does not even recognize so much as the very existence of a single gospel statement on the subject counter to his views. Equally true is it that almost every scholar will, in these days, unhesitatingly reject the hypotheses of both Strauss and Paulus. For not only, as appears above, are these hypotheses both alike in the most utter conflict with every fundamental gospel statement; they are neither of them so much as intelligible, when regarded as mere conceptions of the problem which they undertake to solve. For if Strauss cannot possibly imagine how the disciples could be duped into supposing Jesus was the risen Prince of Life, by any such half-dead and slowly convalescing Jesus as is allowed to us by the theory of Paulus; no more can the rest of the world possibly imagine, with Strauss, how the crushed and despondent original disciples of Jesus could get to having ocular visions of their risen Lord, without a single external exciting cause, but purely "as internal states of mind." To produce such a psychological feat as that, the mere "persecution of the Jews," the mere "recollection of the personality of Jesus," the mere "renewed study of the Old Testament Scriptures," and other kindred causes, which Strauss suggests, would seem to be entirely inadequate. In the case of the hypothesis of Renan, however, an intelligent and perfectly intelligible starting-point for the initial apparition is suggested. The stone removed; the vault open; the body gone; the linen clothes carefully folded and lying apart by themselves in a corner of the sepulchre; the accidental passing of a certain person, like the gardener; the fancy that some one had called her by her name;—all this, we say, to one of Mary's ardent and oriental nature, might possibly have been quite enough to create the delusion in her excited fancy that she had actually seen and heard her risen Lord and Master. At least such a thing as this does not by any means

transgress the scientific limits of conception. On the contrary, it is almost incredible what perfectly insignificant external causes will, under the proper conditions, sometimes originate these ocular visions of a supernatural order, in the minds of certain people. For instance, even while we write these pages, our local Ulster county papers gravely tell us that, "a short time since, several persons went to dig horse-radish near an unoccupied house not far from Whiteport. About two years ago a man hung himself to a tree near the house. The persons were startled at length by the sound of voices in the tenantless rooms, and upon looking up, they beheld the spirit of the self-murderer, in its earthly tenement, emerge from the building, and advance toward the tree! Reaching the tree, he mounted the barrel, placed the fatal rope around his neck, and then overturned the barrel on which he stood. The radish-diggers saw him dangling and struggling in mid-air, and then, no longer able to witness the horrible spectacle, they returned home."

Now, from information furnished by one who has personally conversed in our behalf with one of those radish diggers, as well as from a former pastoral residence of some five years' duration in the immediate vicinity of the little village mentioned, the author does not feel the slightest question that, aside from certain minor errors in the newspaper reports as to the precise details of the apparition, the persons instanced as really believe that they saw this apparition as they really believe that they ever saw the sun.* And that the suicide in question was really dead and buried upwards of two years ago, the author can personally certify, because he personally officiated at his interment. If, therefore, we are not to adopt the supposition that this suicide has in reality again appeared in his former "earthly tenement," then we must adopt the counter-supposition that, to the excited imagination of the ignorant and superstitious radish-diggers, some chance noises,—perchance occasioned by the blowing of the wind,—occurring in the

tenantless house, have suggested the hearing of a human voice, and this in its turn has been sufficient to cause an apparent ocular vision of the departed *felo de se* in his proper person.

And supposing,—what is, therefore, by no means insupposable,—the delusion to have started with Mary, in some such way as Renan fancies, that the crucified Christ was again alive among his faithful friends,—that she, in fact, herself had seen and heard him,—after that, merely to account for the further spread of the delusion creates, of course, for the truly scientific thinker, not the slightest difficulty. So far otherwise, "these kinds of visions," Renan truly urges, "are catching; . . . it is enough for one . . . to affirm that he sees or hears something supernatural, and the others will see and hear it." Thus, to cite Renan's instance: "Amongst the persecuted Protestants, a report was spread that angels had been heard chanting psalms in the ruins of a recently destroyed temple; the whole company went to the place and heard the same psalm." Or, as in our recent Ulster resurrection: One of a company of radish-diggers, in plain view of a tree upon which a man had hung himself, hears, we will suppose, some accidental noises in the empty house near by, and starts. It is a human voice, a second thinks, who hears the noise as well, and tells her thought. A third one fancies she can now even see the spirit of the self-murderer, again embodied, emerging from the building, and going to the tree, and tells her vision. And then the entire company stand transfixed with horror, beholding the original act of suicide repeated.

Should fifty, or even should five hundred additional persons, of the same superstitious order, now appear upon the scene in the same mental condition, they all would doubtless see the fearful apparition dangling and struggling in the air.

Or should it be objected here that the original disciples of Jesus did not belong to the proper class of persons to have seen him after he was dead only as a mere hallucination, Renan's ready answer is, that we must, on the other hand, "remember what degree of intellectual culture was possessed by the disciples of Jesus." "What we call a weak head," continues he, "is well accompanied by perfect goodness of heart. The disciples believed in phantoms; they imagined they were surrounded by miracles; they took no part in the positive science of the time. . . . In this respect Palestine was one of the most backward of countries; the Galileans were

* The precise report made by one of the original eye-witnesses to our informant is that she, and another woman, first beheld the apparition, with its arms dangling by its side, and its cap drawn down over its eyes, hanging in the tree; but that the other two in the party,—one man and one woman,—failed to have the original vision with them. The apparition then disappeared, and they all watched together for its return, and soon were every one of them rewarded by seeing it in common. But we have preferred to adhere to the newspaper version of the matter in the text, as illustrating the embellishments as to details soon added to such reports by rumor.

the most ignorant of the inhabitants of Palestine; and the disciples of Jesus might be counted among the most simple people of Galilee."

Let the truth accordingly be frankly known. Were the original disciples of Jesus now living among our worthy friends, the common people, in the neighborhood of Whiteport, Salome would direct you to tie a string about your leg over night, and then to tie the same string about a tree the corresponding morning, as a certain cure for the intermittent fever; Peter would point out to you, during your twilight ramble, the very passage in the valley where his horse had first paused, and then made a wide detour, in order to pass about a spirit, which, like the famous ass of Balaam, he had detected, at a given journey, in the lonely highway; whereas John would regale you with the detailed recital of the precise circumstances under which he had heard an apparition clanging with his drill in a deserted quarry, and that too about the very noon-day; nor would Mary of Magdala fail to tell you, word for word, a certain wonderful conversation which she had had, not many years ago, with a special superhuman visitant.

Renan, then, is undeniably correct, as it concerns the original disciples of Jesus. Under the exciting causes which he mentions, it by no means transcends the limits of conception that a Mary of Magdala *might* have seen and heard her risen Master, as a mere hallucination. Indeed, from his own standpoint, Renan scarcely needed so neatly to adjust the gospel evidences in order to permit the supposition that Mary of Magdala, first of all, was at the empty sepulchre of Christ alone. On the contrary, Mary Cleophas, Salome, Joanna, and other women, might just as well have been permitted at the very outset to share the vision with her. In fact, not even the presence of a Peter, or possibly a John, would have necessarily been fatal to the hallucination. So far otherwise, we learn, on careful inquiry, that, all told, not less than four individuals, one man included, most firmly believe that they together beheld our recent Ulster resurrection. Not that in all such instances of hallucination, there is not a first favored one to see and hear; but that always after this first favored one *has* seen and heard, the rest can then see and hear just as responsively as the chord-string vibrates to the touch.

Moreover, concerning the original disciples of Jesus, Renan well may say that, "among such a people, belief in the marvelous discovered the most extraordinary chan-

nels of propagation. 'The idea of the resurrection being once circulated, numerous visions would result.'" And we must here again agree with Renan, since we have already again seen a friend from the Whiteport way, who very strongly suspects that he has had his own special vision of our local apparition. Nor can we doubt that if, instead of having been an obscure and despised inebriate, who had committed suicide, Mr. — had only stood related, during his lifetime, to the Whiteport common people, in some such sense as Jesus, from the Christian point of view, stood related, during his lifetime, to his disciples, namely, as their very wonder-working Messiah, already five hundred men would have had their vision of our resurrected suicide, and that they would most firmly adhere to their belief in the reality of his appearances to them, and that through fire and flood, and to their dying day.

If, then, we are to believe at all, as free and fearless scientific thinkers, whether Christian or anti-Christian, in the reality of Jesus' resurrection, we must not believe therein for inadequate, much less irrational reasons. It is indeed true, as is said above, that the gospel statements about the posthumous appearances of Jesus to his original disciples, are, *per se* considered, perfectly compatible with the supposition of their being in the strictest sense historical. But, while this is true, it is equally true that the mere statements of the gospels on the subject of Jesus' resurrection, isolated and considered by themselves, do not, for reasons now sufficiently unfolded, *shut us up*, as candid and thorough thinkers, to the theory that he actually arose. On the contrary, from this point of view alone, the *possibility* always must remain that the sincere faith of his original followers that they had actually seen him in his proper person after he was dead and buried, can, at least within the limits of conception, be accounted for, if we merely conceive, primarily, that the disappearance of the body of Jesus from the tomb, and other helpful causes, originally produced in Mary of Magdala, and perhaps produced in certain other women also, the hallucination that he was arisen; and, secondarily, that this hallucination, having thus originated, then began to spread abroad among his friends and followers,—being seen and heard of them after such a fashion as Renan has conjectured.

If the entire investigation of the historical reality of Jesus' resurrection were, therefore, to be rested here, an impartial scientific commission could hardly fail to decide, we think, that whether to espouse the Christian

or the anti-Christian view, thus far, remains a plainly open question.

Secondly. So far as the anti-Christians have anything to say about the matter, the whole investigation of the subject mentioned *must* be rested here. In other words, the reader now has before him in substance, we believe, every note-worthy scientific consideration against the historical reality of Jesus' resurrection, which it has been within the limits of the ablest and best informed anti-Christian thinkers of all Europe combined, to conjecture during the last three-quarters of a century.

Thirdly. So far as the Christian party to this debate are concerned, instead of proposing to rest the whole investigation of the subject of the historical reality of Jesus' resurrection here, they propose instead, precisely from this point forward, merely to begin to develop the real strength of the Christian argument and evidence. Indeed, lest in the sequel we should appear, up to this stage of the discussion, simply to have been playing with our subject, it must be expressly stated and understood that our object thus far has in no sense been so much as even to suggest the scientific considerations at the basis of the Christian view of Jesus' resurrection, but solely to place clearly before the reader, at least representatively, the full front and force of the several leading anti-Christian hypotheses of the event in question. In other words, if any one be chargeable with having thus far been merely playing with our momentous topic, it is by no means the present writer, but rather the leading anti-Christian minds of all Europe combined, and that from Paulus down to Renan.

And having thus been permitted, for something like seventy-five years past, to be wading about securely in the shallows of the all-decisi-ve subject now up for a full and fearless scientific scrutiny, gentlemen of the most pronounced modern anti-supernaturalistic proclivities! you are at length respectfully requested boldly to commit yourselves, with all your anti-supernaturalistic fame and fortune, for a little season, to the swift and central currents of a full and fair investigation.

II.

The gospel statements on the single subject of the Resurrection do not, therefore, by any means exist,—as the modern skeptics have presumed to treat them,—apart by themselves in the shape of a mere isolated and unsupported literary fragment, but, on the other hand, confront the anti-Christian critic as composing an integral portion of the volume called the Bible.

Now to all who have beforehand been able to convince themselves, for what they consider to be sufficient reasons, that everything asserted in the Bible is therefore in the highest conceivable sense historical, to these persons the mere fact that Jesus' resurrection is narrated in the Bible is, of course, an ample basis for a rational belief in the matter mentioned. If there is anything whatever irrational about this belief, the irrationality does not primarily appertain to their belief in the Resurrection, but rather to their having been beforehand convinced for inadequate reasons,—taken, however, by themselves for adequate reasons,—of the absolutely historical character of everything narrated in the Bible.

But outside of that immense multitude of people just referred to, doubtless other multitudes exist to-day who feel obliged, in view of all the data bearing on the question, very strongly to suspect the historical validity of very much narrated in the Scriptures. And with all such persons as these latter ones, the mere fact that Jesus' resurrection is narrated in a fragment of the Bible, of course must go for nothing. For them the same story might precisely as well have been told in a fragment of the Koran. Not in what book does the story occur, but is it true or is it false, is all they care to know.

Luckily, however, should the present condition of the entire question of the evidential value of the Bible be compared to an ocean unsettled by a tempest, this ocean has its bottom. Deep down, that is to say, beneath all agitated and disputed matters now tossing to and fro throughout the minds of scholars as it concerns the Scriptures, we come at length to a firm and quiet basis of the most pronounced and perfect harmony of judgment and decision;—no modern scholar contending that the Bible is an unmitigated forgery; and all modern scholars at least affirming, with Renan, that whatever else is doubtful, "Matthew clearly deserves our unlimited confidence as regards the discourses."

But not only are the evangelical accounts of the Resurrection not an isolated and unsupported literary fragment, but a component and integral portion of the Bible. The Resurrection itself is not an isolated supernatural feature in the gospel history of Jesus, but merely one of a series of most astounding miracles with which he stands therein accredited. And here we reach at once another point of capital importance.

And first. Canon Mozley has remarked, concerning one aspect of the argument of the

paper on "Christ's Miracles Scientifically Considered," published in SCRIBNER for March, 1873, that it "drives Strauss from a distinct mythical explanation, to the admission of an actual miracle-working of some kind; and then from imagination, as a solution of this, to a point at which imagination cannot possibly any longer apply."

For the benefit of those readers to whom the argument is not itself immediately accessible, however, it must in the present paper be observed, that the very pith and point of the entire mythical, or metaphysical hypothesis advanced by Strauss, as it concerns the miracles of Christ, consist precisely in his most generous, but also most officious, effort altogether to disburden Jesus in person from the charge of professing to be a wonder-worker while he was alive, and to foist over his supposed pretensions to being a wonder-worker upon those traditions which arose about him after he was dead, but prior to the time at which our present gospels are assumed by Strauss to have been reduced to writing.

Unfortunately for this way of putting things, however, Strauss, in order to avoid the most absurd position that our gospels are an utter forgery, must concede that at least the Logia of Matthew are, on the whole, not discourses of Jesus traditionally concocted for his speaking after he was dead, but discourses of Jesus actually falling from his own personal lips, while he yet was living. But in these very Logia of Matthew, divested of every doubtful feature, and considered altogether independently from those narratives of miracles with which they are interwoven, Jesus is himself discovered to be a claimant to the miracle-working character, and that, too, in the most decided sense of supernaturalism.

Nor by resorting to the famous tendency-theory of the miracles of Christ, which Baur advances, in rivalry to the mythical theory of Strauss, shall we succeed any better with the effort to relieve Jesus in person from the charge of playing thaumaturgist.

"Strauss," says Renan, "supposed that the New Testament was based on the Old, and that the Jews in the time of Christ had a fixed Messianic type, on which the character of Christ might have been modeled trait by trait. Baur, on the contrary, supposes that all the acts which exhibit Jesus as accomplishing the Messianic ideal, and the ideal itself, were inventions of the primitive Christians." Or, as Strauss indignantly protests in a given case of miracle: "What I explained to be a myth, Baur declared to be a mere fiction of the evangelist."

But, under the tendency theory of Baur, just as under the mythical theory of Strauss, the question now arises whether *everything* recorded concerning Jesus in our present gospels was deliberately concocted by the early Christians without the least historical basis. No, says Baur; and forced to make some specification, he, as well as Strauss, not only "considers the gospel of Matthew as the most original, and, comparatively speaking, the most trustworthy," but would specifically single out the speeches of Jesus in Matthew, as being, in particular, the most original and trustworthy portion even of that gospel. And then it only remains to go through with precisely the same process in the case of Baur, as in the case of Strauss,—the only possible diversity in the result being that, whereas the Logia of Matthew will not permit Strauss to foist over the thaumaturgic pretensions of Jesus upon the Messianic myths, the same Logia will not permit Baur to foist them over upon the inventive genius of the early Christians, but will, instead, most inexorably persist in fixing those pretensions upon the personal and living Jesus.

In short, twist and turn this matter as we may, it is utterly impossible that the pretensions of Jesus instanced, should ever be shifted over from himself into the domain of abstract speculation, and the like. Not only have Strauss and Baur, and all other masters of the past and present, most signally failed in the effort: the secret of success, it requires no prophet to predict, is already to be found only among "the lost arts" of the future. If Jesus, that is to say, ever lived at all, if we have a single authentic word of his remaining to us even among the Logia of Matthew, then Jesus personally appeared upon the scene before his contemporaries in the character of a most deliberate wonder-worker.

This most momentous demonstration being, therefore, firmly fixed in mind, let us next proceed to inquire, according to the Logia of Matthew, what personal connection Jesus must have had with the special miracle of his resurrection.

And first: "According to the evangelical accounts," says Strauss, "Jesus predicted his resurrection, in words not less clear than those in which he announced his death, and also fixed the time of its occurrence with singular precision. As often as he said, 'The Son of Man shall be crucified,' he added: 'And the third day he shall rise again.'"

But not only, according to the Logia of Matthew, did Jesus, prior to his crucifixion,

thus repeatedly predict his resurrection. According to those same Logia, Jesus, after he was crucified and buried, said to his disciples: "All hail! . . . Be not afraid: go tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me,"—thus bearing, in his own proper person, the most explicit witness possible to his having risen from the tomb.

And thus we have not only the miracles of Christ at large, but also the miracle of his resurrection in particular, transferred altogether out of that domain of mere abstract speculation, literary development, and the like, where the German anti-Christian scholars vainly strive to place them, and find ourselves compelled to grapple with them, precisely as they ultimately must be grappled with by all the modern skeptics, namely, as belonging to the world of actual facts connected with the actual life of Jesus; or, as Renan prefers to put it, to "admit unhesitatingly, that acts which would now be considered traits of illusion, or of hallucination, figured largely in the life of Jesus."

But if Jesus in person professed to be a wonder-worker, then Jesus must in person take his place before the modern savant, on precisely the same footing with any other professed thaumaturgist, and so perform his prodigies. Precisely the same experimental tests, that is to say, should be applied to all professed wonder-workers, without distinction or exception. If, comparatively speaking, there is nothing exceptional, to an ultimate and fearless scientific thinker, in the grounds of his receiving the miracles of Christ as historical, and in the grounds of his receiving the miracles of Buddhism and Mohammedanism, and other religions as historical, he will, of course, either receive them all, or reject them all. Only the blind religious partisan and superstitious zealot will accept a miracle in the name of his own religion, that he would unhesitatingly reject if it were only offered to him in the name of any other religion. In a word, let the Christian never more forget that there is not one law of miracles for the religion of other people, and another law of miracles for the religion of ourselves, any more than there is one law of gravity for the Christian and another law of gravity for the pagan.

The question next arises, under what conditions of perfect scientific scrutiny any thaumaturgist would to-day be required to perform his prodigies.

In the instance of a resurrection, Renan rightly says: "A commission composed of physiologists, physicians, chemists, . . .

would be appointed. This commission would choose the corpse, make certain that death was real, designate the hall in which the experiment should be made, and regulate the whole system of precautions necessary to leave no room for doubt. If, under such circumstances, the resurrection should be performed, a probability almost equal to certainty would be attained. However, as an experiment ought always to be repeated, . . . the thaumaturgist would be invited to produce his marvelous act, under other circumstances, upon other bodies, in another medium. If the miracle succeeds each time, . . . supernatural acts do come to pass in the world."

In our SCRIBNER paper on Christ's Miracles we could not, of course, refuse, like another Froude, to have Renan subject our thaumaturgist, Jesus, in particular, to these perfectly reasonable modern scientific requisitions.

But the question next arises: Precisely what is the point concerning Jesus' thaumaturgy which a modern scientific commission needs determine? It is not whether the prodigies which he professedly performed with such astonishing success before his contemporaries, such as raising the dead, if actually done, were real miracles; but it is, how he not merely professed to do them, but deluded his contemporaries into believing that he did them, and yet never did them.

In a word, if we narrow the whole discussion down to the single issue of those undoubted miracles, in which, according to the Logia of Matthew, Jesus must himself have "consented to take an active part," the entire strain and stress of the anti-supernaturalistic solution of his miracles then must ultimately fall and rest wholly upon the personal character of Christ himself. This Renan clearly perceives when he says: "In order to avoid objections which might be raised against the character of Jesus, we must not suppress facts which, in the eyes of his contemporaries, were of the first order. It would be agreeable to say that these are additions of disciples far inferior to their master. . . . But the four narrators of the life of Jesus are unanimous in vaunting his miracles," etc. That is to say, since, in view of the failure of the theories of Strauss and Baur, and a multitude of others, it has been demonstrated to be utterly impossible, by any conceivable unhistorical theory of the origin and compilation of the gospels, to clear Christ in person from the charge of being a conscious thaumaturgist,

therefore let Christ also be put in the same category with all other thaumaturgists ; and after that, so far as it is essential to dispose of the hypothesis of the reality of his pretended prodigies, let us not scruple to resort to the only remaining hypothesis now open to the world of scientific thinkers, namely, the hypothesis of more or less conscious trickery and fraud, on the part of Jesus, as a thaumaturgist.

Very well. This is putting things precisely on their proper basis. And since M. Renan has bravely demanded that "the historian of Jesus shall be [as he surely ought to be] as free in his judgments as the historian of Bouddha, or of Mahomet," we shall now doubtless, let us hope, have the question of the miracles of Christ settled, once for all, by our congregated savans, in a perfectly straightforward and fearless manner.

M. Renan, therefore, let it be supposed, has duly convened his famous "assembly of men capable of establishing the miraculous character of an act."

After these men have, in the most elaborate manner possible, "regulated the whole system of precautions, so as to leave no room for doubt" in case Jesus' thaumaturgy is successful, they summon him before them. Or rather, since it is utterly impossible for Jesus, at so late a day as this, personally to appear before them, Renan reads to his commission a lecture on the general question of Jesus' thaumaturgy.

The fundamental thought of Renan's thesis, then, is this, that, in so far as Jesus took any conscious and active part whatever in his wonder-working, Jesus took a conscious and active part in trickery and fraud.

And yet, says he : "Must we sacrifice to this unpleasant aspect of such a life its sublime aspect? Let us beware of it."

But, in our SCRIBNER paper on the miracles of Christ, the discovery was made, that the Jesus whose thaumaturgy Renan has undertaken, in his *Vie de Jésus*, thus generously to explain away before our modern savans, in a general consistency with at once his common sense and his common integrity of character, is purely a thaumaturgist of Renan's manufacture, but in no sense a Jesus whose words remain to us in Matthew. For this latter Jesus is, in the paper instanced, over and over again proven to be, not "a thaumaturgist only at a late period, and against his will," and the like, but,—and that throughout his entire public career,—one of the most pronounced, one of the most studied, and one of the most deliberate won-

der-workers possible to conceive. Indeed, step by step, the modern savant who undertakes to deal, not with a Jesus of the mere modern scientific imagination, but with the Jesus of history, finds himself forced by a perfect chain-work of irresistible logic, to decide this single question, namely, whether this latter Jesus was at once an arrant knave and fool, or a real wonder-worker.

But not only did Renan lack the requisite scientific nerve squarely to apply his truly and only possible ultimate scientific anti-supernaturalistic theory of the miracles of Jesus, to the solution of the miracles in general of that Jesus whose words remain to us in Matthew. No sooner did he become confronted with what Strauss fitly characterizes as "the crowning miracle of the resurrection," than he very naïvely says : "The life of Jesus, to the historian, ends with his last sigh ;" and then, quite as naïvely, proceeds, after merely striking the key-note to the discussion in the *Vie de Jésus*, to treat the whole question of the Resurrection, in *The Apostles*, as if not the slightest personal complicity of Christ with that special prodigy is ever to be dreamed of in our philosophy.

And having thus shifted the entire decision of the subject over upon considerations connected solely with the original disciples of Jesus, Renan then proposes to have even them "implicated a little in what would now be called fraud," if possible, not at all ; and in the very worst event, only homeopathically. For, as the reader remembers, it is absolutely necessary, as the very basic point of his hypothesis, for Renan to have the body of Jesus in some way or another taken from the tomb. But, as he suggests above, it may have been removed either by the Jews, or by the proprietor of the garden, or by the gardener. And in either of these events, of course, the disciples of Jesus personally stand entirely exonerated in connection with the disappearance of the body. But if the worst come to the worst : "It is possible that the body was taken away by some of the disciples and carried by them into Galilee. The others, remaining at Jerusalem, would not be cognizant of the fact. On the other hand, the disciples who carried the body into Galilee, could not, as yet, have become acquainted with the stories which were invented at Jerusalem, so that the belief in the resurrection would have been propounded in their absence, and would have surprised them accordingly. They could not have protested ; and had they done so, nothing could have been disarranged. Where

a question of miracles is concerned, a tardy correction is not the way to a denial."

In addition to the possibility that the body of Jesus was thus surreptitiously taken away by some of his disciples into Galilee, there is "the detail related by the fourth gospel, of the napkin folded away carefully by itself in a corner," which Renan thinks "would lead to the supposition that a female hand had slipped in there." "For," says he, "the female conscience, when under the influence of passionate love, is often the abettor of its own dreams."

And now what? Why: "Let us draw a veil over these mysteries. . . . And what does it matter definitively? . . . The material incident which has produced the belief in the Resurrection was not the veritable cause of the Resurrection. It was love that made Jesus rise again; and this love was so powerful that a little risk was sufficient to build up the Christian faith. If Jesus had been less loved, if the belief of the Resurrection had had less reason for its establishment, these sorts of risks would have been incurred in vain. . . . A grain of sand causes the fall of a mountain, when the moment for the fall of the mountain has arrived."

But we must here most emphatically protest against the supposition that, if Jesus did not in fact really die, and really rise again, at the utmost a trifling fraud, a little risk on the part of a few of his disciples, who knew the secret of the disappearance of the body, and perhaps who knew also the trick of the carefully folded napkin, will fully solve the problem of the Resurrection. For if it be true, as Renan above alleges, that "the life of Jesus, to the historian, ends with his last sigh," it must be the life of some other Jesus than the Jesus whose words remain to us in Matthew. For *that* Jesus not only predicted that he would really die, he predicted also that he would really rise again. And not merely so, but after he had at least apparently died, that same Jesus personally appeared to his disciples, attesting that he had in fact arisen according to such prediction.

Have we not, however, above conceded that the words which the disciples of Jesus thought they heard him speak to them after his crucifixion, might possibly have been words spoken to them, not by the really risen Christ, but only by some airy apparition of their own excited fancies?

Most certainly we did; but that was while we were yet looking at the gospel records

of the Resurrection from the thoroughly superficial standpoint of the modern skeptic, that is, as being merely isolated literary fragments, or slips of paper, picked up somewhere by themselves, and so without any substratum of historical support from any other quarter. But regarded in their proper light, namely, as composing a component and integral portion of the Bible, there would then appear to be no conceivable scholarly escape from the conclusion that at least the Logia of Matthew, interwoven with those records, are historical.

Or,—not to stickle with the modern skeptics here concerning trifles,—suppose that, having already given up argumentatively all the rest of the gospel records of the Resurrection as unhistorical, we now complete the act of generosity, and argumentatively give up even the Logia of Matthew, which are interwoven with those records, as likewise not historical. Even then there yet remain to us those other Logia of Matthew, wherein Jesus, prior to his crucifixion, predicts alike his death and rising from the dead. But says Strauss, in a given case of miracle: "No one but either an impostor, who was as inconsiderate as he was shameless, or a man who was conscious that he could put an end to illness, would declare that a sick person at a distance, represented as dying, would not die." And most assuredly no one but either an impostor, such as Strauss above describes, or else a person who was conscious that he could prove a conqueror over death and the grave, would so confidently and so particularly predict his resurrection, as Jesus does his own, over and over again in Matthew.

Or if even these latter Logia of Matthew strike a little too deep into the very heart and life of the personal character of Christ to suit the modern skeptics, let it now be argumentatively assumed that not even they are to be held by us as too rigidly historical. Still, not even in this way, have we, who have unfortunately undertaken to occupy the anti-supernaturalistic standpoint concerning Jesus resurrection, become released from the most tenacious hold of this persistent Christian tenet. For, even after we have thus argumentatively assumed the non-historical character of all those Logia of Matthew which specifically relate to both his death and resurrection, we still stand confronted with the fact, that even before coming to the question of his resurrection at all, we have been called upon to pronounce a prior verdict upon the question of a long series of miracles accredited by Jesus to himself in those Logia, and to

which this special miracle now being considered, only stands related as a sort of crowning piece, or thaumaturgic climax.

And not only so, but in pronouncing this prior verdict upon the question of the miracles of Christ at large, we have likewise, and before all discussion, virtually foreclosed our verdict also on the further question of his resurrection. That is to say, if we have beforehand concluded that the Jesus who speaks to us in Matthew, was indeed such a wonder-worker as doubtless he professed to be, and as doubtless he deluded his contemporaries into taking him to be, then it follows almost as a strictly logical necessity that he must have had a real resurrection from the dead, in case he was ever believed to have had such a resurrection by his original disciples. On the other hand, in case we have beforehand concluded that this Jesus was a sufficiently consummate knave and fool combined, to have played the rôle of wonder-worker in the manner instanced, and to have succeeded therein only as a common thaumaturgic trickster—well, after that, it is assuredly scarcely worth our while to pause in the application to such a Jesus in person of our hypothesis of trickery and fraud to the rigid final outcome.

No; all things here are precisely of a piece, and so let the truly scientific thinker meet them. "The impartiality with which I have treated my subject," says Renan, "forbids my refusing a conjecture, even though shocking. . . . I have inflexibly applied the self-same process from one end to the other. I have stated the good impressions which the text suggests; I was obliged not to keep silence about the bad ones. I desired that my book should retain its value, even when fraud shall come to be considered to a certain degree an element inseparable from religious history."

Precisely so; and these are words as brave as conscientious. Only let us not shrink, as anti-Christians, first of all, from applying this only possible ultimate scientific theory of trickery and fraud to the actual thaumaturgy of that actual Jesus who speaks to us in Matthew. And having done this, and having, that is to say, made a most perfect wreck of both the mental and the moral character of Christ, in order to get ourselves delivered from a credence in his miracles at large, let us not now shrink from taking the final logical step in our anti-supernaturalistic career, but boldly proceed to the application of our hypothesis of trickery and fraud to Jesus in the special and crowning instance of his resurrection.

The Jesus of Matthew, it will be remembered, therefore, had ventured to predict not only that he would meet his death by being crucified, but that on the third day he would rise again; and this prediction must, according to the supposition, now be fulfilled by a series of deceptions.

The first deceptive step to be taken with success would be for Christ, in some way or another, really to appear to die, but actually to avoid a real death upon the cross. This thaumaturgic feat we may, however, conceive to have been satisfactorily accomplished by Jesus having prearranged that there should be some stupefying drug adroitly mingled by his disciples with that potion which we read was actually given him to drink during the progress of his crucifixion; which stupefying drug should have the effect of hastening him to an apparent death, before he actually could die. But all this studied prearrangement to escape an actual death upon the cross, having barely escaped defeat, amid the thousand perils of a crucifixion, now come the further problems for Jesus, first, of avoiding suffocation in the grave, until the third day arrives; and after that, of successfully escaping from the grave, despite every precaution of the alert foe and crucifier; and after that even, of successfully playing the knavish rôle of a really risen Jesus among his friends and followers!

Gentlemen,—opponents of the Christian faith,—when it comes to put the only logical alternatives here presented to the free and fearless thinker precisely into language,—what do you propose to say? No dodging, gentlemen. Do you propose to say that the Jesus, whose words remain to us in Matthew, did *not* have a real resurrection from the dead? If you do, then you must likewise propose to say that this self-same Jesus was, first of all, a sufficient fool to have deliberately placed himself in the predicament of a person who would require to have at least an apparent death upon the cross, and then, the third day afterwards, a real resurrection from the dead; and in the next place, was a sufficient knave successfully to have carried out this most astounding deceptive thaumaturgic programme, to the very letter!

Besides: How did that Jesus, who speaks to us in Matthew, ever come to place himself in such a peculiar personal plight before his contemporaries that either a most astounding series of veritable miracles, or else a most astounding series of shameless tricks and frauds, ending with a personal

rising from the dead, alone could rally to his rescue?

Now it would just here doubtless be most deeply to mistake the truth, did we attribute to the original disciples of Jesus any such clearly defined and influential conceptions, as it concerns his superhuman personality, as to-day pervade the Christian mind. But that the lofty personality of Jesus, whether superhuman or merely human, had most deeply impressed itself upon the minds of his immediate followers, is not to be denied. No more is it to be denied that Jesus had in some way or another impressed himself upon those followers as a person possessed of superhuman powers—wholly aside from the question of his superhuman person. No more is it to be questioned that these two circumstances combined would have acted as a most powerful predisposing cause among those followers to place a facile credence in the reality of his having risen from the dead, in case the rumor of his resurrection had once begun to fly abroad throughout the Christian circle. For example: Whatever may be thought by our opponents of the general historical character of the gospel of John, still, were the document an utter forgery, it yet could be employed to throw an illustrative light upon the special point before us. And note now, therefore, the expression of Martha, in connection with the narrative of the resurrection of Lazarus: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother would not have died"; and of the people: "Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?" Now, all this is perfectly true to nature. And can it be doubted that in proportion as the synoptical Jesus had awakened, whether by his personal pretensions or by his playing the *rôle* of wonder-worker, such miraculous expectations in the bosom of his chosen followers as these, to that degree they would have been beforehand prepared to believe in his personal rising from the dead, if his rising from the dead somehow came to be reported?

But if the question be shifted from the original Christians, to Christians of to-day, we have here at length uncovered the most underlying of all reasons for the perpetuity of the Christian belief in Jesus' resurrection. It is not, that is to say, because the story is recorded in the gospels, but because the story is recorded in the gospels concerning such a perfectly exceptional and colossal career and character as appertain to the Jesus of the gospels, that the marvel continues to be

accepted. Make only this change, merely convert this Jesus of the gospels, whether into a Mahomet, or into any other character in all human history beside himself alone, and then all long-continued credence in the story would simply and inevitably *die out* from every Christian mind which is perceptibly affected by modern modes of scientific thinking.

And now, therefore, comes the further knotty question for the anti-Christians, how they can possibly demolish the perfectly exceptional and colossal career and personal character of the Jesus of the gospels.

It is here, first of all, perfectly idle for a Strauss to say that this character was never actually claimed by that Jesus in person who used to live in Palestine, but was, on the contrary, merely foisted on him by those traditions which arose about him after he was dead, and which traditions collected together constitute our present gospels. That, tested solely by the Logia of Matthew, the original Jesus himself over and over again asserts himself to be the superhuman Son of God, is something which we trust hereafter to prove to the rigid satisfaction of the modern savant.

Meanwhile our object in this present paper is rather to indicate the exact grounds upon which this great question of the Resurrection must ultimately be decided, than so soon as this to make an altogether exhaustive effort to close the whole discussion. Suffice it, therefore, merely here to say, that one man at least among the anti-supernaturalists, with that remarkable penetration which is among his many most remarkable characteristics, has already foreseen about what must be the final outcome of the entire modern dispute, about the personal claims of Jesus, in point of personality; and that man is Renan; and this is what he says: "That Jesus never thought of passing for an incarnation of God, we cannot doubt." But: "The position which he attributed to himself was that of a superhuman being." Nor: "Do we deny that there was in these affirmations of Jesus the germ of the doctrine which was afterwards to make him a divine hypostasis, identifying him with the Word, or Second God."

And this reminds us of Renan's crushing remark concerning Channing, considered as the representative of the "Unitarian movement in the United States." "Channing," says he, "displays all the captiousness of a scholastic in establishing against the Unitarians the sense in which Christ is the Son of God, and the sense in which he is not.

Now if we grant that he had a real miraculous existence from first to last, why not frankly call him divine? . . . In this path it is only the first step that costs; there is no use in haggling over the supernatural; . . . and the sacrifice once made it is not decent to take back in detail the rights which, once for all, have been fully conceded." So in Renan's present scientific troubles. After being once driven to admit that, in some sense or another, Jesus asserted himself to be not only the Son, but the superhuman Son of God, why should our *Membre de l'Institut* now stand haggling, like another Channing, over a shade or two of possible diversity, as it concerns the several senses in which Jesus may have claimed to be, or not to be, the superhuman Son referred to? Why should not M. Renan, in short, at once make a full breast of this whole matter, and frankly confess, as all the modern skeptics will yet be driven to confess, that Jesus claimed, and claimed in the highest sense conceivable, to be divine?

But putting all this aside as not being in itself a necessarily decisive consideration in our present investigation, let us herewith proceed at once to take the very lowest supposition possible, namely, that if Jesus did not indeed assert himself to be divine, he yet did assert himself to be the superhuman Son of God.

How came Jesus ever to take this most astounding superhuman attitude before his fellow-men? One answer would be: Because he was, in point of fact, the superhuman Son of God. But to say this, would be for the modern anti-supernaturalists forthwith and forever to yield the very ultimate object of their entire attack, not only upon the historical character of the gospels, but also upon the historical character of both Christ's miracles in general, and of Christ's resurrection in particular.

Accordingly it only remains for the tempest-tossed anti-supernaturalists instantly to avoid an utter shipwreck on this uncongenial shore, by turning directly about and taking precisely the opposite tack, and saying that Jesus, though he doubtless *did* assert himself to be the superhuman Son of God, yet was, in point of fact, but a purely human being. And yet, after saying this, it would scarcely do to sail directly forward and make the plump assertion that Jesus was here-in guilty of a conscious, deliberate, and willful falsification. Accordingly some more circuitous passage must be taken round about this point of many perils, by advancing some plausible hypothesis to show how Jesus could

at one and the same time have been a purely human being, deliberately giving himself out to be a superhuman being, and yet not have been guilty of even a conscious, much less a deliberate and willful, falsification.

Thus, to go back to the beginning, while Jesus was yet but the humble carpenter: "What," says Renan, "was the progress of the mind of Jesus during this obscure period of his life? Through what meditations did he launch out into his prophetic career? We are ignorant. . . . But the development of living products is everywhere the same, and there can be no doubt that the growth of a personality as mighty as that of Jesus obeyed very rigid laws."

If we thus suppose, with Renan, the rigid scientific evolutionist, that, in some way or another Jesus, while yet in the obscurity of his early home at Nazareth, sincerely became deluded with the impression that he was, in some sense or another, the superhuman Son of God,—well, for Jesus, after that merely to come forth before the world in such a superhuman attitude, of course involved no conscious deception on his part—just to start with.

But how will the purely human-superhuman Jesus of Renan's scientific supposition henceforward develop and progress in the "fatal necessities" of his divine career, without becoming more and more hopelessly involved in a perfect network of predicaments, destructive alike to every sublimer aspect of both his mental and his moral character?

If the Jesus whose words remain to us in Matthew is alone to be considered, it has already been discovered that, among those predicaments, is the fatal necessity of a frightful catalogue of deceptive thaumaturgic tricks, ending with the crowning fraud of a personal resurrection from the dead.

Nor is it by any means in the single direction of his pretended thaumaturgy that the Jesus who speaks to us in Matthew, must get frequently "cornered" during his "divine career," on Renan's scientific supposition concerning his development, but, on this supposition, *this* Jesus must *always* be "cornered": now in connection with the titles which he assumes; now in connection with the honors which he receives; now in connection with the supernatural knowledge to which he lays a claim; now in connection with those divine prerogatives connected with the moral and religious life and rights of all the human race, which he presumes to exercise; etc.; etc.

But we have here opened up a subject, so very vast in range, and of so very decisive an import, as between the Christian and the anti-Christian, that its adequate discussion must be reserved for a future special paper.

Meanwhile, in this present essay, which is, we must again observe, only initial, crude, and tentative, it must suffice merely in the above suggestive way to have given the reader but a startling glimpse or two into that perfect wilderness of pitfalls and precipices, alike to his mental and his moral character, wherein any mere man must inevitably become entangled, who, for whatever reasons, assignable or unassignable, starts out from an humble home, like that of Jesus of Nazareth, with the delusion that he is a superhuman Son of God, with a superhuman rôle to play, as it concerns at once the moral and religious life of all his fellow-men. Says Prof. Frohschammer, of Munich, in a recent number of the *Cotemporary Review*: "The absolute alternative about the person of Christ—either God or an impostor—with which the defenders of ancient orthodoxy hold a pistol to our heads, is no longer to be admitted. The subject must be left open to investigation, for in recent times the means for it have been greatly increased."

Precisely so; and this special paper on the resurrection, taken in connection with our preceding paper on the miracles of Christ, is only humbly offered to the world of scientific thinkers as a sort of earnest and foretaste of those further contributions which we yet propose to make towards bringing fairly into the light those underlying data, and those all-decisive considerations, in view of which this whole subject of the person and mission and credentials of Jesus Christ must ultimately be pronounced upon.

Meanwhile, and mainly with a view to draw out from other and abler pens, other and more underlying data, other and more decisive considerations, we would direct the attention of the entire world of scholars to an anti-Christian challenge, issued, in 1863, by M. Renan in his *Vie de Jésus*: "I dare defy," says he, "any person to compose a consistent life of Jesus, if he makes account of the discourses which John attributes to Jesus." In like manner, and for the purpose specified above, we now, in 1874, dare, on the Christian part, defy any person to compose a consistent life of Jesus, if he merely makes account of the discourses which Matthew attributes to Jesus, excepting, first, upon the hypothesis that Jesus was in fact what he professed to be, namely, the superhuman Son of God,

here among men upon a superhuman and divinely authoritative mission, and supporting himself in this character and mission, among other things, by a prolonged series of veritable miracles, ending with a personal resurrection from the dead; or, secondly, upon the hypothesis that Jesus was a purely human being, who for some reason or another, conceivable or inconceivable, having become deluded that he was the superhuman Son of God, then started forth upon a superhuman and divinely authoritative mission, and, in order to support himself in this most stupendous act of superhuman lunacy, was, for not less than some three entire years together, incessantly obliged to resort to the most studied, deliberate and revolting frauds and subterfuges possible to imagine.

Now, gentlemen of modern anti-supernaturalistic proclivities, be pleased to take this ugly Christian issue squarely by the scientific horns. Otherwise, at least in regard to the supernatural tenets of the divinity of the person and mission and credentials of Jesus Christ, the impression will soon begin to creep abroad that Christianity, after all, is by no means necessitated to be fleeing about among a few sophistical theological subterfuges and hiding-places from the presence of a handful of fearless scientific thinkers; but that, conversely, Christianity has in fact been confronting the entire modern world of anti-supernaturalistic thought and culture, with precisely those ultimate and underlying alternatives and issues, before which the aforesaid world has now for nearly three-quarters of a century,—that is, from Paulus down to Herbert Spencer,—only presumed to stand in a most evasive and uncourageous attitude.

To illustrate. In his effort scientifically to account for the unhistorical origin of the supernatural features of Christianity, Paulus did not even venture to assault the substantially historical nature of the gospels. In other words, "not daring," as Renan says, "to treat the Biblical recitals as legends, he tortured them to explain them in a purely natural way." But, continues Renan: "The insufficiency of such a shabby method of interpretation was not long in making itself felt."

Accordingly, either the effort scientifically to account for the unhistorical origin of the supernatural features of Christianity, or else the effort to maintain the substantially historical nature of the gospels, had to be abandoned. For, says Strauss, and chiefly in view of the *faux pas* of Paulus: "If the

gospels are really and truly historical, it is impossible to exclude miracles from the life of Jesus."

Confronted with this dilemma, Strauss nerved himself up to the task of attempting to prove, that, so far from being substantially historical, all supernaturalism in the gospel records of the life of Jesus is merely mythical.

After that, the famous tendency-theory of Baur and other kindred schools of thought arose.

These various anti-supernaturalistic schools of gospel criticism succeeded for a long time in throwing much confusion into the debate, merely by keeping up a most furious battle concerning the purely incidental issue, whether all supernaturalism in the gospels was unhistorical according to the mythical theory of Strauss, or the tendency-theory of Baur, and the like. But common to all these hypotheses alike, was the fundamental assumption that, in some substantial sense or another, all the supernatural narrations of the gospels are not historical. And here the matter hung in principle from the appearance of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, in 1835, down to the appearance of Renan's *Vie de Jésus*, in 1863.

The fundamental error of the German schools of anti-Christian thought, Renan, even so early as the publication of his essay on "The Critical Historians of Jesus," had discovered to consist in their necessarily abortive effort at transferring the problem of the supernatural features of the life of Christ, from the arena of the actual career of Christ, into the domain of abstract speculation.

Accordingly, M. Renan, in behalf of modern anti-supernaturalism, at length plucked up sufficient courage after a certain fashion to grapple with the question of the supernatural in the career and character of the Jesus of the gospels, as a question with which the personal character of the actual Christ of history must either stand or fall forever before the bar of modern thought and culture. Thus, in the special instance of his reputed miracles, it was rightfully insisted that Jesus, just the same as any other reputed thaumaturgist, must now come, at last, and take his place before a body of savans competent to determine on a question of the supernatural; and there submit to the whole system of precautions essential to prevent deceit and fraud, and so perform his prodigies.

But when it came to the actual experimental test to which the thaumaturgy of the Christ of history was to be so bravely submitted in the presence of our wise and wary

savans, what Christ alone did Renan then dare summon? In view of the exposure already given by us in these pages to this aspect of the *Vie de Jésus*, M. Renan might precisely as well have summoned Mahomet himself to play the rôle of wonder-worker, in the present instance, in order to decide the special question of the miracles of the Christ of history, as to have summoned merely that purely hypothetical Jesus whom he does presume to summon in his brilliant work in question. For, scrutinized closely, the Jesus paraded before his scientific commission in the *Vie de Jésus*, in the rôle of thaumaturgist, is no more the Jesus whose words remain to us in Matthew, than the hero of the Koran is the special Jesus mentioned.

Thus evasive, and thus uncourageous, is even Renan when he merely has to deal with the miracles at large of that Jesus who speaks to us in Matthew. But when he becomes confronted with the crowning marvel of the Resurrection, then Renan,—his heart altogether failing him,—flatly refuses to summon *any Jesus whatever* on the stage of thaumaturgic action, and tries to dispose of the whole matter before his selected savans, *only in connection with the disciples of the real Christ of history!*

But of all evasive and uncourageous scientific assaults thus far made upon the supernatural features of Christ and Christianity, those which just now more largely fill the public eye, and which are more especially identified with the names of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, and the like, cap the sorry climax. These scientists have, in other words, most wisely chosen to carry forward their entire slow process of scientific siege against those features of Christ and Christianity at a perfectly safe and most convenient distance. Tyndall has, indeed, not merely been so incautious as to become entangled in what deserves to be called but a common quarrel with the theologians concerning Christian views of prayer; he has also permitted himself once,—namely, in his controversy with Mozley concerning miracles and special providences,—actually to take the specific question of the miracles of Christ right up into his scientific fingers. But he very naïvely let that burning question drop before he got himself in trouble, or even learned his danger. The general policy of the modern anti-Christian scientists now immediately in question, however, is the purely prudential policy pointed out above. Thus, says one of their most distinguished and

powerful American exponents and disciples, as it regards the special matter of the miracles of Christ: "In my articles on the 'Jesus of History' and the 'Jesus of Dogma,' I have omitted the subject entirely. And in my projected work on *The Founding of Christianity*, I shall probably recognize the existence of the question only in the preface."

But this mere letting-alone policy of the anti-Christian scientists referred to, is a method of disposing of the really scientific claims of Christianity upon the continued credence of thoughtful men and women, which only needs exposure to deprive it of its potency. If those scientists are indeed about to proceed to the deliberate discussion of the *Jesus of History*, the *Founding of Christianity*, and the like, at the same time either omitting the question of Jesus' miracles altogether, or else only making a brief prefatory reference to them, then most assuredly, for adopting such a course, these scientists must give some far more valid reason than the mere vague assertion that "science knows nothing of miracles, or of events which are explicable as the consequences of finite, knowable antecedents." So soon as the modern anti-Christian scientist leaves the safe retreat of the misty realms of modern debates about the origin of species, and the like, and comes directly out into the definite and tangible regions of the gospel records of the life and claims and acts of Christ, such scientist at once becomes confronted with the actual question of the miracles of Christ, just as much as he would become confronted with the actual question of the battles of a Cæsar, in the ostensible history of a Cæsar.

Now, brought face to face with the actual and unavoidable issue of the miracles of Christ, the resurrection of Christ, the superhuman person and mission of Christ, etc., what do Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer at length propose to do? Much longer merely to evade the specific discussion of these cardinal Christian issues must of necessity be deliberately to commence to abandon all hope of displacing Christianity by any modern anti-Christian rival. Before the really scientific thinker will ultimately and forever discard his credence in these supernatural features of Christianity, he must and will insist upon scientifically assuring himself that such supernatural features have no actual, but only an ostensible and reputed place in the realm of history.

Accordingly, at this very critical juncture, two courses are open to these anti-Christian

scientists. The first course is for them to rest the entire case of the scientific explosion of the historical view of the supernatural features of Christ and Christianity, with those anti-Christian leaders of modern thought and culture, from Paulus down to Renan, who have already made an actual effort to accomplish such explosion. The second course is for them to take up the problem for themselves and see what they can do. How they can possibly make any very considerable advance upon the effort of Renan, it is difficult to see. But the field is perfectly open to them; and it will indeed be a truly refreshing sight to witness Darwin, and Huxley, and Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer, and our own Fiske of Harvard, not to instance other kindred spirits, enter arm and arm therein together for a fair and full and final struggle with the Christian faith in all its supernatural features.

To recapitulate, therefore, the present argument in part:

If we should, to begin with, and after the manner of the modern anti-supernaturalists, isolate the mere gospel accounts of Jesus' resurrection from all other data bearing on the question, it would then appear altogether futile, in an age of fearless scientific scrutiny like our own, any longer to endeavor to avert the conclusion that it would at least come within the limits of conception "to make out the *possibility* of the . . . origin of the belief in the resurrection of Jesus without any corresponding miraculous fact." The various hypotheses by which it has been attempted to bring that possibility within the limits of conception, might, indeed, and doubtless would, be rejected—this one by a certain class of mind, and that one by another; but all these hypotheses combined could scarcely be rejected in a body by any class of mind whatever, pervaded by modern scientific tendencies. We have above expressed our personal reasons for assigning the highest scientific value to the hypothesis of Renan. Others will, perhaps, award the same meed of praise, this one to the hypothesis of Strauss, that one to the hypothesis of Paulus, and yet a third one to that of even Feuerbach. These things, after all, depend very largely on the mere individual mental constitution, or modes of mental training, and the like, for their reception or rejection. But the great point is that, did we possess no further evidence upon the point before us, beyond the simple gospel statements about this single matter, there would then appear to be no compelling force in such evidence to shut up the unwilling and

resisting modern mind to adopting the conclusion that Jesus had an actual and miraculous resurrection from the dead.

And, in view of the developments of this discussion, the reason for this is now very patent, namely, that, regarded from the present standpoint, the gospel records of Jesus' resurrection would require to come before us on precisely an equal footing with any other uncorroborated and unsupported ghost story, such as that, for example, which is detailed above concerning our recent Ulster apparition. In the case of Jesus, as in the case of the Ulster suicide, there would be the same perfectly sincere faith that the apparition had been witnessed; but, in either case, what mind pervaded with modern habits of scientific thought would for an instant hesitate to say that the hypothesis of illusion or hallucination would be immeasurably more rational and credible than the hypothesis of an actual rising from the dead?

And it has been almost exclusively because of their being permitted to isolate the mere gospel story of Jesus' resurrection altogether from the other all-decisive data going to make up a full decision of the case, and to treat it by itself, like any other uncorroborated and unsupported ghost-story, that the modern anti-supernaturalists have been able, now for nearly three-quarters of a century, more and more largely, and more and more increasingly, to divide the faith of thinking men and women all over the Christian world, as it concerns the validity of the current Christian view of this vital Christian tenet.

But all such anti-scientific, anti-supernaturalistic playing with our subject must at last be ended. Seventy-five years are assuredly long enough for this sort of wading in the shallows. It is high time to say that the gospel records of the Resurrection cannot possibly be regarded by any scholar as if they were but a common and uncorroborated ghost-story; whereas they form in truth a component and integral portion of the Bible, and more particularly of the gospels.

And if we who occupy the supernaturalistic position argumentatively consent to make a complete truce concerning every mooted modern gospel question, and to go directly over and conduct the entire investigation of such a cardinal Christian tenet as that of Jesus' resurrection, altogether from the very standpoint insisted upon by our opponents, namely, that merely the words of Christ in Matthew constitute "the basis of all that we know of the teachings of Jesus," our opponents assuredly must not, even after that,

very naïvely reserve to themselves the purely arbitrary prerogative of squarely turning their backs upon their own historical conditions of debate, whenever it simply suits their emergency of argument. No, in all scholarly fairness, and come what may come of it to either party, the words of Christ in Matthew must henceforward constitute for them, as well as us, the only ultimate standard of scientific arbitration.

No sooner do we come, however, to consider, from the anti-supernaturalistic point of view, the question of the miraculous resurrection from the dead, not of some merely imaginary Jesus, but of that Jesus alone who speaks to us in Matthew, than forthwith we find that it is utterly impossible for us ever to arrive at any fixed and final verdict on this question without becoming confronted with the almost fearful query what we are to think of that specific Jesus personally, in case he did not have a real resurrection. We may indeed endeavor to amuse ourselves for a season with our problem, like another Strauss, as if it were a simple question in psychology; and for another season, like another Feuerbach, as if it were a simple question of our personal assertion; and for still another season, like another Renan, as if it were, at the very worst, but a simple question of hallucination, fraudulently aided and abetted, perhaps a very trifle, by certain friends of Jesus. But all this time we have been most steadily averting our faces from the very historical basis of the whole investigation, namely, from the words of Christ in Matthew. And when we once begin to direct our thoughts to those specific words of Jesus, turn and twist them, and even contort them as we may, we still must always, invariably and unavoidably, reach precisely this result, namely, that whatever may be either true or false concerning any other Jesus, the Jesus whose words remain to us in Matthew, beyond all doubt or question, not only prior to his crucifixion predicted, but subsequently to his crucifixion attested, his real death and real resurrection.

Nor is this all; but we must furthermore remember that this question of the personal complicity of this Jesus with his resurrection, does not in any sense come before us as an original, exceptional, and isolated question connected with his mental and his moral character. Conversely, long before we could even reach this special question of his resurrection for a separate investigation, we have found ourselves obliged formally, in a preceding paper, and by way partly of

recapitulation, and partly of additional suggestions, in the present one, to trace this Jesus step by step through a most unparalleled career of deliberate thaumaturgy;—have been compelled, in fact, either to say that this Jesus was in truth a superhuman wonder-worker of the very highest order, or else to say that this Jesus was in truth among the greatest knaves and fools combined ever known or dreamed of. Here indeed everything is precisely of a piece concerning that Jesus of which alone we speak, and who is the only Jesus of which any scholarly recognition whatever can be made in this deliberation, namely, that Jesus whose words remain to us in Matthew. If, in other words, the resurrection of that Jesus was a real one, it is then to be regarded by us merely as his “crowning miracle”; if, on the contrary, it was not a real one, it is then to be regarded by us merely as his crowning act of foolishness and fraud.

But so soon as we have ventured out so far as this from shore, we then for the very first time begin to realize that the central current of the argument and evidence in favor of the Christian view of Jesus’ resurrection, and the like, instead of having been so soon as this exhausted, has in fact now but fairly caught us; and that there is after this no longer any choice left us, excepting either, in the first place, to yield ourselves up and go like an arrow directly down the stream to Christian standing-ground; or else, in the second place, to turn defiantly back against the whole rush and struggle of both the argument and evidence, and so attain at last to anti-Christian standing-ground only by the sheer force of dogged dogmatical resistive swimming. For no sooner do we reach the point in our investigation, which is above arrived at, than up comes the further question, how that Jesus, whose words remain to us in Matthew, ever came to place himself in such a superhuman attitude before his contemporaries, that either a most astounding series of actual miracles, or else a most astounding series of glaring and shameless frauds, ending with a personal rising from the dead, alone could rally to his rescue. But no sooner is this question asked than, for reasons partially suggested in the present paper, and fully to be developed in a future one, out comes the fact that the special Jesus referred to, undertook to play the rôle of the superhuman Son of God before his contemporaries, after such a fashion, that, in default of his being in truth the Son of God he claimed to be, not only in the direction of his thaumaturgy,

but also in the direction of the titles which he assumed, the honors which he received, the supernatural knowledge to which he laid a claim, the divine prerogatives connected with the moral and religious life and rights of all the human race which he presumed to exercise—that in these respects, not to instance others, this Jesus would stand convicted before the bar of modern thought and culture of being the most deliberate, despicable, and detestable impostor and charlatan combined, in all religious annals.

But if the absolute alternative should eventually be forced upon the anti-Christians, that the Jesus in question was either really the superhuman Son of God he claimed to be, or else such an impostor and charlatan, may he not have been the latter?

When the modern anti-supernaturalists acquire sufficient scientific courage squarely to discuss that question with the Christian, they will then soon enough discover whether that view of Jesus is merely an empty pistol held to their heads by the defenders of ancient orthodoxy, or whether, as Prof. Froschammer above impliedly admits, it is a pistol loaded to the very muzzle with death and destruction to every current or conceivable creed and system of the anti-supernatural.

Meanwhile the prior question is, whether the absolute alternative can hereafter be fairly averted by the anti-supernaturalists, or whether it can only be vaulted and evaded—as it thus far surely has been, and that by all, from Paulus down to Herbert Spencer.

Now, gentlemen, be pleased to come at once to close quarters with us Christians in regard to our belief in the great leading supernatural features of both Christ and Christianity.

We perfectly agree with Renan: “The critical studies relating to the origin of Christianity will only speak their deepest utterances when they shall be cultivated in a purely secular and non-religious spirit, according to the method of the Hellenists, the Moslems, the Hindoos, men strangers to all theology, who dream neither to applaud nor to defame, neither to defend nor to overthrow the dogmas.”

We frankly and without reserve throw down to you the gauntlet in all these investigations, to do precisely what Huxley justly says we ought to do, and that is, “to follow reason and fact in singleness and honesty of purpose, wherever they may lead, in the faith that a hell of honest men will be more endurable than a paradise full of angelic shams.”

But before we will abandon our belief as Christians in the great leading supernatural features of either Christ or Christianity, we demand,—what you have thus far plainly failed to give us,—namely, good and valid reasons for our doing so.

OLD AND BLIND.

GALLANT Gray-beard, can't you see
You unconscionable bat, you—
While you play the devotee,
That the girl is laughing at you?

You were handsome in your day,
You are well preserved and thrifty,
And your manners, one may say,
Are superb, but—you are fifty!

Don't be foolish, now you're old,
Flirting in this feeble fashion,—
Trying on a hearth grown cold
To re-light a boyish passion.

You have had your day of youth,
With its tender freaks and fancies;
You have known a woman's truth,
And have lived Love's sweet romances.

Ay, I know her lips are red;
True, her curls are black and glossy;
Yes, she bears a dainty head,
And her eyes are sweet and saucy.

But she knows you act a part,
While you try to tease and please her,—
Knows, Old Make-Believe, your heart
Is as dead as Julius Cæsar;—

Knows it, though a simple girl,
And is laughing while you linger;—
Knows it well, and, like a curl,
Winds you round her jeweled finger!.

But if you must act a part;
If you cannot drop your feigning,
Feign you have not in your heart
Such a thing as love remaining.

Come and stand with me, my friend,—
She'll permit you—never doubt her!
Do as I do, and pretend
Not to care a fig about her!

CONCERNING SOME IMPERIAL BOOTY.

If the French newspapers are read by the Solitary Prince, Yih-tsing, Emperor of China, His Celestial Highness must be very much diverted about this time. All Paris, and especially all Paris journalism, has been discussing this question: Whom do the things belong to? The ex-Empress of the French, formerly Countess of Teba, or Mamselle Montijo, is administratrix of the last will and testament of the late L. N. Bonaparte. She claims, among other real and personal property, the Chinese museum at Fontainebleau. From her cool retreat at Chislehurst, she demands, in behalf of her son, the reputed heir to whatever property was left by her late husband, a vast number of works of art, curiosities, articles of virtu and sundry parcels of real estate in and around Paris. It is in the Chinese collection, however, that we now have any special concern, as disinterested observers of the little games of kings, emperors and political chess-players.

Let us go back a few centuries. When China was Cathay and Pekin was Cambaluc, say about A. D. 1264, Kublai Khan made that city the seat of empire. In the time of the Tsin dynasty, that is to say, B. C. 222, it had been the capital; and when Kublai Khan, then in the meridian of life and at the zenith of his power, there fixed his residence, he built for himself a great and wonderful city of palaces and temples just outside the environs of Cambaluc.

Doubtless, no such work of human hands has been seen on the earth since the time of Solomon; possibly, the famous hanging gardens of Babylon may have been somewhat more wonderful; but no other fabric was ever comparable to it for extent and magnificence. Messer Marco Polo, whose reputation as a champion romancer in his day, has since been replaced by the the honest renown which he deserves, says that the palace was enclosed by a wall of four miles in compass; that five gates opened on each side of this four-square mural defense; and that the palace was subdivided into innumerable temples, kiosks and palaces. It was known, in fact, as "The One Hundred and Eight Temples." Of the chief structure Marco says: "You must know that it is the greatest Palace that ever was. The roof is very lofty and the walls of the palace are covered with gold and silver. They are also adorned

with representations of dragons (sculptured and gilt,) beasts and birds, knights and idols, and sundry other subjects. And on the ceiling, too, you see nothing but gold and silver and painting."

"The Hall of the Palace," says the enthusiastic old chronicler, who saw what he describes, "is so large that it could easily dine six thousand people; and it is quite a marvel to see how many rooms there are besides. The building is altogether so vast, so rich, and so beautiful that no man on earth could design anything superior to it. The outside of the roof is all colored with vermilion and yellow and green and blue and other hues, which are fixed with a varnish so fine and exquisite that they shine like crystal, and lend a resplendent luster to the Palace as seen from a great way round. The roof, too, is made with such great strength and solidity that it is fit to last forever. Moreover on the north side of the Palace, about a bow-shot off, there is a hill which has been made by art from the earth dug out of the lake; it is a good hundred paces in height and a mile in compass. This hill is entirely covered with trees that never lose their leaves, but remain ever green. And I assure you wherever a beautiful tree may exist, and the Emperor gets news of it, he sends for it and has it transported bodily with all its roots and the earth attached to them. No matter how big the tree may be, he gets it carried by his elephants; in this way he has got together the most beautiful collection of trees in all the world. And he also caused the whole hill to be covered with ore of azure, which is very green. And thus not only are the trees all green, but the hill itself is all green likewise; and there is nothing to be seen on it that is not green; and hence it is called the GREEN MOUNT; and in good sooth 'tis named well."

Thus Marco Polo. Old Purchas, recounted this wonderful story of The One Hundred and Eight Temples, called Xandu by Ramusio and described as Chandu by Friar Odoric. It was in "Purchas His Pilgrimes," that Coleridge read the fascinating tale of Kublai Khan's magnificence, whereupon he dreamed the poem beginning:

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree;

Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests, ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."

If we may believe the Venetian traveler, the fancy of the English poet took no liberty with the real facts. His verse is a marvelous minute picture of the wonders so floridly described by Marco, even to the Green Mount of Coleridge's "sunny spots of greenery." In this luxurious retreat, too, it is quite possible that the great Khan, even while he was hospitably entreating the noble Venetian, may have "heard from far ancestral voices prophesying war."

To this fantastic dream of beauty, one hundred years later, came the victorious Ming, establishing in 1368 a native dynasty and driving the degenerate successors of Kublai Khan back to Outer Mongolia. Hither came a great and destroying army, ravaging Cambaluc and removing the seat of empire to Nanking. Not for long, however, did the Ming dynasty degrade Kublai's capital; the second of the race returned to Pekin; and, though it is said that all traces of the works of the Mongols were swept from the earth, it is undoubtedly true that the foundation stones of Cambaluc became those of Pekin and that the solid walls of Xandu, which Marco says were "fit to last forever," suffered a change only into Yuen-Ming-Yuen, the summer Palace of a long line of Chinese emperors. Modern tradition has disputed the site of Xandu, Abbé Huc fixing it at Tolon-Nur, a dirty town on the borders of Tartary; but the weight of evidence favors the belief that the Summer Palace of the Chinese Emperors was built on the ruins of Kublai Khan's epic in stone.

For our present purpose it is enough to know that the Yuen-Ming-Yuen of the later Chinese dynasty was a tolerably exact reproduction of the glorious pleasure dome decreed by the Great Khan. In the midst of the magical splendors of the place, a lake surrounded by evergreens, marble, granite and porphyry terraces, sparkled in the sun. Fifteen artificial hills, gemmed with graceful kiosks and temples, girded this charming spectacle. Over these enormous gardens rose a mountain of precipitous black porphyry, terrace above terrace, belt-

ed with verdure and crowned with a beautiful temple of polished tiles which was approached by a giant double staircase of cut stone. The Marquis de Beauvoir, who visited the ruins of the Summer Palace in 1867, says: "Here were the glory of emperors; here were the kiosks of innumerable empresses, the casket full of pearls, and the golden columns, the enamels, the delicate china and the jade and red lacquer work; in a word, the choicest wonders of civilization, art and labor." Others who saw these marvels before the torch of Western civilization had fired the costly pile, tell us of the vases of rare *email cloisonné* filled with artificial flowers of precious stones which decorated the terraces; of the matchless bronzes, the parcel-gilt images, the gold and bronze tigers, dragons and storks; and of the vast library which contained the history of China and its dependencies from the mythological age to the nineteenth century. Wonderful stories, too, are told of the old times when the Emperor's horses were littered on imperial yellow raw silk, half a foot thick, of the vast stores of treasures which illustrated the history of oriental art for thousands of uninterrupted years. The commonest objects of household use were decorated with unique designs, and the humble culinary vessels of the imperial household were enriched with the products of a riotous, oriental fancy.

To this treasure-house of art, in an evil hour, came an army from civilized Europe. A long series of disputes between the Chinese and French and English governments culminated in open hostilities. In the nominal interests of the Christian religion, and with a hot desire for trade, the allied armies were pushed from the sea-coast to Pekin, in 1860. Lord Elgin represented Great Britain and Baron Gros the French Emperor; for Napoleon was then at his zenith. The valuable Morny had not died; and the sun of Sedan was below the horizon. At the head of the French army was General Cousin-Montauban, who won at the bridge of Pah-li-chiou the cross of the Legion of Honor and the title by which he is better known in French politics and history. The English forces were commanded by that cool-blooded soldier, Sir Hope Grant. The Chinese, true to their ancient strategy, and fighting the strangers with unequal weapons, resorted to every device of duplicity, cunning and treachery. After

the capture of the bridge of Pah-li-chiou had turned the position of the defenders of Pekin, the Emperor fled in great dismay to Manchuria, where he subsequently died, overwhelmed with grief and mortification. Prince Kung, left temporarily in power at Pekin, held out against the Allies. San-ko-lin-sin, the generalissimo of the Imperial forces, had captured a flag of truce party, and had put to death some of its members. The Allies hesitated to bombard the city of Pekin, full of much people. To strike terror into the hearts of the chief men of the country, they resolved to destroy the summer palace of the Chinese Emperor, Yuen-Ming-Yuen.

This undefended storehouse of art and treasure was first carefully stripped of its wealth, Montaubon vigilantly superintending the burglary. It was then fired. "For days," says an eye-witness of this act of vandalism, "the gorgeous piles of buildings were in flames. The clouds of black smoke from the fires, driven by the wind, hung over Pekin like a vast pall."

The rage and horror of the Chinese may not be described. No wonder they thought this the proper pastime of the outside barbarians, the foreign devils, who were destitute of civilization, whose religion was abhorrent and whose manners were swinish. No wonder that the fugitive Hien-fung sickened and died in far off Manchuria, where he heard of the burning of the wonderful palace of his ancestors.

The booty was something enormous. The British seem to have been contented with a moderate share. Into the sacred temples and choice palaces the invaders poured like wild tribes of Indians, Montaubon's men being in the advance. This was a religious spoiling of the Egyptians. The plunder of the British was sold on the spot, and the avails, with a share of the money found in the imperial treasury, was divided among the rank and file. After making some arrangement with the French soldiery, Montaubon collected the bulk of his loot for "the glory of France"

The surrender of one of the gates of Pekin, and the ratification of the coveted treaty of amity and commerce, terminated the campaign. Reluctantly leaving behind some immense bronze figures, which were too large to remove to the sea-coast, and breaking in fragments others whose metal was precious inlaid, and laden with the richest spoils of modern warfare, Montaubon returned to France. He was received

with effusion and gratitude by the Emperor, L. N. Bonaparte. Columbus, returning from the discovery of a new world, and bringing curious gifts of gems, gold, strange birds and docile savages, was not more welcome to the wedded sovereigns of Castile and Aragon than was Montaubon to the glory-desiring and needy Bonaparte. General de Cousin-Montaubon had won his red ribbon, his honors and his new title of the Count of Palikao.

France rung with the fame of the mighty warrior who had conquered paganism in China. The unique title of the new crusader tickled the Parisian fancy, and the priceless booty which he had brought not only shed luster on French arms, but set a new style of fashion which endured for nearly two entire months. Palikao and articles *à la Chinoise* entered into the refined atmosphere of Paris. To the Empress the conquering hero gave a necklace of black diamonds, a personal gift of such rarity that it may be said its like nowhere exists. Its whereabouts is now unknown, but it is supposed to have gone, bit by bit, to the pawnbroker's. A few months after Sedan, before the fugitives from the Tuileries had time to collect themselves, some American couriosity-seekers in Naples saw at Castellani's a mass of brilliant gems which the famous dealer furtively drew out of their hiding-place beneath his counter. Holding them by their tangle of barbaric gold setting, as one might lift a double-handful of strings of onions, he named what seemed a very small price for the lot. "Then you will not take them?" he said to his visitors, who shook their heads. "The stones are fine, but the setting is Asiatic." He added in a semi-confidential tone, "They are French imperial." Who had "spouted" Kublai Khan's jewels in Naples?

The bulk of the spoils of the Yuen-Ming-Yuen was set up as an imperial show. It was originally in the Louvre, but was afterwards arranged in the palace at Fontainebleau, where it now remains. Many smaller articles of costly art and virtue found their way into private hands: Fleury, Morny, and other imperial favorites had their share of these "glories of France." It is related that one of the ladies of the somewhat shaky court of Napoleon attended a ball, given in honor of the Burlingame embassy, decorated with a unique trophy from Yuen-Ming-Yuen. "*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed an envious rival, "the

Mandarins will see you with this spoil, and there will be war!" The frightened belle, who coveted the smiles of the strangers from the Flowery Land, tore off her gems, and clapped them into her bosom. Sun Tajen, probably, never saw what went into or came out of the Summer Palace—except in Paris.

When a party of young Orleans princes visited the ruins of the Summer Palace, a few years ago, it is recorded of them that they wept at beholding the savage desolation wrought by French hands in the name of France, civilization and religion. They could not refrain from tears when they reflected that the nation which their family was born to rule had been disgraced in that sad day of pillage and fire. Possibly, if the splendid booty of Yuen-Ming-Yuen had been emptied into the coffers of the trifty Bourbons, rather than the eager hands of the Bonaparte parvenu, their eyes had then been dry.

Politicians know little, and care less, about art. Mr. Rouher, in behalf of the ex-Imperial Claimant, has insisted that the Palikao trophies do not belong to France, but to Eugénie; that they are not objects of art, but merely private curiosities, acquired by the Bonapartes during their reign. Nay, even, it is asserted that Palikao gave all these rare things to Eugénie. Were they his to give? If Montaubon committed arson and burglary at Yuen-Ming-Yuen, he did it at the expense of France, and his booty was French.

It is curious to note that the disputants leave out of all discussion the means by which these treasures were secured. It is well. There need be no debate as to the law of nations which sanctions the pillage of an invaded country. But, while the burning of the Summer Palace, near Pekin, cannot have been forgotten, and the imperial loot has been scarcely ten years in France, the less said about the German vandals at Versailles the better. What concerns France now to know is to whom do these articles belong, not how they came into French possession. The Allies held a pistol at the ear of China, saying, "Trade or die." Before they let loose the struggling Asiatic they picked his pocket, and burned his house over his head. That they also destroyed the records of centuries of oriental history was only an incident in the hurried drama.

An impartial stranger must see that the popular claim to the imperial booty is the

more righteous one. The Chinese Museum is a collection of works of art; its choice examples of inlaid enamel, its vases of jade, rare designs in bronze and articles in red lacquer are worthy the study and imitation of a nation of artistic producers. The *émaux cloisonnés*, for delicacy of execution, purity of color and grace of design, surpass anything in the world, far excelling, as one French authority complacently remarks, those exhibited at the Kensington Museum by the British Government. We can guess how the British Crown came into possession of these rare things, which, like those at Fontainebleau, are monuments of a lost art.

M. Rouher, attorney for the young heir of Napoleon, who is pining at Chislehurst in the poverty of five million francs, founds the claim of his piteous clients on the assertion that the spoils of Palikao are merely curiosities. As works of art they would become the property of the Crown (if there be a Crown), under an old decree of the Emperor himself. Scarcely had the Prince-President assumed the imperial purple when he ordered a *Senatus consultum*, by which it was made law that all objects of art in imperial palaces whether purchased by the Crown or the State, should forever become the property of the former. This was aimed against the Bourbons, some of whose purchases were still stored in imperial houses. It cuts off the splendid plunder wrested from the descendants of Kublai Khan, unless the bronzes, enamels and other precious works are merely Chinese curiosities.

To the credit of the lady who has retired from the business of imperialism, it should be said that she is not disposed to insist in taking actual possession of the loot of Yuen-Ming-Yuen. Such a vast amount of material, magnificent though it is, would be an incumbrance to the people at Chislehurst. She is willing to sell out her claim cheap for cash. The museum may remain in France for the education of artists, artisans and archæological students, but the administratrix of L. N. Bonaparte's estate must have the value of this curious piece of property.

And this, we should remember, is only one item in several, the sum total value of which is about six million francs. It must be confessed that, notwithstanding the disastrous closing of the imperial venture in France, the family have done well in money matters. Mamselle Montijo brought

no fortune to the Tuileries but her pretty face and charming manners. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was ever in light marching order; his ante-imperial debts were his only impedimenta. If this strange pair of adventurers went into France empty, they came away full. Hard-headed and practical men will ask how these poverty-stricken people managed to earn so much money in so short a time. But royalty is a queer game.

If the young Emperor of China, in the *ennui* of his gilded seclusion, should chance to light upon the Paris debate over the possession of the treasures of his ancestors, he may, as we have said, find diversion. It would possibly be well for him and for China if he should consider the strange mutations through which these coveted stores have passed. Yih-tsing may not be a philosopher; emperors,—least of all young emperors,—are not likely to philosophize. But he might reflect that the fabled palace of the great Khan has vanished from the face of the earth; even its site is a historical problem. The stony poem

which the conquerors of Kublai's successors built, in emulation of his pleasure dome, is a blackened heap of ruin; the few fragments of beauty which there remain make more pathetic the desolation of its magnificence. The accumulation of centuries of refined labor and barbaric plunder, scattered or increased by a long line of potentates,—Tartar, Mongol and Manchu,—whose names are lost in the dim twilight of history, is to-day squabbled over by the friends and enemies of a family who were of yesterday. From this curious incident, which momentarily attracts attention, there stretches a chain of historic events reaching back into hazy antiquity. It is but a step from the Khan to the Emperor; between them how much human pomp has come and gone; how many lives have fretted their brief day; how many rulers, whose figures filled a large space in their time, have gone down into silence and oblivion. The glory of the earth perishes, whether its wearer sleep in the mausoleum of Kublai Khan or in the theatrical chapel at Chislehurst.

EARTHEN PITCHERS.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER XV.

A COUPLE of hours later Goddard, bustling into the little railway station, in and out of which an engine was puffing sleepily, ran against Kit.

"Going up to town, Graff?" airily.

"Yes." But he waited to buy his ticket and count the change before finishing the sentence. His only defense for his heavy bucolic self against this tricky little Ariel in marvelous attire was a stiff formality. "I am going up with Miss Derby, Mr. Goddard. Probably you know better than I why she limits her visit to Lewes to one day."

"Jane going? Now that is lucky. So am I; so am I! You need not go up with her, my dear boy. Not the slightest necessity. I'll take charge of Jane."

"I shall escort my cousin home again," drily.

"Certainly," cried Goddard. "Delighted to have you of the company. Well,

I'll go in the car and hunt Jenny up if you'll buy my ticket and check my trunk," tossing him his porte-monnaie, and disappearing in the car.

Jane sat alone. She was dressed with scrupulous plainness; the shabby alpaca and unbecoming hat with its flat bows had given her the sort of dismal comfort which a widow takes in the blackness of her new veil. A book, and newspaper, and box of gum-drops, which Kit had provided for the journey, lay on her lap, while her eyes were closed. Niel glanced at the colorless fat face.

"Why, Jenny! homesick for the office?"

"You here! Niel?"

"Yes, to be sure. Don't look so wild. Did I waken you? You look ready to cry. Lucky I chanced on this train, isn't it?" dropping into the seat beside her. He had doffed his sailor shirt and trousers, and wore the carefully unpretending clothes fit for Chestnut street.

"Why have you left—left your friend?"

Jane could not force the name to her tongue.

"Audrey? Oh, Jane! I have the most capital plan! It occurred to me this afternoon, and every moment some detail arranges itself. I want to smooth the way for her in the world—like the messengers who ran before the king, you remember, eh? Prepare the way. You must help, too, a little later. I know every *prima donna* and *tenore* that has sung in this country. They'll furnish introductory letters to whatever master I select for her in Europe. Two or three years of study, with such hints as I shall give her as to changes in public taste;—then she comes home—our influence can command every musical critic in New York, and Boston, and at home—you furnish the popular squibs, anecdotes, etc., etc.,—first nights, a packed jury of our own choosing,—oh! success is certain! No such true artist has ever sung on American boards."

Jane sat up erect. "You mean your wife to appear in opera?"

"Wife! Why, didn't you know? She would not marry me. It all seems so long ago, what with packing and so on, that I had really forgotten to tell you. No. She is vowed to her art. Audrey Swenson is an uncommonly sensible woman, Jane. And heroic. The woman who refuses marriage to devote herself to any art, is a daughter of the gods, divinely taller than the rest of her sex. Why, what's the matter? Are you ill, Jane? Is the car—?"

"The motion has made her dizzy, that is all," said Graff, quietly, from where he sat, unnoticed, opposite. He brought her a glass of water, and fanned her with a handkerchief smelling of a horrible sachet powder, a queer twinkle in his eye whenever he glanced toward Goddard. "You do not choose your subjects carefully enough," he remarked as he took his seat again, and turned his back to them.

Goddard sat silent for a long time. Could it be the loss of him that had so chilled and aged Jenny in a few days? Did the child care for him then so much? Jane was really a year older than himself, but he thought of her as quite a tender baby, and felt his heart ache to pain with her suffering. After all, it was pleasant to be coming back to the club, and the gossip of studios and newspaper offices, and to Christian clothes for himself, and to women who did *not* wear bathing suits in mid-day. Jenny meant all these things to him. He could

not understand why she sat so stiff and immovable beside him. She did not seem at all relieved that he had not married Audrey, and was coming back to her. "For really Jenny is quite as necessary to me as my pipe, or old dressing-gown, or any other comfort. The woman I marry must marry her too, I suppose."

Just as he reached this sage conclusion the train rushed into a fresh cut in the road, the high banks of dripping clay overtopping the cars at either side. And then—Heaven knows how it all came about! It was the one experience which Goddard never described, and which Jane never used as material. It was a grating sound and a convulsive shriek or two of the engine, and then a blinding crash and darkness. When light and consciousness came to Goddard, he was quite assured that he was dead. A weight seemed to have been taken from his brain, which turned back as from an airy height, to look at life again.

He was lying on the muddy roadside, his head in a woman's arms. There was a horrible smell of cinders and burning wood. Opening his eyes at last, he saw the crowd far off, the green branches of a sycamore rustling between him and the sky, and close beside him Jane Derby's homely, familiar face.

"I am not dead, then?"

She shook her head, the tears coming too fast for her to speak. How strangely dear the ugly face showed itself to him at that!

The crowd came and went; there was a wild uproar and confusion; dust and soot whirled past in clouds; the engines shrieking; shapeless masses, covered with coats, carried by on boards; but, through all, the steady eyes of the woman never moved from his, and her hand chafed his head. Eyes and hands were dragging him back to life, he felt, by some power stronger than magnetism. "O God, I want to live!" he cried, to help her, if he could. How he hated the grave then, as never before! It was then, halting on the precipice of death, that Niel Goddard thought how steadily these eyes had always turned towards him; and the fingers (he could not help laughing inwardly to remember how thick and pudgy they were!) had love in their very touch. Who, besides, of all his hosts of followers and admirers in the life he had almost let slip from him, was true to him as this woman? Not one. What was there, besides her love, secure

and stable for him to build the future on? "*Tu es Petrus*, Jenny." This old, poor joke came back to his memory, and his lips moved with it, but made no sound.

"Did you speak, Niel?" she whispered, bending her head.

"Stoop closer, Jenny. Is it so that women bring back to life the men they love? Stay!" passionately holding her down with a grip like that of a dead man. "It is you who have given me life to-day, Jenny. There is nothing for me to come back to in that life but you."

"Ah, Niel!" disengaging herself with a laugh more sorrowful than any sigh, "there are all the Audreys past, and all the Audreys to come. What am I?"

"You are the only living being who loves me! Don't desert me. This is no sudden fancy, as the others were,—I've loved you a good many years. There's no happiness for either of us," after a little pause, during which he looked up thoughtfully into the tree overhead, "unless we are husband and wife. What do you say, Jenny?"

She laid his head back on the grass quickly, and stood up, trembling violently, "I shall say nothing now. Your brain is dizzy; the shock—thinking you were dead—and finding nobody but me under the tree—oh, I know how it was! I know. To-morrow——"

"You are growing ungrammatical, Jenny," smiling. "Very well; leave it until to-morrow," closing his eyes wearily. "By the way, where is Graff?"

"Yonder, helping the passengers out of the car. He carried you out."

Goddard raised himself on his elbow. Graff, with one or two others, stood on a ledge of the cut, lifting the bodies, both dead and living, that were handed to him over the heaps of *débris*. Goddard watched him for a moment, and then gave a sudden exclamation, for a sharp explosion took place just at the entrance to the cut, and a cloud of fiery white steam rushed up from some neglected boiler over Graff's body and head. He stood one instant, and then toppled and fell, like a log, into the ruins.

"He is gone!" cried Goddard.

"Are you hurt? Did the steam reach you?" said Jenny.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Eight hours of Gluck; no wonder your head aches." The old doctor, perceiving

Audrey leave the piano, followed her, anxious and fussing, out into the garden.

"It is not headache, nor is it Gluck," she said, looking about, as if searching for something. A light, cold mist, almost amounting to rain, was chilling the air. She bared her head and shook her hair loose in it.

"Not enough breakfast, then?" chirped the old man, after feeling her pulse. "You usually are a hearty eater, Audrey; that encouraged me as to your chances of success as an artist. The mill must have grist, my dear. Your great musicians have been men of strong physique,—kept the divine fire in the head burning with plenty of either beef or beer in the stomach. What do you expect to achieve on a soft-boiled egg? Go, take a walk on the sands and come back hungry, and after supper you can go to Gluck with some chance of comprehension."

Was it, then, only a lack of beef that made the day seem so empty? Audrey went alone to the garden gate, and stood with her hands clasped over her head, in her old habit, when dull or ill at ease.

It had been a day of hard, faithful work; yet when she looked for the recompense it did not come.

All music was unmeaning to her; her own voice, harsh and unable. The truth was, Audrey, like every worker mastering his tools, found them master her for the moment. Was Art, then, nothing but technical rules; a sequence of facts inexorable and material as a mathematical problem? She went out of doors, as other women come to their firesides, for the cheer and comfort of her real home, but it was not there. Mother Nature had no word for her child to-day. Nature, living, eternal, restful, was not there. Nothing was there but heaps of grains of sand, and a vast wash of water. If sea or shore had other meaning, she was blind and deaf to it.

Now the loss of this subtle, cheery greeting which Audrey was wont to receive as soon as she went out from the house, chilled and disheartened her as none of us, probably, can comprehend. She walked on down the beach. The driving mist crossed the field of the sea like solid walls advancing from horizon to horizon.

"Fine weather for the late ploughing!" said an incisive voice behind her. "What on earth, Audrey Swenson, are you doing without a water-proof?"

"I'll bring it at once, Aunt Ann," said

Audrey, who always conceded every step of the way in advance to Mrs. Graff.

"What ails you, child?" looking curiously in her eyes. "You're either sick or you're unhappy, and there is no use in denying it."

"Uncle Tom says too much music and too little beef accounts for my ailment," laughed Audrey.

"Very likely. Though I never approved of girls eating meat. It ruins the complexion. You ought to have spent the day with me. I was putting up tomatoes, canning catsup and soy. Of course, you don't know how to make good soy?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Now," after a moment's angry pause, in which Aunt Ann was striving to control her temper, "don't you think it would be more to the purpose if you would spend part of the day in my kitchen or sewing-room, than wandering on this beach in all kinds of weather? How can you ever govern or manage a house without knowledge of this kind?"

It was impossible to irritate Audrey. "But I shall not have a house to manage," she said smiling.

"Why, you are a woman. You cannot shirk your real work for any whim. Nobody can do that, and not suffer for it in the long run. There's Pike going down to the breakwater. The lazy scamp engaged to bring me my blue fish for salting down, last week, and not one have I seen. They are all alike, these fellows," and off she went, her feet leaving hollows in the sand with every firm, swift step.

The world about her seemed dumber and more unmeaning after that. For the first time in her life, Audrey doubted. The something which spoke to her in sun or sea was intangible; might be but the dream of a dream, or as her uncle said, only the attraction of matter for matter; but tomatoes and salt fish, and a comfortable, well ordered household, these were realities. What, if she had made a mistake? What, if, though there were such a voice, she had no power to comprehend or interpret it? She might spend years in hard work such as this of to-day, and find herself a poor, unable failure after all. And yet—As she turned to go home, she looked toward the far sea-line, behind which the ships, phantom-like, were going down. So they went down year after year. There was a great unknown world of men and women beyond, which she had meant to reach some day.

The welcome and the friends waiting for her there had grown real things to her in her lonely fancies. Surely there was there some one for whom fish and tomatoes and household drudgery were not the best of life? She had something to say to such a one—something which ached and pained in her breast now. It would give her a share in their joy or their sorrow. Some day she would be able to utter it clearly.

Until that day nothing should turn her from her work.

At that moment she perceived half a dozen of men hurrying from the little station on the beach down the road. As they came near they consulted for a moment, and then one or two left the others and came towards her. They were in trouble, she saw, and it was usual for people in trouble in the town to come to Audrey or her uncle.

"Well, what is it, Ben?"

"There's been an accident on the train up to town this morning, Miss Swenson, and there is a car just run in with some of the dead and wounded. Mr. Graff—"

But she threw out her hand to silence him, and turning, walked swiftly away.

"She might ha' stayed to hear the rest on't," grumbled Pike, who had built a good deal on her behavior when she heard the news for his evening's gossip.

"She couldn't bear it. She was stunned," said good-humored Ben. "She's gone straight to Mrs. Graff's house. They're cousins, you know."

Dead? Kit dead? How heavy this shawl about her head was! She dropped it on the sand as she went, but the weight on her breast was still heavy to suffocation. What was her fantastic dream of voices and mother Nature now? Here was reality—torn bodies and shattered cars, and coffins, and Kit—

Why it was only yesterday he had been planning his whole life out for her, and she had laughed at it and at him. Now it was over and gone. She suddenly saw his face and hands as she had seen them last night as he carried Jane out from the quicksand, big, and red, and covered with mud.

"He's a good fellow—a good fellow!" she said, and then stopped, shocked at herself. Any of these men would have said as much for Kit. Had she, a woman, nothing tenderer to give to her old playmate? He had always loved her so faithfully, too. If he were dead, perhaps he would know why—

She had reached the gate of the Graff house. A crowd of dark, whispering figures stood about it, but made way for her. A lamp, lighted hastily, flared and smoked without its chimney on the hall table, and Audrey thought, as one thinks of absurd trifles in the face of sudden horror, how her aunt Ann's head would wildly shake at the sight of it.

The parlor was vacant; the door from it open into Mrs. Graff's chamber beyond; by the gray, dreary twilight in the row of square windows, she could see a large figure on the bed, covered with blankets, the face hidden in white bandages. The silence of death was in the room.

Death? She looked about her quickly. There was the bare floor, the chairs with the von Graff coat of arms worked in dingy chenille, Kit's portrait when he was a red-cheeked baby in laces. Kit and she had been every day in this room together, ever since that portrait was painted.

Old Doctor Dorn, who saw her from the bed-chamber, came out. "Be calm, Miss Swenson," he whispered, heavily. "Do not disturb his last moments by any outcry. He has asked for you."

"He is alive, then?"

"Well, yes," with doubtful solemnity; "he still lives. But come in. He has asked for you. It is always my opinion that the wishes of the dying should be gratified, when it is feasible."

Aunt Ann's voice, shriller than usual, through excessive pain, was heard at the moment. "What do you want with her, my son? She's down wandering on the beach, I suppose. Let your mother nurse you. She's a poor, do-less creature; she never cared for you as she ought."

Kit's voice was feeble and hoarse. "On the beach! I shall die before she comes!"

Audrey went in, passing quickly before the doctor. Mrs. Graff would have moved from where she stood by his side, but Audrey, with her large, firm hands on the little woman's shoulders, pushed her gently down.

"Not your place," she said, humbly, and knelt down by the bed. "I am here, Kit."

He put his hand out feebly, and she took it in hers.

The evening darkened: they brought a lamp, and placed it where the light fell on him. The crowd without (a quiet grave crowd, being sea-coast people) disappeared one by one across the sands. Doctor

Swenson and his compeer, the village physician, shabby and ponderous as his saddle-bags, which lay on the table, sat side by side by the foot-board. Mrs. Graff stooped over her boy silently, wetting bandages; but still Audrey knelt motionless, her hand immovable in his.

Once when he spoke, they all leaned forward to listen. "It's all for you, if I die, Audrey. My farm. Mother's provided for. I only cared for it for you."

"It would appear to me to be proper," whispered Doctor Dorn, "to send for a lawyer, and let him make his will." But Audrey, with an imperative gesture, commanded silence.

"Audrey!"

"I am here."

"I must speak to you alone."

They drew back, and Audrey stooped closer to catch the broken whisper. "I've been selfish," said poor Kit; "but you were all I had. The other young men had cared for a dozen girls; but I loved you since we were little together. I want you to forget that I worried you for your love, if I die. I want you to forget me, and be happy. If there is anybody else, Audrey ——" He stopped. The big hand grew cold in hers.

"There's nobody else," and Audrey, with that queer, loyal smile of hers, held his hand tighter.

"There will be. You never loved me as a wife ought to love her husband. When he comes, and you marry him, be sure that I am glad of it. It was just you I cared for—to make you happy, that was all."

He held her fingers tightly, but did not speak again. Presently she knew by his breathing that he was asleep; his hand fell from hers. Mrs. Graff stole gently up, caught her by the shoulder, and drew her out of the room.

"Audrey, did my boy ask you to marry him now?"

"No."

"You must do it then. He is dying; he has but a few hours to live, and you see how every thought is for you. You surely will not refuse him any comfort you can give him?"

"Marry him? Marry him?"

"Good God! the girl is stone! Any woman would be proud of my boy's love. You can make his last hour happy, and you will not do it; yet you love him, Audrey Swenson?"

"I love Kit, yes." She walked to the

window. There was the look of a caged animal in her blue eyes. To go out—out—if but for a moment to the sea and free air, and leave this death and breathless pressure behind!

"Then why not marry him? It would be but the saying of a word or two. You will not be bound to him but an hour——"

"And who the deuce authorized you to say that?" demanded Dr. Swenson, shrilly, at her back. "The boy is in no more danger of dying than you, Ann Graff. It's all that old humbug, Dorn," he growled. "Don't let it fret you, Audrey, and do you go back to your bandages, Ann, and you'll have your darling about in a week."

"He'll live?" Mrs. Graff rose, and staggered to the door. "Live," she muttered again, as she went in.

"Yes, and better for him he had died," ejaculated the old man. "A pretty mess you would have made of your life, Audrey, if I had not come in. To marry that man!"

Audrey raised her head indignantly. "Why should I not marry him? Any woman might be proud of his love."

"Yes, yes," so his mother says. "Hen and chick crow alike. Kit's well enough, good, honest creature; but not the sort of man to interfere with your career as an artist. To begin with, he is a beggar. Gives you his farm indeed! It is not his to give, as I happen to know. The law suit which was settled yesterday in Wilmington, concerning lands held as crown gifts by the heirs, will take from him the best part of his property. A very homœopathic portion of it will be left."

"Kit," said Audrey calmly, after the first twinge of pity, "is not a man dependent on property. He can earn his living in a dozen ways."

"He could before this accident."

She turned on him quickly. "You told me he was safe? How is he hurt?"

"Better he had died in my opinion. The man is blind for life."

It was a long time before Audrey answered him. She stood still by the window.

"He has nothing left then? Nothing?" she said.

Her uncle replied, but she did not seem to hear his answer. She was looking down at the sea and at the shore, as one who goes from them inland to see them no more.

She turned at last, and opening the door went up to Kit's bed. His mother,

who was alone with him, with one quick look at her face, drew back and left her there.

"Kit," she said, taking his hand again in hers; "Kit."

"Yes, my darling."

"Your mother has told you, you will live?"

"Yes, she has told me."

"Would it make your life worth more, if I should come and share it with you?"

"Audrey!" he tried to stretch out his hands to her, and vainly strove to open the closed eyes.

"I will come, then," she said quietly, and, stooping over him, kissed for the first time the poor scorched lips.

CHAPTER XVII.

GODDARD did not repent the next day of his resolution to marry Jenny, or, if he did, he found it easier to drift lazily into marriage, than once in, to get out of the current. Jane, on the other hand, had too much tact to startle him by her happiness, or by the necessity of any change in his habits or manners. Matters jogged on as usual for a month or two, when they found that nothing interfered with their being married at once. Jenny had her new winter dresses ready, and Goddard decided that he could begin his new book with better chances of success in the quiet of the Delaware farmhouse, with Jane to keep off society.

One evening, therefore, when Jenny had her usual Saturday reception, Goddard mentioned in a casual way to their most intimate friends that Miss Derby and he had been married the day before, and everybody was quick enough to take the cue, and to express neither superfluous surprise nor congratulation.

Mr. Burgess, indeed, noted the incident eagerly, as an illustration of the habit of young girls in American society to drop casually into a church, and be married while out on a morning stroll.

Parr Chalkley, who would have had a lingering flirtation with Jenny, had she belonged to the proper set in Philadelphia, sent her the next day a wedding present of a jeweled dressing case, which Goddard appropriated and used ever after. Shively the publisher, too, hearing of the matter, presented Jenny with a paid up policy of her husband's life, for ten thousand dollars which she put carefully away.

But eight years have passed since then.

and there appears to be little risk for the insurance companies. Goddard has grown fat and scant o' breath. His wife and their three boys live on the farm the year round, which, under Jenny's management has increased in both acres and quality, until it now yields a larger income than any other in the county. Jenny herself has softened and brightened into a genial, gentle and handsome middle age. Her gowns are turned and re-turned until they are too ragged to give away, and her boys are taught to wear the coarsest cloth and eat the plainest food, but the keen delight of her life is to see Goddard in the finest of linen, and to prepare little surprises for him of gifts of choice jewelry or rare old editions. He always spends the peach season at the farm, bringing a party of clever fellows down from town; but in winter he remains in Philadelphia, as it is necessary for him to be near libraries, and to receive a weekly mail from Europe, in the preparation of the great treatise on Modern Art which he is going to write. Jenny sold an acre or two to enable him to go to the Vienna Exposition, as, she said, that would aid him so materially in his studies, to that especial end. A party of young journalists, musicians, etc., went over to New York to see him off. None of them mentioned to Mrs. Goddard that Miss Roberts, the noted painter of *la nature morte*, was on the Scotia. She is Niel's last intimate friend; Mrs. Goddard does not usually share in these pure and platonic friendships. However, all the world knows that Niel's thirsty soul requires such spiritual refreshment occasionally, and society is not niggardly, now-a-days; it knows how to regard with liberal eye the needs and frailties of genius. If Jane does not share in its magnanimous view of the young women who run after her brilliant husband, she, at least, has enough of her old tact and good sense to laugh at them secretly, knowing they cannot touch her hold on him.

She drives over to Lewes now and then, to give her advice to her cousin Kit and his wife, for, since her Aunt Ann became too old to move about, the household affairs, Jane fancies, need supervision from an experienced eye. She went over last October to see if the canning, pickling, etc., had been properly attended to, and found they had all been forgotten until too late.

"One can so easily buy those things," said Audrey, calmly. "I suppose I shall

always be a bad housekeeper, Mrs. Goddard."

Audrey is always calm; and what enrages Jane still more, her big, handsome husband (there is no handsomer man in Sussex county than Kit Graff), whatever she may do or leave undone, follows her with the same contented, adoring eyes; for Kit, after a few years of partial blindness recovered his sight, and by dint of hard work and shrewd management was able to buy back a large share of his property. During these years, while he was both blind and helpless, his wife supported the family by giving music lessons to all the children in the neighborhood. Her old uncle opposed her bitterly, and made a queer speech in Jane's hearing.

"Don't make a market of your birthright," he said, "hide it, bury it in a napkin if you will. You sold yourself, but don't sell that for your own selfish ends, or God will punish you."

"My birthright is to love," said Audrey, and laid her hand on her husband's arm.

Jane always thought the old man half crazy before that, and was not particularly grieved to hear, soon afterwards, that he was dead. "People with such odd notions," she said, "were better in some other sphere and society than this. Not take your talent into the market, indeed! What were we commanded to do with them, except to trade, and to trade for usury, too?"

Her sharp little speeches and sarcasms trouble Audrey no more than the buzzing of wasps in the window-pane. Jane, who likes almost everybody (though she loves nobody but her husband) does not like Kit Graff's wife, and would only be glad of a ground for quarreling with her. But people can only quarrel on trifles, and Audrey takes no heed of trifles. Meanwhile she goads Jane to desperation. She works hard to make money, and lets it slip from her like water. She knows nothing of "good society," yet her manner is so simple and rare that even Jane pays her unwilling homage. She cares nothing for dress, but her plain clothes hang upon her like the bathing rig of old, with the grand grace of the drapery of an antique statue. No wife could be more loving and cheerful with Kit. Yet, unconsciously, she gives you the impression that she has her own home and her own people elsewhere, and will be gone to them presently.

After Jane had paid them her last visit, Graff went with Audrey and their little

girl down to the beach to watch the tide come in. He seemed glad to be rid of the closeness of the air in-doors, and of Jane's gossip, and to rejoice in his own fashion in the sun and sea.

"The thermometer is at 78," he says. "Audrey, that is very good for this time of year. These are fine swells, too. Watch for the big tenth one, little sweetheart."

But Audrey ties the child's shoe indifferently. The sun is heat to her now, and the sea, water.

Presently, when evening begins to gather, and the sunset colors the sky and the pools in the marshes behind them, blood-red, and the sea washes into their feet, dark and heavy, with subdued cries and moans, as though all the love and unappealed longing of the world had gone down into it, and sought to find speech in it, Audrey takes up the child, and begins to hush it on her breast, singing a little cradle song, a simple chant with which she was always crooning it to sleep. It is so hopeful, so joyful, so full of the unutterable brooding tenderness of mother's love, that Kit, who cares little for music, finds his heart swell and his eyes dim.

"Your uncle and that Goddard," he observes, "used to think you had a pretty talent for music, Audrey. You were going to teach the whole world by your songs, I remember. But that little tune is all you ever made, eh?"

"That is all."

"And nobody ever heard it but Baby and me. However, it's very pretty, very pretty. And it was lucky your uncle taught you as thoroughly as he did. Your scales and notes helped us over a rough place. They served their purpose very well, though your voice is quite gone with teaching."

He got up presently, and strolled up the beach.

When he was out of sight, a flock of king-birds flew up from the hedges of bay bushes, and lighted near her, turning on her their bright black eyes with a curious look of inquiry. When was it they had looked at her so before?

For one brief moment the tossing waves, the sand dunes, the marshes put on their dear old familiar faces. Old meanings, old voices came close to her as ghosts in the sunlight. The blood rushed to her face, her blue eyes lighted. She buried her hands in the warm white sand. She held the long salt grass to her cheeks. She seemed to have come home to them again. "Child," they said to her, as the statues to Mignon, "where hast thou stayed so long?"

It seemed to her that she must answer them. She began to sing, she knew not what. But the tones were discordant, the voice was cracked. Then she knew that whatever power she might have had was quite wasted and gone. She would never hear again the voice that once had called to her.

She rose then, and, taking up her child, went to the house, still looking in its face. Kit joined her, and was dully conscious that she had been troubled. "You're not vexed at what I said down there, eh?" he asked. "You're not really sorry, that you leave nothing to the world but that little song?"

"I leave my child," said Audrey; repeating after awhile, "I leave my child."

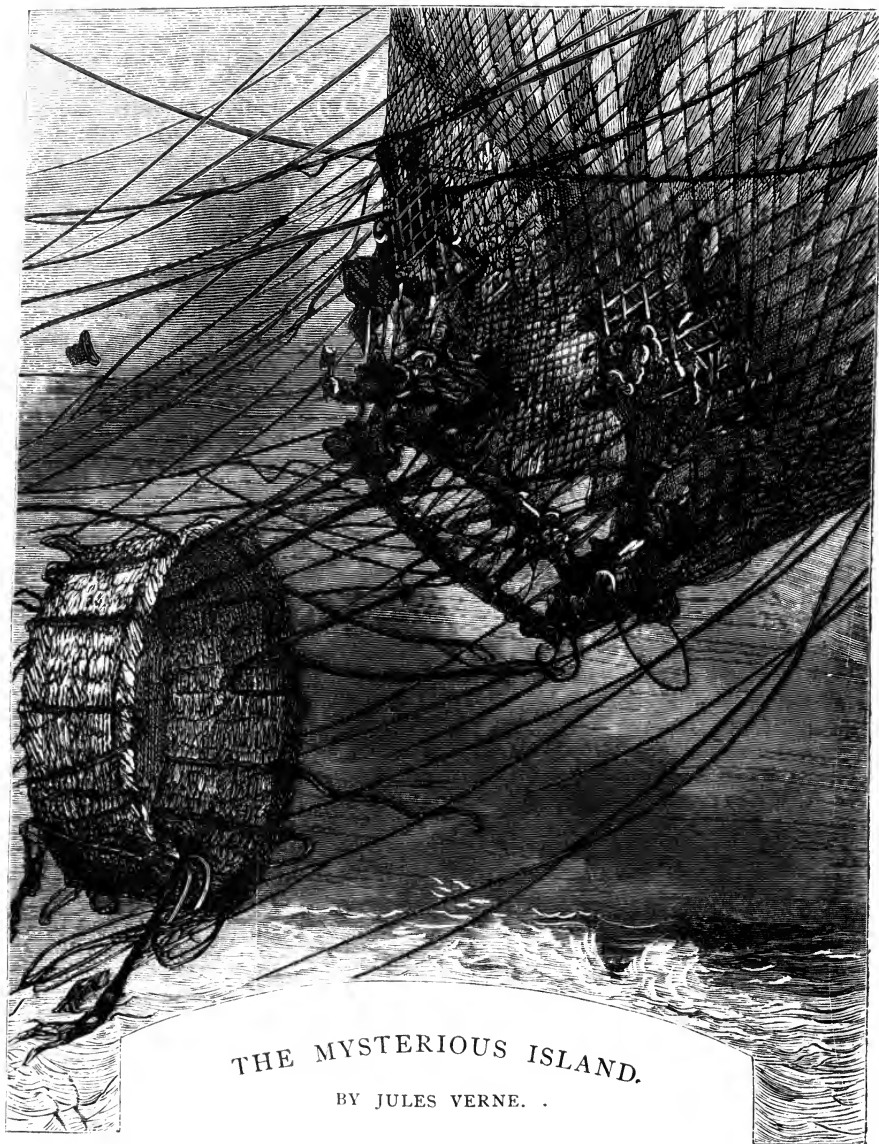
Her husband, at least, was sure that she made no moan over that which might have been and was not.

THE END.

SPRING IN WINTER.

FOR me there is no rarer thing
Than, while the winter's lingering,
To taste the blessedness of spring?

Were this the spring, I now should sigh
That aught were spent;—but rich am I!
Untouched spring's golden sum doth lie.



THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER FIRST

THE HURRICANE OF 1865—CRIES IN THE AIR—
A BALLOON CARRIED AWAY IN A WATER SPOUT
—FIVE PASSENGERS—WHAT TOOK PLACE IN A
BALLOON CAR.

"ARE we going up again?"

"No! On the contrary——"

"Are we descending?"

"Worse than that, Monsieur Cyrus; we are falling."

"For God's sake, throw some ballast overboard!"

"Here goes the last sack."

"Is the balloon rising?"

"No!"

"I hear something like a beating of waves."

"The sea is close beneath the car."

"It can't be more than five hundred feet from us."

Then a powerful voice rent the air, and these words echoed forth:

"Overboard with everything heavy!—all!—and to God's mercy——"

Such were the words which rang out in

the sky, above that vast water desert of the Pacific, toward four o'clock on the evening of the 23d day of March, 1865.

Doubtless no one has forgotten the terrible north-eastern wind-storm which was unchained toward the middle of the equinox of that year, and during which the barometer fell to seven hundred and ten millimeters. It was a hurricane which raged without intermission from the 18th to the 26th of March. The ravages which it caused were immense in America, in Europe, in Asia, over a zone eighteen hundred miles wide, which extended obliquely to the equator, from the thirty-fifth as far as the fortieth northern parallel. Overturned cities, uprooted forests, coasts devastated by mountains of water, which precipitated themselves like sandbars; ships hurled upon land, that the statistics of the *Bureau Veritas* counted up by hundreds; entire territories leveled by water spouts, which broke down everything in their passage—such were the testimonials of its fury left behind it by this formidable hurricane. It surpassed in disastrous results those which so frightfully ravaged Havana and Guadeloupe, one on October 25, 1810, and the other on the 26th of July, 1825.

Now, at the same time that so many catastrophes were accomplished on land and sea, a drama, no less frightful, was in progress in the perturbed skies.

In fact, a balloon, carried like a ball to the summit of a water-spout, and caught in the giratory movement of the column of air, was spinning through space at a speed of ninety miles an hour, turning round and round on itself as if it had been seized by some ærial maelstrom.

Beneath the lower rigging of this balloon swung to and fro a basket, which contained five passengers, hardly visible amid the dense vapors, mingled with pulverized water, which trailed along the surface of the ocean.

Whence came that balloon, a very plaything of the frightful tempest? From what point in the world had it darted forth? It evidently could not have started during the storm. Now the hurricane had already lasted five days, and its first symptoms were manifested on the 18th. One would, then, have been justified in believing that this balloon came from very far away, because it could not have traveled less than two thousand miles every twenty-four hours.

At all events, the passengers could not

have had at their disposition any means of estimating the route passed over since their departure, because all data were lacking. This curious fact even occurred, that, carried headlong into the midst of the violences of the tempest, they did not suffer from them. They were jostled about, they were spun around without feeling anything of that rotation, or of the toppling in a horizontal sense. Their eyes could not pierce the dense fog which gathered beneath the basket. Around them all was mist. Such even was the opacity of the clouds, that they could not have told whether it were day or night. No reflection of light, no noise of inhabited lands, no bellowing of the ocean, could have drifted up to them in that obscure immensity, so long as they were held in the high zones. Their rapid descent alone had given them a realizing sense of the dangers which they incurred from the waves.

Nevertheless, the balloon, unballasted of heavy objects, such as munitions, arms, provisions, had arisen into the upper strata of the atmosphere to a height of four thousand five hundred feet. The passengers, after having seen that the sea extended on every side under the basket, finding the dangers above less redoubtable than those below, had not hesitated to throw overboard even the most useful objects, and sought to lose no more of that fluid,—that soul of their balloon,—which sustained them above the abyss.

The night was passed in the midst of inquietudes which would have proved mortal to less energetic souls. Then day re-appeared, and with the advent of light, the tempest showed a tendency to moderate. From the earliest hours of that day of the 24th of March there had been some symptoms of calm. At dawn, the clouds becoming more vesicular, had remounted to the heights of the sky. In a few hours the water-spout widened and broke. The wind passed from the condition of hurricane into that of a stiff, fresh breeze—that is to say that the speed of the removal of the atmospheric strata diminished by one-half. It was still what sailors call a "three-reefed breeze," but the amelioration in the trouble of the elements was none the less considerable.

Toward eleven o'clock the lower region of the air was perceptibly changed. The atmosphere gave off that humid limpidness which is seen, which is even felt, after the passage of great meteors. It did not seem

that the hurricane had gone further toward the west; it appeared to have destroyed itself. Had it, perhaps, flown away in electric sheets, after the rupture of the water-spout, as sometimes happens to the typhoons of the Indian Ocean?

But toward that hour also, one might have again feared that the balloon was slowly descending by a continuous movement into the lower strata of the air. It even seemed that it became smaller little by little, and that its envelope lengthened out, passing from the spheric to an ovoid form.

About noon the balloon no longer hovered higher than two thousand feet above the sea. It gauged fifty thousand cubic feet, and, thanks to its capacity, it would evidently have been able to keep itself for a long time in the air, either because it would have attained great altitudes, or because it was turned partially over in a horizontal direction.

At this moment the passengers threw out the last objects which still weighed down the car,—the few provisions they had preserved,—all—even to the cooking utensils stuffed in their pockets, and one of them, climbing upon the circle which united the cords of the net, sought to solidly bind the lower appendage of the balloon.

It was evident that the passengers could no longer maintain the balloon in the elevated zones, and that the gas was giving out.

They were lost, then!

It was neither a continent, nor even an island, spread out beneath them. The space offered nowhere a single point of landing—not a solid surface upon which their anchor could take hold.

It was the immense sea, whose waves still clashed against each other with incomparable violence. It was the ocean, without visible limits, even for those who overlooked it from on high, and whose gaze then swept a radius of forty miles. It was that liquid plain, beaten without mercy, thrashed by the hurricane, which must have appeared to them like a gallopade of disheveled balloons, upon which had been thrown a vast network of white crests. No land in sight; not a ship!

It was necessary, then, at all hazards, to stop the descending movement to prevent the balloon from being engulfed in the midst of the waves; and it was evidently this urgent operation at which the passengers in the car were busy. But

despite their efforts the balloon descended constantly, at the same time that it changed its course with extreme velocity, following the direction of the wind—that is to say, from north-east to south-west.

A terrible situation, that of these unfortunates! They were evidently no longer masters of the balloon. Their endeavors were fruitless; the envelope of the air-ship decreased more and more. The fluid escaped without any possibility of retaining it. The descent was visibly accelerated, and, an hour after noon, the car was suspended not more than six hundred feet above the ocean.

It was, in fact, impossible to prevent the flight of the gas, which escaped freely through a large rent in the sack of the balloon.

By lightening the car of all the objects which it contained, the passengers had been able to prolong their suspension in the air for some hours. But the inevitable catastrophe could only be delayed, and if some land did not disclose itself ere nightfall, passengers, car and balloon would have finally disappeared beneath the waves.

The only manœuvre still left to perform was accomplished at that moment. The balloon passengers were evidently energetic people, who knew how to look death in the face. Not a single murmur had been heard to escape from their lips. The car was only a kind of wicker case, unfit to float, and there was no possibility of maintaining it on the surface of the sea, if it fell there.

At two o'clock the balloon was scarcely two hundred feet above the water.

At that moment, a manly voice, that of one whose heart was inaccessible to fear, made itself heard. To that voice responded no less energetic voices.

"Is everything thrown out?"

"No there is still ten thousand francs in gold."

A heavy sack fell, at the same instant, into the sea.

"Is the balloon rising again?"

"A little, but it will not be long in falling back."

"What is there left to throw away?"

"Nothing."

"But there is! The car!"

"Let us cling to the net, and into the sea with the car!"

It was indeed the last and only means of lightening the air-ship. The cords which

held the car were cut, and after its fall the balloon ascended two thousand feet.

The five passengers had hoisted themselves into the net, above the ring, and supported themselves in the labyrinth of meshes, looking down into the abyss.

Every one knows with what static sensibility balloons are endowed. To throw out the lightest object is sufficient to provoke a toppling from a vertical line. The apparatus, floating in the air, is like a balance, of mathematical precision. One comprehends, then, how, when it is lightened of a relatively considerable weight, the toppling will be important and abrupt. That is what happened on this occasion.

But, after having poised itself an instant in the upper zones, the balloon began to redescend. The gas continued escaping from the rent, which it was impossible to repair.

The passengers had done all that they could. Henceforth no human means could save them. They had nothing more save the aid of God to count on.

At four o'clock, the balloon was only five hundred feet above the surface of the waves.

A sonorous barking was heard. A dog accompanied the passengers, and held himself embedded near his master in the meshes of the net.

"Top sees something!" cried one of the passengers.

Then, at the same instant, a strong voice was heard.

"Land! land!"

The balloon which the wind did not cease carrying towards the south-west, had, since dawn, traversed a considerable distance, which footed up hundreds of miles, and, in fact, a rather extended point of land did loom up in that direction.

But that land was still thirty miles to leeward. It would demand not less than a full hour to reach it, and that on condition of not drifting to leeward. An hour! Would not the balloon long before that be emptied of all that it had kept of its fluid?

Such was the terrible question. The passengers distinctly saw that solid point, which must at any risk be reached. They were ignorant what it was, island or continent, because they scarcely knew toward what part of the world the hurricane had hurled them. But that land—whether it were inhabited or not, whether or not it were hospitable, must be reached!

At four o'clock, it was plain that the balloon could no longer sustain itself. Already the crests of enormous waves had many times dashed against the lower part of the net, weighing it down still farther, and the air-ship no longer more than half raised itself, like a bird with a bullet in its wing.

Half an hour later, the land was only a mile distant, but the balloon, exhausted, flabby, distended, rumpled in great folds, now retained no gas save in its upper part. Even the passengers, hanging to the net, weighed too much for it, and soon, half plunged into the sea, they were beaten by the furious waves. The envelope of the balloon then opened like a pocket, and the wind, rushing in, pushed it forward as an after wind pushes a ship. Perhaps it would thus succeed in reaching land!

It was within two cable's lengths of it, when terrible cries, torn from four breasts at once, echoed loudly. The balloon, which seemed unlikely to ascend any more, made an unexpected bound again, after having been struck by a formidable billow. As if it had suddenly been lightened of a new portion of its weight, it remounted to the height of fifteen hundred feet, and there encountered a kind of wind-eddy which, instead of carrying it directly on to the coast, made it follow an almost parallel direction. Finally, two minutes later, it came nearer to it obliquely, and fell upon the sand of the shore out of the reach of the waves.

The passengers, aiding each other, succeeded in extricating themselves from the meshes of the net. The balloon, relieved of their weight, was taken once more by the wind, and, like a wounded bird who finds again an instant of vigor, it disappeared in space.

The car had contained five passengers, plus a dog, and the balloon cast only four of them on the shore.

The missing passenger had evidently been carried off by the billow which had struck the net, and that it was which had permitted the lightened balloon to ascend a last time, and then, some instants later, to reach land.

Hardly had the four shipwrecked persons,—we may give them that name,—set their feet on the soil, than all, thinking of the absent one, cried out—

"Perhaps he is trying to swim ashore. Let us save him! Let us save him!"

CHAPTER II.

AN EPISODE OF THE WAR OF SECESSION—THE ENGINEER CYRUS SMITH—GIDEON SPILETT—THE NEGRO NEB—PENCROFF, THE SAILOR—YOUNG HERBERT—AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSITION—A RENDEZVOUS AT TEN IN THE EVENING—DEPARTURE IN "THE TEMPEST."

THOSE whom the hurricane had thrown upon this coast were neither professional aeronauts, nor lovers of aerial expeditions. They were prisoners of war whose audacity had pushed them to flight under extraordinary circumstances. A hundred times had they narrowly escaped perishing! A hundred times their torn balloon might have been expected to precipitate them into the abyss. But Heaven reserved a strange destiny for them, and on the 20th of March, after having fled from Richmond, besieged by the troops of General Ulysses Grant, they found themselves seven thousand miles from that capital of Virginia, the principal stronghold of the separatists during the war of Secession. Their aerial navigation had lasted five days.

Now let us see under what curious circumstances the escape of the prisoners took place—an escape destined to end in the catastrophe with which we are acquainted.

That same year, in the month of February, 1865, in one of those bold efforts which Gen. Grant made for the possession of Richmond, but in vain, many of his officers fell into the hands of the enemy, and were quartered in the city. One of the most distinguished of those taken belonged to the Federal staff, and his name was Cyrus Smith.

Cyrus Smith, a native of Massachusetts, was an engineer, a savant of the first order, to whom the Union government had confided, during the war, the direction of the railroads, whose strategic rôle during the war of Secession was so great. A veritable American of the North, meager, bony, thin-flanked, aged about forty-five, there were already threads of gray in his close cut hair and in the dense mustache, which was the only remnant of his beard. He had one of those fine "numismatic" heads, which seem made to be stamped upon medals,—ardent eyes—a serious mouth,—the physiognomy of a savant of the fighting school. He was one of those engineers who preferred to begin by handling hammer and pickaxe, like those generals who chose to commence as simple soldiers. He was gifted with supreme dexterity of hand as well as invent-

ive cleverness of mind. His muscles offered remarkable evidences of tonicity. Really a man of action quite as much as a man of thought, he acted without effort under the influence of a large vital expansion, having that vivacious persistence which defies all bad luck. Well educated, extremely practical, a very "unraveler,"—to use a term from French military language,—he had a superb temperament, because, in addition to remaining master of himself whatever might be the circumstances, he fulfilled in the highest degree those three conditions whose combination determines human energy: activity of mind and body, impetuosity of desire, power of will. And his device might have been that of William of Orange in the seventeenth century: "I do not need to hope in order to undertake, nor to succeed in order to persevere."

At the same time, Cyrus Smith was courage personified. He had been in all the battles during that war of Secession. After having commenced in the Illinois volunteers under Ulysses Grant, he fought at Paducah, at Belmont, at Pittsburg-Landing, at the siege of Corinth, at Port-Gibson, at the Black River, at Chattanooga, in the Wilderness, on the Potomac, everywhere and valiantly, as a worthy soldier of the General who replied "I never count my dead." And a hundred times, Cyrus Smith had narrowly escaped being among the number of those whom the terrible Grant did not count, but in those combats, where he never spared himself, chance favored him until the moment when he was wounded and taken on the field of battle before Richmond.

At the same time with Cyrus Smith, and the same day, another important personage fell into the power of the Southerners. This was none less than the Honorable Gideon Spilett, reporter of the *New York Herald*, who had been charged to follow the events of the war from the midst of the Northern armies.

Gideon Spilett was of the race of those astonishing English or American chroniclers, the Stanleys and others, who recoil before nothing in order to obtain exact information and transmit it to their journal with briefest delay. The journals of the Union, such as the *New York Herald*, constitute real powers, and their delegates are representatives that one may count on. Gideon Spilett was in the first rank of these delegates.

A man of great merit, energetic, prompt

and ready for everything, full of ideas, having overrun the entire world, soldier and artist, fervid in counsel, resolute in action, reckoning neither pains, nor fatigues, nor dangers, when it was necessary to know all, for himself first, and for his journal afterwards; a genuine hero of curiosity, of information, of the unpublished,—he was one of those intrepid observers who write amid cannon balls, “chronicle” under bullet-fire, and for whom all dangers are but pieces of good luck.

He also had been in all the battles, revolver in one hand, note-book in the other, and grape-shot never made his pencil tremble. He did not fatigue the wires with incessant telegrams, like those who talk when they have nothing to say, but each of his notes, short, perspicuous, clear, shed light on an important point. Besides, he was not lacking in humor. He it was who, after the affair of the Black River, wishing, at any price to keep his place at the wicket of the telegraph office, that he might announce to his paper the result of the battle, for two hours telegraphed the first chapters of the Bible. It cost the New York *Herald* two thousand dollars, but the New York *Herald* got the news first.

Gideon Spilett was of lofty stature. He was almost forty years of age. Blond side-whiskers, bordering on the red, framed his face. His eye was calm, full of life, rapid in its glances. It was the eye of a man who is in the habit of quickly taking in all the details of a horizon. Solidly built, he had steeped himself in all climates like a bar of steel in cold water.

For ten years Gideon Spilett had been the accredited reporter of the New York *Herald*, which he enriched with his reports and his sketches, for he handled the pencil as dexterously as the pen. When he was taken prisoner, he was in the act of writing a description and making a sketch of the battle. The last words written in his note-book were “A Southerner is aiming at me”—and Gideon Spilett was not hit, because, in accordance with his usual habit, he came out of that affair without a single scratch.

Cyrus Smith and Gideon Spilett, who did not know each other unless by reputation, had both been transported to Richmond. The engineer’s wound healed rapidly, and it was during his convalescence that he made the reporter’s acquaintance. These two men were pleased with,

and seemed to appreciate, each other. Soon their common life had but one aim—to escape, to rejoin Grant’s army, and to once more fight in its ranks for federal unity.

The two Americans therefore decided to profit by every occasion; but although they had been left free in the city, Richmond was so strictly guarded that escape must have seemed impossible.

Meantime Cyrus Smith was rejoined by a servitor who was devoted to him for life, for death. This intrepid fellow was a negro, for whom Cyrus Smith, an abolitionist by reason and by choice, had long since obtained his liberty. The slave, become a free man, had not wished to quit his deliverer. He loved him well enough to die for him. He was a youth of thirty, vigorous, agile, adroit, intelligent, calm and tractable, sometimes naïve, always smiling, serviceable, and good. His name was Nebuchadnezzar, but he answered only to the abbreviation and familiar appellation of Neb.

When Neb learned that his deliverer had been taken prisoner, he left for the rescue without hesitation, arrived before Richmond, and by ease and address, after having risked his life twenty times, succeeded in entering the besieged city. The pleasure experienced by Cyrus Smith, at seeing his faithful once more, and the joy of Neb at refinding his benefactor, cannot be expressed.

But if Neb had been able to penetrate into Richmond, it was decidedly more difficult to get out, because the federal prisoners were very closely watched. An extraordinary occasion was necessary in order to try escape with any chances of success, and that occasion not only did not present itself, but it was difficult to bring it about.

Grant still continued his energetic operations. The victory of Petersburg had been disputed with him at great cost. His forces, united with those of Butler, had as yet obtained no result before Richmond, and nothing indicated that the deliverance of the prisoners was at hand. The reporter, whose irksome captivity did not furnish him an interesting detail to note down, could endure it no longer. He had but one idea—to get out of Richmond, and at any risk. He even tried it many times, but was stopped by insurmountable obstacles.

Meantime, the siege continued, and if the prisoners were in haste to escape that

they might rejoin Grant's army, certain of the besieged were none the less in a hurry to fly, that they might rejoin the Separatist army; and among them was one Jonathan Forster, a violent Southerner. In fact, the Confederates could no longer leave the city any more than the Federal prisoners could, because the Northern army hemmed them in. The Governor of Richmond had already for a long time been unable to communicate with General Lee, and it was of the greatest importance to have him understand the situation of the city, that he might hasten the march of an army of assistance. So this Jonathan Forster had conceived the idea of flying in a balloon in such a manner as to pass over the besieging lines, and to arrive at the camp of the separatists.

The Governor authorized the attempt. A balloon was constructed and placed at the disposition of Jonathan Forster, whom five companions were to accompany into the upper air. They were provided with weapons with which, if necessary, to defend themselves in landing, and with provisions in case the aerial voyage should be prolonged.

The departure of the balloon had been fixed for the 18th of March. It was to take place during the night, and with a north-west wind of medium force the aeronauts counted on arriving in a few hours at Gen. Lee's headquarters.

But this northwester was not a simple breeze. From the 18th, any one could see that it was becoming a hurricane. Soon the tempest became so violent that Forster's departure had to be postponed, because it was impossible to risk the balloon and all that it would carry in the midst of the unbridled elements.

The balloon, inflated on the principal



"GIDEON SPILETT—THE HERALD SPECIAL."

square of Richmond, was ready to leave during the first calm, and the impatience in the city concerning the condition of the atmosphere was not at all modified.

The 18th and 19th of March passed without any change in the turbulent storm. Great difficulties were even experienced in preserving the balloon, which was attached to the ground, as the squalls threw it against the earth.

The night of the 19th to the 20th passed, but in the morning the tempest developed with renewed impetuosity. Departure was impossible.

On that day the engineer, Cyrus Smith, was accosted in one of the Richmond streets by a man whom he did not know. It was a sailor named Pencroff, between thirty-five and forty years old, vigorously

built, very sun-burnt, with fiery and twinkling eyes, but with a good face. This Pencroff was an American of the North, who had sailed on all the seas upon the globe, and to whom, in the line of adventures, everything extraordinary that can happen to a biped without feathers had happened. It is needless to say that he was of an enterprising nature, ready to dare anything, and one who was astonished at nothing. Pencroff, at the beginning of the year, had come into Richmond on business, with a youth fifteen years old—Harbert Brown, of New Jersey, the son of his captain, and an orphan whom he loved as if it were his own child. Not having succeeded in leaving the city before the first operations of the siege, he had found himself, to his intense disgust, blockaded there; and he also no longer had but one idea—flight by all possible means. He knew Engineer Cyrus Smith by reputation. He knew with what impatience that determined man champed his bit. So on that day he did not hesitate to approach him, saying, without any previous preparation:

"Mr. Smith, have you had enough of Richmond?"

The engineer looked fixedly at the man who addressed him thus, and who added in a low voice:

"Mr Smith, do you wish to escape?"

"When?" quickly replied the engineer, and you may rest assured that that answer escaped him, because he had not yet thoroughly examined the unknown person who addressed him.

But after having, with penetrating eye, studied the sailor's loyal face, he could not doubt that he had before him an honest man.

"Who are you?" said he in a curt tone.

Pencroff made himself known.

"Good," answered Cyrus Smith. "And by what means do you propose to me to fly?"

"By that lazy balloon that they leave there doing nothing, and which seems to me to be waiting expressly for us!"

The sailor did not need to finish his sentence. The engineer had understood in a word. He seized Pencroff by the arm and took him to his room.

There the sailor developed his project, truly a very simple one. One only risked his life in executing it. The hurricane was then at the height of its violence, it is true, but such an adroit and audacious engineer

as Cyrus Smith would know well enough how to manage a balloon. If he had understood the management of the apparatus, Pencroff himself would not have hesitated to set out—with Harbert, always understood. He had seen many others, and was not likely to be frightened by one tempest!

Cyrus Smith had listened to the sailor without saying a word, but his face was luminous. There was the chance; he was not the man to allow it to escape. The project was only very dangerous, therefore it was practicable. In the night, in spite of the careful watch, they might approach the balloon, climb into the car, and then cut the lines which held it down! Certainly, they might be killed—but then—on the contrary, they might succeed—and, without this tempest! Without the tempest, the balloon would have already been gone, and the long sought chance, would not have presented itself at that moment!

"I am not alone,"—said Cyrus Smith finally.

"How many persons do you wish to take with you?" asked the sailor.

"Two, my friend Spilett and my follower Neb."

"That makes three then," rejoined Pencroff, "and with Harbert and myself, five. Now the balloon was intended to take up six—"

"That is enough. We will go!"—said Cyrus Smith.

This "we" engaged the reporter, but the reporter was not the man to back out, and when the project was communicated to him, he approved it without reserve. What astonished him was that such a simple idea had not come into his head. As for Neb, he would follow his chosen master wherever that master wished to go.

"Adieu until this evening, then," said Pencroff. "We will all five saunter by there, as if attracted by curiosity."

"This evening, at ten o'clock," answered Cyrus Smith, "and may heaven grant that this tempest be not appeased before our departure."

Pencroff took leave of the two friends, and returned to his lodgings, where young Harbert Brown had remained. This courageous boy knew the sailor's plan, and it was not without a certain anxiety that he awaited the result of the conference held with the engineer. You see that these were five determined men who were about to launch out into the hissing air, in the midst of a hurricane.

No! The tempest did not abate, and neither Jonathan Forster nor his companions could longer dream of confronting it in that frail basket-car. The day was a terrible one. The engineer feared only one thing: it was that the balloon, chained to the earth, and bent down under the wind, might be torn into a thousand pieces. For many hours he wandered around the almost deserted square, watching the balloon. Pencroff did the same thing on his side, with his hands in his pockets, and yawning now and then like a man who did not know how to kill time; but trembling, also, lest the balloon should be torn, or should burst its bonds, and fly away into the air.

Night came; the darkness was very sombre. Dense mists passed, like clouds, close to the ground. A rain mixed with snow fell. The weather was cold. A sort of fog overhung Richmond. It seemed as if the violent tempest had compelled something like a truce between besiegers and besieged, and that the cannon wished to be silent before the formidable detonations of the hurricane. The streets of the city were deserted. It had not even seemed necessary, in such horrible weather, to guard the square, in the middle of which the balloon swung up and down. Everything evidently favored the departure of the prisoners—but that voyage amid the unchecked whirlwinds!

"It's an ugly sea!" said Pencroff, planting more securely with a blow of his fist the hat which the wind disputed with his head. "But, bah! the thing will come right all the same."

At half-past nine Cyrus Smith and his companions glided from different sides into the square, which the gaslights, extinguished by the wind, had left in profound darkness. They did not even see the enormous balloon beaten down almost to the ground. Independently of the sacks of ballast which held the cords of the net, the car was secured by a strong cable knotted into a ring fastened in the pavement, and doubled back to the balloon.

The five prisoners met near the car. They had not been seen, and such was the obscurity that they could not see each other.

Without saying a word, Cyrus Smith, Gideon Spilett, Neb and Harbert took their places in the car, while Pencroff, at the engineer's order, successively detached the packages of ballast. This was the affair

of a few moments, and the sailor joined his companions.

The balloon was no longer held, save by the doubled cables, and Cyrus Smith only had to give the signal for departure.

At this moment a dog leaped with one bound into the basket. It was Top, the engineer's dog, who, having broken his chain, had followed his master. Cyrus Smith, fearing an overweight, wished to send the poor animal back.

"Bah! one more!" said Pencroff, lightening the car of two sacks of sand. Then he loosened the double of the cable, and the balloon, taking an oblique direction, disappeared, after having hurled its car against two chimneys, which it knocked over in the fury of its departure.

The hurricane then broke loose anew with frightful violence. The engineer could not think of descending during the night, and when day came all view of the earth was shut out by the mists. It was only after five days that a break in the clouds disclosed the immense sea beneath the balloon, which the wind drove forward with terrible swiftness.

We know how, of these five men who started on the 20th of March, four were thrown, on the 24th, upon a desert coast, seven thousand miles from their native land.

And he who was missing, he to whose aid the four survivors of the balloon at once ran—was their natural chief—was the engineer, Cyrus Smith!

CHAPTER III.

FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING—THE MISSING ONE—NEB'S DESPAIR—A HUNT TO THE NORTHWARD—THE ISLET—A TERRIBLE NIGHT OF ANGUISH—THE MORNING MISTS—NEB TAKES TO SWIMMING—A LOOK AT THE LAND—FORDING THE CHANNEL.

THE engineer had been swept away through the meshes of the net, which had yielded, by a billow. His dog had also disappeared. The faithful animal had voluntarily sprung to his master's aid.

"Forward!" cried the reporter.

And the four—Gideon Spilett, Harbert, Pencroff and Neb—forgetting their fatigue, began their search.

Poor Neb cried with both rage and despair at the thought of having lost all that he loved in the world.

Hardly two minutes had elapsed between the moment when Cyrus Smith dis-

appeared and the instant when his companions reached land. The latter might, then, hope to be in time to save him.

"Let us hunt! Let us hunt!" cried Neb.

"Yes, Neb," answered Gideon Spillet, "and we shall find him!"

"Living?"

"Living."

"Does he know how to swim?" asked Pencroff.

"Yes!" answered Neb. "And, besides, Top is there."

The sailor, hearing the sea roar, shook his head.

It was on the north of the coast, and about half a mile from the point where the shipwrecked had effected a landing, that the engineer had disappeared. If he had been able to reach the nearest point of the coast, that point could not then be more than a half mile distant.

It was then nearly six o'clock. A fog arose and rendered the night very obscure. The shipwrecked companions went northward along the eastern coast of this land, upon which hazard had thrown them—an unknown land, whose geographical situation they could not even suspect. They trod on gritty sand, mingled with stones, which seemed destitute of every species of vegetation. This soil, which was very uneven and rugged, seemed in certain places to be riddled with little pits, which rendered walking very fatiguing. From these pits great birds of sluggish flight, which the darkness prevented seeing, escaped at each instant, flying in all directions. Others, more agile, arose in flocks, and passed like clouds. The sailor thought he recognized gulls and seamews, whose sharp cries vied with the bellowings of the sea.

From time to time the shipwrecked companions stopped, called with great cries, and listened to see if some call would not make itself heard from the direction of the ocean. They were, indeed, justified in believing that if they had been near the place where the engineer had effected a landing, the barking of the dog Top, in case Cyrus Smith had been unable to give any sign of existence, would have reached their ears. But no noise detached itself from the growling of the waves and the din of the surf. Then the little troop took up the line of march again, and searched the smallest recesses of the shore.

After a walk of twenty minutes the ship-

wrecked four were suddenly stopped by a foaming border of breakers. Solid ground there was none. They found themselves at the extremity of a sharp point of land, upon which the sea beat with fury.

"It is a promontory," said the sailor. "We must return on our steps, keeping to the right, and in that manner we shall reach the main land."

"But if he's there!" rejoined Neb, pointing to the Ocean, some of whose billows glistened in the shade.

"Well, let us call him."

And all, uniting their voices, uttered a vigorous appeal, but nothing answered. They waited for a calm. They recommenced. Nothing again.

The companions then returned, following the opposite side of the promontory, along an equally rocky and sandy soil. However, Pencroff, observed that the shore was more elevated, and that the land ascended, he supposed that he could reach, by a rather long acclivity, a high coast whose massive front showed itself confusedly in profile against the shade. The birds were less numerous on this part of the shore. The sea also appeared less rough, not so noisy, and it was even apparent that the agitation of the waves was considerably diminishing. One could hardly hear the noise of the surf. Doubtless this coast of the promontory formed a semi-circular bay, which the long and sharp point of land protected against the disturbances of the outer sea.

But, following the direction, they were marching toward the south, and this was to go away from that part of the coast on which Cyrus Smith must have been thrown. At the end of a journey of a mile and a half, the shore still presented no curve which permitted a return to the north. The perplexed friends, although their forces were well nigh exhausted, pressed forward with courage, hoping at each moment to find some sharp angle which would permit them to return in the direction first taken.

What was their disappointment when, after a walk of nearly two miles, they saw themselves once more stopped by the sea on a high point, composed of slippery rocks.

"We are on an islet!" said Pencroff, "and we have surveyed it from one end to the other."

The sailor's observation was correct. The unfortunates had not been thrown upon a continent, not even upon an island, but upon an islet which was scarcely more

than two miles in length, and whose width was evidently very slight.

Did this sand islet, covered with stones, and without vegetation, the desolate refuge of a few seabirds, belong to a more important archipelago? They could not aver it. When the balloon passengers, from their car, saw the land dimly through the mists, they could not sufficiently recognize its importance. Nevertheless, Pencroff, with his sailor's eyes accustomed to pierce the darkness, thought at that moment he could distinguish in the west the confused masses which announced an elevated coast.

But they could not in such darkness determine to what system, simple or complex, the island belonged. They could not leave it, as the sea surrounded it. It was necessary to put off until the next day their search for the engineer, who had not, alas! announced his presence by any cry.

"The silence of Cyrus proves nothing," said the reporter. "He may have fainted, be wounded, or out of condition to answer at once, but let us not despair!"

The reporter then suggested the idea of lighting on some point of the island a fire, which might serve as a signal to the engineer. But they looked in vain for wood or dry twigs. Stones and sand—there was nothing else.

One can understand what must have been the anguish of Neb and his companions, who were strongly attached to this intrepid Smith. It was too evident that they were then powerless to aid him. They must wait for daylight. Either the engineer had saved himself without help, and had already taken refuge on a point of the coast, or he was lost for ever.

Those were long and terrible hours to pass. The cold was bitter. The friends suffered cruelly, but they hardly noticed it. They did not dream of taking an instant of repose. Forgetting themselves for their chief, hoping, striving to hope on, they came and went upon that sterile island, returning without cessation to its northern point, where they would be nearest to the place of the catastrophe. They listened, they cried out, they sought to hear some great cry, and their voices must have penetrated far, because a kind of calm then reigned in that atmosphere, and the noises of the sea began to lessen with the roughness. One of Neb's cries even seemed, at a certain moment, to produce an echo. Harbert spoke of it to Pencroff, adding—

"That would prove that towards the west there is a coast reasonably near."

The sailor made a sign of assent. Besides, his eyes could not be deceived. If he had ever so faintly distinguished land, it was because land was there.

But that far away echo was the only response provoked by Neb's cries, and the immensity over all the eastern part of the islet remained silent.

Nevertheless the sky cleared little by little. Towards midnight a few stars shone, and if the engineer had been there with his companions he would have remarked that those stars were not of the boreal hemisphere. In fact the polar star did not appear on this new horizon, the zenithal constellations were not those which he had been wont to observe in the northern part of the new continent, and the Southern Cross shone out with splendor at the austral pole of the world!

The night fled away. Towards five in the morning the vault of the sky was lightly clouded over. The horizon still remained somber, but, with the first light of day, an opaque mist arose from the sea in such a manner that the eyesight could not extend more than twenty paces. The fog rolled onward in dense curtains, which heavily succeeded each other.

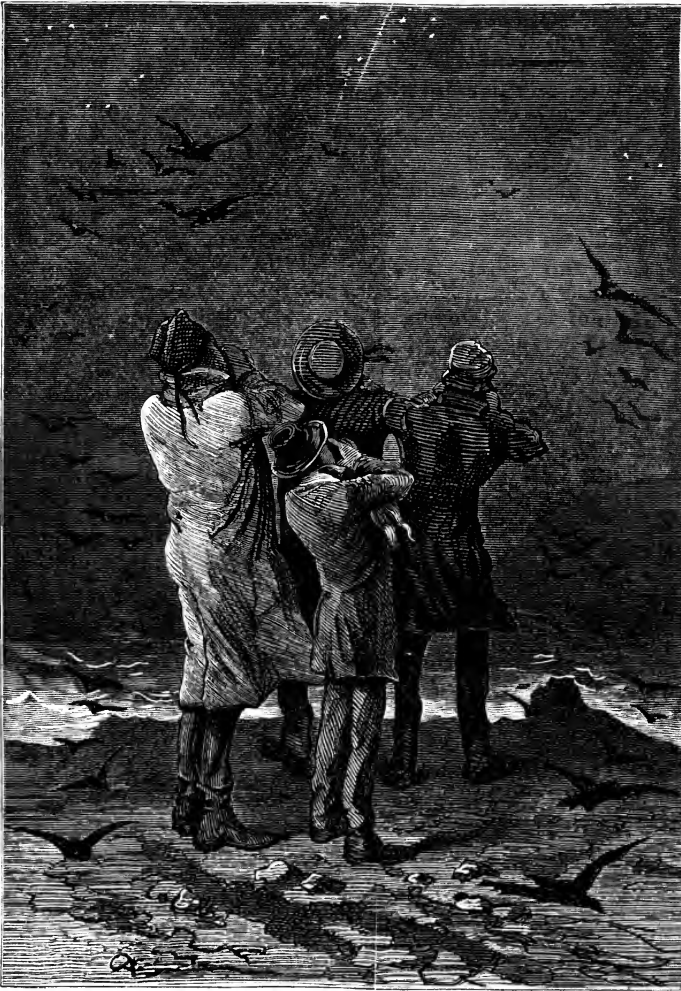
It was a disappointment. The unfortunates could distinguish nothing around them. While Neb and the reporter swept the ocean with their gaze, the sailor and Harbert examined the western coast. But not a speck of land was visible.

"Never mind," said Pencroff. "If I don't see the coast, I feel it; it is there, there as sure as that we are no longer in Richmond!"

But the fog was not long in lifting. It was only a fine weather mist. A strong sun heated its upper strata, and that heat sifted itself downward to the islet's surface.

In fact, towards half-past six, three quarters of an hour after sunrise, the fog became more transparent. It grew denser above, but dispersed below. Soon all the island appeared as if it had descended from a cloud; then the sea disclosed itself, following a circular plan, infinite to the eastward, but bounded on the west by a high and abrupt coast.

Yes! there was land. Their safety was assured for the time being, at least. Between the island and the coast, separated by a channel, half a mile wide, noisily ran an extremely rapid current.



"THEY LISTENED, THEY CRIED OUT, THEY SOUGHT TO HEAR SOME GREAT CRY."

But one of the company, consulting only his heart, plunged at once into the current without taking the advice of his companions, without even saying a single word. It was Neb. He was in haste to be upon that coast, and to climb along it towards the north. No one could have held him back. Pencroff recalled him, but in vain. The reporter prepared to follow Neb.

Then Pencroff, going to him, asked :

"Do you wish to cross that canal?"

"Yes," answered Gideon Spilett.

"Well, wait and trust me," said the sailor. "Neb will suffice to aid his master. If we throw ourselves into the channel we shall risk being carried out to sea by the current, which is of an extreme violence. Now, unless I am deceived, this is an ebb

tide. See! the water lowers on the sand. Let us have patience, then, and at low tide it is possible that we may discover a fordable passage."

During this time Neb battled vigorously against the current. He crossed it in an oblique direction. His black shoulders were seen emerging at each stroke. He fell to leeward with extreme swiftness, but he also gained towards the coast. It took him more than half an hour to cross the half mile which separated the islet from the main land, and he reached the shore many hundreds of feet below the point opposite to that from which he had set out.

Neb stopped at the base of a high granite wall, and shook himself vigorously. Then running, he disappeared behind a point of

rocks, which rose nearly to the height of the southern extremity of the islet.

Neb's companions had followed his audacious attempt with anguish; and when he was out of sight they once more examined the land to which they were going to demand refuge—meantime, eating some of the shell-fish with which the sand was strewn. It was a meager repast, but, at any rate, it was one.

The opposite coast formed a vast bay, terminated at the south by a needle-like point of land, devoid of vegetation, and of a very savage aspect. This point was welded on to the main shore by a singularly capricious design, and was buttressed by high granitic rocks. Towards the north, on the contrary, the bay, widening, formed a more rounded coast, which ran from south-west to north-east and terminated in a slender cape. Between these two extreme points, on which the bow of the bay leaned, the distance was perhaps eight miles. Half a mile from the shore, the island occupied a narrow band of sea, resembling an enormous cetaceous animal, whose greatly magnified carcass it represented.

Its extreme width was scarcely a quarter of a mile.

In front of the islet the shore was composed, first, of a sandy strand, sown with blackened rocks, which, at that moment, reappeared little by little, under the lowering tide. Farther back arose a kind of granite curtain, shaped like a peak, and terminated at a height of at least three hundred feet by a capricious edge. It ascended thus in profile about three miles, and ended abruptly at the right by a clean cut side which one might have believed carved by the hand of man. At the left, on the contrary, above the promontory, this species of irregular cliff, shelling itself into prismatic fragments composed of agglomerated rocks and rubbish, lowered by an elongated descent which was finally mingled with the rock on the southern point.

On the higher plateau of this coast, not a tree! It was a clean table-land, like that which overhangs Cape Town at the Cape of Good Hope, but of more reduced proportions. It at least appeared so, seen from the islet. But verdure was not lacking on the

right, behind the carven wall. The friends could easily distinguish the confused mass of great trees, whose rows extended beyond the reach of vision. That verdure rejoiced the eye, strangely saddened by the harsh outlines of the granite formation.

Finally, quite in the back-ground and above the plateau in a north-westerly direction, and at a distance of at least seven miles, glistened a white summit, on which the solar rays beat down. It was a snow-cap, upon some far off mountain.

One could then hardly pronounce himself as to whether this land were an island, or whether it were part of a continent. But, at the sight of those convulsed rocks heaped up at the left, a geologist would not have hesitated to give them a volcanic origin, because they were incontestably the product of Plutonian labor.

Gideon Spilett, Pencroff, and Harbert looked attentively at this land, on which they might, perhaps, have to live during long years; on which they might even die, if it did not lay on the route of ships!

"Well," said Harbert, "what do you say, Pencroff?"

"Ah, well," answered the sailor, "there is good and bad there, as in everything. But the ebb tide is beginning to make itself felt. In three hours we will attempt the passage, and once there we will try to get out of our scrape, and to find Mr. Smith."

Pencroff was not deceived in his presumptions. Three hours later, at low tide, the greater part of the sand forming the bed of the channel was laid bare. There remained between the islet and the coast only a narrow brook, which it would without doubt be easy to cross.

So, about ten o'clock, Gideon Spilett and his two companions took off their clothes, put them in packets on their heads, and ventured into the stream, whose depth was not more than five feet. Harbert, for whom the water would have been too deep, swam like a fish, and went over in fine style. All three arrived on the opposite shore without difficulty. There, the sun having rapidly dried their bodies, they put on their clothes, which they had preserved from contact with the water, and held a consultation.

PAREPA-ROSA.

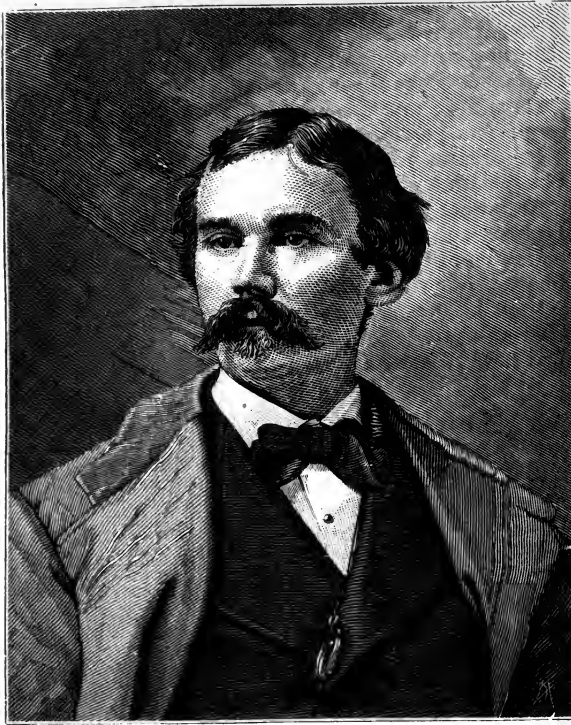
O SPIRIT, disembodied though thou art,
 I cling to thee, and cannot let thee go!
 Thy voice rings through the chambers of my heart;
 Its subtile music echoes all my woe.
 Its perfect passion, its consummate pain,
 Its dreamy rapture and its lofty range
 Thrill with a sorrow-laden joy my brain.
 Ah, sweet dead singer! it is sad and strange
 To lose with thee the harmony of life:
 Why could not gentle Death deign to foresee
 That all our souls would be with discord rife
 If in his round he played his hand on thee?
 E'en he shall learn the silences to hate,
 And half regret he sealed thy sudden fate.

Pan will not rise to tune his reed again;
 Fair Aphrodite, with her foam-lipped shell,
 Will spring no more from bosom of the main,
 Her mad, melodious tale of love to tell;
 The light that shone from great Apollo's brow
 Is dulled beneath the shade of centuries;
 The harp of David is neglected now,
 And Orpheus into black oblivion flees;
 The song of Sappho is remembered not;
 The world forgets the glorious Malibran;
 Yet, spirit, may thy voice escape the lot
 That gives to brightest fame so brief a span;
 Since its transcendent purity may claim
 For thy lost presence an eternal name.

Like to that splendid Swede who swayed the souls
 Of prince and peasant, didst thou live and sing;
 So long as Time's firm hand the years outrolls,
 The memories of ye twain shall bloom in spring.
 The nightingale your melodies shall chant,
 For she alone of all the birds can know
 How near ye were to nature; her romaunt
 Outlives the ages' solemn ebb and flow.
 And if some eve the birdling sweeter cries
 Than e'er before—transfigured by her pains;
 If closer home to Heaven her carol flies,
 And catches music from celestial strains;
 Then shall she make thy notes her noblest choice—
 O stainless lady of the matchless voice!



JOHN HAY.



JOHN HAY.

JOHN HAY was born in Salem, Indiana, and was taken in his infancy to Warsaw, Illinois, where his parents still reside. His father is a physician, greatly respected and esteemed. His grandfather, John Hay, of Springfield, Ill., who died recently at a great age, was one of the most devout and exemplary of the early settlers of the State. His mother was born in Bristol, R. I., daughter of Rev. David Leonard of that place. Mr. Hay's education began very early. His father and mother had both received a thorough classical training, very rare for the country and the time. He studied Latin and Greek at home, under their tuition, and also profited very much by the companionship and example of an elder brother, Leonard, now of the 9th Infantry, U. S. A. When, at the age of 15, he went to Providence, to enter the university there, he was admitted to the Sophomore class, and graduated with the class poem in 1858. He studied law in Springfield for two years, in the office of Logan & Hay, and there made the acquaintance of Mr. Lin-

coln, whom he accompanied to Washington at the time of his inauguration. He remained with the President as Assistant Private Secretary until 1863, when he joined General Hunter in South Carolina, as Aid-de-camp. He was appointed as Assistant Adjutant-General in 1863, and assigned first to the staff of General Gillmore, and afterwards ordered to duty at the White House, where he remained until Mr. Lincoln's death. He was promoted to the grade of colonel, and given leave of absence to accept the position of Secretary of Legation in Paris. He remained there nearly two years, by which time his political education seems to have been pretty well finished. His personal observations of the Court of Napoleon III. inspired him with that aggressive republican feeling which is displayed, not, perhaps, always seasonably or temperately, in everything he has since written. John Randolph, of Roanoke, used to say he would go a mile out of his way to kick a sheep. Col. Hay goes farther than that sometimes to kick a king.

His next diplomatic position was as Chargé d'Affaires, at Vienna, where he filled for a year and a half the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Motley. After a summer in Switzerland, and a journey through Turkey and Italy, Mr. Hay returned to America, with the intention of embracing the profession of journalism; but the execution of this plan was delayed for nearly two years more by his appointment as Secretary of our Legation in Spain. This was, probably, the happiest accident of his life. It gave him the opportunity of witnessing, under the most favorable circumstances, the process of reconstructing a political society out of chaos, and threw him into somewhat intimate relations with the leading men in Spain. The result was his *Castilian Days*.

In this little book we meet qualities rare in American books of travel. It finds its proper place in a society of which any country might well be proud. It mates with Longfellow's *Hyperion*, with Hawthorne's *Our Old Home*, with Howells' *Italian Journey*, with Curtis's *Howadji*. It would be hard to name any book that has been written about Spain in which the social life, the landscape, the art, the politics are more gracefully and yet more truthfully reflected than in *Castilian Days*. The grace of Colonel Hay's style does not interfere with the firmness and sureness of his touch, and he is informing and instructive without being guide-booky or statistical. The picturesque element in the book ought not to blind us to the value of the political chapters. Colonel Hay must take a not very cheerful satisfaction in the fulfillment of nearly all his predictions as to the political future, and in the justification of his estimates of the character of public men, and of the tendencies of the political current in Spain.

But *Castilian Days*, clever as it was, was not destined to be Colonel Hay's card of introduction to his countrymen. Doubtless he would have preferred, if he could have had his way, the more decorous and elegant chaperon, as the world at large would esteem it, to the one Fate assigned him. No doubt, seeing how all that good breeding, careful teaching, manners infused with grace by long mingling with the polished world, and a native refinement, had made him able to do, was ignored by a public who would know him only as the author of rhymes that had cost him no labor, and represented nothing in himself

that he cared for—he was in a mood to misread Shakespeare with the apocryphal actor—

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends rough,—
Hew them how we will."

He returned to America in the autumn of 1870 with *Castilian Days* in his portmanteau. All the world was reading Mr. Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinees," and Col. Hay did what all the world was doing. Whoever has read the "Heathen Chinees" must have little curiosity if he do not make haste to read everything else that its author has written, and Colonel Hay's curiosity was of as good quality as that of the best of us. He read all the poems, but "Chiquita" and "Cicely," which gave him particular pleasure, puzzled him, and set him thinking. He saw the value and the scope of the subtle and original genius that had produced these ballads. He saw how infinitely finer and better than nature they were, but, having been born and brought up as a Pike himself, he saw that they were not nature. He wrote "Little Breeches" for his own amusement,—at least we have heard that this is his account of the matter,—to see how a genuine Western feeling, expressed in genuine Western language, would impress Western people. Whether Colonel Hay really wrote "Little Breeches" with this deliberate purpose or not, he was not long in learning how Western people were impressed, or Eastern people either. Before he knew what was happening to him he found himself borne lightly on the top wave of popularity, where he and Mr. Bret Harte have since continued to sit and ride—

"Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory."

Whatever may have been Colonel Hay's notion in writing "Little Breeches," the public didn't concern itself about it, but took the good luck that fell to it in the possession of a bit of the real stuff of poetry, and asked no impertinent questions. If it be true that the ballad was written by way of criticism on Mr. Harte's ballad, it makes no more difference in our enjoyment of it than it did in our enjoyment of the late Mr. Poe's poem, "The Raven," when he told us that he wrote the last verse first, having been taken with the sound of the word "nevermore," and his mind feeling about to invent a verse for it sang the whole

backward from the tail line to the first. So Godwin believed, and tried to make us believe, that he wrote *Caleb Williams* backward, the last chapter first, then the penultimate to account for the ultimate, and the antepenultimate to account for that, and so on. What do we care for these explanations? The important thing is that we have "Little Breeches," and "The Raven," and *Caleb Williams*—not, how we got them. Besides, the world mistrusts these explanations in cold blood of what was done when the mind was in a glow. The other "Pike" ballads have only a family resemblance to "Little Breeches." "Jim Bludsoe" is a true story of Western life without much exaggeration. We must think, however, that Jim's veracity, which seems to have rivaled that of the Father of his Country, must have begun to sprout after he had committed bigamy—unless there was an understanding between the two ladies—

"The one in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And the other here in Pike."

But if there were such an understanding, the poet tells us nothing of it, and we are obliged to conclude either that Jim had been converted since he plighted double troth, or that the verse's end has forgotten its beginning.

Banty Tim is a still closer and more unrelenting photographic likeness of the Southern Illinoisan. "The Mystery of Gilgal" has more art in its composition than any of the others, but its fun is rather ghastly, and the weak victim of civilization shudderingly hopes as he reads it that he may never find himself in Phinnland. The ballads were written within a few days of each other: two of them in a single evening. One would think that Colonel Hay looked upon his work, and pronounced it not good; for he laid it aside, and has rarely resumed it. But the obstinate public came to no such verdict, and to this day Colonel Hay's name at the head of a poem will sell an edition of whatever it is printed in.

The Arabs, who have many good proverbs, have one which is found true and truer the more experience we have of life. "While the word is yet unspoken," they say, "you are master of it; when once it is spoken, it is master of you." Ill luck and good luck both know this proverb by heart, and though both quarrel with it they

know well that their quarrel is hopeless. The "Oh, Stranger! what a word has escaped the fence of thy teeth!" so often repeated in Homer, has a familiar sound as we read it; for our hearts say it to our hearts life long, from the day when the heart has first a voice. An amusing story is told of Campbell, apocryphal, no doubt, how the expression, "the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*" forever tagged to his name, whether written or spoken, became at last a weariness to the flesh and to the spirit, and how he sighed out one day, that his spirit would dread to return to earth again lest it should read on his tombstone, "Here lies the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*." So we have heard of a distinguished traveler whose literary work is far from being contemptible, but whom it vexes to be denied the style of poet, by a world that knew him first as a narrator of traveling adventures, when travelers were rarer among us than they are to-day. Even so great a poet as Goethe, would have given some of his immortal laurels if he could have been reckoned among the men of science, and John Ruskin, who is pure poet, without a trace of the scientific faculty, insists that science is his field, and that the world misnames him critic and prose-poet. Doubtless, the list is a large one of the unhappy happy men whom Fame has taken by the hand, and who quarrel with that spoken word of theirs which caught her ear, and made her love them, and which her love repeats for ever.

We have heard somewhere, somehow, that John Hay would reason the world, if he could, out of its foolish habit of forever coupling his name with "Little Breeches," with "Jim Bludsoe," "The Mystery of Gilgal," and the rest of the Pike County Ballads. Perhaps Lowell is tired of being known as the author of "The Biglow Papers," or of "The Courtin'"; it may be, Longfellow would as lief not be spoken of so often as the author of "Evangeline";—perhaps, oh, perhaps! Bret Harte wishes in desperate moments, that the "Heathen Chinee" had stayed in his ink stand? Penny-a-liners and men

—"Born in blight,
Victims of perpetual slight,"

wonder at this discontent; it looks to them like ingratitude. Gladly would they have one poor leaf of these bays.

The public that enjoys Col. Hay's liter-

ary and poetic work, knows little of the plodding industry that bears such abundant fruit, handsome and wholesome, in his field as a journalist. As is well known, he is associated with a dozen other writers of talent on the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune*, and the work they all do goes to building up the great newspaper with no more individual profit to them than coral insects derive from their contributions to the reef. Col. Hay spends a few hours of each year in writing verses, and it must seem unjust to him that these verses give him more publicity than his editorial work for the year, which would perhaps amount, if collected, to a volume of twelve

hundred octavo pages. But 'tis the world's nonchalant way, and we must accept it with equal nonchalance. The public does not know who does all the excellent work that makes its newspaper essential to it for enjoyment and for culture, but it would soon miss the hand withdrawn. The work must be its own reward, and, doubtless, to a true journalist like Hay, it is so. Here he finds use for all his faculties. All that a man has learned at school, in camp, in court and in the varied social life of the traveler, the diplomatist, the politician, finds full employment in the columns of a leading daily newspaper.

BELLES DEMOISELLES PLANTATION.

THE original grantee was Count —, assume the name to be De Charleu; the old Creoles never forgive a public mention. He was the French king's commissary. One day, called to France to explain the lucky accident of the commissariat having burned down with his account-books inside, he left his wife, a Choctaw Comtesse, behind.

Arrived at court, his excuses were accepted, and that tract granted him where afterwards stood Belles Demoiselles Plantation. A man cannot remember everything! In a fit of forgetfulness he married a French gentlewoman, rich and beautiful, and "brought her out." However, "All's well that ends well;" a famine had been in the colony, and the Choctaw Comtesse had starved, leaving nought but a half-caste orphan family lurking on the edge of the settlement, bearing our French gentlewoman's own new name, and being mentioned in Monsieur's will.

And the new Comtesse—she tarried but a twelvemonth, left Monsieur a lovely son, and departed, led out of this vain world by the swamp-fever.

From this son sprang the proud Creole family of De Charleu. It rose straight up, up, up, generation after generation, tall, branchless, slender, palm-like; and finally, in the time of which I am to tell, flowered with all the rare beauty of a century-plant, in Artemise, Innocente, Felicité, the twins Marie and Martha, Leontine and little

Septima: the seven beautiful daughters for whom their home had been fitly named Belles Demoiselles.

The Count's grant had once been a long point, round which the Mississippi used to whirl, and seethe, and foam, that it was horrid to behold. Big whirlpools would open and wheel about in the savage eddies under the low bank, and close up again, and others open, and spin, and disappear. Great circles of muddy surface would boil up from hundreds of feet below, and gloss over, and seem to float away,—sink, come back again under water, and with only a soft hiss surge up again, and again drift off, and vanish. Every few minutes the loamy bank would tip down a great load of earth upon its besieger, and fall back a foot,—sometimes a yard,—and the writhing river would press after, until at last the Pointe was quite swallowed up, and the great river glided by in a majestic curve, and asked no more; the bank stood fast, the "caving" became a forgotten misfortune, and the diminished grant was a long, sweeping, willow bend, rustling with miles of sugarcane.

Coming up the Mississippi in the sailing craft of those early days, about the time one first could descry the white spires of the old St. Louis Cathedral, you would be pretty sure to spy, just over to your right under the levee, Belles Demoiselles Mansion, with its broad veranda and red painted cypress roof, peering over the embank-

ment, like a bird in the nest, half hid by the avenue of willows which one of the departed De Charleus,—he that married a Marot,—had planted on the levee's crown.

The house stood unusually near the river, facing eastward, and standing four-square, with an immense veranda about its sides, and a flight of steps in front spreading broadly downward, as we open arms to a child. From the veranda nine miles of river were seen; and in their compass, near at hand, the shady garden full of rare and beautiful flowers; farther away broad fields of cane and rice, and the distant quarters of the slaves, and on the horizon everywhere a dark belt of cypress forest.

The master was old Colonel De Charleu, —Jean Albert Henri Joseph De Charleu-Marot, and "Colonel" by the grace of the first American governor. Monsieur,—he would not speak to any one who called him "Colonel,"—was a hoary-headed patriarch. His step was firm, his form erect, his intellect strong and clear, his countenance classic, serene, dignified, commanding, his manners courtly, his voice musical,—fascinating. He had had his vices,—all his life; but had borne them, as his race do, with a serenity of conscience, and a cleanliness of mouth that left no outward blemish on the surface of the gentleman. He had gambled in Royal street, drank hard in Orleans street, run his adversary through in the duelling-ground at Slaughter-house Point, and danced and quarreled at the St. Phillippe-street-theater quadron balls. Even now, with all his courtesy and bounty, and a hospitality which seemed to be entertaining angels, he was bitter-proud and penurious, and deep down in his hard-finished heart loved nothing but himself, his name, and his motherless children. But these!—their ravishing beauty was all but excuse enough for the unbounded idolatry of their father. Against these seven goddesses he never rebelled. Had they even required him to defraud old De Carlos—

I can hardly say.

Old De Carlos was his extremely distant relative on the Choctaw side. With this single exception, the narrow thread-like line of descent from the Indian wife, diminished to a mere strand by injudicious alliances, and deaths in the gutters of old New Orleans, was extinct. The name, by Spanish contact, had become De Carlos; but this one surviving bearer of it was

known to all, and known only, as Ingin Charlie.

One thing I never knew a Creole to do. He will not utterly go back on the ties of blood, no matter what sort of knots those ties may be. For one reason, he is never ashamed of his or his father's sins; and for another,—he will tell you—he is "all heart!"

So the different heirs of the De Charleu estate had always strictly regarded the rights and interests of the De Carloses, especially their ownership of a block of dilapidated buildings in a part of the city, which had once been very poor property, but was beginning to be valuable. This block had much more than maintained the last De Carlos through a long and lazy lifetime, and, as his household consisted only of himself, and an aged and crippled negro, the inference was irresistible, that he "had money." Old Charlie, though by *alias* an "Injin," was plainly a dark white man, about as old as Colonel De Charleu, sunk in the bliss of deep ignorance, shrewd, deaf, and, by repute at least, unmerciful.

The Colonel and he always conversed in English. This rare accomplishment, which the former had learned from his Scotch wife,—the latter from up-river traders,—they found an admirable medium of communication, answering, better than French could, a similar purpose to that of the stick which we fasten to the bit of one horse and breast-gear of another, whereby each keeps his distance. Once in a while, too, by way of jest, English found its way among the ladies of Belles Demoiselles, always signifying that their sire was about to have business with old Charlie.

Now a long standing wish to buy out Charlie troubled the Colonel. He had no desire to oust him unfairly; he was proud of being always fair; yet he did long to engross the whole estate under one title. Out of his luxurious idleness he had conceived this desire, and thought little of so slight an obstacle as being already somewhat in debt to old Charlie for money borrowed, and for which Belles Demoiselles was, of course, good, ten times over. Lots, buildings, rents, all, might as well be his, he thought, to give, keep, or destroy. "Had he but the old man's heritage. Ah! he might bring that into existence which his *belles demoiselles* had been begging for, 'since many years;' a home,—and such a home,—in the gay city. Here he should tear down this row of cottages, and make his

garden wall; there that long rope-walk should give place to vine-covered arbors; the bakery yonder should make way for a costly conservatory; that wine warehouse should come down, and the mansion go up. It should be the finest in the State. Men should never pass it, but they should say—"the palace of the De Charleus; a family of grand descent, a people of elegance and bounty, a line as old as France, a fine old man, and seven daughters as beautiful as happy; whoever dare attempt to marry there must leave his own name behind him!"

"The house should be of stones fitly set, brought down in ships from the land of 'les Yankees,' and it should have an airy belvedere, with a gilded image tip-toeing and shining on its peak, and from it you should see, far across the gleaming folds of the river, the red roof of Belles Demoiselles, the country-seat. At the big stone gate there should be a porter's lodge, and it should be a privilege even to see the ground."

Truly they were a family fine enough, and fancy-free enough to have fine wishes, yet happy enough where they were, to have had no wish but to live there always.

To those, who, by whatever fortune, wandered into the garden of Belles Demoiselles some summer afternoon as the sky was reddening towards evening, it was lovely to see the family gathered out upon the tiled pavement at the foot of the broad front steps, gaily chatting and jesting, with that ripple of laughter that comes so pleasingly from a bevy of girls. The father would be found seated in their midst, the center of attention and compliment, witness, arbiter, umpire, critic, by his beautiful children's unanimous appointment, but the single vassal, too, of seven absolute sovereigns.

Now they would draw their chairs near together in eager discussion of some new step in the dance, or the adjustment of some rich adornment. Now they would start about him with excited comments to see the eldest fix a bunch of violets in his buttonhole. Now the twins would move down a walk after some unusual flower, and be greeted on their return with the high pitched notes of delighted feminine surprise.

As evening came on they would draw more quietly about their paternal center. Often their chairs were forsaken, and they grouped themselves on the lower steps, one above another, and surrendered themselves

to the tender influences of the approaching night. At such an hour the passer on the river, already attracted by the dark figures of the broad-roofed mansion, and its woody garden standing against the glowing sunset, would hear the voices of the hidden group rise from the spot in the soft harmonies of an evening song; swelling clearer and clearer as the thrill of music warmed them into feeling, and presently joined by the deeper tones of the father's voice; then, as the daylight passed quite away, all would be still, and he would know that the beautiful home had gathered its nestlings under its wings.

And yet, for mere vagary, it pleased them not to be pleased.

"Arti!" called one sister to another in the broad hall, one morning,—mock amazement in her distended eyes,—"something is goin' to took place!"

"Comm-e-n-t?"—longdrawn perplexity.

"Papa is goin' to town!"

The news passed up stairs.

"Inno!"—one to another meeting in a doorway,—"something is goin' to took place!"

"Qu'est-ce-que c'est!"—vain attempt at gruffness.

"Papa is goin' to town!"

The unusual tidings were true. It was afternoon of the same day that the Colonel tossed his horse's bridle to his groom, and stepped up to old Charlie, who was sitting on his bench under a China-tree, his head, as was his fashion, bound in a Madras handkerchief. The "old man" was plainly under the effect of spirits, and smiled a deferential salutation without trusting himself to his feet.

"Eh, well Charlie!"—the Colonel raised his voice to suit his kinsman's deafness.—"how is those times with my friend Charlie?"

"Eh?" said Charlie, distractedly.

"Is that goin' well with my friend Charlie?"

"In the house,—call her,"—making a pretense of rising.

"Non, non! I don't want,"—the speaker paused to breathe—"ow is collection?"

"O!" said Charlie, "every day he make me more poorer!"

"What do you hask for it?" asked the planter indifferently, designating the house by a wave of his whip.

"Ask for w'at?" said Injin Charlie.

"De house! What you ask for it?"

"I don't believe," said Charlie.

"What you would *take* for it!" cried the planter.

"Wait for w'at?"

"What you would *take* for the whole block?"

"I don't want to sell him!"

"I'll give you *ten thousand dollah* for it."

"Ten t'ousand dollah for dis house? O, no, that is no price. He is blame good old house,—that old house." (Old Charlie and the Colonel never swore in presence of each other.) "Forty years that old house didn't had to be paint! I easy can get fifty t'ousand dollah for that old house."

"Fifty thousand picayunes; yes," said the colonel.

"She's a good house. Can make plenty money," pursued the deaf man.

"That's what make you so rich, eh, Charlie?"

"*Non*, I don't make nothing. Too blame clever, me, dat's de troub'. She's a good house,—make money fast like a steamboat,—make a barrel full in a week! Me, I lose money all the days. Too blame clever."

"Charlie!"

"Eh?"

"Tell me what you'll take?"

"Make? I don't make *nothing*. Too blame clever."

"What will you *take*?"

"Oh! I got enough already,—half drunk now."

"What you will take for the 'ouse!"

"You want to buy her?"

"I don't know,"—(shrug),—"maybe,—if you sell it cheap."

"She's a bully old house."

There was a long silence. By and by old Charlie commenced—

"Old Injin Charlie is a low-down dog."

"*C'est vrai, oui!*" retorted the Colonel in an undertone.

"He's got Injin blood in him."

The Colonel nodded assent.

"But he's got some blame good blood, too, ain't it?"

The Colonel nodded impatiently.

"*Bien!* Old Charlie's Injin blood says, 'sell the house, Charlie, you blame old fool!' *Mais*, old Charlie's good blood says, 'Charlie! if you sell that old house, Charlie, you low-down old dog, Charlie, what de Compte De Charleu make for you grace-gran'-muzzer, de dev' can eat you, Charlie, I don't care.'"

"But you'll sell it anyhow, won't you, old man?"

"No!" And the *no* rumbled off in muttered oaths like thunder out on the Gulf. The incensed old Colonel wheeled and started off.

"Curl!" [Colonel] said Charlie, standing up unsteadily.

The planter turned with an inquiring frown.

"I'll trade with you!" said Charlie.

The Colonel was tempted. "'Ow'l you trade?" he asked.

"My house for yours!"

The old Colonel turned pale with anger. He walked very quickly back, and came close up to his kinsman.

"Charlie!" he said.

"Injin Charlie," with a tipsy nod.

But by this time self-control was returning. "Sell Belles Demoiselles to you?" he said in a high key, and then laughed "Ho, ho, ho!" and rode away.

A cloud, but not a dark one, overshadowed the spirits of Belles Demoiselles' plantation. The old master, whose beaming presence had always made him a shining Saturn, spinning and sparkling within the bright circle of his daughters, fell into musing fits, started out of frowning reveries, walked often by himself, and heard business from his overseer fretfully.

No wonder. The daughters knew his closeness in trade, and attributed to it his failure to negotiate for the Old Charlie buildings,—so to call them. They began to depreciate Belles Demoiselles. If a north wind blew, it was too cold to ride. If a shower had fallen, it was too muddy to drive. In the morning the garden was wet. In the evening the grasshopper was a burden. *Ennui* was turned into capital; every headache was interpreted a premonition of ague; and when the native exuberance of a flock of ladies without a want or a care burst out in laughter in the father's face, they spread their French eyes, rolled up their little hands, and with rigid wrists and mock vehemence vowed and vowed again that they only laughed at their misery, and should pine to death unless they could move to the sweet city. "O! the theater! O! Orleans street! O! the masquerade! the Place d'Armes! the ball!" and they would call upon Heaven with French irreverence, and fall into each other's arms, whirl down the hall singing a waltz, end with a grand collision and fall, and, their eyes streaming merriment, lay the blame on the slippery

floor, that would some day be the death of the whole seven.

Three times more the fond father, thus goaded, managed, by accident,—business accident,—to see old Charlie and increase his offer; but in vain. He finally went to him formally.

"Eh?" said the deaf and distant relative. "For what you want him, eh? Why you don't stay where you halways be 'appy? This is a blame old rat-hole,—good for old Injin Charlie,—tha's all. Why you don't stay where you be halways 'appy? Why you don't buy somewheres else?"

"That's none of your business," snapped the planter. Truth was, his reasons were unsatisfactory even to himself.

A sullen silence followed. Then Charlie spoke:

"Well, now, look here; I sell you old Charlie's house."

"*Bien!* and the whole block," said the Colonel.

"Hold on," said Charlie. "I sell you de 'ouse and de block. Den I go and git drunk, and go to sleep; de dev' comes along and says, 'Charlie! old Charlie, you blame low-down old dog, wake up! What you doin' here? Where's de 'ouse what Monsieur le Compte give your grace-gran-muzzer? Don't you see dat fine gentyman, De Charleu, done gone and tore him down and make him over new, you blame old fool, Charlie, you low-down old Injin dog!'"

"I'll give you forty thousand dollars," said the Colonel.

"For de 'ouse?"

"For all."

The deaf man shook his head.

"Forty-five!" said the colonel.

"What a lie? For what you tell me 'what a lie?' I don't tell you no lie."

"*Non, non!* I give you *forty-five!*" shouted the Colonel.

Charlie shook his head again.

"Fifty!"

He shook it again.

The figures rose and rose to—

"Seventy-five!"

The answer was an invitation to go away and let the owner alone, as he was, in certain specified respects, the vilest of living creatures, and no company for a fine gentyman.

The "fine gentyman" longed to blaspheme,—but before old Charlie!—in the name of pride, how could he? He mounted and started away

"Tell you what I'll make wid you," said Charlie.

The other, guessing aright, turned back without dismounting, smiling.

"How much Belles Demoiselles hoes me now?" asked the deaf one.

"One hundred and eighty thousand dollars," said the Colonel, firmly.

"Yass," said Charlie. "I don't want Belles Demoiselles."

The old Colonel's quiet laugh intimated it made no difference either way.

"But me," continued Charlie, "me,—I'm got le Compte De Charleu's blood in me, any 'ow,—a litt' bit, any 'ow, ain't it?"

The Colonel nodded that it was.

"*Bien!* If I go out of dis place and don't go to Belles Demoiselles, de peoples will say,—day will say, 'Old Charlie he been all doze time tell a blame *lie!* He ain't no kin to his old grace-gran-muzzer, not a blame bit! He don't got nary drop of De Charleu blood to save his blame low-down old Injin soul! No, sare! What I want wid money, den? No, sare! My place for yours!'"

He turned to go into the house, just too soon to see the Colonel make an ugly whisk at him with his riding-whip. Then the Colonel, too, moved off.

Two or three times over, as he ambled homeward, laughter broke through his annoyance, as he recalled Old Charley's family pride and the presumption of his offer. Yet each time he could but think better of—not the offer to swap, but the preposterous ancestral loyalty. It was so much better than he could have expected from his "low-down" relative, and not unlike his own whim withal—the proposition which went with it was forgiven.

This last defeat bore so harshly on the master of Belles Demoiselles, that the daughters, reading chagrin in his face, began to repent. They loved their father as daughters can, and when they saw their pretended dejection harassing him seriously they restrained their complaints, displayed more than ordinary tenderness, and heroically and ostentatiously concluded there was no place like Belles Demoiselles. But the new mood touched him more than the old, and only refined his discontent. Here was a man, rich without the care of riches, free from any real trouble, happiness as native to his house as perfume to his garden, deliberately, as it were with premeditated malice, taking joy by the shoulder and bidding her be gone to

town, whither he might easily have followed, only that the very same ancestral nonsense that kept Injin Charlie from selling the old place for twice its value prevented him from choosing any other spot for a city home.

Heaven sometimes pities such rich men and sends them trouble.

By and by the charm of nature and the merry hearts around prevailed; the fit of exalted sulks passed off, and after a while the year flared up at Christmas, flickered, and went out.

New Year came and passed; the beautiful garden of Belles Demoiselles put on its spring attire; the seven fair sisters moved from rose to rose; the cloud of discontent had warmed into invisible vapor in the rich sunlight of family affection, and on the common memory the only scar of last year's wound was old Charlie's sheer impertinence in crossing the caprice of the De Charleus. The cup of gladness seemed to fill with the filling of the river.

How high it was! Its tremendous current rolled and tumbled and spun along, hustling the long funeral flotillas of drift,—and how near shore it came! Men were out day and night, watching the levee. Even the old Colonel took part, and grew light-hearted with occupation and excitement, as every minute the river threw a white arm over the levee's top, as though it would vault over. But all held fast, and, as the summer drifted in, the water sunk down into its banks and looked quite incapable of harm.

On a summer afternoon of uncommon mildness, old Colonel Jean Albert Henri Joseph De Charleu-Marot, being in a mood for reverie, slipped the custody of his feminine rulers and sought the crown of the levee, where it was his wont to promenade. Presently he sat upon a stone bench,—a favorite seat. Before him lay his broad-spread fields; near by, his lordly mansion; and being still,—perhaps by female contact,—somewhat sentimental, he fell to musing on his past. It was hardly worthy to be proud of. All its morning was reddened with mad frolic, and far toward the meridian it was marred with elegant rioting. Pride had kept him well nigh useless, and despised the honors won by valor; gaming had dimmed prosperity; death had taken his heavenly wife; voluptuous ease had mortgaged his lands; and yet his house still stood, his sweet-smelling fields were still fruitful, his name was fame

enough; and yonder and yonder, among the trees and flowers, like angels walking in Eden, were the seven goddesses of his only worship.

Just then a slight sound behind him brought him to his feet. He cast his eyes anxiously to the outer edge of the little strip of bank between the levee's base and the river. There was nothing visible. He paused, with his ear toward the water, his face full of frightened expectation. Ha! There came a single plashing sound, like some great beast slipping into the river, and little waves in a wide semi-circle came out from under the bank and spread over the water!

"My God!"

He plunged down the levee and bounded through the low weeds to the edge of the bank. It was sheer, and the water about four feet below. He did not stand quite on the edge, but fell upon his knees a couple of yards away, wringing his hands, moaning and weeping, and staring through his watery eyes at a fine, long crevice just discernible under the matted grass, and curving outward on either hand toward the river.

"My God!" he sobbed aloud—"My God!" and even while he called, his God answered: the tough Bermuda grass stretched and snapped, the crevice slowly became a gape, and softly, gradually, with no sound but the closing of the water at last, a ton or more of earth settled into the boiling eddy and disappeared.

At the same instant a pulse of the breeze brought from the garden behind, the joyous, thoughtless laughter of the fair mistresses of Belles Demoiselles.

The old colonel sprang up and clambered over the levee. Then forcing himself to a more composed movement, he hastened into the house and ordered his horse.

"Tell my children to make merry while I am gone," he left word. "I shall be back to-night," and the big horse's hoofs clattered down a by-road leading to the city.

"Charlie," said the planter, riding up to a window, from which the old man's night-cap was thrust out, "What you say, Charlie,—my house for yours, eh, Charlie, what you say?"

"Ello!" said Charlie; "from where you come from dis time of to-night?"

"I come from the Exchange." (A small fraction of the truth.)

"What you want?" said matter of fact Charlie.

"I come to trade."

The low-down relative drew the worsted off his ears. "O! yass," he said with an uncertain air.

"Well, old man Charley, what you say; my house for yours,—like you said,—eh, Charlie?"

"I dunno;" said Charlie, "it's nearly mine now. Why you don't stay dare you-se'f?"

"*Because I don't want!*" said the colonel savagely; "is dat reason enough for you? you better take me in de notion, old man, I tell you,—yes!"

Charlie never winced; but how his answer delighted the Colonel! quoth Charlie—

"I don't care—I take him!—*mais*, possession give right off."

"Not the whole plantation, Charlie; only—"

"I don't care," said Charlie, "we easy can fix dat. *Mais*, what for you don't want to keep him? I don't want him. You better keep him."

"Don't you try to make no fool of me, old man," cried the planter.

"O, no!" said the other. "O, no! but you make a fool of yourself, ain't it?"

The dumbfounded Colonel stared; Charlie went on.

"Yass! Belles Demoiselles is more wort' dan tree block like dis one. I pass by dare since two weeks. O, pritty Belles Demoiselles! de cane was wave in de wind, de garden smell like a bouquet, de white-cap was jump up and down on de river; seven *belles demoiselles* was ridin' on horses. 'Pritty, pritty, pritty!' say sold Charlie; ah! *Monsieur le père*, 'ow 'appy, 'appy, 'appy!'"

"Yass!" he continued—the colonel still staring—"le Compté De Charleu have two familie. One was low-down Choctaw, one was high-up *noblesse*. He give the low-down Choctaw dis old rat-hole; he give Belles Demoiselles to your gran-fozzer; and now you don't be *satisfait*. What I'll do wid Belles Demoiselles? She'll break me in two years, yass. And what you'll do wid old Charlie's house, eh? You'll tear her down and make you-se'f a blame old fool. I rather wouldn't trade!"

The planter caught a big breath-full of anger, but Charlie went straight on.

"I rather wouldn't, *mais*. I will do it for you;—just de same, like *Monsieur le Compté* would say, 'Charlie, you old fool, I want to shange houses wid you.'"

So long as the colonel suspected irony he was angry, but as Charlie seemed, after all, to be certainly in earnest, he began to feel conscience-stricken. He was by no means a tender man, but his lately-discovered misfortune had unhinged him, and this strange, undeserved, disinterested family fealty on the part of Charlie, touched his heart. And should he still try to lead him into the pitfall he had dug? He hesitated;—no, he would show him the place by broad day-light, and if he chose to overlook the "caving bank," it would be his own fault;—a trade's a trade.

"Come," said the planter, "come at my house to-night; to-morrow we look at the place before breakfast, and finish the trade."

"For what?" said Charlie.

"O, because I got to come in town in the morning."

"I don't want;" said Charlie. "How I'm goin' to come dere?"

"I git you a horse at the liberty stable."

"Well—anyhow—I don't care—I'll go." And they went.

When they had ridden a long time, and were on the road darkened by hedges of Cherokee rose, the colonel called behind him to the "low-down" scion,

"Keep the road, old man."

"Eh?"

"Keep the road."

"O, yes; all right; I keep my word; we don't goin' to play no tricks, eh?"

But the colonel seemed not to hear. His ungenerous design was beginning to be hateful to him. Not only old Charlie's unprovoked goodness was prevailing; the eulogy on Belles Demoiselles had stirred the depths of an intense love for his beautiful home. True if he held to it, the caving of the bank, at its present fearful speed, would let the house into the river within three months; but were it not better to lose it so, than sell his birth-right? Again,—coming back to the first thought,—to betray his own blood! It was only Injin Charley; but had not the De Charleu blood just spoken out in him? Unconsciously he groaned.

After a time they struck a path approaching the plantation in the rear, and a little after, passing from behind a clump of live-oaks, they came in sight of the villa. It looked so like a gem, shining through its dark grove, so like a great glow-worm in the dense foliage, so significant of luxury and gayety, that the poor master, from an overflowing heart, groaned again.

"What?" asked Charlie.

The colonel only drew his rein, and, dismounting mechanically, contemplated the sight before him. The high, arched doors and windows were thrown wide to the summer air; from every opening the bright light of numerous candelabra darted out upon the sparkling foliage of magnolia and bay, and here and there in the spacious verandas, a colored lantern swayed in the gentle breeze. A sound of revel fell on the ear, the music of harps; and across one window, brighter than the rest, flitted, once or twice, the shadows of dancers. But oh! the shadows flitting across the heart of the fair mansion's master!

"Old Charlie," said he, gazing fondly at his house, "you and me is both old, eh?"

"Yass," said the stolid Charlie.

"And we has both been bad enough in our time, eh, Charlie?"

Charlie, surprised at the tender tone, repeated, "Yass."

"And you and me is mighty close?"

"Blame close, yass."

"But you never know me to cheat, old man!"

"No,"—impassively.

"And do you think I would cheat you now?"

"I dunno," said Charlie. "I don't believe."

"Well, old man,—old man," his voice began to quiver,—*"I shan't cheat you now. My God!—old man, I tell you—you better not make the trade!"*

"Because for what?" asked Charlie in plain anger; but both looked quickly toward the house! The Colonel tossed his hands wildly in the air, rushed forward a step or two, and giving one fearful scream of agony and fright, fell forward on his face in the path. Old Charlie stood transfixed with horror. Belles Demoiselles, the realm of maiden beauty, the home of merriment, the house of dancing, all in the tremor and glow of pleasure, suddenly sunk, with one short, wild wail of terror—sunk, sunk, down, down, down, into the merciless, unfathomable flood of the Mississippi.

Twelve long months were midnight to the mind of the childless father; when they were only half gone, he took his bed; and every day, and every night, old Charlie, the "low-down," the "fool," watched him tenderly, tended him lovingly, for the sake of his name, his misfortunes and his broken heart. No woman's step crossed the

floor of the sick chamber, whose western dormer-windows overpeered the dingy architecture of old Charlie's block; Charlie and a skilled physician, the one all interest, the other all gentleness, hope and patience—these only entered by the door; but by the window came in a sweet-scented evergreen vine, transplanted from the caving bank of Belles Demoiselles. It caught the rays of sunset in its flowery net and let them softly in upon the sick man's bed; gathered the glancing beams of the moon at midnight, and often wakened the sleeper to look, with his mindless eyes, upon their pretty silver fragments strewn upon the floor.

By and by there seemed—there was—a twinkling dawn of returning reason. Slowly, peacefully, with an increase unseen from day to day, the light of reason came into the eyes, and speech became coherent; but withal there came a failing of the wrecked body, and the doctor said that monsieur was both better and worse.

One evening as Charlie sat by the vine-clad window with his fireless pipe in his hand, the old Colonel's eyes fell full upon his own, and rested there.

"Charl—," he said with an effort, and his delighted nurse hastened to the bedside and bowed his best ear. There was an unsuccessful effort or two, and then he whispered, smiling with sweet sadness,—

"We didn't trade."

The truth, in this case, was a secondary matter to Charlie; the main point was to give a pleasing answer. So he nodded his head decidedly, as who should say—"O yes, we did, it was a bona-fide swap!" but when he saw the smile vanish, he tried the other expedient and shook his head with still more vigor, to signify that they had not so much as approached a bargain; and the smile returned.

Charlie wanted to see the vine recognized. He stepped backward to the window with a broad smile, shook the foliage, nodded and looked smart.

"I know," said the colonel, with beaming eyes,—"many weeks."

The next day—

"Charl—"

The best ear went down.

"Send for a priest."

The priest came, and was alone with him a whole afternoon. When he left, the patient was very haggard and exhausted, but smiled and would not suffer the crucifix to be removed from his breast.

One more morning came. Just before dawn Charlie, lying on a pallet in the room, thought he was called, and came to the bedside.

"Old man," whispered the failing invalid, "is it caving yet?"

Charlie nodded.

"It won't pay you out."

"O dat makes not'ing," said Charlie. Two big tears rolled down his brown face. "Dat makes not'in."

The Colonel whispered once more;—

"*Mes belles demoiselles!*—in paradise;—in the garden—I shall be with them at sunrise;" and so it was.

THE HEALTH AND PHYSICAL HABITS OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WOMEN.

THERE is much loose talk in regard to the health and physique of American women, as compared with English women, indicative of very great carelessness in noting what and where the differences are, and the causes or conditions that produce those differences.

It is fortunate for America that, in comparing her women with those of her ancestral nation, she compares them with what are acknowledged to be the finest women in the world. Fine in the English sense; for the expression, "a fine woman," so often heard in England, refers wholly to the physical qualities, and not as with us, to the intellectual and moral qualities. English women are plump, rosy and healthy, they are the mothers of large families, and they often rival their daughters in youth and beauty. This is almost equally true of all classes, except the wretchedly poor in the towns and cities.

To get at facts that may be valuable to Americans, it seems to me best to place side by side the classes that most nearly correspond in the two countries, and examine the conditions that surround and develop them. I have now been more than two years in England, and I have kept constantly before me the consideration of the health and physical habits of the women, and feel that I can speak upon this matter without danger of much misrepresentation. Considering the rural or farming population in America, I do not know any charges that can be reasonably made against the health of the women as compared with that of the men. The food is excellent and there is no lack of exercise and fresh air. Barring the irregular climate, probably no class of people in the world have better conditions for securing a fine physical development, or better habits—with the one

exception, that both men and women overwork, in the greed to get forward in life. The girls are strong, and on the average would not suffer very much in comparison with English girls. The women live as long as the men, and are not more frequently incapacitated for their regular duties than the men are, though they, for the most, rear families of from five to ten children. This physical equality between the men and women of the rural populations holds for the country at large. In New England there is too little muscle for the nerve, but this is equally true of both men and women, and is probably attributable to the variable climate, accompanied with overwork, or the lack of leisure to properly protect themselves from the climatic changes. In the more newly-settled districts of the West, the men and women suffer alike from the malarial influences, and it is as common to find invalid men as invalid women. Of the class in England that most nearly correspond to American farmers, there are two divisions—the farmers or tenants, and the laborers whom they employ. Among the former you find as fine, perhaps the finest physique of which England can boast. Here are all the requisite conditions: good air, good food, and sufficient exercise, without care or fatigue. The life of this class is modeled after that of the landlords or country gentry, as far as it can be with the limited means. Laborers do the work on the farm, and servants the work in the house. The farmers oversee the farm work, engage in country sports, and idle away the rest of the time; and the women direct the house-keeping, and do more or less of the sewing and light work, or none at all, as accords with the income. There is little effort to save by their own industry. There is

neither expectation nor a very active desire to improve their social condition. They live as they have been accustomed to live, and as their associates about them live. The family is provided with a cook and nurse, and, as the children get older, very likely a governess, and in the more well-to-do families, a housemaid may be added; and among the poorest of them there is almost sure to be a maid of all work. The mothers are relieved from the care of the children, and the daughters are as free from household duties as in the well-to-do families of our towns and cities. The young children are kept in the open air a large part of the time, and the mother and daughters take long walks. The temperate climate, fine roads, lovely lanes, and beautiful rural aspect invite them to break up in this way the monotony of their in-door life; besides it is a custom to which they were trained in their childhood, and which, like the morning toilet, seems a regular part of the work of the day. Among the laborers the physique is inferior, and this is especially marked in the children, where there is oftener a soft, mucilaginous look to the muscles that indicates underfeeding, which disappears to a considerable degree in the men and women. This class suffers from insufficient food and bad housing, as compared with our rural people, but under the worst circumstances they rarely overwork.

The men are employed by the farmer during the whole year, but they have little work to do except in the summer, and then the amount they go through is far less than that done by our farmers, notwithstanding the advantage they have in a more temperate sun. The women, for the most part, have still less to do than the men; very few of them work in the fields; the older daughters go out to service, and the mother and younger daughters take care of the house; but the cottage is small, and the baker does the most of the cooking, and unless lace-making or some similar employment is introduced, the women have very easy lives. They do not trouble themselves about old age and rainy days. England abounds in charitable funds, and one has only to fulfill the conditions of need to get the benefit of them, and these people are kept too much in a state of patriarchal dependence to feel the pride of independence.

There is still another class of the English rural population, whose nearest rep-

resentatives with us were the Southern planters. They are the country gentry, titled and untitled, who are either the landlords, or "gentlemen," who scatter in among them in hired houses, almost all of whom, by the very conditions of their admission into this society, are men freed from all money-making pursuits. It is here that we find the peculiar and ideal English life, the life that all conservative Englishmen aspire to. It is these people who constitute the genuine English society, whether on their estates or in London, and you have it in its purest form on the estates. Most of these families spend the greater part of their time on their estates, and many of them the whole time, except a few weeks in London during the season. The father and oldest sons pass their time in the well-understood routine of a gentleman. They shoot and hunt with the changing seasons, ride, drive, and exercise the patriarchal patronage over their tenantry devolving upon their position; read, lunch and dine. The mistress of the house spends half an hour in the morning in giving orders to the butler and her maid, occasionally investigates the competence and fidelity of her nurse and governess, and gives birth to her children. Beyond this she has a leisure filled in as custom and fancy direct. She walks or rides; she drives in the afternoon, and pays calls to her friends. In the evening there are dinner parties, from which the guests usually disperse before eleven, and now and then there is a later ball. Trained nurses and governesses are at hand, and the mother intrusts her children to them with the same confidence that men in business put their books into the hands of experienced accountants. The mother leaves home without the children, or sends the children away without her, as suits her pleasure and their needs. The boys, sometime between the ages of eight and twelve, are sent away to a boarding-school, or, if not, they have a tutor at home; and the girls, as soon as they leave the nurse, pass into the constant care of the governess.

Custom prescribes very definitely the duties of nurse and governess, and there is a well understood regimen of food, sleep, clothing and fresh air for the children, varying with their ages. Girls from eight to twelve often boast of walking as many miles as they are years old. Till they are sixteen or seventeen years old the girls scarcely form a part of the family. They

breakfast with the family, and the family lunch is to them a plain dinner; but they have their tea with the governess, and usually see nothing of the family dinner, and but little of the family society. When they are not at their lessons they are usually out of doors with the governess, who is expected to look after their physical education as carefully as she does their intellectual and moral. Here again we have the conditions essential for a fine physical development, a simple and carefully chosen diet, air, exercise, and almost perfect regularity in the habits.

Some of these families spend from four to six months of the year in London. In this case the children are often left behind in the country for a part of the time at least; but when they are in town, the life goes on as nearly as possible as it did in the country. The nurse takes the children to the gardens, and the governess walks with those under her charge. If any of them begin to droop they are sent to the sea-side for a few weeks, or back into the country.

When the girls leave the governess they enter society. If the family remain in the country, it is easy to see that there is no excitement or fatigue that is likely to interfere with health, consequent upon this transition. But to complete the feminine phase of gentry life, we must follow these families through a London "season." With the exception of the Bishops and Law Lords, the upper house of Parliament is composed wholly of the heads of the titled families of the landed or country gentry, and a very large part of the House of Commons consists of the sons in these same titled houses, and the untitled gentry. This of itself necessitates the residence in London, during the Parliamentary season, of six or eight hundred families of the very cream of English social life, of people who have all that birth, wealth, and university training for the men can give them. This makes a magnetic center to which the whole Kingdom gravitates.

Everybody who can afford the time and money is in London during more or less of the Parliamentary session. With the gentry families it is usually only a question of money and health, how much of this time they shall spend in London, and if there are marriageable daughters, there is an especial effort to give them the advantages of London society.

These families have their own houses in

London, or they take suites of apartments where they have almost the same freedom and independence. They bring their trained servants, or they get others that serve them almost as well. They have their own horses for riding and driving, or they hire. The nights are quite regularly given up to society, but the days are just as steadily given to recuperating from the past nights. Society is the avowed occupation. They retire late and rise correspondingly late. They go out for a ride or a walk in the morning, and for a drive in the afternoon. The young women who are most in society are the most prompt to enter Rotten-row at the appointed twelve o'clock, or they are out for a ten o'clock ride, before the throng comes, or they walk along the course to see others ride, or they visit the exhibitions and galleries.

But the four or five months of the London season is not one solid term. Those who come to town before Easter go back to the country for the Easter holidays, and many of them leave town again at the Whitsuntide recess of Parliament, or, at least, there is a cessation of gayeties; and they go to the sea-side for a few days at any time they need rest. They do not allow themselves to get exhausted. This regard for health is a part of good breeding. Perhaps no more accurate illustration of aristocratic life could be found than is furnished by the Queen's household, whose doings are reported to the public in the daily *Court Circular*, published in almost every paper of the kingdom. The Queen lives at Balmoral in the Highlands, and at Osborne at the sea-side, and comes to Windsor and Buckingham Palace for a few weeks every now and then during the season.

But English society is less exhausting than American society. Individuals make less effort to produce an impression. They talk little, or not at all; and are as composed as though they were quietly at home. English families are known, or else no one wishes to know them; and English women need only to be named, and to be seen. This at once discloses their rank, wealth, and personal attractions—the considerations that determine their opportunities for marriage. Graceful and winsome manners are worth something to English women, but not enough to make society a very positive incitement to personal endeavor. Except from the large balls they

rarely reach home later than twelve or one o'clock, and at the end of the season they have only a little less vigor than when it began, and they have six or eight months to recover, distributed between the Highlands, the continent, the sea-side, and their quiet country homes. During the most of this time the pursuit of health is the avowed occupation, and society is simply an exhilaration. These habits can in strictness belong only to families of large means, but they represent the ideal life of the whole gentry class, and characterize the actual life to a wonderful degree; and it is this class that furnish the social models, that are imitated by all the other classes of English people, just as far as the incomes will allow. The class that comes next to the gentry class, the upper middle-class, includes the more prominent members of the professions, the large manufacturers, and wholesale traders. The most of this class spend the larger part of the year in the towns and cities; but they have a long outing of from two to five months in the country, or at the sea-side, in the summer or autumn, and various other shorter outings as pleasure or sanitary needs may suggest; and when they are in the city they have leisure and faithful servants, horses and carriages, and economical cabs. The social and sanitary habits of this class are so similar to those of the aristocracy, that very little difference is seen in the physical results. They spend nearly as much money, in nearly the same way. Society is a little less exhausting in the multiplicity of its demands; but, as an offset to this advantage, less time is spent in the country. But if any one of the family gives indications of declining health, a change of air is thought desirable, and questions of convenience are not allowed to obtrude. The parents go away without the children, or the children are sent away with the nurse, or governess, till health is restored. The sanitary conditions of a place are the first considerations in determining the location for an outing, and in every nook of England there are professional lodging-house keepers, who have accommodations and prices suited to all grades of lodgers who can be induced to come to them.

Below these are the lower middle-class, but keeping as close up to them in the habits of life as the smaller means will allow. The fathers and sons are in the small wholesale, or larger retail business, or fill the lower ranks of the professions, or hold

the better clerkships. The women have, perhaps, more absolute leisure than in the classes above them. Society makes fewer demands. When the occasion requires, these families may diminish the expenditure for dress, they may cut down the table luxuries, they may take a smaller house, and decrease the necessity for servants; but they are, last and not least, disposed to economize by taking upon themselves the duties of servants and seamstresses. They have shorter outings than the class above them; but they, for the most part, get to the country or sea-side for several weeks in the summer, and make frequent day-excursions into the country, and walks and strolls take the place of rides and drives, while the children are "perambulated" about by the nurses. But, on the whole, this class have a purer physique than any other, except those at the very bottom, where the necessities of life are sparingly provided.

This is the lowest class where they can lay any claim to the title of "lady" and "gentleman." The line between this class and those below is more marked than between the successive classes above, and there is often almost a death struggle to keep above the occupations and associations of the class below. As a consequence there is in this class a large number of spinsters and bachelors. The men and women are more frequently overworked. Families keep fewer servants. They are forced to economize, and often to keep up an appearance which their means do not warrant. Of no other class of English people would this last remark be so true.

Below these are the "shop-keepers," or small tradesmen. In many cases the families occupy rooms behind and over the shops. But the cheapness of domestic labor permits, and custom requires, that these homes should be supplied with more or less servants. As the trade grows larger the physical conditions of the family improve. They have a larger house, a more airy situation, and a home in the suburbs, or a little distance in the country, as soon as the father can afford the time for the travel back and forth.

As fast as an Englishman enlarges his income he improves his style of living, but not so much by adding to the showy expenditure as by supplying more real comforts, and sanitary advantages to the family. A man's social position is rated very much by the solid domestic comfort he com-

mands, and his surest plan of improving his position lies in this line. But, whether living in the city or the country, the young children are kept in the open air a good many hours each day. The uniform temperature allows it, custom requires it, and the nurse expects it. Children thus acquire a fondness for the open air, and under the governess they are trained into regular habits of out-of-door exercise; and, as the daughters have no work to detain them at home, they continue these habits after they are grown to womanhood.

Excursions and outings are possible to all classes above the very poorest. A seat in a third-class railway carriage can be had for a penny a mile, and this is considerably reduced by taking advantage of "return tickets," which, except for very short distances, are available for the second day, or from Saturday to Monday. Besides this, there are constantly to be had "excursion tickets," which reduce the rates about one-half. There is no difficulty in getting lodging and board suited to people of all grades of wealth. These outings form a part of the regular and calculated outlay for the family, even more than the seasonable new suits of clothes. Among the artisan class the conditions are less favorable. If the women work in the factories, and have the same hours as the men, they, of necessity, have a harder life than the men have. Cares at home, and some attentions to dress impose more actual labor, and they cannot quite as conveniently get out in the evening for exercise, or brave the weather for strolls in the country as chance occasions may give opportunity. If they go into shops the physical conditions are worse. They have long hours, low wages, few holidays, and the necessity of dressing above their wages. If they take positions as domestic servants, in all well-to-do-families, they have excellent physical conditions, good food and light work.

In an English house there are more servants and more service than in corresponding American houses, but less actual work is done. The bread is got from the baker, and many of the cakes and pastries as well, and the laundry work is, for the most part, given out.

Of the lowest class I cannot speak from any extended observation, but they seem to me to have fuller muscles and better color than those who hold a similar position in our cities.

To sum up the conditions that are ob-

viously in favor of producing a fine physical development in England, we must note the leisure afforded in all grades of life, except the lowest and artisan classes in the towns and cities; and even here, though the hours may be as long as with us, there is more complete rest when the task of the day is finished. The odd hours are much less likely to be turned to some extra account.

No small importance attaches to the regularity of habits, due to the fact that most families continue in about the same circumstances of life to which they were born and trained as children. Alongside of this comes the equable climate, which induces an equable flow of energy, and its consequent, an equable appetite, and conduces in many ways to produce regularity of habits. Much is due to the large supply of excellent domestic service, and this, again, to the fact that servants are satisfied to be servants, and expect no other promotion in life than such as comes from improving the quality of their service; and, in general, the more permanent conditions of society shut off the eager anxiety and overwork that come from our efforts to economize help, and get forward in life. Considerations of comfort and health are uppermost. There is a deep national consciousness of the importance of health, and trained appetites, which have almost become instincts in its favor. The houses are well aired, and kept at a moderate temperature. The drainage is carefully looked to. So much pains is taken with these general sanitary conditions that London, though twice as large as Paris, and three times as large as Brooklyn and New York taken together, has the smallest death rate of any even moderately large city in the world.

To account for the national bias to these excellent physical habits, we must look to the origin and habits of the aristocracy and the authoritative social position of this class. The feudal leaders got their places by brute force. It was the soldier who won fear and favor from the King, and a reverence for brute force still keeps its place in the nation, though the demand for it has so much diminished. Society has never been overturned since the Norman Conquest. The feudal forms mold the present life. The ideal manhood is that of a Baronial Chief. But in accounting for the physical ideal of the aristocratic class we are not to omit the consideration of the

honor attaching to the age of a family, and the importance of health outside of, and above everything else in, its relation to the continuance of the family; and this, perhaps, influences the physical habits of the women even more than those of the men. Parents understand that a fine physique comes next after birth and wealth in its influence towards securing for the daughters a favorable marriage. The oldest son of an old family, or of a family that hopes to become old, would rarely be willing to ally himself with a physically weak woman without a good deal of compensation in the way of superior position or superior wealth. Hence physical training for the daughters is never lost sight of by the parents, and is eagerly accepted by the daughters themselves as soon as they have begun to consider the main chance in life.

The wealth and political power of the aristocracy makes them the natural social leaders, and the affectionate admiration in which they are held by the other classes is an additional reason why their manners and habits go down as the models through all grades of well-to-do life; and it is not too much to say, that the children of all these classes are so thoroughly trained into good physical habits that these habits remain with them as a second nature.

Looking to the lives of the families that make up the populations of American towns and cities, we find everywhere an effort to make the best possible appearance for the outlay of money. Except in the wealthiest families, the appearance exceeds the means, while, in consequence, the comfort is below what it ought to be. Good domestic service is scarce, and mothers can rarely free themselves from the intimate supervision of every department of the housekeeping, any more than they can from the constant oversight of the children. They can neither leave their homes in pursuit of health, nor send away the children; and the governess, so indispensable a help in an English family, is rarely seen with us. In the place of home instruction the children are sent to school, and this often interferes with health by preventing the application of proper and timely restoratives. The child is unwilling to fall behind his class, and this leads the parents to neglect the remedies that could readily be applied under the system of tutors and governesses. While English mothers only occasionally see their children, American mothers are almost constantly with them

night and day. This is due largely to the inferior quality of the help, but not a little to the national sentiment that imposes this upon the mother as an unconditional duty. The orderly administrative English woman contents herself with seeing that her children are well taken care of. The more sympathetic and affectionate American woman overwearies herself in devoting her constant personal attention to their care. Children are too little in the open air; nurses are untrustworthy; but, more than this, there is not with us, as there is with the English, a systematic plan of keeping them in the open air just as there is of giving them food. The absence of a regular system is largely due to the changing conditions of our families. Our farmers have no occasion to trouble themselves about fresh air and exercise. Enough of these are incident to their regular duties, and the children are put out of doors to save the trouble of taking care of them in the house. When the sons and daughters of these farmers set up life in the city, they do not consider the changes that ought to be made in the domestic regimen. They are intent upon the idea of economizing and getting forward. American thought limits itself to the present generation. No one thinks about "founding a family;" and, as a matter of fact, very few families remain long upon the foundation energetic parents have made for them. There is little thought about health except as a means of present success. The continuance of the family scarcely enters into the consideration.

As our families advance in wealth the natural routine of duties for the women involves less exercise, and as a sanitary offset, there should be a corresponding increase of artificial exercise; but this is not generally the case. They lack the habit and appetite for out-of-door exercise that belong to English women of corresponding wealth. The life in every respect is quite irregular. Families do not remain long enough in the same grade of wealth to allow the different elements of their lives to get well adjusted. Our town people spend very little time in the country. The fathers and sons are in business, and cannot get away except for a very short holiday at best. Good, unambitious clerks, like good, unambitious domestic servants, are scarce.

Those below the ranks of the decidedly wealthy rarely get out of town even for a

few weeks, unless driven by exhaustion and incipient disease. There is no regular provision for outings as with the English, in order to avoid the conditions where disease will be possible. But the course pursued by the English would be impossible for us. Our life does not afford the conditions. We have no cheap railway trains, because we have not a large class of people who are willing openly to avow the social position that traveling by cheap trains indicate. There is little cheap board to be got. Our country people and villagers will not be troubled with strangers who do not pay them well. A demand for cheap country board would doubtless create a supply, but the trouble lies in this, that there is no national consciousness of the importance of health, nor an habituated instinct towards the best methods of securing it. But scarcely more is to be attributed to want of a regular system of out-of-door exercise and outings, than to the irregularity in the food, which is equally dependent upon the same absence of a caste condition of society. It is not our farmers, nor, for the most part, our "old families," but the people, who have come into new conditions of wealth and new habits of life, that suffer the ills that result from bad digestion.

Society is very exhausting to American women. Girls know that their marriage prospects depend largely upon the personal impression they make. Hence there is a constant effort to produce an effect in dress, in manner, and in conversation; and all American women know the value of these personal matters in securing social consideration. On the other hand, an English woman understands that when her name has been announced, she has only to sit on quiet exhibition, and await the attentions that may come to her.

Among our town populations I am quite certain that the health of the women is inferior to that of the men. Without having accurate statistics to exhibit, I have the impression that girls are more frequently detained from school on account of illness than boys are, and that a larger proportion of the women are disabled from full regular work than of the men. But if we examine carefully the school life of our girls, we shall find that the origin of this ill-health can not be attributed to the severe study. The records of any school will show that the majority of those withdrawn on account of ill-health are

those against whom no suspicion could rest, that they had injured their health by overwork. The best scholars sometimes injure their health by too close confinement to their studies; but as a matter of fact, I am certain that they oftener protect it by the more regular habits which their school-work induces, and by having before them an aim for the accomplishment of which health is necessary. And if we look to the women who are studying in the colleges, we shall find this to hold true in a still greater degree. These young women are considerably above the average of women in health, and the records show they are not more frequently incapacitated for their regular work than the young men are. Any one who has observed Antioch College as I have, is forced to say that it is not the hardest students who are most likely to decline in health. The greater intelligence and self-control lead to more sanitary habits which offset the severer work.

American women suffer no more in comparison with English women than American men suffer in comparison with English men; and in both cases I am satisfied that the real difference is not quite what it appears to be to a superficial observer. The brilliant complexion of English people is doubtless largely attributable to the damp air, which shows its influence upon Americans who reside here. As to the origin of the very plump, meaty-looking muscles that so often characterize middle-aged English men and women, particularly in the less refined ranks of life, I am not quite certain. Ireland and Scotland have the same climate, but the physical aspect of the people is about half-way between that of America and England. We might attribute it to race, and look over to the Teutons on the other side of the channel; but, unfortunately for this, the members of the Society of Friends exhibit almost nothing of this English peculiarity, and yet they stand high when ranked according to health. I am disposed to believe it is due to the heavy beer and wine which the Friends, Irish and Scotch use more sparingly than the average English people.

When we come to test English women by what they consider their capacity to meet the regular duties of life, or to do severe exceptional work, they do not seem to me to have so great advantage over American women as one might expect. It is no very uncommon thing in England for a girl between the ages of eighteen and

twenty-five to be one or two years prostrated on her couch; and I know a good many older women who have been equally unfortunate. I do not chance to know a single American girl who has been an invalid for a similar length of time, and only a very few older women; and, what is very strange, these English girls and women look pretty well all the time. They do not lose their flesh nor their color.

English women are constantly complaining of "bad nights," and breakfasting in their chambers, when they do not look ill. They seem to me to lack the nervous energy, or will-power, that enables our women to struggle against pain and weakness. Among the women who are doing public work, the women who are pressing on the educational and franchise movements in England, I do not know one who would think herself capable of the exhausting work that several of ours go through; and very generally they are less disposed to undergo fatigue than our women are, except in the matter of long walks and rides. Whether this difference is to be attributed wholly to habit, or partly to a peculiar faculty of endurance in our women, I am unable to say; but as a matter of fact, in every grade of life, English women not only do not take upon themselves the severe work of our women, but they would not think themselves capable of it.

The most of the ill health of this country, whether it shows itself in protracted invalidism or acute illness, is caused by gout, rheumatism, and chest and nervous diseases, all of which point to the climate and luxurious living. Our illnesses, aside from those caused by the malaria, particularly among the women, are largely due to weakness, which, in many cases, is to be attributed to over-exhaustion, and in many more to the lack of exercise and fresh air, and irregularities in the food. It is often said that American families decline in vigor after a few generations, and the small New England households are instanced as proof; but, even without any statistical reference, the consideration of our physical habits would afford a sufficient basis for this prediction.

The climate is against us as compared with England, and in the free struggle for social position that our life affords, doubtless the fittest survives; but a large number of the weaker come to an untimely end, and the strongest have their vigor impaired.

In the changing conditions of our families, it is impossible for us to have fixed sanitary habits adopted to the different grades of wealth, and we must substitute an active intelligence in its place. The increased study of physiology during the last twenty years has done something to awaken the public to a consciousness of the importance of exercise, fresh air, and a wholesome diet. But these principles need to be instilled at a very early age, when they can mold the tastes, just as the English habits do.

Kinder-Garten schools would do much to relieve mothers of the care of the young children, and, if properly managed, would secure for the children the needed open air exercise, and a general healthful training far superior to what they are likely to get from their nurses and overburdened mothers; and I am disposed to believe we would find it no inconsiderable advantage to adopt the system, very common in Germany, of employing the physician by the year, whose interest then is to keep the family well, rather than to effect remarkable cures; and under this system more particularly, I am certain, too much stress can not be laid upon the importance of competent women physicians for women and children, and especially in consideration of the care they would be able to take of young girls.

Unfortunately, we have an ill-trained eye in this matter of physique. Accustomed to see the women of our leading families, the best-bred women, slight and thin, we naturally associate this physique with refinement and ladyhood, and it comes to be the ideal which is admired, and to which girls are stimulated to aspire. The large feet, thick waists, and strong hands of English women might be thought very suitable for comfortable and efficient wives and mothers in America, but they would not help women to marry.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Jules Verne's New Story.

WE have provided for our readers a rare treat in the story by JULES VERNE, which we begin with the present issue. It is to be well translated from the French periodical in which it appears, and will be brilliantly illustrated by the original engravings. The American public has familiarized itself with the exquisitely ingenious works of this author, and the French publisher, in his preface to the new story—"The Mysterious Island"—declares it to be the best book he has written.

From this preface we gather that M. Verne is not content with De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*, and Wyss' *Swiss Family Robinson*. They did well enough for simple, unscientific times, but now it is necessary to show how scientific castaways can manage to live, without a vessel to break up, and convenient domestic animals at hand, with other necessities which "turn up," always at the right time. This will give the author his finest field, and the curious reader cannot fail to be immensely interested. The story will not be less attractive from the fact that the characters start from America in a balloon, and are American,—at least as American as Jules Verne can make them.

The Taxation of Church Property.

THE taxation of church property has recently become a topic of public discussion, and promises to be more than of passing interest and importance. We do not approach it with any decided opinions, and we hope that the public will not do so, for there are two sides to the question, and the advocates of taxation are armed with specious if not strong arguments. Those who are interested in church property, knowing how hard it is to collect and embody it, and how severe the tax already is for the support of the institutions which it represents, will naturally protest that any new taxation would be intolerable. They regard the church, in its various fields and denominations, as a great, benevolent institution—a voluntary gift to the country and the world for the country's and the world's good. It is not a business enterprise; it is not a productive industry; it procures no material return. In short, the money paid into the church is money for ever parted with, and, as it goes into a charity, ought not to be taxed. Indeed, taxation would be regarded as a new obstacle to the spread of Christianity, which could not be imposed save through an un-Christian or anti-Christian motive. The church is regarded not only as a religious institution, but as a great public school of morals, which ought not to be taxed any more than the public schools for educational purposes are taxed. Indeed, it is taken for granted that the State is under

a certain degree of indebtedness to the church for voluntarily undertaking a task beyond the province of the State.

That there is something worthy of consideration in this view of the case is not to be questioned, but the advocates of taxation, speaking on behalf of the State, have a case also. We cannot better show this than by giving an extreme illustration. It is said, for instance, that there are in Rome three hundred and sixty-five churches, or one for every day in the year. The enormous piles of church architecture, the gold and jewels, the wonderful treasures of art contained in the churches and religious houses of Rome, have absolutely absorbed the wealth of the State. To suppose that pure and undefiled religion has sequestered all this property, simply for the good of the State, is to suppose an absurdity. Religion has had something to do with it, but superstitious fear has played its part. Many a man who has lived an ungodly life has sought to purchase peace for his soul by death-bed bequests to the church. These bequests have been made, not because the church needed them, but because the givers supposed they needed to make them. Nobody supposes that Rome needs all the churches she possesses, and, in her case, at least, the State has the right to feel that it has been cheated out of its taxable property. The people are poor. They are ground into the earth almost by taxation, while the church is rich. A million dollars taken from the taxable property of the State and put into a church, or a number of churches, increases the taxation of every dollar left remaining. This is what the destruction of monasteries and nunneries at various crises of European history has meant. Church property has called for, and insisted on, the protection of the State, while not lifting the burdens of the State by one of its fingers. There have been brotherhoods of beggars, in the name of religion, who ceased to be producers, and self-supporters, and defenders of the State. What wonder that the State has occasionally scattered them? The State must live, and when a church absolutely sucks into itself all its sources of revenue, what is left but taxation or destruction?

The Protestant mind can comprehend this. It can also look on and see the Catholics in this country piling up cathedrals, buying land for an advance, and thus taking it out of the reach of taxation, and absorbing capital by the million with steadily advancing accretions, and see that something is going on here very much like what has been going on in Europe for centuries, with disastrous results to State interests. It can see this, and can wish that some, thing could be done to prevent it; but it cannot see that taxation ought to be applied to Protestant church property.

Let us, then, suppose a case. Suppose that those who have the care of the State, or those who have a lively and intelligent interest in State affairs, see that, in most of the towns of the United States, there are two church sittings provided for every one there is occupied, and that half of the property set aside to church use, and thus removed from taxation, is really devoted to the advancement of sectarian interests; that if many of the feeble church organizations were killed it would be better for the community, and better for the real interests of Christianity, while it would considerably increase the taxable property of the State; that millions of property are invested in churches that are marvels of costliness and luxury; that for every dollar thus uselessly retired from taxable conditions the tax upon all remaining property is increased, what then? When they see a million dollars put into a church that for every practical purpose could be built for a quarter of that sum, what then? When they see churches which are simply combinations of private proprietary interests, which are bought and sold like stocks, or fractions of any other private property, what then? The Catholics, at least, furnish houses where all who come are theoretically on an equality: do the Protestants do this?

How far our supposed case is a representation of a reality we leave our readers to judge. What we have said we have said by way of suggestion of the lines of argument for and against taxation. We give no opinion upon either side, but we would like to have the Christian world understand that if this question shall ever rise, in a practical form, there are weak points in its armor that must be mended before it can hope for a successful struggle. Indeed, we do not think the question would ever have arisen but for the schemes of church aggrandizement that are visible on every hand. If the church had always confined itself to the simple work of doing good to the country and the world, and if it had not retired from taxable property untold millions that are practically useless for that purpose, the State would have had nothing to say except to give it God-speed. The question whether the church would be benefited or harmed by the taxation of its property is an open one. It may be that such taxation must come at last, as the only corrective of the disposition to grasp at power, whether social or political, on the part of the church, or to strive after sectarian aggrandizement.

Social Usages.

THERE are some details of social usage that are so childish, and, withal, so inconvenient and burdensome, as to demand a public denunciation. Nobody likes them, everybody desires to be relieved of them, and all seem to be powerless to reform them. Their burdensomeness forms a serious bar to social intercourse, and their only tendency is to drive some

men and women out of society altogether, and to worry and weary those who remain subject to them.

A person is invited to an "informal" reception. Special pains may be, and often are, taken to impress him with the idea that such a reception is, indeed, "informal." The idea is very good. The proposition is to bring together a circle of friends in a familiar way, without expensive dress on the part of the guests, or an expensive entertainment on the part of the hostess. It is an attractive sort of invitation, but woe to the man or woman who accepts it according to its terms. The man and the woman who attend in anything but full evening dress will find themselves singular, and most uncomfortable. They have taken their hostess at her word, and find, instead of a party of familiar friends, who can sit down and enjoy an hour of social intercourse, a highly dressed "jam," which comes late and departs late, and which finds itself treated to an elaborate supper. People have, at last, learned that if there is anything that must be dressed for elaborately, it is an "informal reception," and that there is really no greater cheat than the invitation which called them together. The consequence is that we have no really informal gatherings of men and women in what we call "society."

Again, when we invite a guest to dinner at six, we expect him to come at, or before, that hour. It is counted the height of impoliteness for a guest to keep a dinner waiting a moment. This is just as it should be; but when we invite a guest at eight o'clock, to a reception or a party, what then? Why, we do not expect him until nine, we do not ordinarily get him until half-past nine, and are not surprised at his entrance at any subsequent hour before the company breaks up. Why the rule should be good for the dinner that is not good for the assembly does not appear, except that in the case of the dinner it is a question of hot or cold soup that is to be decided. At eight the host and hostess are in their vacant rooms, be-gloved and waiting. They are there for an hour, wishing their guests would come. At last one makes his appearance, and with a guilty look whips up stairs. Then he waits until another joins him, and another, and another, and so at last he descends. All have lost the only opportunity they will have for a pleasant chat with those who have invited them—lost, indeed, the only chance they will have of a look at the flowers, at the pictures, and the enjoyment of an undisturbed chat, with comfortable seats and surroundings. All dread to be first, and so all wait, and thus thrust far into the night their hour of departure. The company that should be at home at eleven, and in bed at half-past eleven, do not find their beds until one the next morning.

To the man of business such hours as mingling in social life imposes are simply killing. They are the same to women who have family duties to perform. They wipe the bloom of youth from the cheeks of girls in from one to three seasons; and thus social

life in the great cities, instead of being a blessing and a delight, as it should be, becomes a burden and a bore. Many are driven by considerations of health and comfort out of social life altogether, and those who remain rely upon the rest of summer to restore them sufficiently to stand another campaign. We submit that this is an unexaggerated representation of the present state of things, and protest that it demands reform.

Every hour that a man spends out of his bed after half-past ten at night is a violence to nature. They have learned this in Germany, where, in many towns, their public amusements terminate at half-past nine, and, in some cases, even earlier than this. It is in this direction that a reform should be effected in America, so far as every variety of public and social assembly is concerned. An invitation at eight should mean what it says, and be honored in its terms. In this way social life would be possible to many to whom it is now practically denied, and become a blessing to all.

It is not hard to institute a reform of this kind.

All it wants is a leading; and half a dozen of our social queens could do the work in a single season. It used to be deemed essential to a social assembly that a huge, expensive supper be served at its close, and this at an hour when no man or woman could afford to eat a hearty meal. We have measurably outlived this in New York. It is "quite the thing" now to serve light and inexpensive refreshments. The man who dines at six needs no heavy supper before he goes to bed. He not only does not need it, but he cannot eat it without harm. Its expensiveness is a constant bar to social life; and let us be thankful that this abuse, at least, is pretty well reformed already. Other abuses and bad habits can be reformed just as easily as this, because reform is in the line of the common sense and the common desire. The leading; as we have said, is all that is wanted, and when we commence another season such leading ought to be volunteered. Something surely ought to be done to make social life a recreative pleasure, and not a severe tax upon the vital forces as it is at present.

THE OLD CABINET.

It strikes me that honesty is a thing which we should not too finely discuss with ourselves. It is one of those subtle, evanescent elements that are not friendly to analysis.

It may not be unwise, however, to listen to its discussion by others; as I did the other day when Abraham put in a plea for the Frenchman's (and his own) method of saying "no," in order to hide the truth and give the impression of "no;" in preference to the Englishman's (and Isaac's) method of saying "yes" in a manner which equally hides the truth and gives the impression of "no."

The conversation was interesting. "Suppose," said Abraham, "I am asked an impertinent question which, to answer evasively, is to answer affirmatively—namely: according to the facts. Suppose not only that the person has no right to ask me the question, but, further, that great harm would be done to others, if I should answer it according to the facts. Abraham, under these circumstances, would think he did well if he actually deceived his interrogator, without actually denying the facts. But I deal in a plain, straightforward manner with the difficulty, and Isaac calls me hard names.

"Furthermore," continued Abraham, "I have known Isaac to tell a lie when he thought he was telling the truth. For it is impossible to show things as they are, and, sometimes, telling what is called the truth, is simply giving currency to the most unfortunate falsehood."

That is a pretty fair statement of the case. I happen to know that Isaac would make little scruple

at living a lie. On the other hand I know Abraham to be genuinely conscientious and to have a downright detestation of falsehood and deception.

And yet, though I do not like Isaac's way, I cannot approve of Abraham's. In fact I am inclined to think that Jacob's views on this subject are more satisfactory than those of either of the others. They are not exactly a compromise, but they indicate a method lying between the two above noted; a method having in it I know not what strange mixture of frankness and obscurity. Really, however, I find myself quite at a loss to describe just the difference; or to report any easily adaptable example.

Only those, of course, who think themselves thoroughly honest can be startled by looking into the matter. There are a great many of us who are quite aware of a certain habit of evasion, that may never reach the point of downright deception; such of us will not be so extremely surprised, perhaps, at discovering the dangerous ground on which we have sometimes stood. But those of us who have a great deal of conscientiousness, and, in order to keep our mental powers in good working order, must not allow ourselves the luxury of dissimulation: we, I say, may be startled in finding how often we have wanted in perfect fairness of front.

I said at the outset that it might not be well to inquire too curiously into these things. I mean that it may be best to trust to our instincts, if our instincts are not warped. For, really, one is in danger either of becoming morbid or of becoming Jesuitical.

I knew a young person once, who became morbid. He would never even say "It is so;" but—"I think it is so." Of course there were times when this sounded like idiocy; but he knew there was doubt about pretty much everything in the world, and he considered that he was merely consistent in embodying that doubt in relation to everything in the world about which he was asked a question. I need not say that life was very dreadful to this young person.

I knew a young person who became Jesuitical. He began in analysis, and ended in bribery and corruption.

There is, however, one benefit to be derived from moral and psychological studies of this kind. If we are alive to our own shortcomings, we will not be likely to make such outcry at other people's. Dear Mr. Theological Controversialist; you say that the gentleman on the other side is not honest; that he dare not tell the world just what he believes. But are you, yourself, quite frank, my friend? Have you, yourself, made your full confession in print? Dare you say now, just where you suspect your own cogitations are carrying you? *Amico mio!* remember the house of glass and the dweller therein.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Amateur Theatricals.

So much interest is felt in amateur theatricals, even by those little acquainted with the best manner of presenting them, that a few practical hints in this regard may be found of service.

THE PLAY.

Of course, the first step is to choose the play. The preference of the performers, as to the kind of piece to be enacted, having been definitely ascertained, a committee should be appointed to select the particular piece, and no change of programme should then be permitted. This course is essential, because, if it be not strictly followed, everybody will be offering suggestions and insisting on plans which can only have the effect of destroying all concert of action. The chief trouble with amateurs is that they aim too high; that they want to do more than they have the mind or means for doing. They have an ardent prejudice in favor of Shakespeare or Schiller, when Robertson or Boucicault is fully up to their level. As a rule, historic dramas are to be avoided. They require scenery, costumes, and properties, both difficult and expensive to get. Moreover, historic characters are hard to portray—quite beyond the intellectual range of an average amateur company. Contemporaneous pieces, especially light comedies and farces, are comparatively easy of representation, and the actors and actresses are all more or less at home in them, from the fact that the mimic scene is but a variation of their own lives.

Among the simplest and easiest pieces of this sort are "The Conjugal Lesson," "The Morning Call," "Love and Rain," these require but a single scene and two characters; or, "Box and Cox," "Delicate Ground," "Winning a Wife," "A Cup of Tea," "The Victor Vanquished," for three characters; "Betsy Baker," "Bombastes Furioso," "Villikens and his Dinah," need four persons; while "Perfection," "Cool as a Cucumber," "To Oblige Benson," "Poor Pillicoddy," "Popping the Question," "Two Bonnycastles," "Woodcock's Little

Game," "Everybody's Friend," "Faint Heart never won Fair Lady," "The Loan of a Lover," "Too Much for Good Nature" and "Checkmate" require from five players upward; are all good, and perfectly practicable.

Many amateurs are so ambitious that they will not rest content with less than a five-act or at least a three-act play. Their ambition is often in an inverse ratio to their ability (it is an adage of the green-room that every supernumerary thinks he knows how to render *Hamlet* and *Othello* to perfection); but it is well sometimes to give them an opportunity to see how much or how little they can accomplish by their lofty soaring. They can take, for example, "A Cure for the Heart Ache," "The Heir at Law," "The Honeymoon," "The Rivals," "Road to Ruin," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Sweethearts and Wives," "The Wonder," "Fazio," "Ingomar," "Clandestine Marriage," "Jealous Wife," "The Inconstant" or "Belle's Stratagem." These, however, demand, for anything like effective rendering, a regular stage, with a variety of scenery, costume and properties, beside marked talent and large experience in acting.

THE STAGE MANAGER.

After the play has been decided upon, the stage manager should be chosen. He ought to be the one who has most acquaintance with the stage, and he ought not to be a performer. His will must be law; there must be no appeal from it. If he be a performer, other members of the company may take exception to his ruling, under the impression that his opinion as a manager is influenced by his interest as an actor; and thus suspicion and discord may be engendered. He must have entire and absolute charge of the stage business, which means everything belonging to the action of the play. He must be present at every rehearsal; assign to every actor or actress his or her position; tell each how to enter; how to go off; what intonations to give; what gestures to make. He should indicate the

facial expression and by-play; should carefully instruct in regard to dress, and every particular of the character assumed.

If the players be dissatisfied with his directions, they may mention the fact to him in private, but during the rehearsal they should yield to him implicit obedience. Should he feel inclined to act upon their suggestions, he can do so at the next rehearsal. It is his duty, likewise, to cast the parts, and for this he should use his best judgment and discrimination. When the parts are once cast there must be no demur. Nevertheless, should he, after one or more rehearsals, discover that he has made a mistake in assigning any of the characters, he should rectify it at once. Those who may be changed ought not to complain, even if the change should wound their vanity a little, since their private feelings must give way to the general good.

Nothing is more disagreeable or difficult for the stage-manager than the arrangement of the cast. Each person is apt to think that he or she is especially fitted to be the hero or heroine; and as it is hard to find a drama made up of heroes and heroines, some of the performers are unavoidably doomed to disappointment. Those chosen for the minor characters should remember that they are as necessary to the proper production of the piece as their histrionic superiors. If a man or woman has dramatic talent, it can be shown anywhere, and it often happens that one who takes a small part wins more laurels than the leading players.

The performers should not forget that the position of stage manager is as thankless as it is arduous. Upon him rests the entire responsibility; he receives none of the honors of triumph, and gets all the blame of failure.

THE PROMPTER.

Next to the stage manager, the prompter ranks in importance. Sometimes the two offices are combined in the same person, but this is not wise, as each has quite enough to do. The prompter's position is usually on the left hand of the stage, near the green-room, where he takes his stand in full view of the actors, though unseen by the audience, with the text before him. He should be at every rehearsal as well as at the regular performance, so as to familiarize the amateurs with the sound of his voice and his manner of prompting. Learning when, where and how much to depend on him at rehearsal, they will not be at a loss when the trying hour comes.

One thing for the prompter to guard against is hurrying the players, who should have ample time not only to speak their lines, but to complete their stage business. Any haste on the part of the prompter renders the actor nervous; nervousness affects the memory and mars the acting. For instance, if the player, after repeating a line or two, desires to cross the stage before continuing, he should have full leisure to do so, instead of having

the muttered words hurled at him again and again, as if he had forgotten them. Let the prompter be sure that the actor's memory has failed before he prompts.

It may be mentioned here that haste is one of the evils to which amateurs are exposed. They seem to be afraid that they won't advance fast enough, and the result is they rush on at such a rate as to impair the sympathy of the audience and the symmetry of the play. They should always bear in mind that the greatest haste is the worst speed; that they not only lose nothing but gain much by deliberation and repose.

It is the province of the prompter to see that the actors are called in time to make their entrance on the stage. He should, also, have ready anything that they may need as part of the business, whether going on or while on the stage. If a servant have to carry a letter to his master, the prompter must have the letter at hand, and deliver it to the servant at the proper moment; and so, if he have occasion to take in a bottle of wine, or a newspaper, or a basket of flowers. Should the curtain rise upon a dinner or supper table, the prompter must have everything to set the table with before the scene begins. If swords, guns or pistols be needed, he must supply them in the nick of time. At the regular theaters this devolves upon the property man; but at amateur entertainments the prompter generally adds the duties of the property man to his own, and so simplifies the matter.

REHEARSALS.

The success of any dramatic representation will depend very largely on rehearsals, which cannot be too often repeated or too accurately given. The enthusiasm with which amateurs begin is liable to ooze out with the study and hard work that their enterprise demands. They make a great mistake who imagine that creditable acting of any sort is easily achieved. No one can hope to gain a histrionic crown, even in private circles, without severe and unremitting labor. Amateur theatricals ill rendered are too dull for pastime and too inane for improvement. The actors must, from the start, anticipate many vexations and disappointments, and devote themselves to earnest effort. They must work not only hard but harmoniously, aiming at a rounded whole rather than at individual distinction. They must rehearse with strict conscientiousness, and punctuality of attendance must always be observed. They must go over their parts again and again, until they be perfect in business as well as in text—until, in a word, they are entirely accustomed to their character, and to every detail thereof.

When practicable, it is better, generally, to rehearse on the stage where the play is to be given, so that all sense of strangeness shall be removed. At least, two dress rehearsals should be given there and as many more as convenient. At these the stage should be set, and everything arranged pre-

cisely as it is to be at the regular performance. The number of rehearsals required will depend on the aptitude of the actors, some of whom will evince an order of talent that others must hope to approach by severe study alone. It is the privilege of the stage manager to call as many rehearsals as he deems necessary to insure a successful performance.

THE STAGE.

A genuine stage in a public hall is very desirable, for then and there the facilities for effective representation will be far ampler than in a private house. Many halls have scenes, curtains and foot-lights, always difficult to improvise, and in small towns still more difficult to get. In New York and in all the large cities, scenery can be bought or hired,—sometimes borrowed,—and be forwarded by express without much expense. If the unprofessionals be obliged to depend on themselves, they must choose simple pieces, for nearly all of which two scenes will suffice—one that of a wood or outdoor scene, and the other an interior, that may be converted at will into a library, bed-chamber, dining-hall, or drawing-room. No town that would aspire to theatricals can fail to furnish some one capable of painting the little that may be needed under such circumstances.

Any piece that is to be presented in a parlor should be confined to one scene, and that an interior. The furniture of the household can readily be utilized, and the curtain and foot-lights can be managed without much trouble. One of the hardest things to arrange in a parlor is the exits and the entrances, which, in a hall, are usually provided for. French windows, closets and piazzas may be turned to good account in private houses, where the ingenuity and invention of women invariably reveal unexpected resources. A little book called *The*

Amateur's Guide, contains much valuable and practical information, with many details for which we have no space.

THE COSTUMES.

Historic and character dresses can be hired now-a-days from professional costumers in large cities, who will send them to any place or person on receipt of order and the required deposit. When convenient, it is well for the amateur to select personally such garments as he may wish, because by such selection he may the better suit his stature, form and complexion. Generally it is cheaper for him to patronize costumers than to devise or have elaborate dresses made, not to speak of the likelihood of their greater correctness. The advantage of contemporaneous dramas is that the private wardrobes of the players will serve every purpose.

The dresses should not be chosen by each individual, but decided upon by a committee of taste, who should see that the colors blend properly, that inharmonious hues be not brought into juxtaposition, and that anachronisms of raiment be not introduced. Such faults are not seldom committed at the theaters, though this is no reason why they should be repeated by amateurs. Let it be left to professionals to present Norma in kid gloves and crinoline, and Claude Melnotte in the court garb of Louis XIV. Ladies portraying noble Venetians of the Middle Ages, should not appear in French boots, and gentlemen wearing perukes should have artistic conscience enough to sacrifice side-whiskers.

Persons far removed from social centers and costumers, need not despair of mere domestic resources. A little patience, reflection, and mother wit will reveal to them undreamed-of possibilities; while necessity will fashion from cast-off garments fantastic raiment and sartorial splendors.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

American Water Colors.

PICTURES, a delight at all times, are never so much so as when they are in marked contrast with their surroundings. We enjoy landscapes more when we are shut up in great cities than when we are free to wander among the woods and waters, and we enjoy them most in winter.

"Summer's never half so bright,
As thought of on a winter night."

So sings the poet, and the truth of his airy couplet never struck us so forcibly as when we lately lingered about the cozy rooms of the National Academy of Design, where the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors held their Seventh Annual Exhibition. It was snowing and blowing; the wind whirled the

fast-falling flakes up and down the silent streets, where whitening figures plodded grimly along. It was winter at its worst without; it was summer at its best within. There were visions of its beauty on the walls—here the depths of a forest sleeping in light and shade; there the undulation of valleys and mountains; yonder gleaming brooks, quiet lakes, and the never-resting sea; and everywhere glimpses of birds and flowers. Nature triumphed for once, through the glamour of Art,

"And brought back the hour
Of glory in the grass, of splendor in the flower."

That we were not alone in this conviction was evident from the number of visitors at the Exhibition, which was large, and from the pleasure which most

of them derived from it. It was a success, and it deserved to be. The Society had one advantage which it did not have last year. We refer to the absence of an expected collection of English water-colors, by which comparisons, and possibly invidious ones, could have been drawn. With few exceptions, it was American Art which we saw, and which we criticised. These exceptions, however, were important, in that they included some of the best pictures in the Exhibition. Foremost among them was "Normandy Coast," by Paul Marny, one of the finest marine pieces that ever came to this country. Not far from it on each side were two flower pieces, by Francois Rivorie, painted with great breadth and vigor, and in a style that our artists would do well to study. We have flower painters in abundance, but, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. La Farge, none who could have painted these. There were excellent specimens of color near the pictures just named, in the shape of two figure sketches, by Putrasanta, and in "Costume of the Fifteenth Century," and "The Prisoner," by Gioja. "La Petite Marguerite," by Auguste Bouvier, was delicately rendered. "The Duke's Page," by Vaini, the figure of a little boy in blue velvet, holding the sword of his master in an ante-chamber, was a charming study of child-life. "The Card Players," by C. Detti, was noticeable for delicacy and vigor, and Lambert's "Kittens" were as alive with frolic as the little creature that Wordsworth has painted for us in his imperishable verse.

The pictures that attracted most attention were, "Prussian Soldiers," by Edouard Détaillé, and "The Great Lady," by G. J. Pinwell. One needs but glance at the first to see why France was overpowered by Germany; the hardy personality of these soldiers, and their at-homeness in an enemy's country, decided the conflict before it commenced. Détaillé is a pupil of Meissonier's, but he has improved upon his master in this picture, and upon a theme, too, which must have been distasteful to him as a Frenchman. "The Great Lady" was a strange work, to say the least. The subject was not agreeable, and the treatment was faulty, we venture to think. We can understand why the artist should wish to make the figure of the lady the most prominent one, but, surely, he could have done this without slurring over the rest of the figures, which represent, we suppose, the poverty and squalor of the Middle Ages at their worst. There must be some happy middle-ground between the minute and the obscure, but Mr. Pinwell has not found it.

What one noticed most in going through the Exhibition and comparing, as he could not help doing, the works of our artists with the works of foreign artists in their midst, was the different methods employed by each. The European water-color painters, as a rule, are content with effects; the American water-color painters, as a rule, are anxious about details. The influence of the latter method are nowhere more apparent than in the works of our flower

painters, which, for the most part, are mere photographs of form and color. They are often pretty, they are frequently grouped well, but somehow they are not alive. A good, rank, live weed is worth a whole gardenful of them.

The most rememberable water-colors there were painted by A. F. Bellows, W. T. Richards, R. S. Gifford, L. C. Tiffany, J. D. Smilie, A. T. Bricher, and Miss F. Bridges. Mr. Richards always reminds us of himself: Mr. Bricher generally reminds us of Mr. Richards: Messrs. Gifford and Tiffany remind us of each other, with differences: Miss Bridges reminds us of no one. Mr. Richards's work is always good, but his range is limited, and his manner a little monotonous. Mr. Gifford and Mr. Tiffany improve with every picture they paint; but we begin to tire of their Egyptian scenes and figures, as, no doubt, we should tire of their originals. Mr. Bellows still confines himself to English rural landscapes; they are picturesque and pastoral, and, for just what they are, are lovely, though a little unfinished. His "Old Mill on the Thames" is, probably, the best thing that he has yet done. The most unique pictures were those of Miss Bridges, who has found an untrodden walk of art in which she is gathering treasures. It is ostensibly upon earth, among the grass, along the hedges, and the edges of salt beaches, but it is really in Fairy Land. She paints a little land-bird on a twig, a sea-gull swooping on the water, or a pond of lilies, in a way that is at once winsome and truthful.

"Bianca Cappello."*

THE famous Venetian adventuress escaped her deserved place in the Inferno by living three centuries after it was written. Her portraits, the author of this poem says, represent her style of beauty as more classic than Italian. Nevertheless, that by Bronzino, in the Uffizii at Florence, of which a copy exists in the Royal Museum of Berlin, gives her a florid complexion, and this peculiarity agrees with her appearance and habits, as curiously described by Montaigne, who saw her at the Grand Duke's table. "The duchess is beautiful, according to Italian taste, with a pleasing but imperious countenance, a full bust, and—" the detail is as well omitted. "The Grand Duke diluted his wine freely; she took hardly any water at all." Whatever its style, her beauty was undoubtedly brilliant—fatally fascinating. It was to her charms and station, not at all to her virtues, as we may well believe, that she owed the flatteries addressed to her by Tasso in madrigals, and in the dialogue sent to her from his prison in the hospital of St. Anne. Apart from its marvelous elevation, and its horribly tragic end, apart from the crimes she really committed, and those others she was thought wicked enough to be charged with, there is nothing in the career of Bianca

* *Bianca Cappello*. A Tragedy. By Elizabeth C. Kinney. New York, Hurd & Houghton.

Cappello to distinguish her from any uncrowned courtesan.

Is it this sensuous neutrality, this want of any heroic or princely quality, that has made history treat her with a sort of contemptuous indulgence? She is not named with Messalinas and Catherines. She seems rather a splendid and poisonous flower, blooming without will of its own, in the hot air of that magical Medicean garden of all evil delights, and so she must be drawn in fiction, not as an unsexed monster, wickedly grand, but as a very woman, rarely endowed by nature with beauty and guile, and rotted through by the element of refined depravity in which she lived. The subject is not an inviting one. It is the kind of theme which, if treated by a man, would suit the voluptuous frenzy of Swinburne's verse, or the subtlety with which Browning melts down some crude mass of evil into a solution of human contradictions. As treated by the author, it is managed in a woman's best way, with all the grace and tenderness that the subject can possibly admit, yet with some loss of force under the compulsion to avoid coarseness. The study of Bianca's character unfolding from the cankered germ into full-blown corruption, is thoroughly womanly. Mere passion is not alluded to, mere ambition just glanced at. Her childish regret for lost luxuries passes into an unreasoning wish for revenge on her enemies. The love she feels for Pietro seems love for the sake of loving, not for the sake of its object, and does not lose all the quality of love when it attaches itself to a higher one. In the scene of her triumph, when Venice sends gifts and congratulations on her marriage with the Duke, she cares less for them than for the delight of humiliating another woman. And in the last hour, when by a fatal exchange the Duke drinks the poison prepared for another, love is still stronger than disappointed revenge, and makes her bold to follow him.

It may be pardoned to the author if, for the sake of symmetrical construction, she has assumed Bianca's guilt as to the crimes that are least clearly proved among those of which she was suspected, and has left out of view others that rest on historic certainty. Whether she really intended to poison the Cardinal, her brother-in-law, is a doubtful question. At any rate, it was for his interest to be guilty, and he survived to tell his own story of the double murder. As to the death of the Archduchess Jeanne, which cleared her own way to the throne, it was hardly more than popular rumor which fixed that guilt upon her. In that family, in which poisoning and assassination were hereditary, anything monstrous might be possible, but it has never been proved that she was obliged to murder into it in order to marry into it. What is really established, is that crime, or series of crimes, less fit for poetic representation, which she instigated in causing the death of her accomplices in the attempt to impose on the Duke the child of another woman as her own, and his heir.

The introduction of the Archduchess Jeanne gives occasion for some of the best passages in the poem, full of pathos, and of that pity which is the more manageable element in tragedy. The vacillating, impressible character of the Duke is well sustained, and Serguidi's pliant selfishness, equally serviceable to the prince's passion, and his brother's craft, gives a carefully-drawn picture of the Italian courtier. But the repulsiveness of the subject takes it out of the range of that delicacy and simplicity that characterize the author's other poems. We feel that she shrinks from the depths of that horrible history. There is a pantomime of bad acts, but no sufficient analysis of bad motives. Any study of these would have laid bare mere groveling and sensual instincts, unwelcome to refined taste. Therefore the author's treatment of the course and catastrophes of her theme betrays her hesitation, indicating that she has not put forth all her powers in full sympathy with the demand upon them, and inspiring regret that they were not devoted to some subject of more human and natural interest.

Mrs. Somerville's "Recollections."*

It is impossible to read this charming book and not contrast it with the melancholy biography of Mill. In spite of the disadvantage of her sex and her struggle for education, long thwarted by relations and hampered by want of means and teachers, Mrs. Somerville seems to have enjoyed knowledge more thoroughly, besides getting a great deal more out of life, than the philosopher did, with his relentless training and cold self-control. Her personal recollections extend over nearly a century. During this time she saw and knew most of the men in English society and many of those on the continent, who contributed to the mental growth of that long period. From Byron to Browning, from Davy to Tyndall, from the theological onslaught on geology to Darwin and evolution, she took note of everything new in literature and science. Not as a curious inquirer only, but as an originator, and in her sphere of investigation the acknowledged peer of the highest contemporary minds, she deserves to be called, in Mill's own words addressed to her, one who has rendered inestimable service to the cause of women by affording in her own person so high an example of their intellectual capabilities.

The book is simply introduced as the life of a woman entirely devoted to her family duties and to scientific pursuits. It is made up of detached recollections, noted down by herself in her later years, with a few letters from her eminent correspondents. It tells with a charming reserve, yet with animated distinctness, her quiet life in and near Edinburgh, among the simple pleasures and strict fashions of two generations ago. Her early attempts at study were disheartening enough, for her friends thought such

* *Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville.* By her daughter, Martha Somerville. Boston, Roberts Brothers, 1874.

notions of improvement foolish and unwomanly, and her first husband had no sympathy with her pursuits and a low opinion of her sex's powers. Fortunately he misunderstood and repressed her for three years only, and in her second marriage she found generous admiration and enthusiastic aid in her studies. In London she became known to the leaders of the intellectual world in science, art, and politics. The request of Brougham that she would write for the Society for diffusing Useful Knowledge some account of Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste* and of Newton's *Principia*, suddenly changed the whole character and course of her life. The work was completed under the title of *The Mechanism of the Heavens*, and its publication placed the author at once on a footing of equality and of friendship with the first astronomers and mathematicians of the day.

Living much on the continent in later years, she was constantly adding to her acquirements and enlarging her acquaintance among men of science and men of the world. Her account of her own work and of its appreciation by them is presented with admirable modesty. Indeed too little is told to satisfy the reader of what she did, and by no means enough of what she saw and enjoyed. With no regular narrative of her course of living and working, these detached recollections take the form of sprightly anecdotes and lively descriptions written almost as if her existence had been a mere pleasure-journey. And to Mrs. Somerville, with her great powers and untiring cultivation of them, her feminine tastes and accomplishments, and the friendly regard she attracted from the select ones of the earth, life must have been full of the purest delight. It was governed, too, by kindness and sincerity, and sustained by a fervor of religious feeling after she had shaken off all that was dark and narrow in the creed of her first instructors for a purer and a happier faith. There are not many men but might well exchange all they are likely to gain from supposed preëminence of sex for the possibility of such an autobiography, and few women who will not be strengthened and encouraged and guided by reading it.

Sara Coleridge.*

LOOKING at the Coleridges from the moral point of view, Sara is the only one of the family whom we can thoroughly respect. We may admire her famous father, and her gifted brother, but it is impossible not to feel a little contempt for the one, and a great deal of pity for the other. She was scarcely a woman of genius, but her talents were remarkable, and of a kind not common among women. She was a good reasoner, and an admirable critic. No one had a more thorough appreciation of the Lake poets among whom she was brought up, and no one un-

derstood their foibles so well. Setting aside her reverence for her father, which was natural, she never erred in her judgments of them. She was the first to notice the marked falling off of excellence in the later poems of Wordsworth, and the first, so far as we know, to detect what we have always considered the blemish of his "*Laodamia*,"—its inherent coarseness. She worshiped Wordsworth, but, unlike most of her sex, she worshiped him intelligently. It is curious to contrast her letters with those of Miss Mitford, who was ten times the woman she was, as far as flesh and blood went, and not one-tenth as thoughtful or learned. Miss Mitford's letters are full of every day life and enjoyment, redolent of fresh fields, and sparkling with gossip; hers are as cold and unsubstantial as a lecture on metaphysics. Miss Mitford blunders over and over again in her criticisms; she is so impartial that we almost think she has no likings and no dislikings. She has no sense of humor, and whatever sympathies she has are rather of the head than heart. We know that she was a good woman, but we are sure that we should have liked a much faultier woman more. We look at the portrait of her that faces the title page, and think—Here is a pure, refined woman, who should be the wife of a saint. She is much too good.

"For human nature's daily food."

The impression is deepened as we read her letters, which, from being delightfully critical at first, become tediously theological at last.

Self Culture.*

PROFESSOR BLACKIE sets about his work in a plain, hearty, old-fashioned way that commands respect, and attracts liking. The book, though compendious, is not a mere hoard of maxims, and, while generalizing and illustrating largely, the author never quits his subject, nor misses the pith of it. The usual division into mental, physical, and moral culture is further carried out by a separation of each topic into sections, naturally fitting each other, and clearly arranged and elucidated. The tone is fresh and manly, perhaps in parts a trifle Scotch-manly. Out of Edinburgh the rest of the world will hardly accept oatmeal and pottage for the best possible physical food, nor content itself with Plutarch and the Proverbs as a mental aliment altogether free from the risk of nourishing prigs. The section on men of science, who reject religion, is a little hurriedly put together. It makes the mistake of confounding all men of science alike who discard theology with atheists. Is there much or any difference between the unknown supreme law which scientific men confess they can never reach, and the "energizing reason" which the author calls Life, and asserts to be the same as God? Indeed the rigidly

* *Memoir and letters of Sara Coleridge.* Edited by her Daughter. Harper & Brothers.

* *On Self Culture.* By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. New York, Scribner, Armstrong & Co., 1874.

orthodox might see occasion in this very passage for a charge of pantheism. The section on the use and training of imagination is admirable, and the more didactically arranged chapter on the study of language contains excellent rules and suggestions. If the author goes a little out of his way to speak slightly of the pages of Thackeray, and other popular novelists, he only unconsciously confirms Sidney Smith's fancy that nothing short of a surgical operation can introduce humor into a Scotch brain. No doubt, however, from the professor's point of view, he is right in not allowing any novels whatever to interrupt more serious early training. For the grander minds and works of poets and philosophers, irrespective of their faith, he demands the sympathy and admiration of his readers, and nothing can be more liberal and manly, at the same time that it is reverent, than his whole treatment of the means of attaining moral excellence, and his assertion of its absolute dependence on truthfulness and energy.

Prof. Moffat's "Comparative History of Religions."

THE method of comparison has yielded such ample fruit, both in enlarging and simplifying knowledge, and has conducted so many subjects from vague twilight into the clear light of science, that we are the less surprised, now-a-days, to hear of the "Science of Religion" and the "Comparative History of Religions." Of course, there could be no true comparative anatomy without a previous knowledge of the anatomy of species of animals; so there could be no real comparative history of religions, unless there were first a scientific knowledge of the books which professedly contain and teach them. That knowledge has been acquired within a very recent period, and we may say that a scientific comparison of results is only now possible to scholars. The labors of Oriental scholars, from Sir William Jones to our own Whitney, have only now culminated in opening the treasures of the Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zend-Avesta of the Persians, the Tripitaka of the Buddhists, the monuments of Egypt, the canonical and philosophical writings of China, and has only now permitted a critical comparison of all these with the Hebrew Scriptures, and of the respective evolution in historical races of the doctrines and tendencies of these books.

Professor Moffat modestly disclaims an original scholarship co-extensive with the subject he handles. He must of necessity depend on the materials gathered by a host of the foremost toilers of the world in this field. Yet his own life-long studies in both sacred and profane history, his well-known linguistic attainments, his broad and judicial cast of mind, and his very wide and versatile culture, prepare us to find, as we do in his work, a sin-

gularly impartial and comprehensive grasp, and a luminous exposition.

The work itself consists of an examination, first, of ancient, then of later, Scriptures, and then of the progress, development and revolutions of faith in the province of history. Scholars and thinkers will be glad to get so much in so brief a space, relating, as it all does, to religion not only, but also to philosophy, sociology, ethics and race-development. And the mass of reading men, who have heard so much that is crude and false in regard to the so-called "Bibles of the World," will thank Professor Moffat for an invaluable service to them, in his fair and full comparison of these books, by which any plain man is enabled to see the principles they teach in common, and precisely where the Hebrew Scriptures tower above the products of human reason.

Two Volumes of Poems.*

WHILE the modestly presented Poems of Mrs. Johnson are obviously lacking in many particulars, they yet are the sincere, sometimes musical utterances of a refined and cultured mind—a nature alive to all manner of natural and artistic beauty, and of very wide sympathies.

The verses of E. D. R. are much less in number, but of a firmer texture than those first noticed. They are all pervaded by a tender religiousness; and some of them, besides having a graceful movement, are almost perfect in expression.

"Central Asia."

THE new volume in the "Illustrated Library of Travel and Adventure," edited by Bayard Taylor, and published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., deals with Cashmere, Little Thibet and Central Asia—a region not hackneyed and of most curious interest. The volume is very attractively illustrated, is accompanied by a map, and has a postscript giving a succinct account of the recent conquest of Khiva.

"The Norwich Memorial."

THE first condition we make with a book is that it shall be an acquisition either to knowledge or letters. In the first-named department, at least, none can fail to recognize the value of those local histories which are becoming such a feature upon the pages of American bibliography. Of these the latest is a handsome quarto published by J. H. Jewett & Co., of Norwich, Conn., which records in print the "annals" of that ancient and picturesque town "in the great Rebellion of 1861—65."

The importance of an enduring record of the patriotism of this characteristic New England township, both to the historian and to the descendants of those who figure in its pages, can scarcely be overestimated. Nobly, as almost every northern

A Comparative History of Religions: by James Moffat, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary in Princeton, New York: Dodd & Mead.

* *Poems of Twenty Years*, by Laura Winthrop Johnson. New York: De Witt C. Lent.

A Quiet Life. Poems. By E. D. R. New York: Anson D. T. Randolph & Co.

city, village or hamlet, gave of her treasure and life-blood to the national cause in its supreme hour, few were more lavish of either than old Norwich—the home of Buckingham, Connecticut's war-governor. She sent one-fourth of her able-bodied men to the battle-field, the full roster of whose names, with the record of their losses, glories and achievements, is to be found in the book before us.

The Norwich Memorial is a broad-paged volume, noticeable for beauty of typography, and illustrated

with fine steel portraits of Governor Buckingham, Admiral Lanman, Generals Birge, Harland, Ely, Dennis, Coit, and other gallant officers from Norwich who rose to distinction in the progress of the war. The compiler, Rev. M. McG. Dana, has taken pains with his work, which is, in the main, creditably done. He "drops into poetry," however, upon slight temptation and at short notice, and is inclined to err in the direction of over-detail, rather than by too rigid scrutiny of the material submitted to his hands.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Formation of Coal Deposits.

FROM a lecture delivered by Professor Williamson, before the British Association at Bradford, we extract the following interesting account of the formation of coal beds: It must be understood that, although the earth was popularly regarded as the type of everything that was staple and immovable, this was a very erroneous idea, for old Mother Earth was about one of the most fickle and inconstant of all the jades with which men have to deal. She was never still. It happens that at the present day there are certain regions, such as the volcanic districts, which are always moving upwards, while there were others, like the coral regions, which were steadily going downwards. So it had been in the olden time. The coal beds appeared to have accumulated in the latter class of areas—the areas of depression, geographical areas—in which the earth had a tendency to sink below the level of the ocean. Upon such areas mud and silt had accumulated until the deposit thus formed had reached the level of the water, and then came what appears to have been highly necessary as a preliminary to the growth of the coal material—viz., a bed of blue mud. It was not known why that blue mud was there, or whence it came; but it was as certain as that garden plants required favorable soils for their development, that whatever its origin, the blue mud was the soil which seemed to have been preferred by the great majority of plants constituting the forests of the carboniferous era. In it the minute spores, or seeds, of the vegetables which afterwards became coal, germinated and struck root, until eventually the muddy soil was converted into a magnificent and almost tropical forest. As the forest grew, the spores fell from the trees, the half-dead leaves and decayed branches also dropped, and the stems themselves gave way; and thus an immense amount of vegetable matter was accumulated. This, in the progress of time, sank below the water level, and more mud being deposited on the coal, the new formation, in turn, underwent the same pro-

cesses as its predecessors, until at length a new forest was formed, to share the same fate as that which had gone before it. This process was repeated again and again, until at length the various materials spoken of formed accumulations of rock and coal, varying from three, four and five, to as much as eight or ten thousand feet.

Specialization of Science.

THERE can be no question that the increasing specialization of the sciences, which appears to be inevitable at the present time, does, nevertheless, constitute one great source of danger to the future progress of human knowledge. This specialization is inevitable, because the further the boundaries of knowledge are extended in any direction, the more laborious and time-absorbing a process does it become to travel to the frontier; and thus the mind has neither time nor energy to spare for the purpose of acquainting itself with regions that lie far away from the tract over which it is forced to travel. And yet the disadvantages of excessive specialization are no less evident, because in natural philosophy, as indeed in all things on which the mind of man can be employed, a certain wideness of view is essential to the achievement of any great result, or to the discovery of anything really new. The two-fold caution, so often given by Lord Bacon, against over-generalization on the one hand, and over-specialization on the other, is still as deserving as ever of the attention of mankind. But in our time, when vague generalities and empty metaphysics have been beaten once, and, we may hope, for ever, out of the domain of exact science, there can be but little doubt on which side the danger of the natural philosopher at present lies.—(Prof. Henry J. S. Smith.)

Sensation in the Spinal Cord.

GOLTZ observed that a frog, when placed in water the temperature of which is slowly raised towards boiling, manifests uneasiness as soon as the tem-

perature reaches 25° C., and becomes more and more agitated as the heat increases, vainly struggling to get out, and finally, at 44° C., dies in a state of rigid tetanus. If, on the contrary, the brain is removed, the creature sits quietly through the rise of temperature without manifesting any uneasiness and without making any attempt to escape, and finally expires at about 56° C. in a tetanic state. Goltz, thereupon, concludes that the spinal cord is not a center of sensation.

To this, George Henry Lewes objects that the brainless frog is not insensible to the heat, unless the insensibility is gradually produced; and even granting that there is insensibility, it is to temperature alone.

The Todas.

THIS pastoral hill-tribe of Southern India is thus described in a recent work by Col. Marshall: The general type of the Toda character is most unvarying; singularly frank, affable and self-possessed, cheerful yet staid. Theft and violence are almost unknown, and their quiet, domestic life is undisturbed by the wrongs of grasping, vindictive, overbearing natures. Their engagements to support their wives and children, though resting on mere promises, are kept through utter guilelessness and want of talent to plot. Toda society is simply held together by the strength of family affection.

A curious feature in the moral code of these people is the practice of infanticide, as regards the female children, rarely more than one or two girls in a family being permitted to survive. As a natural result of this, polyandry becomes a necessary sequence, and it is no uncommon thing for a Toda woman to rejoice in the possession of many husbands.

Milk and Well Water.

THE dangers of bad milk are engrossing so much attention just now, that there is reason to fear lest the far greater danger of bad waters should, for the time, be overlooked. We trust this serious error will not be committed. For one sample of dangerous milk, a thousand of dangerous water could be obtained in almost any part of the country. Let it never be forgotten that very few rivers or wells are safe sources of water supply, and that many are as unsafe as loaded fire-arms. The shallow wells of villages are among the worst pests of the country; and it is high time that a zealous and well-organized crusade should be brought to bear upon them. It is sickening, in most country places, to observe the uniformity with which the cesspool and well are made to stand side by side, as though each was necessary to the other; and to think of the twenty feet or so of foul, sewage-reeking soil through which the water percolates to its fetid bed. It is always possible to provide a city or town with good water, but in a village, where houses are few, money scarce, and intelligence scarcer, it is often a matter of exceeding difficulty. (*Lancet*.)

Pneumatic Dispatch.

THE pneumatic tube in London extends from Euston Square to the Post-Office, a distance of 4,738 yards. The machinery for operating the line is at Holborn, which is about one-third of the distance from the Post-office to Euston. The tube is five feet high and four feet six inches high. The wagons are ten feet long, and constructed to fit the tube closely by means of an india-rubber flange, and so form a sort of piston, upon which the air may act to the greatest advantage. The machinery consists of an engine having two twenty-four inch cylinders, with twenty inches stroke. The fan is twenty-two feet six inches in diameter, and makes two revolutions for each stroke of the engine. The trains are drawn from the extremities of the line by exhaustion, and propelled thereto by compression.

Physiology among the Chinese.

THE *Mirror of Medicine*, a well-known Chinese medical work, contains the following statements regarding the functions of various organs:

The spleen rubs against the stomach, and grinds the food; it also keeps up the proper degree of heat in the five tsang. It moves the muscles and the lips, and thus regulates the opening of the mouth; moreover, it directs our secret ideas, so that they become known to us.

The liver regulates the tendons, and ornaments the nails of the hands and feet.

The heart regulates the blood-vessels, beautifies the complexion, and by its means we are enabled to open the ears and move the tongue.

The kidneys govern the bones, beautify the hair of the head and open the orifices of the two yin.

The diaphragm being spread out like a membrane beneath the heart, and being intimately joined all round to the ribs and spine, thus covers over the thick vapor, so that the foul air cannot arise.

Memoranda.

MICROSCOPIC examinations of thin sections of various rocks is attracting a great deal of attention in Germany, and every mineralogist now supplies himself with a microscope and a cutting or rubbing machine for the manufacture of sections. A recent work, by H. Rosenbusch, on this subject, shows the varieties and peculiarities of the internal structure of rocks, as revealed by the microscope and polariscope.

A Paladilhe relates that foxes are tormented by fleas, and when the infliction becomes unbearable, they gather a mouthful of moss, and slowly walk backwards into the nearest stream until only the mouth is left above the surface of the water. The fleas meanwhile take refuge on the little island of moss, and when the fox is satisfied that they have all embarked, he opens his mouth, and the moss drifting away with its freight, the wily animal re-

gains the bank, evidently satisfied at his freedom from his tormentors.

The solvent power of petroleum adapts it for use in the cleansing of steel articles. It does not become rancid or gummy, as is the case with other oils.

The following patent has been recently granted for hardening steel. The object is heated to a red heat by any of the ordinary methods for uniform heating. It is then chilled by the action of a strong blast of air or gas. By suitable variations in the strength of the blast, and the temperature of the air, any required degree of hardness may be attained. After this the substance is tempered as is desired.

In a discussion on the value of meat extracts as food, Max Von Pettenkofer holds that the extracts prepared, according to the present plan of Baron Liebig, are quite equal to, if not superior, to meat itself. He thinks it bears the same relation to meat as cheese and butter bear to milk.

The so-called vegetable wax of Japan and China is, in reality, the secretion of an insect about the size of a grain of rice. It receives its name because it is found on trees. After it is gathered, it is melted and strained; nearly 3,000,000 lbs. were exported from China in 1870.

To avoid the errors which arise from weighing in the air, M. Deleuil, of Paris, has constructed a vacuum balance. It consists of a balance of the best description enclosed in an air-tight iron case, provided with glass windows, and suitable rods passing through stuffing-boxes. The vacuum is produced by an ordinary air-pump, and the weighings are very accurate.

Putrid blood injected into the veins of a living animal is not mortal unless several drops are used; but the blood of an animal thus poisoned causes death in less than two days in such minute quantities as a trillionth of a drop. (N. Davaine.)

The difference between the males and hermaphrodites of *scapellum vulgare* is so great, that when I first dissected the former, even the suspicion that they belonged to the class of cirripedes did not cross my mind. These males are half as large as the head of a pin; whereas the hermaphrodites are from an inch to an inch and a quarter in length. They consist of little more than a sack, containing the reproductive organs. There is no true mouth, or alimentary canal, but in place thereof there are rudimentary cirri around the opening of the sack, which appear to prevent the intrusion of enemies. (Charles Darwin.)

Alexander S. Wilson states that the ash of diseased potatoes is deficient in lime compounds. The remedy is, therefore, self-evident.

M. Monton relates a case of death by the administration of less than thirty grammes of nitrate of potash.

Mr. Spencer placed a South African diamond, about the size of a pea, in the interior of a mass of refractory clay, which was mixed with soda and hydrate of lime. This was then kept at a cherry-red heat for three days and nights, at the close of this time the diamond had disappeared, whereupon he concludes that carbon in this form is combustible at much lower temperatures than is generally supposed.

By placing fresh orange flowers at once in boiling water, and collecting the distillate immediately, the product is superior to that obtained by immersing the flowers in cold water, and then raising the temperature. (M. Malenfant.)

Mr. John Galletely finds that cotton soaked in boiled linseed oil, and the temperature raised to 170° F., will then commence to generate heat, and in the course of an hour will acquire a temperature of 350° F., and shortly after that take fire. Raw linseed oil required about five hours, rape oil ten hours, olive oil six hours, lard oil four hours, seal oil about two hours, castor oil slight charring in two days, and sperm oil negative results.

In toxicological examinations phosphorus may be separated from fatty matters by the solvent action of liquid ammonia or fats. From the residue the phosphorus is separated by the agency of ether. The solution thus obtained is purified by evaporation, and repeated washing with ammonia, the last traces of which are removed by water acidulated with sulphuric acid, and finally by distilled water. (Van Bastelear.)

We are informed that the Signal Corps Station on Pike's Peak is 14,216 feet above sea-level instead of 11,000, as heretofore stated.

Graeger finds that if commercial bone black is boiled in five times its weight of water, containing five per cent of carbonate of soda, and then treated repeatedly with muriatic acid, and then thoroughly washed and dried at 120° C., it is reduced to one-fifth its original weight, but its decolorizing power is exceedingly intense.

One litre of pure oxygen treated with electric discharges produces only seven milligrammes of ozone, while the same quantity of air gave thirty-seven milligrammes of ozone. (M. Boillot.)

Osterlaud and Wagner find that the ashes and the lava of Vesuvius have the same composition, thus confirming the opinion that the ashes are merely pulverized lava.

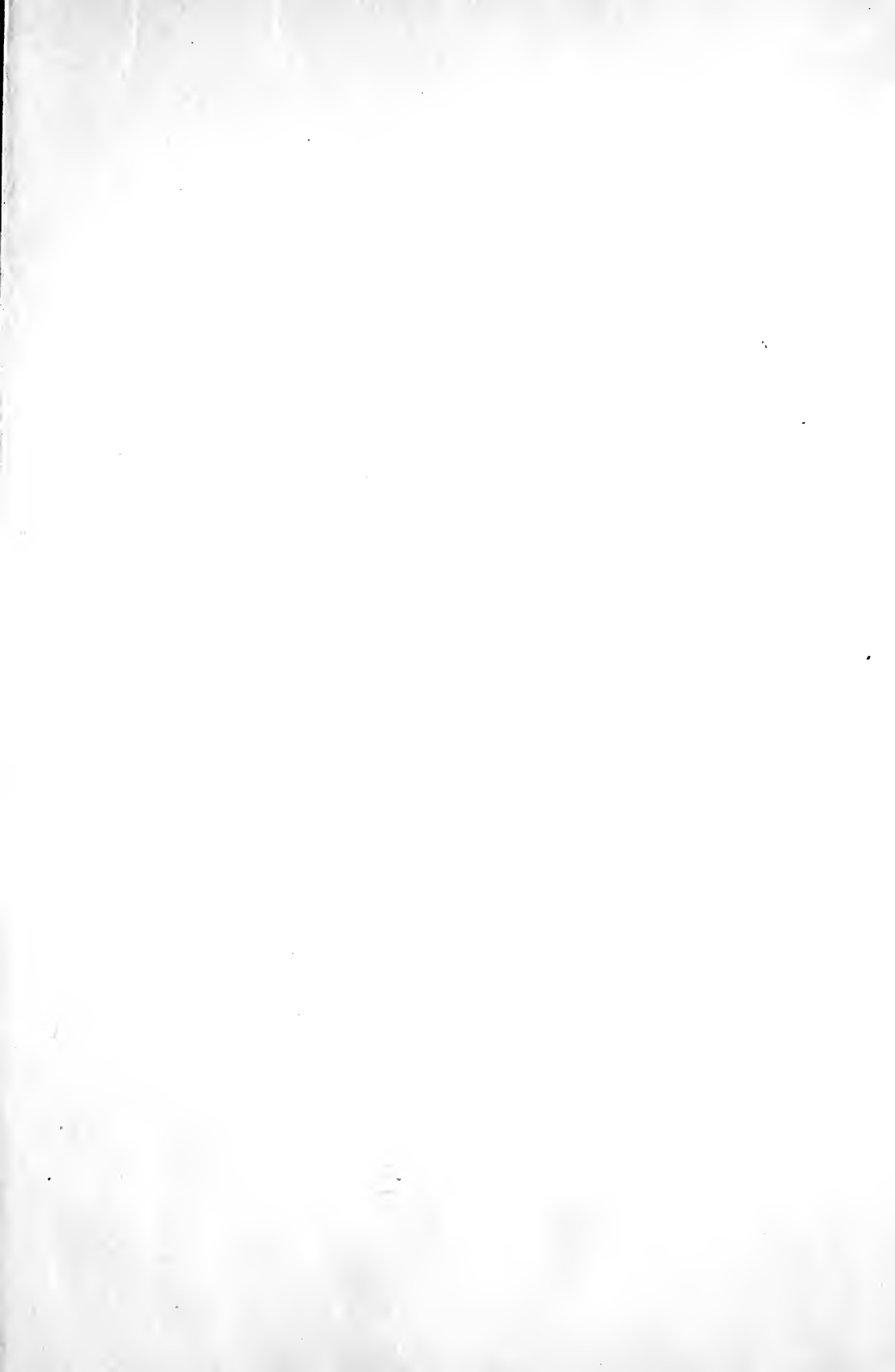
Duchemin thinks that magnetic needles should be circular instead of linear.

The spectrum of chlorophyll is characterized especially by a red band, which retains a fixed position, even though the solution be diluted to 1-10,000—which differs from other red bands in that it is divided into two portions by alkalies, and which always appears wherever chlorophyll exists, pure or adulterated. (J. Chautard.)

ETCHINGS

THE ACCEPTED—FROM A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.









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